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A LEGEND of 1745

THE following story is gathered from an interesting narrative published by Miss Porter many years ago. The incidents, to which we have confined ourselves, were told her by a lady of rank, who assured her that every circumstance was strictly true, and well known to a member of her own family.

The scene of this remarkable adventure was a castle in Argyleshire, now in ruins, but at that time (the year

1744-5) inhabited by a Scotch Laird and his sister. This gentleman, on the death of his elder brother, had recently retired from foreign service, and returned to Scotland, bringing with him his young sister, who had been educated in France. For some months their time passed pleasantly in scenes and habits of life new to both of them; but after this the young lady observed with concern that her brother's spirits became depressed, and that his natural cheerfulness was changing into an expression of habitual gloom and melancholy. Herself of a remarkably timid, gentle character, she had no power to contend against his growing depression, and her spirits sank with his, till at length, to relieve her own troubled and anxious fears, as well as in the hope that another might have more skill to chase away her brother's gloom

than she had found herself to possess, she persuaded him, with some difficulty, to allow her to invite a friend to pass some months with her. This young lady, somewhat older than herself, was free to act according to her own wishes, in pity for her poor friend's loneliness and evident anxiety of mind, consented to comply with her entreaties, and shortly after arrived on her promised visit. There was a great contrast in the character of the two friends; Miss Mackay, which is the name of our heroine, possessing in a remarkable degree the courage, energy, and strong understanding, which her young hostess wanted, but the want of which, in her case, was atoned for by great kindness of heart, and a most sweet and affectionate temper.

She was not long in confiding to her friend the change in her brother which had caused her so much uneasiness; and Miss Mackay's keen observation very soon led her to suspect that his evident depression was owing to some painful or dangerous secret which weighed heavily on his mind. Acting on this conviction, she endeavoured, by every kind and unobtrusive attention, to win his esteem and confidence; the only means by which she could hope to be of real service. During her stay at the castle, many accidental circumstances occurred to bring out her extraordinary qualities. On one occasion especially, when the house where they happened to be visiting took fire, the Laird could not but be struck by her courage, and extraordinary presence of mind. This led him voluntarily to seek her society, instead of giving way to the habits of lonely musing which had lately grown upon him; so that his sister, rejoicing in this change, and attributing it only to one cause, began to form high hopes that the friend she loved best in the world might one day become her sister. Miss Mackay, however, understood his manner better, and being very sure that admiration, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, had no part in his feeling towards herself, she was at liberty to pursue her plan of kindness towards him.

His sister's timidity and delicate health did not allow her to venture on horseback; but Miss Mackay was glad to be able to explore, under his escort, the neighbouring country, and thus she had fresh opportunities for observing his deportment. Among the possible causes for his depression, she began to suppose him the victim of second-sight, (a belief still prevalent in Scotland,) an opinion which was one day much strengthened, when, on reaching a height which commanded a view of the sea, she heard him exclaim to himself, "I see, I see the bloody issue!"

At these words, Miss Mackay boldly stepped forward, and, allowing the nature of her suspicions to transpire, entreated him, if he could trust in her kindness and regard, and she could in any way relieve or assist him, to say what it was that weighed so heavily on his mind; adding, that though she could not claim a sister's right, yet, in his case, a sister's very anxiety and affection might prevent her being an equally safe confidant.

Thus urged, he owned that he had a secret, though not of the nature she had hinted at, nor his alone; that it was one fraught with difficulty and danger, yet in which she might be of the greatest service, if, as he believed, she had courage for the part that might be assigned to her, and was willing to incur the risk to which she would render herself liable. He then asked, if she was willing to hear this secret, under the solemn promise never to reveal it to any one.

She answered, "If your secret contains nothing against the commandment of God, and the well-being of my country, I am here ready to hear it, keep it, swear to it."

He assured her that there was nothing in it which, as a religious Scotchwoman, she might not lend her hand and heart to; but that he must not tell it then; adding, with solemnity, that there was but one place, and one hour, in which he should feel it safe to reveal it—that hour was twelve o'clock of the same night, and the place of meeting the smaller door of the last quadrangle of

the castle, whence he would conduct her to the spot where the secret was to be told.

Having full reason to trust his assurances, she promised to obey these directions, though not without some apprehensions as the time appointed drew near. She succeeded, however, in concealing those feelings from her young friend. The day passed as usual; and, as the clock struck ten, they separated for the night. Resolving not to alarm herself unnecessarily, by dwelling on the singular interview which was before her, Miss Mackay sat down to read till it was time to leave her room. Then, wrapping herself in her plaid, she knelt down for a few moments to ask a blessing on her enterprise; as the clock struck twelve she opened her door, and lightly descending the stairs, and threading the mazes of a long and intricate passage, she let herself out by a back door into one of the open courts. From thence she made her way through other deserted passages, and roofless portions of the building, till she entered the most distant quadrangle, where stood the great tower. By the light of a small lantern, which she kept carefully turned in an opposite direction from the inhabited part of the castle, she saw the Laird was waiting for her at the appointed spot. In silence he bowed his head as she came up to him, and, leading the way, proceeded to a door at the foot of the tower. This he opened with a small key, and having entered at the bottom of a spiral staircase, locked the door, and, turning to her, asked, in a low voice, if, in spite of such almost awful precautions, she still adhered to her first resolution,—entreating her, if she felt any fear, to return at once. The hour, and the strange mystery, for a moment daunted her spirits; but, summoning her courage, she answered boldly, that she would go through with what she had undertaken.

From the first landing-place, they turned into a long suite of apartments, which occupied the whole of that side of the building. They were large and deserted. In some the windows were entirely shaken out, in others they were loose and shaking. In the last chamber, which was smaller than the preceding ones, and the windows of which were better secured, the Laird stopped, locked the door, and warning his companion to remember all he did, pressed his foot upon the spring of a trap-door, which immediately started up. He then guided her down a steep flight of stone steps into a vault, evidently running far under the castle. Here he paused, and pointing to a large iron chest, begged his companion to rest upon it, while he should explain all she had seen, and try to secure her aid in a good cause.

He then told her of the projected invasion of Scotland by him whom she had been taught to consider the son of her rightful king, and that he was shortly expected to head, in person, such an army as his friends might privately collect. The Laird had been presented to the Prince abroad, and had there entered into his cause with enthusiasm. He had come to Scotland full of hope; but, in the progress of his negotiations with the different noblemen and gentlemen who were to take part in the enterprise, he had found so much lukewarmness, rashness, and folly, in those concerned, that all his bright expectations faded, and he was full of despair for the issue. It was this that had so clouded his spirits; his faculties had become bewildered, as he looked forward to the future; he foresaw a fatal end to the enterprise ere it began; and, conscious that his castle contained documents of vital importance to many, he was tormented with apprehensions for others, which he disregarded for himself. In the iron chest on which Miss Mackay sat, were deposited many deeds and bonds from the great exile, to different noblemen and gentlemen, acknowledging loans of money, and pledging himself to reward present services by future grants. These documents, if discovered, together with a correct list of all the persons contributing to the cause, either by gold or men, might prove the ruin of some of the best and bravest men in Scotland.

The Laird knew that, either just before or immedi-

ately upon his royal master's landing, he would be summoned to report certain needful details; and he feared leaving the high trusts committed to him behind in the castle, within the very grasp of Argyle, without also leaving some one empowered to destroy them in his absence, should any misfortune render such a measure necessary. As Miss Mackay's character had opened upon him, he had been struck with the thought, that Providence had in her provided him with the very person he needed. Time and further observation only strengthened this opinion; when, just at this point, and while still in doubt, a summons had arrived, commanding him to repair to another staunch friend of the Stuarts, where Charles Edward's most confidential agent was expected from France. It was at this eventful moment that Miss Mackay had opened the way to confidence, and he was now in consequence disclosing to her all that had weighed so long on his mind, and asking her co-operation.

His auditor listened to all he had to tell with the deepest interest; for she had ever been taught to consider Charles Edward her rightful prince, and the thought of being in any way able to devote herself to his service brought the fire to her eye, and the warm blood into her cheek.

When the Laird, in conclusion, asked, whether she would take upon her the charge of what he must leave behind, or, refusing that, simply give him her oath never to divulge what she knew, she readily promised to do all he had asked, and, kneeling down, took an oath to this effect on the little pocket Bible the Laird had brought with him. He then opened the iron chest, and displayed its contents. There were, besides the parchments he had mentioned, several leathern bags, which he told her contained money and jewels, contributed by faithful Scotchmen to the cause. He then begged her to listen carefully to the instructions he would give her. He was going instantly to join the Prince's party in Inverness, and, when gold was needed, would send a messenger she might entirely trust, to whom she must deliver it under the shadow of night. The arrival of such a messenger would be notified to her by the figure of a cross being cut on the trunk of a great ash tree which grew opposite her chamber-window; and a certain number of very small crosses cut under the large one would notify the number of bags she should give him. If, instead of money, the messenger should have to announce defeat and disaster, a figure of an axe should be marked on the tree instead of a cross; in which case her business would be to destroy every written paper or parchment in the chest. After that, he bid her use her own discretion whether to remain in the castle or depart; he himself by that time would probably be lying a corpse on the field of battle. In conclusion, he assured her, that he did not believe himself to be bringing her into real danger by the commission he now gave her, adding further directions, that on seeing the given sign on the tree, she was to repair at night to the same spot where he had met her, go down to the vault, bring up the bags, and, before opening the door into the quadrangle, (of which the messenger would have no key,) one was to give the pass-word, "Bruce," to which the other would answer, "Charles Edward." She then might open the door and deliver the bags into his hands; the messenger would give a voucher in return, which she must go back to deposit in the iron chest, and her duty would be over.

If, however, the secret announcement were disaster, she might burn the documents, one by one, at the candle in her lantern. "Mark," he said, in conclusion, "mark, I pray you, all the peculiarities of the places you will have to pass through, so that nothing may embarrass you, should accident extinguish your light. Above all things, remember to leave the trap-door well settled on its supports, as it opens only from the outside. For Heaven's sake, be careful to observe this!"

After some further discourse, as to what would be best to do for his sister in case of his death, they found it

time to return. Miss Mackay most carefully noted all his movements; learnt the secret of the spring which opened the trap-door, and passing with her guide through the solitary chambers, found herself again in the court of the quadrangle. Here she received from him the key of the tower door, and the more important one belonging to the chest; and they then took a solemn farewell of each other, as he was to leave early next day.

More than a fortnight passed before Miss Mackay was called upon to execute any part of her commission. At length, one morning, on going to her window, which she now always did on first rising, she observed a cross marked on the ash tree, and two smaller ones cut below it. She could not help feeling some apprehension, as she thought of the task that lay before her. The remembrance of the large deserted chambers of the gloomy vault, to be descended at midnight, now and then appalled her; but she concealed all appearance of anxiety, and passed the day as cheerfully as usual.

Half an hour before midnight, when every one was asleep, she lighted her lantern, and wrapping herself from head to foot in her plaid, issued from the dwelling-house into the first court. The moon shone brightly, and everything was so calm, that her confidence returned. Encouraging herself by thoughts of prayer, she reached the door of the tower, and there a faint sound made her turn towards the place whence it proceeded. A gentleman in a highland dress instantly stepped forward into the moonlight, from the archway where he had been standing, and, with an inclination of respect, whispered the word "Bruce." In the same tone, she answered, "Charles Edward," and hurrying into the tower, locked herself within it.

She had remembered every direction, so that she found no difficulty in reaching the vault. The bags were so heavy, that she found it necessary to carry each separately to the foot of the tower stairs. She then opened the door, and, without either uttering a word, the bags of gold were exchanged for the receipt; and, once again locking herself in, she returned to the vault, and from thence, when her task was done, returned to her own room. The whole had been accomplished so easily, that, after this, she felt no alarm or anxiety on her own account for any future errand of the same kind with which she might be entrusted.

The Laird's absence, meanwhile, crept on from week to week; neither by public report nor private information did any news of Charles Edward's landing reach her; and her zeal for his cause kept her in constant nervous watchfulness. Winter was now far advanced: her young friend, anxious about her brother, whose absence was unaccountable to her, and alarmed, too, at living without his protection in that lonely place, at such a season, claimed more and more of her care. Some kind friends from a distance would, every now and then, leave their homes, and spend a day or two with their timid young friend; but these meetings often more than failed in their object, from the ill-chosen nature of their topics for conversation. With long fireside-evenings came stories of murder and witchcraft, of ghosts and apparitions, all of which had a peculiar fascination for the poor young lady at the time, though they left her less fit than ever to sustain cheerfulness under adverse circumstances. Even Miss Mackay's stronger mind was not proof against the effect of these gloomy histories; and, after an evening thus spent, she did not feel her nerves in the fittest state for executing the commission she had received that morning, by the given sign on the ash tree. She remembered, too, that the deserted chambers she had to pass through were reported to be haunted. She would not, however, suffer such imaginations to hinder her in the performance of her duty; and, at the appointed hour, she set out on her errand.

Instead of the friendly moonlight which had cheered her before, a fearful tempest now raged without. The roar of the distant sea was heard in the intervals of the still louder wind, which pealed like thunder through

the mountain chasms. The crash of trees, and the fall of fragments from the ruined walls of the castle, added to the noise and danger. Not a star was visible; every thing was wrapped in thick darkness. Some fear she could not but feel, as she hurried through the tottering trees and groaning ruins; and, added to this, she fancied she heard footsteps behind her, as it were pursuing her.

It was a relief when she reached the tower-door, and could lock herself within. Lighted by the dim flame of her lantern, she passed along the suite of rooms, the wind howling through them, and rattling against the loose and broken casements. Her hand shook a little, as she settled the rests of the trap-door; but by degrees she regained her composure, and, counting out the bags of gold which had been sent for, she carried them down, one by one, as before; delivered them with the given signal to the messenger without; locked the door again, and returned once more to the vault with the voucher, in order to deposit it in the iron chest. Just as she was replacing it there, she was startled by a loud crash, followed by a thundering clap. After a moment's pause, she flew up the steps to see what was the cause. She had not yet realized her misfortune: it was the trap-door which had fallen,—blown down by a sudden gust of wind, which had forced in the window just above it.

In a moment she understood the full misery of her situation. Her first effort was to push against the door, hoping it was not firmly fixed in its place; but it resisted her wildest efforts of strength, and she remembered that the Laird had said it could only be opened from without. Again and again she repeated her ineffectual efforts, and in despair called aloud for help. The wind alone answered her cry, pealing in the distance above her.

There was but one person who could help her—the owner of the castle, who was far away: and, as she paused from the wild energy of her first despair, she began to doubt how far it would be right, even if it were possible, to call for other aid, if she could only procure it by revealing a secret in which the lives and fortunes of so many were involved. She sunk upon the steps in a confusion of dreadful feelings; the dews of death seemed to spread over her as she faced the full horrors of her situation. She saw she must either risk the discovery of this awful secret, or be content to remain where she was, and perish by slow degrees. How light and easy would death on the scaffold have appeared to her, contrasted with this solitary lingering fate of horror! Thoughts like these for a time rendered her passive; then she would revive her hopeless exertions for releasing herself, till, exhausted by fatigue, she could do no more. At length, wearied and hopeless, she left the steps, and returned into the vault, and throwing herself on the damp floor, from which her plaid was her only protection, she tried to compose herself, and seek for patience and submission in prayer. She lay listening to the dreary sounds which reached her from without, to the progress of the storm, and to the heavy rain which succeeded it, and which she could hear pour down through the rafters in the roof upon the trap-door of her dungeon. From this sound, dreary as it was, she gathered that there was some chance of her cries being heard, should she determine on its being right to use such efforts for her release.

The storm had subsided, so that she could hear the clock strike five: her lantern had long burnt out, and she remained in total darkness, as hour by hour passed by: at length noon struck, though no ray of light reached her to tell her of the cheerful day. Sounds of life from a distance came upon her ear, only making her own state more terrible; she became bewildered by wild thronging thoughts, and almost unconscious; for a few moments she called piercingly for help. She thought how heavily her death would weigh on his mind who had unwittingly led her into such a grave. In alternations of distraction and resignation the day wore away. She grew weak from want of food, and a sickening feeling of exhaustion came upon her, which she knew

to be the precursor of sharper and fiercer pangs of hunger. Her head became giddy, and she feared her senses were leaving her; but, with a strong effort of will, she overcame the temptation to wander, and fixing her mind on the thoughts best suited for such an hour, gave herself up to the will of her heavenly Father, and resigned herself wholly into His hands. Every moment she felt herself grow weaker. Her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth; she could utter no audible sound; her head grew more dizzy; her limbs were benumbed; by degrees sense and recollection failed her, and she sank lifeless on the steps of the vault. It seemed as if death had come to her relief. But there was help at hand for her. By a wonderful chance, as it would be called, but more justly by a merciful providence, it so fell, that twenty-four hours after the Laird had despatched his friend to the castle for the gold they were in need of, he found he had immediate occasion for one of the papers in the iron chest; and, as the best and shortest means of obtaining it, he set out himself. Having the master-key of all the doors, he had no occasion to go into the house, but proceeded at once, it being nightfall, to the tower-door. It was his intention to leave a line on the chest, informing Miss Mackay of what he had done, for he did not deem it prudent to venture into the house, or see his sister. He walked calmly through the desolate apartments, observed the damage done by the wind, and at length he lifted the trap-door, and was descending, when his light fell upon the bright colours of Miss Mackay's plaid. In alarm and astonishment he gazed on the motionless form, pale as death, that lay extended before him, and at once comprehending what had happened, sprang down the remaining steps, and flew to her assistance, if indeed help did not come too late. Happily he carried a flask of spirits with him, and succeeded in pouring some drops into her lips. By slow degrees she revived, and within an hour after sinking into unconsciousness, she opened her eyes on him who had been sent to her rescue.

Before asking her any questions, he made her swallow a few morsels of the oaten cake he happened to have with him. Under this refreshment she soon revived; and her deliverer could now give utterance to his thankfulness at having thus come in time for her relief, pledging himself never more to require of her a similar effort of friendship and loyalty. She was too lost in thoughts of gratitude to Heaven for her wonderful deliverance, to hear what he said, or listen to the plans he was forming to entrust his friend the messenger henceforward with the entire accomplishment of his hazardous errand. At length she roused herself to arrange with him the best mode of accounting for her absence without exciting dangerous suspicions; then, refreshing herself with another small portion of his travelling fare, she left her prison, and, supported by his arm, reached the last court before the house, where she took leave of her conductor, who, much as he longed to see his poor sister, dared not venture to show himself.

Her absence could only have been observed since breakfast time; and, as she was in the habit of taking early morning walks, it might well be supposed that, tempted by a gleam of fine weather after the night's storm, she had ventured out, and that the subsequent heavy rain had detained her in the shelter of some distant cavern or shelling till its violence had abated. Weak and exhausted she entered the house, and was received with the utmost delight by her friend, who had been in the greatest alarm on her account. Miss Mackay, who was evidently too weak for much conversation, spoke of having been seized with a fainting fit, of her inability to send word where she was to the castle; and her friend, occupied in attending upon her obvious wants, readily credited the few words which implied rather than told what it was desirable she should believe, and, in anxiety for her health and comfort, all farther questions were forgotten.

Here Miss Mackay's share in the perils of the rebellion

ended. The Laird soon after fell, according to what had seemed his presentiment, at the battle of Culloden. Subsequently Miss Mackay became the wife of the Highland gentleman, who, as messenger to the castle, had shared with her the secret of the tower. He had been struck by her courage in undertaking so arduous a commission; her manner and appearance, during the very few opportunities he had of seeing her in their mysterious communications, had strengthened this first impression; and his had been the footsteps which she had heard in the fearful night of the storm, as he followed her in the hope of protecting her from the dangers of her road. They were married abroad, where their poor young friend remained with them, till Scotland was quiet enough to admit of her returning thither, and taking up her abode once more in her brother's castle, among her own people. There she was often visited by her faithful friends and their children; and there the heroine of this history herself repeated the singular adventure that had happened to her within its walls.

[It is exactly a hundred years since the occurrence of the events detailed in the foregoing narrative; and, although that was not the consideration which suggested to us the placing it first in the first number of this Magazine, yet it forms a circumstance of coincidence which it appears to us may, with much propriety, be taken advantage of and followed up. There is, undoubtedly, no more real relation between events and conditions of society separated by precisely defined intervals of time, than between any others; there may be much less; still the mind delights to seize hold of such intervals, as resting-places from which to look around, and to institute those comparisons, and lay the foundation for those generalizations, which constitute the really valuable results of historical studies. It is true, there is no year whatever of which it may not be said, that something remarkable happened exactly one hundred years before; and that so this sort of relation of suggestion is a mere peg on which anything whatever may be hung. It may be so; but it never was held a good reason why a man should not observe the anniversary of his own birth, or those of his friends, that there is not a day in the year which is not some one's birth-day. The year 1745 forms most unquestionably a cardinal point in the internal history of this country. It witnessed the closing act of a drama which had been played with more or less continuity for more than a century. It closed one volume of our history, and opened a new one. Its events gave a new direction to the hopes, and energies, and industry, of a large portion of the people, and so laid the foundation for much of that advance in wealth, enterprise, and improvement, which is now the astonishment of the world. We propose, therefore, in pursuance of this idea, to lay before our readers, in early numbers, a few papers on the leading events connected with the rebellion of 1745, and on the most remarkable contrasts presented by the condition of the world, and of this country in particular, then, and at the present day.—EDITOR S. L. M.]

RURAL SKETCHES; WITH HINTS FOR PEDESTRIANS.

NO. I.

HE who has been immured for months in this great overgrown modern Babylon—which, probably, is even more vast than that ancient city, whose magnitude and magnificence have given to it an undying fame—will do well to bid farewell to the

city for a season—to buckle his knapsack on his shoulders, and with his oaken stick in hand, to wend his way, with his back to St. Paul's.*

Having resolutely turned his face to the country, it is of little importance to which part of the compass he directs his steps; sufficient it is for him, that in every direction around him and the city, a goodly portion of Nature's fair domain is stretched out, in endless variety of wood and water, of hill and dale, of green pasture lands and hope-inspiring corn-fields, and the wide-spread and well-planted park, whose hushed stillness is oftentimes broken by the sudden trampling of deer.

Nor are these all that will claim his attention. The cottage which smiles amide a profusion of roses and honeysuckles, and the sweet-scented mignionette: the rustic bridge, often of rude workmanship, and inconvenient from its contracted breadth and its steep ascent, yet forming an appendage to a landscape which the painter loves to transfer to his canvas—and the ivy-clad ruin, the castellated building of the feudal times, whose walls have been rent and shattered in the fierce battle-strife of civil war; and those peaceful and holier piles whose aisles, day by day, were wont to resound with the matin and the vesper, but, alas! have been madly defaced and destroyed by sacrilegious hands.

In another locality he will find the old-fashioned, and therefore picturesque hall, whose name has for centuries been associated with that of the family of right ancient descent, whose pedigree may be traced back to the time of the conquest of England by William the Norman, and who, while the crown of England has descended from one royal house to another, and has been successively worn by the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Guelphs—have retained possession of the estate and the manor; and in an unbroken line, from one generation to another, they have descended in worshipping alliance, gracefully wedded to the name of the family, whose residence there has been most highly beneficial to the neighbourhood.

Nor will he fail to ramble on the banks of those beautiful streams and rivers which gladden the face of nature. They will arrest his attention, and decoy him from the turnpike road and the foot-path through the fields and the coppice, to more unfrequented places, where the disciples of Izaak Walton pursue their gentle craft. The half-trodden path will conduct him through scenes of surpassing beauty, which will make him not regret the change for, it may be, a rougher road. Here he will

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

And here it will be well for him to remember what the good and the pious Izaak Walton says: "When I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in Him. This is my purpose; and so, 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!'"

"The sun knoweth his going down," and when the shades of evening dim the more distant parts of the landscape—when the noisy, yet not altogether

* Written 12 September.

inharmonious sounds from the rookery grow fainter and fainter, when

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way ;"

the pedestrian will repair for his night's repose to the quiet village inn, where he may enter in his diary the events of the day, and some account of the most remarkable places he has visited.

The season of the year most suitable for a pedestrian excursion, may be left to the choice or convenience of the tourist. Any of the four great divisions of the year, excepting the gloomy winter, when the country possesses so little attraction, will be found to answer his purpose: the fresh and cheerful spring, the leafy and fruitful summer, and the more sober and many-tinted autumn—each possesses attractions peculiarly its own.*

If he prefer the Spring, when the Almighty "renews the face of the earth," the annual resurrection of nature from the death of Winter, will impart a cheerful elasticity to his spirits, invigorating his frame, and bracing his limbs, as he treads the tender and springing grass; and he will often pause to hear the rich, and joyful, and thrilling harmony of that bird (unlike its fellows "which sing among the branches") that soars so high to pour forth his gushing matin song, that it is almost lost to sight, "singing at heaven's gate."

The trees are now partly clad with their vernal foliage, but the tardy ash is yet bare. The horse-chestnut is conspicuous, with its pyramidal-shaped flowers gracefully bending to the breeze, which is no less grateful from the delicious sense of coolness it imparts, than from the fragrant scent with which it is laden from the flowers which grow "man knows not how," he knows only that "God so clothes the grass of the field," that the many-hued flowers minister richly to his enjoyment.

The hedge-rows too are beautifully ornamented with the snow-white blossom called *May*, over which proudly tower the elm and the ash, the leafy sycamore, and "the gnarled and knotted oak." Other trees there are which are more ornamental, such as the lilac, and the bright laburnum, with its golden festoons of singular beauty. Nor must we forget these useful fruit trees, whose rich blossoms give such a gorgeous appearance to the orchards.

One of the most interesting rural operations of the season is hay-making; and how beautiful is the landscape which includes all the processes, from the mowing to the carrying home the valuable food for the cattle! Look at that field in the distance, where the mowers are cutting down the rich herbage, with all the regularity of good rowers, now and then stopping to whet their scythes, and we can hear the hissing sound, for the wind is fresh and such as the farmer loves for hay-making. And see, in the next field, how busy is that large number of young persons, who are engaged in turning over the hay, and yet can find time for the innocent joke; the loud laugh is often heard, and speaks favourably for their contented state. Another field is filled with long rows of hay-cocks, which give such a delicious odour to the air, and contrast pleasingly with the fresh green-sward from which it has been recently cut. Watch the shadows of the clouds as

they career across the vale, until they are lost to our sight in that field from which the waggons are conveying the hay to the farm buildings. The man on horseback, who is superintending the operations of the work-people, is the farmer, and right glad he is for such favourable weather, and, let us hope, not less grateful to Him who "crowns the year with his goodness," and bids "the little hills rejoice on every side;" to whose good providence he leaves the valleys which "stand so thick with corn," hoping "that it may please Him to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them."

Some tourists may prefer the Summer for a pedestrian excursion, although the heat is then more oppressive. In fact, each season has advantages peculiarly its own, and each also has its disadvantages. The cheerful and invigorating freshness which is so characteristic of the Spring, is now passed, and we miss, with regret, the song of birds which lately made the woods vocal. The increased temperature of the air on some days, renders walking unpleasant, and the dusty state of the roads often proves a source of equal annoyance; while on other days, and especially for some period after the day on which the luckless attempt was made to remove the remains of St. Swithin, one is likely to suffer a long confinement to the house by continuous torrents of rain. Whatever may be our opinion as to the above-named attempt being the cause of this immense fall of rain about the latter end of July and the earlier part of August, there can be no difference of opinion respecting the fact that it does almost invariably occur.

The corn-fields now assume an appearance which makes the farmer doubly anxious for fair weather. The orchard-trees are laden with fruit; the purple plum and the bright red cherry make the mouths of many an urchin water as he sees those "sour grapes" over the high wall. Many of the more delicious and valuable fruits, the nectarine, the peach, and the apricot, with their soft and downy skin, are beautiful as flowers.

The pedestrian will now be wishful to walk where he is well shaded with trees, and he will be glad to seat himself "*sub tegmine fagi*," by some murmuring brook, and watch the trout springing to the flies; while in other parts of the stream, he will see the cattle standing knee-deep in the water, apparently ruminating on the annoyances to which they are subject from the insects and the heat. This scene gives tone to the landscape, which would lose half of its interest were it not for these accessory attractions, such as Cuyt delighted to paint.

As the summer advances, the most important agricultural operation of the whole year takes place—this is the harvest, a time of much anxiety for the farmer, and one in which we are all more or less interested. When the fields are white for harvest, how pleasing is the sight of the corn, bending its golden heads before the wind, and waving in graceful promise of an abundant increase, "some a hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty." And when the reapers take the field, and the rich crop falls before the sickle, how cheering is the appearance of the fields, and how gratefully should we acknowledge the goodness of Him who has promised that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail," and to assure us of His kindness, has set His bow in the clouds, to the intent that we may have an oft-repeated monitor of His mercy:

* We have adopted an arbitrary division of the six months suitable for tourists; thus, we may call May and June, Spring; July and August, Summer; and September and October, Autumn. May is the earliest month suitable for an excursion, and it should not be deferred until after October.

"Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man."

The choice or the convenience of other tourists may lead them to travel in the Autumnal months, when the party-coloured foliage gives us warning that Winter is approaching, and the trees must soon be stripped of their leaves, and that the flowers which yet linger in our gardens must die. Yet to cheer even this season of affectionate regrets for the past, and of somewhat mournful anticipations of the dark dreary Winter which we know awaits us, the fields are again enlivened with the song of birds, and the woods echo with the powerful yet melodious whistling of the blackbird.

The orchards now present a beautiful appearance when the apples and the pears are ripe; some of the former are of so rich a colour, that at a little distance the trees appear to be covered with blossom; while the branches of the more graceful pear-tree bend with its valuable produce, and give to it much of the appearance of a weeping willow.

The one great and peculiar charm which now imparts to the country so much of gorgeous beauty, and enhances the picturesque appearance of an otherwise insignificant landscape, is the endless variety of tints given to the woodlands and the hedge-rows. The evergreens remain unchanged, and contrast forcibly with those which are preparing to shed their leaves. The contrast and variety exhibited, are such as a painter would scarcely dare, if he were able, to copy, lest he should be charged with having

"O'erstepped the modesty of nature."

The pen and the pencil cannot but fail in their attempt to describe and depict them.

S. J.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE MONKEY.*

A GENTLEMAN whose premises were infested by a large breed of sparrows, said they were *birds of no principle*. Of all monkeys it may be said, with much more propriety, that they are beasts of no principle; for they have every evil quality, and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those first who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or a kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it; even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. Whatever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He seems to have no rule of his own, and so is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashion of the world, whether it be good or bad. No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness, no monkey considers any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They can never eat together in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If any thing he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears

the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces upon the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers, and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. Every body has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon to see how it went off; when he paid for his peeping with the loss of his head. In a ship where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy in fetching powder from below, and making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle, and ran down to the powder-room to see what they were about; but happily was overtaken just as he got to the lantern, and thrown out at the nearest port-hole into the sea with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost his life by the spirit of mimicry; he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up the razor to shave himself, and made shift to cut his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of trees, the people below who want to catch them shew them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards and are taken. A monkey who had seen his mistress upon her pillow in a nightcap, which at her rising she pulled off and hung upon a chair, puts on the cap, lays his head upon the pillow, and by personating the lady, made himself ten times more frightful and ridiculous; as awkward people do, when they *ape* their superiors, and affect a fashion which is above their sphere. A mischievous disposition is always inclined to persecution. There are minds whose greatest pleasure it is to ride and tease the minds of other people. A late friend and neighbour of mine in the country kept a monkey who took to riding his hogs, especially one of them, which he commonly singled out as fittest for his use; and leaping upon its back, with his face towards the tail, he whipped it unmercifully, and drove it about, till it could run no longer. The hogs lived under such continual terrors of mind, that when the monkey first came abroad in the morning, they used to set up a great cry at the sight of him. A well-known nobleman once had a wild horse whom nobody could ride. "I know not what your lordship can do with him," said one, "but to set the monkey upon his back." So they put a pad to the horse, and set the monkey upon it with a switch in his hand, which he used upon the horse, and set him into a furious kicking and galloping; but Pug kept his seat and exercised his switch. The horse lay down upon the ground; but when he threw himself on one side, the monkey was up on the other: he ran into a wood with him, to brush him off; but if a tree or a bush occurred on one side, the monkey slipped to the other side; till at last the horse was so sickened and fatigued and broken-spirited, that he ran home to the stable for protection. When the monkey was removed, a boy mounted him, who managed the horse with ease, and he never gave any trouble afterwards. In all the actions of the monkey, there is no appearance of any thing good or useful, nor any species of evil that is wanting in them. They are, indeed, like to mankind: they can ride a pig as a man rides a horse, or better, and are most excellent jockeys; but, after all, they are only like the worst of the human species. If all the qualities of the monkey are put together, they constitute what is properly called *ill-nature*; and if any person would know what an ill-natured man is, that man is a monkey to all intents and purposes, with the addition of reason, which makes his character much worse, and the loss of religion and conscience, which is worst of all; for without these reason is rather a disadvantage.

* From Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland.

A FEW WORDS AT STARTING.

WE do not feel that much apology is necessary for the attempt we are about to make, to add one to the number of those caterers for the literary appetite of the day, who spread out their stores at regularly recurring intervals to catch the public eye. In all those cases in which the appearance of the applicant for favour is really an intrusion, uncalled for and unwelcome, the process of putting him down (being nothing more than merely letting him alone) is at once so simple and so effectual, gives so little trouble, and does the business so thoroughly, that it amounts to a tax upon the public good-nature sufficiently slight to admit of its being easily pardoned, even though it should be rather unceremoniously imposed. If, however, we must needs, for the sake of good manners, offer some apology, it shall be much about what we should suppose a tradesman to say in justification of his opening a shop in a crowded thoroughfare:—"No doubt there are many shops, but there is also a large demand. The world is becoming fuller every day, and the article in which I deal is getting more and more into request. Why should not I find customers as well as another, if I only give them as good an article for their money as he does?"

In this "if," lies the pinch of the case; for it cannot be denied, that there are already articles in the market, with which it would not be prudent rashly to challenge a comparison. It is, besides, precisely the point on which it least becomes him to speak, upon whom the task of introducing a publication of this kind by a preliminary notice generally devolves. A tradesman may commend his own wares without incurring the charge of presumption or bad taste; but the literary workman has no such privilege. Diligence and good intention are the utmost to which he can be permitted to pledge himself beforehand. Of his ability to command the other qualities requisite to render his commodity attractive, he is seldom a competent judge; and it is, therefore, a point of prudence with him to be silent on a subject on which his opinion would not carry much weight. The world has become sufficiently knowing in these matters, to refuse to accept the expression either of confidence or of humility, as a sure indication of the possession of powers to command success. If the former is too often the offspring of presumption and ignorance, the latter, where it is genuine, is just as likely to be nothing better than the mere outleaking of unretentive conscious dulness. Silence, in these circumstances, is the wisest and most dignified course. Readers very soon discover for themselves what they ought to think; and promises made at starting are speedily forgotten amid the realities of actual performance.

Our Publisher has informed the world already, in the announcement circulated by him, that his object has been "to furnish a publication which shall supply the general reader with matter of an amusing and instructive character, for the hours of recreation." We do not know that we can add much to this description of the purpose of this publication. That it points to what has now become one of the imperative wants of society, which must somehow or other be supplied, no man of common observation is ignorant; nor are we at all disposed to question that the want is, in many quarters, and from many sources, very worthily

supplied. But the desire of knowledge is an appetite which grows by what it feeds on. The more it is gratified, the more insatiable becomes its craving. Wherever it is planted, it carries a living generative principle within it, unceasingly tending to an indefinite increase. The more thoroughly a publication of this kind succeeds, the more impossible does it become, that it should occupy alone the field which it has opened up. Its power of gratifying the hungry cravings which it is waking up around it, is bounded by limits, moral, intellectual, mechanical,—while these cravings are unbounded in the extent of their increase, and in the diversified character of their objects. The man who first stirs up the inert soil of his neighbour's mind, and sets him a thinking, may perhaps be able, unaided, to keep up for him a constant supply of materials, suited to his temperament and intellectual character, on which to exercise his thoughts. But he who does the same service for twenty or a hundred men, each of whom has his own peculiar turn of mind, will most infallibly fail in the attempt to furnish them all with intellectual food of which they can continue to make a profitable use. And when we consider that each man, in whom the desire of knowledge is awakened, carries about with him an atmosphere which transmits it like a contagion to the circle around him; that each of these in turn, as soon as infected, forms the centre of a circle, from which the like influence radiates to every point on its circumference; and so on, in endless geometrical progression; it becomes manifest, that we shall far sooner reach the limit of our power to supply the demand for intellectual sustenance, than we shall that of the demand itself.

The growing development of this particular form of publication—the Periodical—and the increasing variety of subjects to which it is becoming adapted, are a necessary consequence of the extension of a literary taste beyond the class of merely literary men. The professional student, whose business lies in his books, can afford time to dig for his necessary knowledge through the bowels of the most ponderous folios, and finds in the fruit of his labours a sufficient reward for his toil. But thousands have now been taught to regard knowledge as a necessary, whose pursuit of it can be followed only by snatches, at intervals of relaxation from their ordinary business and labour; and to these, this mode, desultory and fragmentary though it is, of presenting it, prepared and trimmed for immediate use, the husk removed, the shell broken, and the kernel ready for mastication, is as indispensable as the daily supply of the common necessities of life. Their Magazine must come to their doors as regularly as their milk or their beer.

The knowledge which publications of this kind disseminate may be compared to a fountain, far hid among the mountains, which can only be reached, after much painful and toilsome travel, by a few; to render it available to the multitude, reservoirs must be formed, and pipes laid, which carry it to every man's door, to be drawn off as he needs it, without waste of time, expense of labour, or hindrance to his regular employments. We claim only to be allowed to insert our pipe into the general reservoir, and so to share in the work of distribution of the precious element. There is little danger that all of us together shall either exhaust the fountain, or deluge the world with an overabundant supply.

A single word may be necessary as to the principle on which we propose that this Magazine shall be conducted. We intend its contents to be as diversified in character as may be found practicable, furnishing something to gratify all tastes, except such as we cannot stoop to gratify without degrading ourselves. Original essays, tales, articles descriptive of objects of antiquarian or historical interest, will be interspersed with translations from approved foreign authors, and occasional notices of, and interesting extracts from, English publications not generally accessible. And to the lovers of poetry we think we can promise contributions in that department, to which they will not disdain to grant more than one perusal.

We should be sorry to allow any reader to rise from the perusal of these remarks, with the impression that we had no moral purpose in view in this undertaking, although we have not attempted formally to obtrude it upon his notice. We are, we trust, sensible of the responsibility which attaches to every man, who takes upon him to address the world through the press, and who thus sets in motion an agency, whose effects may be immeasurably out of proportion to his individual capacity or personal importance. We wish to instruct as well as amuse; to instruct while we amuse; so to amuse that our readers shall be wiser and happier for the enjoyment we may afford them. Disclaiming all intention of usurping the chair of the appointed religious teacher, we trust so to regulate our undertaking, that the reader of this Magazine will find it to deepen in his mind the impression, that religion and pure morality are the sources of our truest happiness—the foundations of our highest hopes. Having no party views, we have no intention of addressing ourselves to the limited sympathies of any particular class. We shall find more pleasure in dwelling upon those views of our present condition and future hopes, which afford to all of us a common ground for our sympathies to rest upon, than upon those which may be suggestive of topics of contention and animosity.

No part of our projected plan is contemplated by us with more interest and satisfaction, than that which holds it out as intended to furnish employment for "hours of recreation;" for it suggests that we shall be engaged in lightening the burden of labour; in conveying some portion of the more elevated enjoyments of life within the reach of men whose condition is, too generally, one of unmingled toil and privation; and thus contributing to sweeten the lot and brighten the hopes of those whose stalwart limbs, if we view the matter aright, are the main pillars on which the structure of society rests.

THE LAST SUPPER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(Translated from the German.)

"It is enough!" said the excellent old master, Andreas del Barrochio, smiling mournfully, as he put up his easel, and placed it gently in the farthest corner of his room. "Rest thou there! I, too, can now rest." Again he stood musing before the painting he had just taken down. It was the Baptism of St. John, in which there was an Angel's head, from the pencil of his scholar, Leonardo da Vinci, that, for exquisite beauty, far excelled any of his own productions.

"Thus far, and no further!" he continued, turning to Leonardo, who just entered, and who was struck by the

strangely solemn tone of the master. "See, my son, with this angel thy career begins, and mine finishes. One man cannot accomplish all, neither should one man attempt, in his vain imaginings, to reach the far distant limits of art, which the united powers of many, simultaneously and successively, have not attained. I lay my pencil aside, and henceforth paint no more. But thou, who hast already surpassed thy master, be bold, be vigorous. Italy will ere long do homage to thy genius."

Leonardo stood glowing with delight at the praise of his master, and gazed with sparkling eyes at the painting.

"And he does not cast down his eyes!" murmured Andreas to himself, as he read in Leonardo's countenance the vain and presumptuous thoughts that were passing through his mind. "There is still time. One draught of bitter medicine, and his better nature will triumph. Yes," he continued, addressing his scholar, and taking him kindly by the hand—"yes, my son! thou wilt shine, but thy lustre will not be the dazzling radiance of the midday sun, but like a gentle Aurora, or the soft rosy hue of evening. Of this, too, rest assured, that arrogance and self-sufficiency will never bring thee to the goal, from which thou art yet far distant. Examine thine angel a little closer. It is good, I repeat, very good; but is it not incorrect in the foreshortening? That look, however celestial it may appear at first sight, has it not, in reality, more of the languishing gaze of a courtesan? This curl over the right eye, is it not unnatural, as if burnt by an iron? No,—this work of Leonardo da Vinci shall not go down to posterity. Thou knowest now of what thou art capable. Let perfection henceforth be thy mark, and let what is imperfect perish. This shall be the last stroke of my pencil." With these words, he besmeared the picture with a coat of black annihilating paint.

This passed like an electric shock through the heart of the affrighted scholar, and a hasty word of anger and reproach trembled upon his lips. But he was silent; for silence was a lesson his master had early taught him. He swallowed, therefore, the bitter gall of wounded vanity, and calm reflection soon returned, and with it the firm determination to repress his arrogance and presumption. "I thank you, master," he exclaimed, deeply affected; and from that moment became his own severest critic, more disposed to find what called for censure in his works, than what deserved praise. This distrust of his own powers increased in proportion to his advances in skill and knowledge; so that many, even of his best productions, were destroyed by his own hand; at first, in the angry discontent of a noble mind, satisfied with nothing short of perfection; afterwards, when his passions had been cooled, and his judgment had been matured by the sage counsels of his paternal friend, from a sober and settled conviction, that, by these means only, was excellence to be attained; and many relics of his pencil have, only by artifice or fraud, been rescued from destruction.

"That is right," his master was wont to say, with his quiet smile; "that is the way to immortality, the title to which consists, not in the multiplicity of a man's works, but in their excellence."

If he received an order, or went to work from his own impulse, he would tremble like a child, when he thought of the difficulties he had to encounter, and how far his picture would fall short of that standard of excellence it was his desire to reach. Still, notwithstanding these feelings of despondency, he laboured indefatigably, by day and night; for he had learned from his master, that not genius only, but industry,—patient untiring industry, was necessary to the attainment of his object; for how often has the man of inferior ability, by unremitting diligence and attention, arrived at a degree of eminence, which, to idle ill directed talent, remained for ever unapproachable!

Thus did Andreas del Barrochio, the Florentine, instruct his beloved pupil in the best and noblest principles of his art, and rejoice at the success of his teaching.

But his last hour approached, and from his sick bed he thus addressed the mourner by his side: "Why weepest thou unmanly tears, now that the time is come that I must depart hence? Earth demands her offering and her right?"

"And heaven too,"—interrupted Leonardo, kissing the withered and trembling hands of his dying friend. "Heaven calls the noble undying spirit back to its home."

"Dost thou wonder, then," resumed Andreas, "that I have been seized with home-sickness? Do I not depart with the conviction, that with thee I leave behind a portion of my being, and that I have fulfilled the mission entrusted to me, a weak instrument, to usher in the dawn which, from the unprofaned temple of thy genius, now sheds its mild radiance over Italy?"

"But which," said Leonardo, mournfully, "the Perugian would darken!"

"No envy, my son," interrupted Andreas, mildly; "is this Pietro, then, the only painter? Surely, the path we are all treading is wide enough for many. Behold how various nature is in her formations! how diversified in material and design! and shall the ideal world, the world of dreams, be found so poor, that one may exhaust the magazine, and leave nothing for a fellow-worker? Therefore, my son, no envy in thy pure bosom! No ugly jealousy! Above all, never let these personal feelings of hatred or contempt be transferred to thy works! That is alike unworthy of a noble art, and a generous artist. Even when thou smartest under the lash of oppression, or the reproach of undeserved persecution, never degrade the dignity of thy art, by making it the instrument of thy revenge. Revenge thyself by words of mildness, by deeds of charity: then will thy productions, free from the stain of unworthy passions, go down to future ages, living memorials of thy merits and thy wrongs. My strength is fast sinking; but, before I depart, give me thy hand, and promise me that thou wilt observe my words, and, never refusing the honour due to the merits of others, pursue thy appointed path in cheerfulness and humility. Give me thy hand, and promise me this, Leonardo!"

And Leonardo gave him his hand.

"Then will I be also near to thee," said the master, while an unearthly smile played upon his features, "in the hour of thy greatest earthly need. My spirit shall hover near thee; and when, bowed down by the thought of what seems impracticable, every human resource fails thee, and thou art threatened by undeserved shame and disgrace, then cry aloud, that thy voice may reach me amid the palm-trees of Paradise; cry aloud, Andreas! Andreas!—And—I will..."

The angel of death gently interrupted the words of promise and comfort. The head of the faithful master sank back upon the pillow, and Leonardo, in the bitter sorrow of separation, closed the eyes of the departed, and, with the sign of the holy cross, blessed the gentle spirit of his beloved master to its eternal rest.

It is needless here to tell of the eminence and celebrity which Leonardo da Vinci subsequently attained, or how much he contributed, in conjunction with the first Perugino, to the restoration of the art of painting. His merits are known and acknowledged by the whole of the civilized world, which, even at this day, after the lapse of four centuries, admires the fragments of his genius, though time, which wraps everything in mist, has deprived the colouring of its freshness, and covered his paintings with the yellow hue of age. But he shone as a man as well as a painter; excelling in every good and noble quality which can enrich the heart and dignify the character; and, in obedience to his master's precepts, ever judged mildly of another's faults, acknowledged generously another's merits, and, with meek patience, endured much bitter persecution. Of this, however, the world knows but little; and only those who have had the opportunity of reading his manuscript notices of his life, preserved in the Ambrosian Library, and in

the Escorial, can rightly appreciate these points of his character. These prove their author to have been a profound thinker, an enthusiastic lover of his art, and an upright noble-minded man. His acquirements were various. He excelled as engineer and architect, as well as painter. For even in this age of mechanical wonders, men admire the skill displayed in a work, at that time deemed impracticable—that, namely, of carrying the waters of the Adige to Milan; those of the Arno from Pisa to Florence; and the canal of Mortsana through the valleys of Chiavenna and the Voktellina, a distance of two hundred miles. Nay, he even constructed automata, the like of which had not been seen until his day; for when, at the entrance of the French king, Louis XII. into Milan, the citizens begged him to execute some novel and extraordinary work in honour of their august visitor, he performed the task committed to him in a manner which showed how well he deserved their confidence. As the King, in triumphant pomp, passed through the state rooms of the palace, a majestic lion approached, lashing himself with his tail, and gazing round with flashing eyes. Suddenly he threw himself at the King's feet, his breast opened, and displayed to the astonished monarch, and the gaping multitude, the arms of the French king. This lion was the work of Leonardo da Vinci. As a writer upon the arts, he surpassed any of his contemporaries; nor was his soul less susceptible of the ennobling influence of music. With all this, he was a cheerful and entertaining companion, who despised no amusement that conduced to harmless and healthy enjoyment, reining in the untamed horse with the skill of an experienced rider, and fighting in the lists like a Roman Gladiator. On these various accounts, his fame was noised abroad throughout all Italy, at that time the only country where the arts and sciences found a shelter, under the protection of the noble house of Medicis, the magnificent Pope Leo X., and various other princes. It was this well-earned reputation which induced Ludovico Moro Sforza, Duke of Milan, by the most brilliant offers, to seek to allure him to his court. Most unwillingly did Leonardo accept this flattering invitation; most unwillingly did he forsake the land of his birth, and his own lovely Florence; for he had a gloomy presentiment of coming evil. He shuddered, too, at the thought of entering that den of slaughter, in which the inhuman Galeazzo Maria, unlike his noble father Francis, had raged like a wild beast, and whose blood still reeked upon the ducal throne; for he felt a sacrifice to the revenging *Nemesis*, by the hand of an assassin. Upon this throne sat his brother, the above-mentioned Ludovico, who, no less cruel, but more subtle and cautious, had succeeded in usurping the inheritance from John Galeazzo, the son of his murdered brother. But, at that time, where was there a spot in Italy that was not disgraced by the perpetration of the most scandalous crimes? Did not the members of the princely house of Medicis stain their hands red with human blood? Did not Florence and Pisa, in bitter and deadly feud, slaughter each other's children? Even in Rome itself, were not virtue, life, and everything held sacred by the faith or the affections of mankind, to be purchased with gold? Little, then, could it matter to the man of refined taste and intellectual pursuits, where, under these circumstances, he took up his abode. Here was Sodom, there Gomorrah, and the danger which threatened his pure life and simple manners not greater in Milan than in Florence.

Another motive urged Leonardo to accept the invitation of Ludovico Sforza. His residence in Florence had become embittered to him by the bold unbending opposition of a boy, not yet eighteen years old, with a mind, however, far beyond his years, who, in proud anticipation of future greatness, met every advance of the mild and contemplative Leonardo with enmity and contempt, and embittered to him his beloved city, and the spot where the ashes of his master rested. This boy was Michel Angelo Buonarroti. He overcame, therefore, his reluc-

tance, controlled the gloomy presentiments which oppressed him, and, encouraging himself by contemplating the prospect opened to him of higher and more varied exertion in his art, bade his lovely home adieu, and, with the light and buoyant spirits of youth and inexperience, directed his steps to Milan. Let no one blame him also, if, young, ardent, ambitious, and gifted with every faculty of enjoyment, the anticipation of the rewards and pleasures that awaited him in that rich and luxurious Babylon of Lombardy, formed part of his happy dream.

The Duke gave him a reception honourable alike to both, and in accordance with the fashion of those times, when patrons sought to add to their own lustre, by paying honour to those whose merit had already gained for them a renown more enduring than that which depends upon the smile of princes. The haughty, yet cunning Ludovico, drew in his dangerous talons, and caressed the master with an appearance of fondness. The courtiers, according to their wont, began also to follow the example set them, and overwhelmed the guest and favourite of their prince with their hollow kindnesses.

The most prominent among those whom he was in the habit of meeting at the court, was a monk, whose tall, lean, ghost-like figure was continually crossing his path, as if to watch his movements. His small restless eyes gleamed maliciously from beneath his dark brows, above which rose, like a wall of rock, the hard, yellow, angular forehead. The nose was aquiline; the firmly compressed mouth wore a constant, though scarcely perceptible sneer, and the pointed chin was overgrown by a beard of mingled red and black. This was the Prior of the Dominican monastery of St. Maria della Grazia, the Duke's confidential adviser. His speech distilled like honey-drops, but the poison of asps lurked beneath his lips. From the first moment of Leonardo's arrival, he had inwardly chafed at the favour in which he stood with the Prince, and, at each meeting, the bitter, though concealed hatred of the one, and the undefined antipathy and apprehension of the other, increased; and it was strange that these feelings oppressed the painter most when occupied by his labour within doors. When in the open air, superintending his mechanical and architectural undertakings, he could breathe more freely. He felt refreshed and strengthened by the ever-varying, ever-beautiful forms and colouring of nature; the light breezes that played round his temples—the soft grey mornings—the dewy evening—night, with the delicious melody of the nightingale, and her eternal heaven of stars; and, by day, the bustle and hurry—the driving and riding over hill and vale—all this, by occupying his mind, gave him courage and cheerfulness. But, when he sat alone before his easel, in his solitary chamber, a vague, almost supernatural horror would seize him, till the sweat-drops stood upon his brow, and the trembling and uncertain hand could with difficulty guide his pencil. And thus it is that we have so few paintings of this master belonging to this particular period of his life; most of them were destroyed by himself, and many of them when wanting only the last touches.

The Duke often stood enraptured before his growing picture, but, when he began to hope the painting would soon be ready to adorn his gallery, he found it on his next visit destroyed—torn in pieces or burnt. This, doubtless, was vexatious enough; still he might have been content with those which did receive completion, and consequently, were stamped with the seal of the master's own approbation.

"Now, master," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "this time you shall paint *me*, and, of course, in this instance, we shall hear nothing of cutting or burning."

The descent of a thunderbolt when the sky is clear and cloudless, could not have struck more sudden terror into the heart of Leonardo, than did this announcement of the Duke's, accompanied as it was, by the ambiguous smile of the Dominican. What? *he*, the refined and fastidious painter, accustomed to depict only the most noble and lovely of nature's forms, or the beautiful and fairy-

like creations of his own exuberant fancy—he shall paint that face, the personification of ugliness, where might be read, as in an open book, the characters of the worst passions that ever disgraced humanity—the history of a nature inhumanized by crime; that grey, bristly hair, starting from every side of the abominable head; those cheeks of ashy paleness, the graves of worn-out passions; those mulberry marks upon the neck, from which he had received the name of "Moro;" the cruel malicious twitching of the pale lips, visible through the disordered beard! No, it was impossible! And yet the command had been given; what was he to do? To paint, or not to paint? And, if he painted—would he not be required to flatter the tyrant,—conceal his ugliness with a professional lie? But then, what would remain of the original features? The picture, in that case, would be no likeness. If, on the contrary, his pencil should be faithful, what reward might he not expect from a tyrant whom all feared, if he presented to him, as himself, a copy of distorted humanity, frightful enough to be taken for a counterfeit of the devil himself? Verily, the painter was in a sore strait, and often and anxiously did his mind revert to the promise of his departed master. On whichever side he turned, he saw nothing but ruin awaiting him; shame and disgrace to his professional reputation, as well as to his moral character, if, for the sake of wealth and patronage, he stooped to produce a false and flattering picture; or the most terrible revenge of which an insulted tyrant is capable, if he represented him in his true colours.

"Oh, what shall I do? how shall I save myself?" exclaimed the trembler, as with anxious steps he paced his lonely chamber, and thought of the last words of his master.

"Oh Andreas! Andreas! hear me and help me as thou promisedst, in this my greatest need!" But his master heard him not; the time was not yet come; Leonardo had not yet encountered the greatest difficulty he was to meet with upon earth.

"Be it so, then," he exclaimed at length; "I will drink this bitter cup, and paint the truth, for I can do no other."

The day for the first sitting came; with a trembling hand he seized his pencil, for before him sat the haughty Duke arrayed in princely ermine, and urged him to dispatch. Another sitting, and the sketch was complete. The finishing now alone remained; but, with each day that the picture advanced towards completion, the painter's anxiety and gloomy forebodings increased. At length, it stood finished before him, against the wall; and, as he gazed, the hateful figure so worked upon his heated imagination, that it appeared to him like some dreadful apparition from the nether world. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that Leonardo da Vinci's pencil can have produced thee, thou frightful monster! and that, for centuries to come, thou wilt hang in the gallery as his work? Must I be forced to stain my noble art and my future fame with this specimen of distortion? Away from my sight, Satan!" and, in the violence of his rage, he stamped upon the unlucky painting till the canvass cracked, and scarcely knowing what he did, tore it with the violence of a maniac, and scattered it in a thousand pieces about the room.

"So, ho!" croaked the Dominican, who had been sent by the Duke to inquire after the progress of his picture, peeping through the half-opened door, "you seem to have a violent, I might almost say, a dangerous paroxysm! Well, I will not disturb you."

Leonardo, thus recalled to his senses, felt his blood freeze with horror, and, as the dreadful spectre disappeared as softly as it had approached, he became fully conscious of the mad action he had committed. He had abused the portrait of his sovereign, and what might he not expect from the anger of one whom he had so grossly insulted? But a deeper sorrow than that arising from the fear of punishment struck upon his generous heart. It was his patron, his benefactor, whom he had thus ill-treated.

"Oh, what have I done?" he groaned out, as he gazed upon the destruction that surrounded him, and began gathering up the fragments. "Those eyes, though their glance might have been cruel to others, have ever looked on me with kindness. Those pale lips have never addressed me but with favour. Oh, my prince! to others thou may'st be all that thy face betrays, but to me, thou wert only a friend and benefactor. It is not thy fault that thou art a rival of the devil himself in ugliness." And as he spoke, bitter and sorrowful tears fell upon the torn relics. The door again opened, and he received a summons to attend the Duke.

"I do not now invoke thee, Andreas, in this my greatest need," he said softly; "thou canst not hear me, for I have sinned by giving way to a foolish passion. Whatever happens, I have deserved it." And thus prepared for the worst, he entered the saloon of the palace.

The Duke was pacing gloomily up and down the apartment. The Prior sat in a window recess, his hands folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. The courtiers stood round in silence, and not a breath disturbed the oppressive calm which announced an approaching tempest. It was long before the Duke spoke; at length, in a tone scarcely audible from suppressed rage, he asked the trembling painter, "Where is my portrait?"

"It is destroyed," stammered Leonardo.

"Destroyed!" exclaimed the Duke, in a louder tone, "destroyed—again destroyed! and nothing else but destroyed! And, even myself—my picture! And wherefore?"

Leonardo stood with his eyes rooted to the earth, unable to answer a word.

Upon this, the Prior raised his head and softly whispered, "Most probably from reverence, your highness! from a feeling of his own inability, not being yet equal to so great a work; from a fear that he might not do justice to his illustrious original."

"You lie, Father Prior!" shouted the enraged painter, with the desperate courage of one who already knew his ruin certain.

"He lies?" repeated the Duke, stepping back, while his countenance assumed the paleness of death, "therefore that was not the reason; and you assert that so boldly and without further explanation! What was it then?"

"Madness, my lord," replied Leonardo, more composedly; "rage at myself."

"If that was it," interrupted the Duke proudly, "I will not say that you have acted altogether wrong; it is better for your fame that an inferior work should not descend to posterity, more especially with such a subject. Take care, however, that the like happen not again."

"Forgive me, my prince!" entreated Leonardo, "give me but a different task; drive me through fire and water—send me into the abode of the damned, and your commands shall be obeyed. I will work day and night to show myself worthy of your kindness, and, if possible, to recover your confidence."

"It shall be as you have said," returned the Duke, "and, for the future, as no secular subject appears to succeed with you, you shall dedicate your art to what is sacred. The refectory of the Dominican Monastery of St. Maria della Grazia is in need of some decoration; to your pencil it shall be entrusted. You shall paint upon the wall the Last Supper of our Lord, and complete the work within a year from this day. And again I say to you, and for the last time, forget your folly."

The Prior smiled maliciously, and, glancing contemptuously at Leonardo, extolled the clemency of the Duke, and poured out his thanks for the favour bestowed upon him and his Monastery. The courtiers again decked their faces with smiles, though they could not help inwardly marvelling, that the threatening storm should have passed away without some one suffering from its fury. They considered not, it is true, that the great and free Florentine, whose services had already been so numerous and valuable, and who was ranked among the ornaments of his age, deserved to be treated with a leniency to which none of them had any claim.

Again deeply agitated, Leonardo escaped as soon as possible into the fresh air. The sense of his own merits pressed upon him much less forcibly than the kindness of his patron. He smote his forehead, and exclaimed, "Is this the return which Satan makes for ingratitude? what more could a saint do to bless those that curse him? But stay—am I not a fool to fancy the danger over? I may only have escaped Scylla to fall into Charybdis. It must be so;" and, all at once, the idea struck him, that the direction which the affair had taken could have been suggested by no other than the crafty Dominican. Still, what kind of a viper would creep out of it, was to him a mystery, while this mystery only served to increase his uneasiness, as the fear of a concealed danger is more harassing to the mind than a known and positive evil. Whatever might be the result, it jarred sorely upon his feelings, there to dedicate his pencil to the Most Holy, where the hated monk resided. This, however, had been precisely the object of the latter. Yes, he—the proud, high-minded painter, who scarcely deigned him a look, who had supplanted him in the favour of his prince—he should be made to devote to him and his convent the splendid efforts of his genius, or perish. This had been his motive in the plan he had recommended to the Duke; for, if the master completed his difficult task, the more difficult for being in a style to which he was little accustomed, he had served him, the Prior—had been the minister of his wishes. Should he, however, fail in his task, which was more probable, and more agreeable to his hate; or, should he execute it in an unworthy manner, it was only calling upon his enemy, the stripling Buonarrotti, to do it better, a step to which it would not be difficult to persuade the already displeased prince, and his ruin as a painter was certain. For, that Leonardo's fiery temperament would not endure this disgrace, without breaking out into some fresh insult to the Duke, who would be disposed to show little ceremony or kindness towards one whose reputation was sullied, and whose services were no longer indispensable, followed in the Prior's calculation as matters of course.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STATESMEN OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.*

THE period over which the long reign of George III. extended, possesses an interest of a peculiar kind for the men of this generation. It is fast receding into the region of "time past," but has not yet fairly reached it. Its events, and the men who figured in them, have scarcely come to be regarded by us with the quiet absence of emotion with which we look upon matters of pure history, however important in their results, although they have, in a great measure, ceased to awaken any of those contentious feelings, which it is difficult to repress when our attention is directed to matters or persons of interest belonging to our own day. Few of us have seen any of the great men of that era, and still fewer of us have been personally affected by their political failures or successes; but we have lived and conversed with those to whom their names were familiar as household words—who were their warm partisans or bitter foes—who regarded them as paragons of good or of evil, as the saviours or destroyers of their country; and we feel, therefore, a kind of reflected and subdued interest, a curiosity not unpleasantly warm, yet not coldly speculative, regarding their real characters, and the exact situation of the niche which each of them is destined to occupy in the temple of Fame.

"Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the reign of George III. By Lord Brougham. London: Charles Knight.

* Sketches of Statesmen of the Reign of George III. By LORD BROUGHAM. London: Charles Knight.

rished in the time of George III." is therefore an interesting title of a book to readers of the present day; the addition,—“by Henry, Lord Brougham,” is one which gives us assurance of a book as interesting, to the full, as its title would lead us to anticipate. The author's name is a pledge that the promise of the title will be fulfilled in its pages; that, whether his principles be true or false, his views crude or matured, his estimates of character liberal or prejudiced—his sketches, take them in the whole, will be neither dull nor commonplace. They are but sketches unquestionably, and that, in some instances, of the slightest description; a few hasty strokes of the pencil, exhibiting the mere outline of the figure, with some of the more striking peculiarities of form and carriage; but the pencil is one whose slightest touch bears the impress of genius, and is therefore pregnant with meaning. They have, besides, the additional charm of being revelations regarding a class of men raised high above common observation, by one of themselves, though belonging to a somewhat later era; dictated, with occasional exceptions, in the kindly and gossiping spirit, with which we should imagine a veteran statesman to detail, to the family circle collected around his fireside, the recollections of his early years—the story of his struggles and his triumphs, and to unfold the character of his compeers long dead, and slumbering with all the animosities which they felt, or of which they were the objects, in the grave.

With the politics of these sketches, or of their author, we shall not intermeddle. The time is, perhaps, not yet come, when an altogether impartial estimate can be formed of the *public* character and acts of the statesmen at the close of the last and beginning of this century; nor are we quite sure that one who, like Lord Brougham, has devoted his physical and intellectual energies, while in their fullest vigour, and during a period of unexampled political excitement, to a contest on either side of which almost every man whom he notices had been ranged while he lived, is the person to form such an estimate at any time. Besides, in the political character of great men, that which is esteemed a virtue by one-half of the nation, is regarded as a vice and a blemish by the other; and we desire to avoid such disputable matters. There is enough in their characters as men, in their genius, their fortunes, even in their intellectual peculiarities, which we can regard, if not with unmixed approbation, at least with an interest not liable to be disturbed by controversial associations. We propose therefore, to select from these sketches, and lay before our readers, one or two of those passages regarding statesmen of all parties indifferently, which are the least imbued with political feeling.

We begin with the character of Lord Chatham.

“The first place among the great qualities which distinguished Lord Chatham, is unquestionably due to firmness of purpose, resolute determination in the pursuit of his objects. This was the characteristic of the younger Brutus, as he said, who had spared his life to fall by his hand—*Quicquid vult, id valde vult*;* and although extremely apt to exist in excess, it must be admitted to be the foundation of all true greatness of character. Everything, however, depends upon the endowments in company of which it is found; and in Lord Chatham these were of a very high order. The quickness with which he could ascertain his object, and dis-

cover his road to it, was fully commensurate with his perseverance and his boldness in pursuing it; the firmness of grasp with which he held his advantage, was fully equalled by the rapidity of the glance with which he discovered it. Add to this, a mind eminently fertile in resources; a courage which nothing could daunt in the choice of his means; a resolution equally indomitable in their application; a genius, in short, original and daring, which bounded over the petty obstacles raised by ordinary men—their squeamishness, and their precedents, and their forms, and their regularities—and forced away its path through the entanglements of this base undergrowth to the worthy object ever in view, the prosperity and the renown of his country. Far superior to the paltry objects of a grovelling ambition, and regardless alike of party and of personal considerations, he constantly set before his eyes the highest duty of a public man, to further the interests of his species. In pursuing his course towards that goal, he disregarded alike the frowns of power and the gales of popular applause, exposed himself undaunted to the vengeance of the Court, while he battled against its corruptions, and confronted, unappalled, the rudest shocks of public indignation, while he resisted the dictates of pernicious agitators, and could conscientiously exclaim, with an illustrious statesman of antiquity, ‘*Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non invidiam putarem*!’†

“Nothing could be more entangled than the foreign policy of this country at the time when he undertook the supreme direction of her affairs: nothing could be more disastrous than the aspect of her fortunes in every quarter of the globe. With a single ally in Europe, the King of Prussia, and him beset by a combination of all the continental powers in unnatural union to effect his destruction; with an army of insignificant amount, and commanded by men only desirous of grasping at the emoluments, without doing the duties or incurring the risks of their profession; with a navy that could hardly keep the sea, and whose chiefs vied with their comrades on shore in earning the character given them by the new Minister, of being utterly unfit to be trusted in any enterprise accompanied with the least appearance of danger; with a generally prevailing dislike of both services, which at once repressed all desire of joining either, and damped all public spirit in the country, by extinguishing all hope of success, and even all love of glory—it was hardly possible for a nation to be placed in circumstances more inauspicious to military exertions; and yet war raged in every quarter of the world where our dominion extended, while the territories of our only ally, as well as those of our own sovereign in Germany, were invaded by France, and her forces by sea and land menaced our shores. In the distant possessions of the Crown, the same want of enterprize and of spirit prevailed. Armies in the West were paralysed by the inaction of a captain who would hardly take the pains of writing a despatch to chronicle the nonentity of his operations; and in the East, while frightful disasters were brought upon our settlements by barbarian powers, the only military capacity that appeared, in their defence was the accidental display of genius and valour by a merchant's clerk, who thus raised himself to celebrity.‡

“As soon as Mr. Pitt took the helm, the steadiness of the hand that held it was instantly felt in every motion of the vessel. There was no more of wavering councils, of torpid inaction, of listless expectancy, of abject despondency. His firmness gave confidence, his spirit roused courage, his vigilance secured exertion, in every department under his sway. Each man, from the first Lord of the Admiralty down to the most humble clerk in the Victualling Office—each soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief to the most obscure contractor or com-

* I was always of that mind, that I esteemed what censure was cast upon me on account of my virtue, to be praise, and not censure.

† Mr. Clive, afterwards Lord Clive.

* Whatever he wills, he wills with all his soul.

missary—now felt assured that he was acting or was indolent under the eye of one who knew his duties and his means as well as his own, and who would very certainly make all defaulters, whether through misfeasance or through nonfeasance, accountable for whatever detriment the commonwealth might sustain at their hands. Over his immediate coadjutors, his influence swiftly obtained an ascendant which it ever after retained uninterrupted. Upon his first proposition for changing the conduct of the war, he stood single among his colleagues, and tendered his resignation should they persist in their dissent; they at once succumbed, and from that hour ceased to have an opinion of their own upon any branch of the public affairs. Nay, so absolutely was he determined to have the controul of those measures, of which he knew the responsibility rested upon him alone, that he insisted upon the first Lord of the Admiralty not having the correspondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson, as well as his junior Lords, was obliged to sign the naval orders issued by Mr. Pitt, while the writing was covered over from their eyes!

"The effects of this change in the whole management of the public business, and in all the plans of the Government, as well as in their execution, were speedily made manifest to the world. The German troops were sent home, and a well-regulated militia being established to defend the country, a large disposable force was distributed over the various positions whence the enemy might be annoyed. France, attacked on some points, and menaced on others, was compelled to retire from Germany, soon afterwards suffered the most disastrous defeats, and, instead of threatening England and her allies with invasion, had to defend herself against attack, suffering severely in several of her most important naval stations. No less than sixteen islands, and settlements, and fortresses of importance, were taken from her in America, and Asia, and Africa, including all her West Indian colonies, except St. Domingo, and all her settlements in the East. The whole important province of Canada was likewise conquered; and the Havannah was taken from Spain. Besides this, the seas were swept clear of the fleets that had so lately been insulting our colonies, and even our coasts. Many general actions were fought and gained; one among them, the most decisive that had ever been fought by our navy. Thirty-six sail of the line were taken or destroyed; fifty frigates, forty-five sloops of war. So brilliant a course of uninterrupted success had never, in modern times, attended the arms of any nation carrying on war with other states equal to it in civilization, and nearly a match in power. But it is a more glorious feature in this unexampled Administration which history has to record, when it adds, that all public distress had disappeared; that all discontent in any quarter, both of the colonies and parent state, had ceased; that no oppression was anywhere practised, no abuse suffered to prevail; that no encroachments were made upon the rights of the subject, no malversation tolerated in the possessors of power; and that England, for the first time and for the last time, presented the astonishing picture of a nation supporting, without murmur, a widely-extended and costly war, and a people, hitherto torn with conflicting parties, so united in the service of the commonwealth, that the voice of faction had ceased in the land, and any discordant whisper was heard no more. 'These,' (said the son of his first and most formidable adversary, Walpole, when informing his correspondent abroad, that the session, as usual, had ended without any kind of opposition or even of debate),—'These are the doings of Mr. Pitt, and they are wondrous in our eyes!'

"To genius, irregularity is incident, and the greatest genius is often marked by eccentricity, as if it disdained to move in the vulgar orbit. Hence, he who is fitted by his nature, and trained by his habits, to be an accomplished 'pilot in extremity,' and whose inclinations carry him forth 'to seek the deep when the waves run

high,' may be found, if not 'to steer too near the shore, yet to despise the sunken rocks which they that can only be trusted in calm weather, would have more surely avoided. To this rule, it cannot be said that Lord Chatham afforded any exception; and, although a plot had certainly been formed to eject him from the Ministry, leaving the chief controul of affairs in the feeble hands of Lord Bute, whose only support was court favour, and whose chief talent lay in an expertness at intrigue, yet there can be little doubt that this scheme was only rendered practicable by the hostility which the great Minister's unbending habits, his contempt of ordinary men, and his neglect of every-day matters, had raised against him among all the creatures both of Downing-street and St. James's. In fact, his colleagues, who necessarily felt humbled by his superiority, were needlessly mortified by the constant display of it; and it would have betokened a still higher reach of understanding, as well as a purer fabric of patriotism, if he, whose great capacity threw those subordinates into the shade, and before whose vigour in action they were sufficiently willing to yield, had united a little suavity in his demeanour with his extraordinary powers, nor made it always necessary for them to acknowledge, as well as to feel, their inferiority."

"The true test of a great man—that at least which must secure his place among the highest order of great men—is his having been in advance of his age. This it is which decides whether or not he has carried forward the grand plan of human improvement; has conformed his views and adapted his conduct to the existing circumstances of society, or changed those so as to better its condition; has been one of the lights of the world, or only reflected the borrowed rays of former luminaries, and sat in the same shade with the rest of his generation at the same twilight or the same dawn."

"Mr. Pitt had evidently, though without much education, and with no science of any kind, yet reflected deeply upon the principles of human action, well studied the nature of men, and pondered upon the structure of society. His reflections frequently teem with the fruits of such meditation, to which his constantly feeble health perhaps gave rise, rather than any natural proneness to contemplative life, from whence his taste must have been alien, for he was eminently a man of action. His appeals to the feelings and passions were also the result of the same reflective habits, and the acquaintance with the human heart which they had given him. But if we consider his opinions, though liberal and enlightened upon every particular question, they rather may be regarded as felicitous from their adaptation to the actual circumstances in which he was called upon to advise or to act, than as indicating that he had seen very far into future times, and anticipated the philosophy which further experience should teach to our more advanced age of the world."—Pp. 28—38.

One of the most pleasing passages in these sketches, is the following description of the judicial demeanour of Sir William Grant when Master of the Rolls. It is remarkable also as coming from the pen of one, whose own demeanour, when placed in a similar situation, presented in some particulars, if we are rightly informed, a striking contrast to that which he here eulogizes.

"The court, in those days, presented a spectacle which afforded true delight to every person of sound judgment and pure taste. After a long and silent hearing—a hearing of all that could be urged by the counsel of every party—unbroken by a single word, and when the spectator of Sir William Grant (for he was not heard) might suppose that his mind had been absent from a scene in which he took no apparent share, the debate was closed—the advocate's hour was passed—the parties were in silent expectation of the event—the hall no longer resounded with any voice—it seemed as if the affair of the day, for the present, was over, and the Court

was to adjourn or to call for another cause. No! the judge's time had now arrived, and another artist was to fill the scene. The great magistrate began to pronounce his judgment, and every eye and every ear was, at length, fixed upon the bench. Forth came a strain of clear unbroken fluency, disposing alike, in most luminous order, of all the facts and of all the arguments in the cause; reducing into clear and simple arrangement the most entangled masses of broken and conflicting statement; weighing each matter, and disposing of each in succession; settling one doubt by a parenthetical remark; passing over another difficulty by a reason only more decisive that it was condensed; and giving out the whole impression of the case, in every material view, upon the judge's mind, with argument enough to show why he so thought, and to prove him right, and without so much reasoning as to make you forget that it was a judgment you were hearing, by overstepping the bounds which distinguish a Judgment from a Speech. This is the perfection of Judicial Eloquence; not avoiding argument, but confining it to such reasoning as becoms him who has rather to explain the grounds of his own conviction, than to labour at convincing others; not rejecting reference to authority, but never betokening a disposition to seek shelter behind other men's names, for what he might fear to pronounce in his own person; not disdaining even ornaments, but those of the more chaste graces that accord with the severe standard of a judge's oratory. This perfection of judicial eloquence Sir William Grant attained, and its effect upon all listeners was as certain and as powerful as its merits were incontestable and exalted.

"It may safely be said that a long time will elapse before there shall arise such a light to illuminate either the Senate or the Bench, as the eminent person whose rare excellence we have just been pausing to contemplate. That excellence was, no doubt, limited in its sphere; there was no imagination, no vehemence, no declamation, no wit; but the sphere was the highest, and in that highest sphere its place was lofty. The understanding alone was addressed by the understanding; the faculties that distinguish our nature were those over which the oratory of Sir William Grant asserted its controul. His sway over the rational and intellectual portion of mankind was that of a more powerful reason, a more vigorous intellect than theirs; a sway which no man had cause for being ashamed of admitting, because the victory was won by superior force of argument; a sway which the most dignified and exalted genius might hold without stooping from its highest pinnacle, and which, some who might not deign to use inferior arts of persuasion, could find no objection whatever to exercise."—Pp. 169—173.

Our next extract shall be from the sketch of the intellectual character of Burke; but our space compels us to reserve it for a future number.

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

TO THE PRIMROSE.

[By DAVID SMART.]

COME, sweet Evangelist of Spring,
And, in the poet's ear,
Rehearse the message thou dost bring,
In thy prophetic blossoming,
Of resurrection near!

While yet no timorous bud dares peep,
Half wakened from its wintry sleep,
Thou scorn'st the poor defence;
And, mid the inhospitable heath,
Dost draw thy soft and infant breath,
In fearless innocence.

The frown that knits the brow of heaven
Unbends before thy smile;
What time, beneath his furrowed sky,
Thou dost unseal that dove-like eye,
His menace to beguile.

The wind hangs fondly o'er thy bed,
And softly rocks thy gentle head,—
While, from his dark retreat,
Thy smile the playful streamlet courts;
And, like an elder brother, sports
And gambols at thy feet.

Woo, then, the nursing breezes near,
That rock the cradle of the year,
And flutter light thy damask wing;
And fancy's ear the voice will bless,
That crieth in the wilderness,—
Prepare the way of Spring.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what e'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village-bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes,
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Longfellow.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE SNOW-PALACE.

AGAIN we see—again (in fancy) we sit in the snow-house built by us boys out of a drift in the minister's glebe; a drift—judging by the steeple, which was sixty—about twenty feet high, and pure as marble. The roof was all strewn with diamonds, which frost saved from the sun. The porch of the palace was pillared, and the character of the building outside was without any servile imitation, for we worked in the glow of original genius, and none of us had ever seen itself or its picture, wonderfully like the Parthenon. Entering, you found yourself in a superb hall, lighted up—not with gas, for up to that era gas had never been used, except in Pandemonium—but with a vast multitude of farthing candles, each in a turnip stuck into the wall, while a chandelier of frozen snow-branches pendant from the roof set the presence-chamber in a blaze. On the throne at the upper end sat young Christopher North, and proud were his subjects to do him homage. In niches all round the side walls were couches covered with hare, rabbit, fountart, and foxes' skins, furnished by those animals slain by us in the woods and among the rocks of that sylvan and moorland parish; the regal torus alone being spread with the dun-deer's hide from Lochiel forest in Lochabar. Then old airs were sung in sweet single voice, or in full chorus that startled the wandering night-traveller on his way to the lone King's Well; and then, in the intermediate push, old tales were told "of goblin, groom, or fairy," or of Wallace Wight at the barns of Ayr or the brigg o' Stirling, or a glorious outlaw harbouring in caves among the Cartlane Craigs, or of Robert Bruce the Deliverer, on his shelly, cleaving in twain the skull of Bohun, the English knight, on his thundering war-steed, armed *cap-à-pie*, whilst the king of Scotland had nothing on his unconquered head but his golden crown. Tales of the snow-house! Oh, that we had but the genius to recall you to life in undying song! Nor was our frozen hall at times uncheered by the smiles of beauty; for the cottages poured forth their little lasses in flower-like bands, nor did their parents fear to trust them in the fairy frozen palace. Sometimes the old people themselves came to see the wonders of the damp; nay, the minister himself, with his mother and sister, were with us in our fantastic festivities, and gave to the architecture of our palace their wondering praise. Then Andrew Lyndsay, the blind Paisley musician, a Latin scholar who knew where Cremona stood, struck up his famous fiddle-jig or strathspey, and the swept floor in a moment was alive with a confused flight of fourscore reels. Fifty years have fled since that snow-palace melted away, and of all who danced there—how many are now alive?—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE GLOUCESTER MISER AND HIS BOY.

OLD WOOD, the miser of Gloucester, whose will has lately been before the courts of law and the Privy Council, kept a boy—a little one—miserably fed, and in great bondage. One Sunday the master was getting ready to go to church, but got his dinner in some readiness first, that nothing might have to be done when he came home but to eat it. It was a roast chicken, which the boy stayed at home to dress. The old fellow also got out the quantity of wine he meant to allow himself, and put it upon the chimney-piece; but to prevent it being tasted, he wrote upon it, in large letters, "*Poison*." So off he went. The lad was cravingly hungry; and as the fowl roasted, he could not help drawing his fingers

across and tasting it. But this sharpened his appetite, and he could not resist pulling off a leg. The theft began, he soon went on to the other leg; and so further and further, till he had quite devoured the whole. What was to be done?—for then came remorse, and, worse than that, soon was coming his master! He felt quite desperate; and just at that moment his eye caught sight of the phial with the label upon it. Off he drank, at one draught, the whole contents; and old Wood came home to find him well-fed, and in high spirits,—the first time he ever had animal spirits to be so, since he had been in his service!

It is not so great a matter to live lovingly with good-natured, with humble and meek persons; but he that can do so with the immoral, with the wilful and the ignorant, with the pceivish and perverse, he only hath true charity; always remembering that solid, true peace, and peace of God, consists rather in complying with others, than in being complied with; in suffering and forbearing, rather than in contention and victory.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

True eloquence I find to be none, but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places.—*Milton*.

Most people read merely to pass an idle hour, or to please themselves with the idea of employment, while their indolence prevents them from any active exertion; and a considerable number with a view to the display which they are afterwards to make of their literary acquisitions. From whichever of these motives a person is led to the perusal of books, it is hardly possible that he can derive from them any material advantage. If he reads merely from indolence, the ideas which pass through his mind will probably leave little or no impression; and if he reads from vanity, he will be more anxious to select striking particulars in the matter or expression, than to seize the spirit and scope of the author's reasoning, or to examine how far he has made any additions to the stock of useful and solid knowledge.—*Dugald Stewart*.

It is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right—very desirable; but that, unfortunately, they are not practicable. Oh, no, no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial, that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.—*Burke*.

THERE is frequently more truth in the common acceptance of general terms, than in the more precise and rigorous definitions of science. Common sense gives to words their ordinary significations; and common sense is the genius of humanity.—*Guizot*.

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BEAUCHAMPS.—A TALE.

CHAP. I.

Speed.—But shall she marry him?

Launce.—No.

Speed.—How then, shall he marry her?

Launce.—No, neither.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

IN the course of looking through, and arranging, the papers of my late revered uncle, Theodore Dawson, Esq., it was my chance to find a large and thick envelope, containing several pages very closely written. These, so far as I could judge on a hasty perusal, professed to be a relation of certain passages in the life of a private individual, and were addressed to my deceased relative, in the character of an old and attached friend. The testamentary trust with which I have been honoured by my dear uncle, including a desire that I would select, and prepare for the press, such of his papers as should appear in my judgment suitable for publication, authorizes my complying with the wish expressed by the juvenile members of my own family, that the memoir of Sir Henry Tracey should be presented to the public. Like many of their age, they are prone to find interest in the most flimsy productions, and of such, I profess, appears to me the MS. of the supposed Baronet. I say supposed, because the name of Tracey is unknown to me as friend or acquaintance of my deceased uncle. That he passed several years of his own life in Bengal is indeed true; and, therefore, I will not affirm the narrative to be altogether fabulous; especially as the circumstances recorded are of the most common-place description, and such as one can scarcely imagine Sir Henry Tracey, or any other person, taking the trouble to invent. I have only to add that the MS. having no title when it came into my hands, that of "Beauchamps," (perhaps not strictly appropriate,) was made choice of by the family of the editor, who now subscribes himself,

DAWSON LEE.

London, 1845.

Nearly sixteen years have passed since I was banished from Knightswood for making love to my cousin Julia; and now I am returned to become its possessor! Thus thought I, when, having escaped from gardener, game-keeper, and bailiff, above all, from the family man of parchments, I crossed the park, and leisurely ascended the narrow track which, winding up a hill, formed on that side the boundary of my domain. In by-gone days it had been a favourite walk of Julia's, and for reasons good; it bordered the sunny side of a hedge-row, where the first sweet violets of the year, and the freshest tufts of primroses, were always to be found; birds, too, with which the thicket abounded, were supposed to sing there with peculiar melody. Gaining the brow of the hill, I seated myself on a stile and, with somewhat melancholy

feelings, looked down on the well remembered scene; a scene which, approaching not to the grand, nor even to the highly picturesque, was yet pleasing to the eye, and endeared to mine by a thousand recollections. The park of Knightswood lay stretched before me, just sufficiently varied in its surface to escape the charge of insipidity, and adorned with thriving plantations, mixed with some forest trees respectable in age and growth; from a group of the latter, part of the mansion, in its whole a square heavy pile of building, looked out to advantage. The large fish-pond, which in my boyish eyes had once the dignity of a lake, was shining a bright spot in the distance. What hours of holiday sport had been spent upon its banks, or in paddling through its reedy waters! What moments there had been of deep piscatory interest! and once, on one memorable occasion, what alarming mischance! We were all there; Will, Fred, and, in the absence or illness of the governess, their three sisters, besides Mark Gifford. The girls were talked into thinking they should like to be rowed across the pond; it struck them, at least, as rather a grand idea; and so into the boat we all got; when, lo! in some ostentatious display of nautical skill, we boys contrived to capsize our flat-bottomed craft; a feat, up to that moment, believed to be impossible. Happily we were not far from land, and we all scrambled up the bank near which the accident occurred, with no particular display of gallantry on the part of the amateur crew. We were, however, considerably ashamed of ourselves, and would gladly have concealed our misadventure, had that been possible; but it was not; dripping frocks, and flattened bonnets, were not circumstances of such every day occurrence as muddy jackets and trowsers. So the young ladies were forthwith despatched to their several beds; and we, their betrayers, underwent a lecture from Sir William, full as long as the occasion could be thought to justify.

But it was time to continue my ramble; so, following the course of the same footpath, I passed from field to field, till, having gradually descended the opposite side of the hill, I came in front of the old manor house of Beauchamps. There it stood, in the midst of richly-timbered meadows, with its gabled front and tall chimneys peering out, as they had ever done, from a screen of venerable sycamores. I stopped, and looked about me; this place, like Knightswood, had passed into other hands; a change which took place some years previous to my leaving India. One packet of letters had acquainted me with the death of old Mrs. Gifford, and the succession of her nephew and my old friend and playmate, Mark, to the inheritance; and then, in the next, I learnt the more surprising news, that Mark Gifford had married—not Julia Tracey, but Julia's elder sister! It surprised me, because, of my three cousins, Harriet was the one whom he had always appeared to like the least.

I had been told that the family was now absent from Beauchamps; yet I could not resist an inclination to approach its walls. So I proceeded, and, upon turning a corner, which brought me in front of the principal entrance, was vexed to find that its appropriate iron-studded door had given place to, or was concealed by, a conser-

vatory. The windows of what I had always known as the oak parlour were open; and, as I passed, I caught sight of a harp standing in the very corner which had formerly been occupied by Mrs. Gifford's distaff. "Old fashions have given place to new," thought I; "and no harm either, under the guidance of good taste. I object not to the harp; but the conservatory! How could Mark suffer such an innovation? it is abominable." My soliloquy was cut short by the approach of two fine girls, returning, as it should seem, from their walk, under the charge of a gay-looking governess. Judging the former to be the daughters of the house, I introduced myself with suitable apologies for the intrusion, as their relation and near neighbour. My young cousins were more lavish of blushes than of words; but with Mademoiselle the case seemed to stand differently, and she descanted with great volubility on the lengthened absence of Monsieur and Madame, and the *tristesse* of Beauchamps as a residence for herself and pupils. A harp and a French governess at Beauchamps! and I, Henry Tracey, master of Knightswood! These are considerable changes; and what, I wonder, has become of poor Mary Deane?

My solitary dinner concluded, the wine on the table, and my feet on the fender, the same thought returned; what has become of Mary Deane? Before speaking, however, more particularly of her, or the other companions of my youth, let me remind you, Dawson, that I was myself an orphan, slenderly provided for; and that when I lost in my father my surviving parent, I was received into the family of his elder brother, Sir William Tracey. My father! suffer me to indulge in a brief tribute to his memory. He was a clergyman; and, if I may trust to the impressions of my boyhood, confirmed by the testimony of a few surviving friends, one who joined to the learning and humility of a Hooker, the fine taste and gentlemanly feeling of a Herbert. Does such praise sound like exaggeration? Know that private papers, diaries, &c., once in possession of my uncle, and now my own property, have refreshed my memory, and realized all my long-cherished, though somewhat vague, ideas of my father's excellence. Greatly have I been indebted (I feel it now) to the first principles which he so firmly established in my mind, that, however weak and wavering in practice, I never could wholly surrender them to the temptations or the perplexities of after years. Possibly I may have owed yet more to my father's prayers. I love to think, that, in the preservation of my youth from vice, and in putting into my heart some good desires, God saw fit to answer the petitions of his more faithful servant. Yet I am sure you remember, that, at the time when we first became acquainted in the Cantonment of B—, I was far from deriving either comfort or support from such considerations. Too good for the gay, (so they said,) not good enough for the serious, rejected by both, I felt isolated, irritated, and, consequently, miserable. Grievously was I in want of a wise and sympathizing friend, and such a one I found in you. That we ever met under a Bengal sun, was brought about by that same love-passage of early life with which I began my narrative.

One unlucky conversation that took place in the orangery at Knightswood, between Julia and myself, and of which my uncle overheard every syllable, sealed my fate. He was too prudent to give undue importance to that which he was pleased to consider a childish fancy; he did not lock Julia up, and feed her upon bread and water; he did not reproach me with poverty or ingratitude; he did not say much on the article of cousinship; but it happened soon after, that Julia was invited to visit some relations at Brighton; and, in the course of a few more weeks, that my uncle informed me a commission in the army was at my service, if I still retained my predilection for a military life. The church had been my destination, but, as he well knew, not especially my choice; so I was not long in making up my mind. Boyish fancies for active and adventurous life

revived; and, if I distinguished myself, as who could say that I should not, what better chance had I of eventually obtaining the hand of Julia Tracey? With such sanguine hopes, and a small silk handkerchief, dropped by Julia in her precipitate retreat from the orangery, I joined my regiment, which, in the course of a few months, received orders to embark for India.

How I sped there, I need not here relate; how, without meeting with any extraordinary good or ill fortune, I saw some service, and got on in my profession; and how I exchanged into another regiment, when that with which I had come out returned to England. By that time—I will not confess how much sooner—I had ceased to be in love with Julia Tracey. It is true that no communication, by letter, could safely pass between us; and after Julia's first spring in London, I no longer received even a guarded message of remembrance per favour of Mark Gifford. All was at an end, and I felt that our romance had died the natural death of such early prepossessions; but, during my protracted stay abroad, much happened at home, and much of a melancholy nature. My cousin Frederick, who, like myself, had entered the army, fell in the course of our continental war. He was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, bearing a strong resemblance to his sister Julia, by whom he was much beloved. His elder brother, William, married imprudently and unhappily, fell into an ill state of health, was ordered to the south of France, and died at Montpellier. He left no children; so, at his death, I became, by right of entail, the next heir to Knightswood. My uncle could not, however, resolve on recalling me to England; and, during the remainder of his life, which, with impaired health and broken spirits, lasted not many years, I continued, as you well know, an absentee. My aunt had vacated Knightswood, and, when I arrived in England, was residing at Bath, with her two unmarried daughters. The eldest, as I before mentioned, had become the wife of my friend Gifford; and this brings me back to Beauchamps, and its former inmates.

There is the lady of the mansion,—I have her now before me,—advanced in years, but of fair and fresh complexion, and very upright in her carriage; in her youth she must have been extremely handsome. Her dress, so ancient in its fashion, and put on with such precision! Her manners, at least to strangers, stiff as her dress; at no time, perhaps, conciliatory, yet distinctly marking the gentlewoman. For the rest, she was homely in her tastes, narrow-minded, and brimful of absurd prejudices, each and all fostered by consciousness of power, and long retirement from the world. Under her care lived, and had lived from infancy, her great niece Mary Deane, the prettiest girl, always excepting Julia Tracey, I had ever seen before leaving England.

She was an orphan, the only child of a niece who had married so as to displease her family generally, and her aunt Gifford very particularly. The better part of that good lady's nature, (for good she was, notwithstanding all that I have said,) relented, however, in favour of the destitute child. Mary was received and brought up at Beauchamps; I will not say, petted; neither can I, with truth, affirm that she was educated. But what then? Mrs. Gifford meant not to treat her little niece unkindly; she always had, (as she herself said,) preferred boys to girls; and, of all boys in the world, who could compare in importance with her own destined heir? Thus it was natural that Mark Gifford, her husband's nephew, should be more valued and more indulged than her own little kinswoman, Mary Deane. As for education, to be sure Beauchamps could boast neither of school-room nor governess; there were no maps but such as hung in a dark passage at the back of the house; no globes, except a broken pair in the lumber room; and how they got into the house nobody could remember. There were no Pinnocks to confuse, no Parleys to mislead, and neither in jest nor in earnest was Mary likely to acquire at all more knowledge than was good for her; but, as I once heard Mrs. Gifford remark to Mr. Penrose, the

clergyman of the parish, Mary read the psalms and lessons every morning after breakfast, except on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, when she went to church, and the old schoolmaster attended twice a-week to teach her writing and cyphering; besides which, she came on very prettily with her needle; and, on Sundays, never failed to say her catechism, either to herself or Hannah. "And what," asked Mrs. Gifford, "can any child of her age want more? I do not say but that, some time or other, I may have her taught to dance, for I should wish the girl to hold up her head, and carry herself like a gentlewoman; but I can tell you this, Mr. Penrose, that Mary shall never learn French, nor fillagree, nor any such nonsense."

Concerning fillagree, Mr. Penrose was probably ill competent to decide, not knowing, except in the way of alliteration, how it stood connected with the French language; but he saw that his proposal of instructing Miss Deane in the rudiments of the latter was wholly unacceptable, and that he had better talk of something else. Mark's first set of shirts with collars were Mary's entire performance from beginning to end; that was a fact well known to all who in those days frequented Beauchamps; but, as her aunt had accomplished the same task when younger by half-a-year, it was nothing, as she observed, for Mary to conceit herself upon. Poor Mary! there was little chance of her growing up conceited; and the sweetness of her disposition preserved her equally from fretfulness or discontent. Childhood, if healthy, will find pleasures for itself; and Mary Deane had her's. It was pleasure to her to collect from the hedges food for Mark's rabbits; to assist in gathering rose leaves and lavender; to hunt the wilderness, as it was called, for guinea-fowl nests; to have a hen and chickens of her own; and even to run through a dirty lane to the parsonage, in order to fetch or return the county paper, was pleasure. Yet, in spite of Mary's active habits, perhaps the greatest of all delights was, in some sequestered nook, whether within or without the house, to pore over certain marble-covered volumes, with morocco backs, lent her by Mark. Her aunt did not love the sight of them; when left about the parlour by their owner, they were condemned as litter; when seen in Mary's hands, they were worse even than that; at such times Mrs. Gifford would shake her head, and foretell that Mary, after all, would turn out a mere book-worm.

A yearly, or it might be half-yearly, exchange of visits was all that Lady Tracey and Mrs. Gifford had ever accomplished in the way of neighbourly intercourse; the fault, as it seemed to me, resting chiefly with the latter. To Mrs. Gifford, my aunt appeared on various accounts an objectionable person; in the first place, it was reported and believed at Beauchamps, that she was an extravagant fine lady, who knew neither the exact number of her gowns nor her servants; in the next, she spent, with her family, part of every spring in London, whereas Mrs. Gifford had never done, nor thought of, such a thing above once in her whole life. Then my aunt was an educationist, not only in her own family, but patronized both Sunday and Day Schools, thereby, in Mrs. Gifford's opinion, doing her utmost to train up, for the succeeding generation, a race of lazy, pert, and thriftless servants.

It was an unlucky circumstance, too, that Knightswood House, with a small portion of the park, stood within the limits of the same parish to which the Beauchamps property belonged; for, in consequence, the Tracey family possessed, and had done so from the time when pews were first invented, a capacious box in the aforesaid parish church. Now this box was not only of the same dimensions as Mrs. Gifford's own pew, but, to make matters worse, placed exactly over it. The Traceys of my time usually attended the church of Knight Magna, being the parish in which they held most of their property, and only occasionally occupied their strong post at Fordover; still, for forty years, that is to say, from the time of her marriage, had Mrs. Gifford been exposed to the recurrence of this mortification.

She never could, poor woman, view the subject in any light but one, that of undue assumption on the part of the Traceys; nor ever hear them mount the stairs of their pew, without a belief that they were placing themselves above her in spirit, as well as in body.

Mr. Penrose, who probably had reasons of his own for disliking the pew, endeavoured, on occasion of some alterations within the church, to get rid of it altogether; but the spirit of resistance was strong both in Sir William and his lady, and, absurd as they would have considered the heart-burnings of poor Mrs. Gifford, their own pride took instant offence at the interference of the clergyman. Its effect was to bring them, for a time, more frequently to Fordover Church; and Mrs. Gifford looked, as we passed her pew in order to ascend to our own, sourer and sourer.

The coolness which subsisted between the heads of the two houses did not, however, extend to us boys; cricket, indeed, was the great bond of union between some of the parties; but Mark and I were friends, independently of that all-bewitching game, and as partial to each other's society at Christmas as at Midsummer. My friend was always well received at Knightswood; and one summer vacation, though I know not what brought it to pass, he was made the bearer of a polite request from my aunt, that Miss Deane might be permitted to favour her daughters by spending a day at Knightswood.

I believe there was some demur at Beauchamps in accepting the invitation; but acceptance did come, in the form of a queer little note, so quaintly written, both as to hand and style, that it narrowly escaped a place in my cousin Harriet's scrap-book. An awful day it was for Mary! And well she remembers it, I doubt not, at this very time. The day, the hour, the moment came, when, under the care of her cousin (for so she habitually called him) Mary was to set forth for Knightswood. She had received the last charge from her aunt to hold up her head, and curtsy to Lady Tracey, and not let her think that they had no manners at Beauchamps; but, when the last moment arrived, no Mary was forthcoming. After repeated calls, and some search upstairs and down, she was discovered by Mark, seated disconsolately, and with tearful eyes, on the top of a hen-coop in the poultry-yard; and it required the exertion of all Mark's influence, in their subsequent walk to Knightswood, to revive Mary's spirits, and allay her fears; for she had never seen Lady Tracey above once or twice in her life, except at church; and the Miss Traceys were such fine ladies, and learnt so many things! and she was sure they would ask her if she could play and sing, or draw; "And then French, Mark! If the governess should speak to me in French, what will become of me?"

"Why, I think you will return home at night, alive and well, if she does," replied Mark, "and laugh about it to-morrow. Never mind, dear little Mary; if they bother you about their music and nonsense, you may tell them that you hem all my pocket handkerchiefs, and keep my gloves so nicely mended. It will be long enough before William or Fred get as much good out of their sisters, as I do from my good little cousin."

"This is all very well," thought I, "by way of encouraging your good little cousin," when Mark related to me the foregoing particulars, and the difficulty he had found in getting Mary within the gates of Knightswood, in a composed and rational state of mind; "but, after all, there can be no comparison between a shy, ignorant girl, like Mary Deane, and Julia Tracey!"

The dreaded visit was not, I believe, after all, nearly so bad a business as Mary had anticipated. Harriet, to be sure, who was a grown-up and come-out young lady, read hard books, studied geology, and had, if I remember right, some theory of her own respecting the deluge, put Mary in a flutter by talking to her about new works and talented writers; especially as, at the same time, she turned over the leaves of a very large book; except-

ing the Church Bible, Mary had never beheld anything so prodigious in the shape of a book before. But with the rest of the family she soon felt herself tolerably at ease. After that day Mary occasionally visited at Knightswood; every time with less discomfort to herself, and, according to Mark's observations, not wholly without profit; Nature had well done her part, and Mary was not ill-disposed to do her own. From the time of her acquaintance with my cousins she seldom worked in her garden, or gathered hog-weed for the rabbits, without her gloves, and absolutely rejected the use of a knife in eating fish.

J. A. E. L.

THE HEALTH OF TOWNS AND POPULOUS DISTRICTS.*

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains;
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom,
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.

See, left but life enough and breathing room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale mechanic, bending o'er his loom,
And childhood's self, as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight task'd to earn its little meal.

Is this Improvement? Where the human breed
Degenerate as they swarm and overflow,
Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe?
Improvement! smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labour? No;—
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

CAMPBELL.

THESE lines are sufficiently beautiful to excuse, we trust, a rather indirect application to the subject they are made to introduce. It is not our present purpose to follow out the precise line of thought suggested by the poet, by examining the influence which the direction given to the stream of national industry, in particular districts of the country, has exercised upon the happiness and comfort of the labouring classes. We are not about to paint "the pale mechanic bending o'er his loom," or "childhood task'd as at Ixion's wheel." But, leaving these to other hands, or to another occasion, we are to direct the attention of our readers to a different class of influences, of even more general operation, which not less leave to the mechanic "but life enough and breathing room, the hunger and the hope of life to feel;" which as effectually steal the smile from the poor man's eyes, and the bloom from the cheek of labour. We are to speak of the unhealthy condition of their dwellings, occasioned by the want of pure air, and the constant presence of poisonous exhalations; and to show how this noxious agency shortens their lives, abridges their comforts, and, alas! vitiates and debases their characters.

We do not know that there is anything from which we should draw more favourable auguries of a permanent amelioration in the character and condition of the poorer classes of our countrymen, than the appearance and growth among them of a desire for an improved style of accommodation in their dwellings,—for better means of maintaining cleanliness and comfort around their firesides. The indolent sluttishness which sits down contentedly in the midst of every description of filth, breathing a foul and contaminated atmosphere, through which the fair light of day struggles with difficulty, is at

once an evidence of a degraded condition of being, both morally and physically, and the fruitful parent of still further degradation, becoming more hopeless of cure as it advances. The love of cleanliness is in itself a highly moral attribute—a virtue of no mean rank, and the direct source of a large portion of our enjoyment as sentient beings, susceptible, at every instant, of pleasurable or painful impressions from the objects around us. But it becomes invested with a still higher dignity and importance, when it is regarded in connexion with its moral effects—in its bearing upon the character and conduct of those by whom it is cultivated or disregarded. So highly are we led, from the evidence accumulated on the subject, to estimate its importance in this point of view, that we should scarcely hesitate to pronounce the general prevalence of cleanly or filthy habits, to be a decisive test of the moral character of the population of a district.

The painful reflection to every benevolent mind, in connexion with this subject, is, that the vice of filth, with its attendant train of moral and physical evils, may be said to be, in the case of a large proportion of mankind, an inevitable circumstance of their condition: they cannot avoid it, or escape from it, if they would. The poor man cannot choose where he is to live; he cannot gratify himself by retreating to an airy, dry, and cheerful site, far from the presence of all offensive sights, and sounds, and smells, as his happier wealthy neighbour can do; he cannot pay for having pure water conveyed from a distance, and those things, the presence of which is offensive and injurious to health, carried away to a distance from his dwelling. He must be content to live where he can, and how he can, confining his ambition to the bare preservation of life, and never aspiring to the luxury of those decent enjoyments, the absence of which deprives life of its greatest charm. He is surrounded by influences, and, through all his senses, brought into daily contact with objects, which almost literally act over again, in his case, the tyranny of Mezentius, who chained a living man to a putrefying corpse.

This wretched state of things is part of the tax which society has hitherto been in the practice of demanding, with most rigid severity, from those who profit the least from her arrangements. It is time that a compensating agency were set in motion—that those whose benefits from society have been large in comparison of their sacrifices for its sake, should relieve themselves, to some small extent, of the debt thus standing against them, by making an effort to reduce the anomaly at the other end of the scale; that they should try, if possible, whether the world cannot be carried on on a fairer principle of equality, so that less may be taken away from those to whom least is given. The poor, whose utmost labour is hardly sufficient to gain them the means of barely living, have no time nor opportunity to acquire the knowledge or taste which might direct them to add to mere life some of those amenities which render it a source of enjoyment; nor have they the means of casting off the accumulating impurities which the congregation of human beings into large masses, in an advanced state of society, necessarily gathers around them, literally and metaphorically. This must be done for them by the rich and powerful, whose proper function it is; who are elevated above the

* Letters on the Unhealthy Condition of the Lower Class of Dwellings, especially in Large Towns, founded on the First Report of the Health of Towns Commission. By the Rev. Chas. Girdlestone, A.M. Rector of Alderley, Cheshire. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, Paternoster Row. 1845.

mass for the very purpose, that, as their time and labour are not wholly occupied, like those of the poor, in providing for their own sustenance, they may devote them to exertions for the general good, and especially for the good of those whose circumstances put it out of their power to care properly for themselves.

The desire for personal cleanliness, and decent and comfortable accommodation, is, we are persuaded, instinctive in all men. No man would rather be dirty than clean,—would prefer a damp house to a dry one, or a suffocating unwholesome atmosphere to the pure breath of heaven. An unconquerable indolence of disposition may, in some cases, induce slovenly habits in persons who have not the excuse of want of means to keep themselves and their houses sufficiently clean; and in others, the force of strong prejudice, based upon ignorance and evil habits, may lead them obstinately to reject, as disagreeable innovations, whatever would improve their own condition, or that of their houses, in this respect; but, in a large proportion of cases, it is the utter hopelessness of attempting to struggle against the unfavourable circumstances by which they are surrounded,—the want of room, the want of light, the want of drainage, the want of water, the want of time, the want of strength, the want of money; it is these grievous and insurmountable wants which cause many a poor man and woman, who would have been respectable if they could, to become reconciled by degrees to what they began by loathing, until, at last, the poison which dries up the marrow in their bones, and stagnates the stream of life in their veins, penetrates into their very souls, and every feeling of delicacy and self-respect utterly and forever disappears.

There are few of those who live in easy and comfortable circumstances, who have not some general idea that there is at all times to be found, at no great distance from them, heaped together in the garrets and cellars of dark lanes and alleys, much that it would be disgusting to look upon, and not very safe to enter into close contact with. They are aware that every large town has its "mysteries," from which, however, they have no desire to lift off the veil. So long as their own immediate precincts remain unpolluted to the outward sense, they are satisfied. They adopt the legal maxim, "*de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*,"* forgetting that there is a vast difference between the inability to see that which is carefully looked for, and just contriving to escape seeing it by studiously looking the other way. They act like the housemaid who considers her work of cleaning completed when she has swept the dirt under the carpet. The subject is not an inviting one, certainly, nor does it present any pleasing objects of contemplation. It cannot be wondered that many should shrink from entering into its details. But "entire affection hateth nicer hands." The man who is intent upon doing good, will not turn back because there is a noisome slough between him and the object of his benevolence; and the fastidious delicacy which refuses to look narrowly into the unpleasing realities of the condition of the poor and wretched, in order to its improvement, and which, if it be not a mere mask for selfishness, is at best a very childish weakness,

might do well to bear in mind, that it is to such exertions on the part of others for it, as it refuses to make in return, that it, whatever be its rank, is indebted for the protection it enjoys, from encountering, in its daily walk, objects offensive to the senses, corrupting to the mind, and fitted to offer revolting suggestions to the imagination.

Happily the attention of our legislators has, at length, been directed in good earnest to this subject. A kindlier spirit of social sympathy is beginning to grow up among us. The possessors of rank and wealth appear to be learning to feel, that the advantages which they enjoy involve responsibilities and impose duties, as well as confer opportunities of enjoyment. And surrounded, as every rank in society, with the exception of the very lowest, now is, by the most refined and complicated appliances of luxury and gratification, we are becoming sensible to the shame that there should be one class among us, in numbers equal to all the rest, the arrangements for whose comfort continue such as would disgrace the most barbarous age, knowing nothing of civilization but the vices which it teaches, and conscious of its presence only by the bitter contrast every day presented to their experience, between their own miserable debasement and the multiplied enjoyments of others.

Let us not inquire too minutely, whether the benevolent feelings which have led to an increased attention on the part of the rich to the condition of the poor, be altogether unmingled with selfish considerations; whether a sense of danger has not been as powerful an incentive to philanthropic exertion, as a conviction of duty. Unquestionably there was ground for apprehension. A population increasing every day in numbers and in intellectual activity; sufficiently instructed, however ignorant of other things, in the physical power of their own masses; but feeling themselves connected by no common bond of sympathy with the rest of society; pressed by physical suffering; exposed to numberless corrupting and vitiating influences; their dwellings a stronghold in which disease and death held their perpetual seat, from which to issue forth at intervals, and spread desolation over the rest of the world; such a population moving about in hourly increasing swarms around and among them, could not but carry lively apprehensions of danger to the breasts of all who felt interested in the peaceful continuance of our social system.

It is generally known that, a few years ago, in consequence of disclosures resulting from a variety of investigations into isolated points affecting the condition of the poorer classes, a Commission was appointed, containing the names of men of the highest distinction, both for rank and scientific acquirement, for the purpose of instituting a more general inquiry into the state of the people, chiefly as regards health, and morals in so far as affected by those circumstances by which health is affected, in large towns and populous districts. A first report of this Commission was published in 1844, and a second in the present year. Such documents, however, not being generally accessible, nor, when procured, thrown into a form well suited to gain the attention of general readers, it becomes almost essential to their utility, that they should undergo a condensing and sifting process, so as to present unmingled, and at a small cost, the really valuable matter which they contain—at least that which it most concerns the public to be acquainted with.

* Things not seen are to be accounted as not existing.

This service has been well performed, in the present case, by Mr. Girdlestone, who has, in a series of letters, thrown into a very convenient form the most important results of the Commissioners' investigation, and has urged them upon the attention of the public with an affectionate earnestness well becoming his sacred office.

Mr. Girdlestone treats his subject under the following general heads:—1. Sewerage and drainage. 2. Supply of water. 3. Receptacles of refuse filth. 4. Ventilation. And, after exhibiting the result of the evidence laid before the Commissioners on each of these branches of the inquiry, he sums up by a detail of striking facts illustrative of the influence exercised by the deplorable state of the towns and populous districts, in regard to these necessary arrangements, upon public morals, and by a brief suggestion of some of the more practicable remedies.

The general results of the reports regarding the actual condition of the inhabitants of the districts referred to, are thus stated:—

"It is proved that the rate of sickness and mortality of the working classes, in our populous towns, is much greater than that of the same classes in the country districts, and much greater than that of those classes in the same towns where dwellings are better drained and better ventilated. It is proved that the greater liability of the working classes to the most afflictive and painful disorders does not arise from deficiency of food and clothing, but from their living usually, with no alternative, in narrow streets, confined courts, damp dwellings, and close chambers; undrained, unventilated, uncleaned. It is proved that they suffer the most severely in those cases where they spend the day in crowded workshops, or where they live in cellars, or sleep in rooms on the ground floor, or in chambers that have no chimney flue, or other vent to the vitiated air. It is proved that in such situations the average duration of human life is at least twenty years less than it otherwise might be; and that during this curtailed period of existence, the working power of those who live is seriously diminished, and much more their capacity for enjoyment, by a constant depression of health and spirits, and by the active attacks of fever, cholera, scrofula, and consumption. It is proved that this excess of mortality falls most heavily, first on the infantine portion of the community, and next on the heads of families between twenty and thirty years of age. It is proved that, in the metropolis alone, from twenty thousand to thirty thousand lives are thus wasted in each single year, with all the attendant misery of sickness, and sorrow, and want; owing to causes which may be easily obviated or removed. It is proved, that the burden which is thrown, by this excess of sickness and mortality, on the poor's rates, to say nothing of infirmaries and dispensaries, of friendly societies, and of private almsgiving, is such as to exceed the cost of effecting those improvements, which would suffice to make the average health of the working classes nearly equal to that of the rest of the community. It is proved that in the mere article of wasted manures, the refuse of a town, if duly collected and carried off, might, in most cases, be so applied as to repay the whole cost of sewerage, increasing the produce of the surrounding country, instead of saturating with pernicious moisture the ground on which the dwellings of the poorer classes stand, and defiling the air they breathe with pestilential vapours. And, finally, it is proved that, besides the waste of money, health, and life, incurred by the system now usually pursued in erecting the lower classes of dwellings in great towns where comfort, cleanliness, and decency are either not thought of at all, or are sacrificed to a short-sighted greediness of gain, there is also an incalculable amount of demoralization attributable to the same

causes; and that, to say the least, an effectual bar is thereby put to the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of this large portion of the community."

The only consolation which the contemplation of so much misery admits of, is the assurance that it is not beyond the reach of remedy; nay, that it requires only a vigorous effort to make the remedy comparatively easy.

"It is most abundantly proved," says Mr. Girdlestone, "that the evils which have been now laid bare are within the reach of remedy. To a great extent they may be removed in the case of dwellings already built, and they may be entirely obviated in those which shall be constructed henceforth. And these objects may be compassed by an expenditure, which is not only small as compared with the good to be accomplished, but which also may be made to repay itself. This, I say, is a most cheering circumstance; for, if we look at the enormous wealth concentrated in comparatively few hands, and securing to its possessors the command of this world's goods; and if we next consider how poor, in comparison, the great multitude of mankind remain, and how often the poor are sickly, and how early they are cut off by death, our hearts might well sink within us, if we could see no way of relief, short of equalizing the poor with the wealthy in the sumptuousness of their fare, and clothing, and abodes. But now we know, that neither these, nor yet immunity from labour, are the points which mainly make the difference. The rich man's abundance may expose him to as many diseases, arising from excess or indolence, as those which beset the poor man, owing to hard fare or scanty clothing. Let the labourer but have a decent home, built on a dry soil, well drained, and with all its putrefying refuse properly removed; let his dwelling have at least two bed-rooms above the ground floor, and let it have a good supply of pure water and fresh air; and there is evidence to show, that he is as likely to enjoy health and length of life, supposing that similar attention is paid to the place in which he does his work, as the most wealthy of his employers. And if he may be thus physically on a par with them—as who would not wish him to be?—there remains nothing to hinder him from being so also, as every Christian ought to be one with another, both morally and religiously."

RURAL SKETCHES; WITH HINTS FOR PEDESTRIANS.

No. II.

THERE are some objects which the tourist will not fail to visit, presenting the same features, at all the three periods of which we have spoken.

As he wanders along the road which winds gracefully, with its beautiful green edging and its rich hedge-rows, his eye will be attracted by the heaven-directed spire of a village church, which had been previously hidden from him by the abundance of wood surrounding the village, and as a sudden turn in the road presents the whole of the venerable and interesting building to his view, he will feel the sentiments expressed by Wordsworth:—

"may we'er
That true succession fall of English hearts,
That can perceive, not less than heretofore
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love."

Having glanced over the exterior of the building, and examined the church-yard, noticing, it may be, the cross near its south entrance, and the venerable

yew; the ancient grave-stones, with their short and simple "Hic Jacet" in old English letter, presenting a striking contrast to the verbose and fulsome epitaphs of modern times; and the nameless graves beneath which

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

he will be prepared to enter the building to notice more carefully what it contains.

The first object which claims his attention as he enters is the font; and this is frequently of a much older date than the church itself—many Norman fonts are yet preserved where the churches have been once or again rebuilt. The windows probably contain stained glass in greater or less profusion, and the bright sunshine throws a warm many-hued stain on the pavement. In some churches he will find the stoup for holy water yet remaining at the entrance; on the south side of the chancel, the sedilia, formerly used by the priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, during part of the Divine service; eastward of this, the piscina; and opposite to the sedilia, in the north wall, the arch for the holy sepulchre.

The ancient charity-box is yet remaining in some churches; and, of rarer occurrence, as most of them are obliterated by repeated coats of white-wash, are the fresco paintings, with which the walls were anciently covered. Some churches have chantry chapels attached to them, and in very many are fine monumental effigies, once rich with "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," but, now, alas! mutilated and defaced. The bells are frequently of an early period, and containing inscriptions of a religious nature.

These remarks of course apply chiefly to those churches which were built before the Reformation. Some, of great antiquity, will be easily recognised as Anglo-Norman by the massy piers, the semi-circular arches, the round-headed doorways, with their rich mouldings, of which the chevron is the most common, and the broad buttress, scarcely projecting from the wall. To the Norman style succeeded the Early-English, and subsequently the Decorated, and the Florid or Perpendicular, all of which are of a lighter and more elegant character, distinguished by pointed arches. These three latter styles were successively used from the reign of Stephen to the commencement of that of Henry VIII.

Occasionally, too, the pedestrian's attention will be drawn to the ruined castle, whose towers and battlements frown over the neighbouring valley; and on approaching it, he will find no traces of the draw-bridge, the moat nearly filled by a luxuriant crop of nettles and thistles, and the walls much rent, affording in their fissures sufficient nourishment for trees which have been propagated from seeds conveyed thither by the birds, while other parts appear to be sustained by the matted ivy, so interwoven as to support fragments which might otherwise endanger his safety.

On entering the gloomy gateway, where the portcullis once hung, and the warden kept strict watch, he is forcibly struck by the change wrought in our social condition since the time when baron waged war against baron, or at a later period, when the unnatural strife of the Roses was carried on, or, still more recently, when the fair plains of England were converted into battle-fields in the great Rebellion. 'What share of picturesque

genius Cromwell might have, I know not. Certain, however, it is, that no man since Henry VIII. has contributed more to adorn this country with picturesque ruins. The difference between these two masters lay chiefly in the style of ruins in which they composed. Henry adorned his landscapes with the ruins of abbeys; Cromwell, with those of castles."* The dungeons he will probably find half filled with rubbish and loose stones, rolled into them by idle boys. Many materials for profitable thought will be supplied him, in endeavouring to trace the probable age of different parts of the castle—this window has been inserted long after the original walls were built, and that tower also is an addition of later date.

But there are other ruins which will draw the pedestrian from the road. In the midst of some lovely vale, fertile as lovely, and peaceful as fertile; down which winds a crystal stream, the haunt of the trout; whose meadows seem enriched with an almost unaccountable and superabundant fruitfulness—lo! in the midst of this paradise, this Eden of luxuriant growth, rises the fair tower of a despoiled and desecrated abbey.

Hastily crossing the ancient stone bridge thrown across the stream, for which we are in all probability indebted to the monks, he will be soon treading the rich greensward which conducts him to the west front of the abbey. This, the principal entrance, was usually adorned with sculpture, often with the Virgin and Child, "the glorious company of the Apostles," windows with graceful mouldings, and a very highly ornamented doorway; and, high over all, the gable is enriched by an elaborately sculptured cross. Entering the nave, whose "long drawn aisles" give such imposing effect to the clustered piers, how great is the regret that such noble workmanship, the produce of an age which has been reviled as dark and ignorant by one inferior to it in real and solid architectural magnificence—should have been desecrated and despoiled, and allowed to decay.

The grass now occupies the place of the variegated pavement; the ivy hangs in the window once filled with storied pictures and sacred emblems; the rain and the hail, and the rough winter's wind, beat in where the fretted roof was so skilfully hung; rude feet trample on the tombs of the abbot and the baron—their armorial bearings defaced, their simple inscriptions obliterated.

The abbot's house, where royal and noble guests were entertained on their journeyings, in some cases is converted into a residence for the hind or the steward; the refectory and the dormitory are the resort of bats and owls and unclean birds; the mortuary chapels are thickly overgrown with the nettle and the thistle; the chapter-house, where the cowed monks assembled for grave capital deliberation, and for the government of their abbey, is perhaps now used as a mere shed for the cattle who graze on the abbey-lands; and the cloisters, where formerly they walked, are strewn with rubbish and loose stones—a miserable spectacle, when contrasted with the judgment we may form of what they have been, by the cunning workmanship displayed in the groined roof, the airy and graceful column, and the elegant window, so rich in beautiful tracery, which yet remain to mock their present desolation and decay. S. J.

* Rev. W. Gilpin.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A Ballad,

The well of
St. Keyne

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops in the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne.
Joyfully he drew nigh,

For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.



BY THE LATE ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D.

POET LAUREATE.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well;
And before the angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife.
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink it first,
God help the husband then!"

The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes!"
He to the Cornish man said:

But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake
And sheepishly shook his head:

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And I left my wife in the porch;
But, I faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."



THE LAST SUPPER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(Concluded from page 12.)

THIS web of malice was, as yet, concealed from the eyes of Leonardo, but the anxious throbbing of his heart told him there was evil influence at work. It was also inexplicable to him, that the Duke had not insisted upon his painting another portrait, so as thus to bring matters to extremities at once. "But," thought he, "that may still be in reserve." Whether this really were so, and whether Leonardo ever did finish a portrait of the Duke, it is now impossible to obtain any certainty. In the collection of heads by Leonardo da Vinci, published by Count Caylus, there is none that could be taken for the Duke; and the picture preserved in the Dresden Gallery, by this master, of an old man, wearing a fur habit and a hat decorated with a medal, in one hand holding a glove, and a sword in the other, can scarcely be Ludovico Moro, though not improbably another member of the princely house of Sforza.

Be this as it may, it is enough that the picture of which we have spoken was, and remained, annihilated. And Leonardo, escaped from the suffocating heat of the ducal palace, with the cool refreshing evening air felt his courage revive, while he resolved by the most persevering diligence to prove his gratitude, and atone for his former wilfulness. "Yes," he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with a holy enthusiasm, "I will paint the twelve and their Lord, as he sat with them at meat on the night in which he was betrayed! My God! on this very night." It was, indeed, on Maunday-Thursday that these events had occurred to Leonardo, and he now wandered in solitary musings through the lovely gardens which encircled Milan.

Spring had already spread her charm over the landscape; the tender buds had expanded into bright green leaves, the violets shed their perfume upon the fresh verdant turf, and the declining sun gilded the summits of the fragrant groves, as they waved to and fro in the gentle breath of evening.

"And I am to paint the celebration of thy remembrance, O Lord, on the evening of thy last supper!" exclaimed the rapt enthusiast. "How will that be possible to my weak pencil? How dare I—the trembler, the desponder—attempt so sublime a work?"

And, verily, he trembled afresh. The more he endeavoured to arrange the plan of the picture, the more did his courage sink. Everywhere he found insurmountable difficulties. His mind at length became so completely confused, that he could no longer form any settled idea of his subject; everything swam in gloomy chaotic mist before his soul, and the sun was just setting as he returned, in an agony of despair, through the gates of the city. Unmindful of his steps, he found himself before the Dominican Convent. He heard the organ pealing through the lofty majestic church, and the voices of the monks mingling with its harmony. The solemn strains fell upon his troubled spirit like hymns of eternal rest from a better world, and subdued his mind to a temper of humble resignation.

They are there now, thought he; no one will observe me, if I examine the spot where my work is to be carried on. He entered the cloisters, and with hushed and timid footsteps passed through the solitary arched corridor which led to the refectory. Day had already faded into twilight; only in the western horizon lingered the last rosy tints of evening. The tones of the organ reverberated faintly through the walls, accompanying that noble hymn, subsequently immortalized by Palestrina's genius,—

"Fratres ego enim accipit."

"Those are the blessed words of Institution!" murmured the painter, in pious ecstasy. "Oh, thou that takest away the sins of the world! how can my weak hand paint thee in the moment of thy greatest glory upon earth?—in that last night of surpassing agony!"

And how shall I paint you, ye glorious Apostles? Alas, never! My mind is obscured with a dreary mist, though my heart burns with devotion and desire. I am oppressed by the sense of my weakness: do thou, Source of all power, vouchsafe to me thy aid!" With a beating and anxious heart he opened the door of the refectory; but terror and amazement forced him back over the threshold. An irresistible impulse again impelled him forwards, for a scene, glorious as that of the opened heavens, was before him. Sitting at the long table in the hall, with their Lord in the midst, he beheld the twelve Apostles. The head of the blessed Jesus was surrounded by the last purple glow of the western sky, which, gleaming through the central window towards which his back was turned, thus formed a natural halo. His eyes were fixed upon the table with an expression of deep sadness, for he had just uttered the words, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." No anger, no reproach was visible in that heavenly countenance, down which the parted hair descended in golden locks upon his shoulders, and his left hand spake silently,—"Yes, my beloved! such is the will of my heavenly Father, and I murmur not." But John, the maidenly beautiful John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who had been reclining upon his breast, overcome with sorrow at this sad prophecy, was sunk back with closed eyes, as though groaning out in the deepest anguish,—"No, it is impossible!" though the folded hands testified his reverent belief in the words of his divine Master, and meek resignation to his will. At his side bent Peter towards him with a look of noble, almost contemptuous confidence, as though he said,—"Be comforted, thou trembler! What can traitors avail against him, be they who they may." Behind him started up the grave Alphæus, with terrified looks, from among the crowd of the disciples. To the left of Jesus sat Simon the Canaanite, the sinless shepherd, who had forsaken his lambs to follow the great Shepherd of souls. Like Him, he wore his hair parted, and flowing smoothly over his shoulders, and his face and outstretched hands, turned towards the Lord, expressed his unwillingness to believe the hard sentence. The noble, fiery James, like his brother John the relative and confidant of his blessed Master, had risen from his seat, and turned to the inquiring Andrew, and to the pious, silver-haired Bartholomew, with both hands pointing to the other end of the table, as if he said,—"Do you hear, my brethren, this hard unintelligible saying of the Lord?" But there, at that other end of the table, sat Judas Iscariot, leaning backwards to the pensive John, and holding the purse in his right hand with which he had just overturned the goblet. The question, "Lord, is it I," was not yet to be read in the countenance of any of them, for they were still in the first burst of amazement, into which those sad prophetic words had thrown them, still unable to believe fully their dreadful import; all except Judas, in whose every feature lurked the damning secret, and who, in the dread of detection, had just overturned the cup. Thomas stood behind Simon, with the bent finger raised, as if asking, how such malice could be conceived, and showing its impossibility; while the quiet, child-like Lebbeus, brother of James Alphæus, with the folded hands upon his breast, looked as though he said, "Master, in me is no guile!" Philip, the philanthropic Philip, had risen from his seat at the other end of the table, and, leaning forward before the musing Mother, with both hands supported upon the table, gazed upon the scene in dumb and wondering expectation.

After this manner Leonardo da Vinci saw the Lord and the twelve Apostles. His senses forsook him; he sank upon the pavement; and, when the monks returned from the chapel, they found him senseless upon the threshold of the refectory.

"Oh, why did they waken me with their essences?" he exclaimed upon the following day, as he paced restlessly to and fro in his chamber: "it was well with

me. I have beheld the glory of my Lord and His Apostles! But with what colours shall I paint them? It is impossible!" Still, though he suffered much from a timid anxiety, he was now in possession of a plan for his work, and everything stood in living reality before him, as he had beheld it in his holy trance, and he was resolved thus to paint it, and not otherwise. Immediately after the Easter festival, therefore, he began his work. The refectory was locked, and no one allowed ingress so long as Leonardo painted. Only the prior peered closely after him whenever he came and went, if haply he might discover from his countenance with what success the work proceeded. At first this occasioned Leonardo little annoyance, and, in the excitement of his work, he passed and repassed the monk almost without noticing him. As, however, there seemed to be no end of this spying and watching, and as every day the malice of the prior, whose hateful visage and satanic smile never failed to encounter him, became more apparent, the Master entered the refectory in bitterness, and left it in fury. "Wait only, thou Iscariot!" he once mentally exclaimed, in a fit of ungovernable rage, "wait only a short time longer, and thou shalt have enough to satisfy thee as long as thou livest." And with these words, uttered almost unconsciously, he at once hit upon the means and manner of his revenge. His plan was this,—first to finish painting the eleven, then to paint Judas, for whom he had now obtained something more than an ideal original, and then, when with this he had appeased his wrath—then, last of all, the Lord himself.

But how dare a mortal hope to unite the extremes of light and darkness without some intervening middle tints? By what means shall human art acquire the power of depicting, first, the personification of spiritual deformity, and, immediately afterwards, the perfection of spiritual beauty? This vain attempt cast a stumbling block in Leonardo's path, which rendered the completion of his work impossible. Summer and autumn were past, and winter had already covered nature with a mantle of silence and shadows. The eleven were finished, and stood depicted upon the wall in lines of living glory, as he had seen them on the night of Maunday-Thursday. He had sated his fury and revenge by the representation of the traitor Judas, and now came the time when he should paint the Lord; but at this part of his task his wonted powers forsook him. The graceful contour of the head, the folds of the robe, were all he could effect; for out of the bitter source from which he had called Judas into being, he could never produce the most Gentle and the most Holy. Leonardo felt his incapacity, but his darkened mind saw not the cause. The divine features of the Redeemer, as he had gazed upon them on that night, had entirely vanished from his soul. He still hoped, however, that the spirit would return; and for days together he stood in mournful contemplation before his picture, or spent the time in drawing idle figures upon the scaffold. Thus passed days, then weeks, and still the spirit for which he waited so anxiously came not, though the time appointed him for the conclusion of his work was now very near. The mild breezes of spring were already breathing over Italy; already the banks of the streams and the rushing rivulets showed a brighter verdure; and still Leonardo remained in inactive fruitless musing. But now his heart beat more anxiously. He had hitherto avoided as much as possible looking his danger in the face; its near approach, however, compelled him to do so; and the conviction settled upon his mind that he should never be able to complete his work. His bodily strength decayed in proportion to the decay of his mental energies; and his sunk eye and pallid cheek betrayed too plainly his mental sufferings. These were characters which the prior found little difficulty in reading; and this hated object, which every day more boldly and with less concealed scorn encountered him, deprived him of the last remains of his

self-possession. The trees of the forest again gave their budding tops to the gentle rocking of the breeze, and the Duke inquired more pressing about his work. Leonardo spent the little time now remaining in earnest prayer to God for support, and invoking his sainted Master to grant his promised aid. But in vain! No help appeared; and he could only tell the Duke, in answer to his repeated inquiries, that the picture should be finished upon the appointed day.

The holy week came, and his ear caught the sound of low contemptuous whisperings. His bosom-friend, Ottaviano, rushed into his room, and gasped out,—“Save thyself, Leonardo—thou art lost! The Prior knows that thou canst not paint the Christ—the Duke knows it! They talk of Buonarrotti, of the dungeon—of trial for a state crime in trampling upon the Duke's picture!—Save thyself!—Fly!”

“Yes!” exclaimed the unhappy painter. “I will fly—will shake the dust of this abhorred city, this abode of serpents and adders, from my feet, and in my own beloved Florence, where the vengeance of the More and these monks cannot reach me, begin a new, a free life!—I will!”

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of a detachment of the Duke's guard, who announced to him that he was a prisoner.

“Now all is lost!” groaned Leonardo, falling back into his chair. “My sun is set! What avails me all the labour I have bestowed upon the twelve in the refectory, when their Lord is wanting? What avails me all that I have done for thee and thy Milan, thou malicious tyrant? The enemy will come and reap where I have sown. Leonardo da Vinci will perish, and his memory with him. It is indeed bitter! Oh, how have I deserved this hard fate!”

Thus mourned the unhappy captive, for such in truth he was, though the guard that attended him were ostensibly for the purpose of protecting him from disturbance in his visits to the refectory. But these last visits proved as fruitless as many that had preceded them; and so approached the Wednesday in Passion-Week. The scaffolding was then taken down, and nothing but the curtain which concealed the picture remained. And now, when this last evening had given place to darkness and night, Leonardo tossed restlessly upon his couch of tears, and cried out,—“Andreas! Andreas! save me in this my greatest earthly need!” But all remained still; all save the death-tick in the rafters; and no Andreas appeared to the suppliant. But at midnight belated travellers saw the windows of the refectory of the Dominican Convent gleam with an unearthly light, and a gigantic shadow move to and fro upon the arched ceiling.

Maunday-Thursday at length dawned, joyous and fragrant with violets as that of the preceding year; and Leonardo rose from his couch in a quiet composed frame, becoming one of his noble nature.

At the hour of noon he was conducted to the refectory. There a dense crowd was assembled, consisting of the monks of the convent, with the dignified clergy of Milan, all the great and noble of the city, the members of the Academy of Painting, and artists of every kind and degree. The confused hum of the multitude was hushed into a deathlike silence as the Master approached. Every look was fixed upon him, as, with eyes bent upon the ground, he leaned against a pillar in a recess of the window.

A noise without announced the approach of the Duke, who soon after entered the hall, surrounded by numerous attendants; at his side walked the Prior, with a face of triumph.

“Now, Master,” said the Duke, turning to Leonardo, “if it be your pleasure, show to us the picture of the Lord's Supper, which you have completed in a year's time, in obedience to our commands. All our nobles and connoisseurs are assembled to behold what the celebrated painter of Florence has produced.”

Incapable of answering, Leonardo bowed low, and remained in a stooping posture, like one awaiting the stroke of the executioner; and at the Duke's command the curtain flew back. A general "Ah! ah!" passed through the assembly. But Leonardo still remained stooping, his eyes rooted upon the pavement. Again, after a sudden stillness, burst forth the exclamation, "Ah! ah!"

And now Leonardo timidly raised his eyes, not daring to look at the picture, and yet not able to withhold his glance from turning in that direction. But the moment the painting encountered his uncertain gaze, he started back as if struck by lightning. He looked again, and his beating heart assured him that he indeed lived: that all this was indeed reality, and not the delusion of a dream. The pearly tears gushed from his eyes; he stretched out his arms towards the picture, and exclaimed, in a voice half choked by emotion,—"Oh, Andreas! Andreas!"

Before him, in finished beauty, he beheld the twelve Apostles, with the heavenly figure of the Redeemer, as they had appeared to him on the evening of his trance. At length the Duke turned to Leonardo, and measuring him from head to foot with a long expressive gaze, said to him, "Truly, Master Leonardo, you are a great painter; and the gold chain, with which unfortunately we are not provided, shall not be wanting.—But you, Father Prior!—What say you to this? and what becomes of your penetration? Your reckoning will not bear the proof." Pale as death stood the monk, but made no answer, while louder on every side rose the noisy applause of the multitude; and, with the applause and the flattery with which the Master was overpowered, a comparing look, first singly here and there, passed from the painting to the Prior, then followed suppressed smiles and whispers, then louder murmurs, and at length all voices burst out into the malicious chorus:—"Tis he! 'Tis he!" while Ottaviano, approaching the picture, pointed with his right hand to the painting, and with his left to the Prior, and said,— "That is Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his Lord and Master!"

"Tis he! 'Tis he!" answered the delighted multitude; while the monks of the convent, concealed behind the throng, hating each other, and still more cordially hating the Prior, shouted louder than the rest, "Vere! Vere! est, est, est!" The Duke, too, pointed at the unhappy priest, distorted his mouth to a satiric grin, and said, "Est!"

A bitter pang shot through Leonardo's bosom. It is true, he had at first been gratified with the low whispered recognition of Judas; but the now triumphant shouting of the assembly disgusted him, and he felt it was a discord, destroying the harmony which the representation of a scene so blessed should have produced. It was only afterwards, when connoisseurs and lovers of the art lingered by the other figures of the picture, that more pleasurable feelings were restored, and that he heard with cheerfulness the various criticisms which were bestowed upon his work. After this manner, therefore, did Leonardo da Vinci complete his picture of the Lord's Supper, and his fame spread throughout Milan. On the same day the whole population crowded to the refectory, many of them, however, less with the intention of gazing with holy devotion upon the noble picture, than out of curiosity to see the Judas Iscariot; for the Prior had contrived to draw upon himself the dislike of all, old and young, rich and poor, chiefly on account of the baneful influence he exercised over the mind of the prince. Leonardo was completely overpowered by the burden of this fortunate day. Every one desired to see him; every one wished to entertain the man who had finished so great, so glorious a work; every one, according to his taste and his means, sought to testify his admiration, and it was late at night before the painter succeeded in escaping from the throng, into the quiet asylum of his lonely chamber.

Here, where for so long a time had been heard only sighs of hopeless anguish, flowed now unrestrained tears of joy and gratitude.

"Thou hast kept thy word, my faithful master!" exclaimed the happy one, his full heart panting for utterance. "Oh, what can I do to render myself more worthy of thy fatherly love? Henceforward my life shall be devoted to fulfilling thy instructions, even as I have practised them to this day!"

Sleep, which had so long forsaken him, gently rocked the exhausted painter in her arms; and, as he slept, Andreas appeared to him, but his countenance was grave and stern. "What!" he spake angrily, "thou hast faithfully followed my precepts!—Oh, Leonardo! Thy heart is not yet free from earthly pollution. Love your enemies,—bless them that curse you,—do good to them that despitefully use you; that is our Lord's commandment. Hast thou kept this commandment? How often have I warned thee never to enter upon thy labours in a spirit of petty malice, or to transfer to thy productions the hateful or disgusting peculiarities of an enemy? What were my words to thee in the last hour I spent upon earth?—that such labours never attain immortality. Hast thou kept the promise thou madest me, when the angel of death called me from thee? Thou turnest away in shame and remorse, for thy conscience awakens: and now the truth dawns upon thee, that the pious devotion with which thy work was begun forsook thee, when, in Judas Iscariot, thou couldst pander to a base revenge. Thy object is attained; the Prior is trampled to the earth; never again will he have it in his power to injure thee. But this object might have been reached without also insulting him in his fall. A contemptible and secondary motive—the gratification of a moment—had more weight with thee, than the completion of a perfect work. And to this moment thou hast sacrificed the immortality of thy masterpiece. Yes, Leonardo, madly and sinfully hast thou cast away the greater, to obtain the less. But thy sin was committed in a time of heart-blindness; therefore pardon, as well as punishment, has been awarded thee; pardon, in that I was permitted to hear thee, in thy hour of greatest earthly need; (for it was indeed thy greatest, both as man and artist,—henceforth none like it will darken thy horizon;) for this purpose I returned upon earth: and with the hues of heaven I painted the Lord of Glory. But I bring also thy punishment; for even this divine and sacred portion of thy picture will not escape the sad consequence of thy sin. For this is the curse of evil, that the good with which it is mingled is involved in its destruction. How could the representation of that most holy feast of love be gifted with enduring excellence, when with thine own hand thou hadst degraded it into a farce—when the laugh of vulgar malice was permitted to desecrate a scene which should only have awakened deep and solemn devotion? Therefore thy painting must perish. Yes, my son, thy picture shall perish, but not thy fame. Unskilful hands will seek to restore what time has despoiled; but, together with their touches, will all that is original gradually fall to dust. Only many thousand copies will tell to the most distant ages, how glorious that great original must have been. But none will give again the figure of the Lord as it there stands. To do this, is the pencil or graver of no mortal capable. The greatest ornament of thy painting will be lost, and in this consists thy greatest punishment. Future generations shall see only as in a dull mirror the divine countenance of the Redeemer as I have there depicted it, though even from the imperfect copy they will be exalted into a state of holy joy and admiration. But I enjoin upon thee silence regarding the assistance I have rendered thee. The knowledge that through this assistance alone thou and thy picture have arrived at such distinction,—a knowledge which thou must lock up in a grateful heart, will keep thee humble amid the incense-clouds of praise; will purify and ennoble thy mind, by imparting to it a tone of pensiveness, so that thou mayst

ever be ready to acknowledge, with humility and gratitude, that every good which befalls weak erring man comes from above. It will teach thee also to appreciate the merits of others, even when these seek thine hurt. In thy writings alone thou art permitted to bury my secret; for no one will read them. They, and all thou hast laid down in them for the well-being and happiness of mankind, shall rest quietly with the dead. The dust of solitary libraries will cover them, and thy labours shall lie hidden and useless, until, after long centuries, a few sparks will escape from these ashes, into a luxurious and all-knowing world too wise to be instructed. Thou sighest!—thou groanest! Be comforted, Leonardo. The evil that it was my duty to announce to thee is now ended. Behold now the brighter prospect, which thy loving master is permitted to display to thee.—Like gold out of the fire, thou goest forth out of this last error. Low unworthy passion shall never more stain the purity of thy life. Thou wilt drink the bitter cup of persecution, but that will only conduce to thy perfection; and while others excel as artists, thou shalt be great and honourable as a man. Me thou shalt see no more upon earth, for thou wilt not again require my aid; but, in a better land—a land of undisturbed love and felicity—we shall be reunited; and when thy last hour approaches, as I may not myself conduct thee over death's gloomy threshold, I will send thee for a token my favourite flower,—the sacred, snow-white lily; when her fragrance greets thee, remember that it is the odour of Paradise. Then, on the bosom of the noblest of his age, thou shalt sink into thy last slumber, in the arms of a king, as becometh Leonardo da Vinci! Farewell, my son!"

"Oh! tarry a moment longer!" cried Leonardo, "my beloved master! One word more respecting eternity!"

In vain! Andreas had disappeared; and when Leonardo opened his eyes, the early dawn of Good Friday glimmered on the walls of his apartment.

Strengthened and refreshed, a new life seemed to open before him. Sentence had been passed upon his picture, but it disturbed him not, for he felt that it was just. But the future which his master had revealed to him awakened in his heart a feeling of noble exultation, softened by a vein of tender melancholy. From that time forward his life was passed in Milan, in uninterrupted peace, and the esteem of his fellow-citizens, until his patron, the Duke, betrayed by his own crooked policy into the hands of Louis XII., was carried prisoner into France. Upon this, Leonardo left Milan, and returned to his darling Florence, where, in company with Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, he produced many wonderful pictures. Michel Angelo soon left Florence and went to Rome, where, together with Raffaello Langio, he became engaged in those important works which still shed such lustre on the names of both.

There were times when Leonardo da Vinci longed also to visit Rome, that his pencil might contribute to its decoration; and for this purpose he travelled thither in the suite of Julian de Medicis. But the enmity of Buonarrotti, who had already acquired firm footing there, together with other circumstances, occasioned him so much sorrow and mortification, that he very shortly left Rome. But all these mortifications and persecutions he endured with the greatest mildness; never again degraded his noble art to be the avenger of his private wrongs, and lived, warmly loved and esteemed, to an advanced age. It was then that he received the invitation to visit France. His hand, however, had now lost its firmness; he felt his bodily powers were decayed, and no longer capable of calling into existence the once brilliant picturings of his fancy: he consigned his pencil, therefore, to eternal rest; while, honoured and beloved by old and young, high and low, he enjoyed a green old age. And when at length the weakness and infirmities of seventy-five years confined him at Fontainebleau to a sick-bed, and his eyes became dim, his soul longed for the approach

of that last hour which was to unite him with his faithful master in the abode of the blessed. One day, as he lay upon his couch in silent devotion, it seemed to him as if he heard the tones of an organ floating on the still air, accompanying the blessed words of Institution in the Holy Eucharist, as he had heard them on the threshold of the refectory in the Dominican convent at Milan; he perceived also that odour of Paradise, which Andreas had given him for a token. Joyfully he lifted his fainting head, and gazed through the opening door a garland of lilies, with their fragrant, snow-white bells, was borne into the room,—they were the lilies of France. The master sank back, smiling, whilst over him was whispered—

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur,
Paradisî gloria! *

He breathed his last in the arms of the noble, chivalrous King of France, Francis the First.

DUFAVEL'S ADVENTURE IN THE WELL.

ONE morning, early in September 1836, as Dufavel, one of the labourers employed in sinking a well at a place near Lyons, in France, was about to descend in order to begin his work, one of his companions called out to him not to go down, as the ground was giving way, and threatened to fall in. Dufavel, however, did not profit by the warning, but, exclaiming, "I shall have plenty of time to go down for my basket first," he entered the well, which was sixty-two feet in depth. When about half way down, he heard some large stones falling; but he nevertheless continued his descent, and reached the bottom in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in his basket, he was preparing to reascend, when he suddenly heard a crashing sound above his head, and, looking up, he saw five of the side supports of the well breaking at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for assistance as loudly as he was able; but the next moment a large mass of the sandy soil fell upon him, precluding the possibility of his escape. By a singular good fortune, the broken supports fell together in such a manner, that they formed a species of arch over his head, and prevented the sand from pouring down, which must have smothered him at once. To all appearance, however, he was separated from the rest of the world, and doomed to perish by suffocation or famine. He had a wife and child, who now came into his mind, and the thought of them made him feel still more bitterly his imprudent obstinacy in descending into the well, after being warned of the danger to which he was exposing himself.

But although Dufavel regretted the past and feared for the future, he did not give way to despair. Calm and self-possessed, he raised his heart in prayer to God, and adopted every precaution in his power to prolong his life. His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him up to the surface, he observed that, in their vain efforts, they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him in such a manner, as to bring down stones and other things. He therefore cut the rope with his knife, which he had no sooner done, than it was drawn up by those at the top of the well; and, when his friends saw the rope so cut, they knew that he must be alive, and determined to make every exertion to save him.

The hole made by the passage of this rope through the sand that had fallen in, was of the greatest use to Dufavel: through it he received a supply of fresh air, and, after a while, his friends contrived to convey food to him, and even to speak to him. Of course he was in utter darkness; but he was enabled, in a curious manner, to keep a reckoning of time. A large fly was shut

* Literally,—"When the body shall die, grant that to the soul may be given the glory of Paradise."

up with him, and kept him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard it buzzing about, he knew that it was day, and when the fly was silent, he knew that it was night. The fly boarded as well as lodged with him: he was as careful as he could not to interrupt it while taking its share of his meal; when he touched it, it would fly away, buzzing as if offended, but soon return again. He often said afterwards, that the company of this fly had been a great consolation to him.

More skilful persons than the poor labourers of the village of Champvert were soon engaged in the attempt to liberate Dufavel. The municipal authorities of Lyons procured the assistance of a band of military miners, who, under the direction of experienced officers, began to form a subterranean passage for the purpose of relieving him. Prayers for his safety were daily offered up in the churches of Lyons, and the most intense interest prevailed: it was found necessary to erect a barricade, and station a guard of soldiers round the scene of the accident, to keep off the flocking crowd from the neighbourhood, all eager to obtain news, and see what was being done.

The cavity at the bottom of the well, over which the wooden rafters had so providentially formed a sort of roof, was at first about seven feet in height; but owing to the sand constantly running through, and pressing down the roof from above, by the third day the space became so small, that the poor man could no longer stand, or even sit upright, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly painful manner, his legs doubled under him, and his head pressed on one side against his left shoulder. His arms, however, were free, and he used his knife to cut away such parts of the wood work as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the hole the passage of the rope had made. Through this hole, by means of a small bottle, soup and wine were let down to him, and, after a few days, what was quite as important, a narrow bag to receive and bring to the surface the constantly accumulating sand, which must soon have smothered him, if this means of removing it had not been devised, and he had not had strength and energy for such a painful labour as the constantly filling and refilling the bag soon became. Of course, any pressure from above would have forced in the temporary roof, so that nothing could be attempted in the way of removing the mass of sand, &c., that had fallen in. They dared not to touch the surface above; but they contrived, by means of a tube, to speak to him. A cousin of his, himself a well-digger, was let down for this purpose. This man spoke to Dufavel, and assured him the miners were making progress, and would soon reach him: he inquired after his wife and child, and charged his cousin to tell her from him, to be of good cheer, and not lose heart: at this time he had been a week in the well.

Day succeeded day, and still the expectations of the miners were deceived. They worked night and day, but such was the treacherous nature of the soil, that neither pickaxe nor shovel could be used: the foremost miner worked upon his knees, inserting cautiously a flat piece of wood into the ground, and afterwards gathering up with his hands, and passing to those behind him, the sand which he thus disturbed. On the twelfth day of his imprisonment, they calculated they were only twelve inches from him, and yet it took them two days longer before they were able to reach him. Every minute the ground was giving way; and it sometimes took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced. Besides, they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, when they approached Dufavel; for there was great reason to fear, whenever an opening was made, the mass of sand above his head would fall down and suffocate him. At length, about two o'clock in the morning of Friday, 16th September, they made a small opening into the well, just above his shoulders. The poor man shouted for joy,

and was able with his knife to assist in extricating himself. He was carefully conveyed along the horizontal gallery, and wrapped in blankets before he was drawn up into the open air. Several medical men were in attendance, and one of them had him conveyed to his house, and put to bed.

We will not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy meeting with his wife, nor the tears of joy which he shed over his infant boy, who did not at first recognise him, muffled up as he was obliged to be to protect him from the cold, and his chin covered with a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. In the evening, he was so well, that Doctor Bienvenu consented to his being conveyed to his own home; and he was accordingly transported thither in a litter, attended by a great concourse of happy and thankful spectators.

PALM LEAVES.

Select Oriental Tales.

I. THE PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

THERE once lived in Bagdad a merchant, named Abu-Casem, who was quite notorious for his covetousness. Notwithstanding his great wealth, his clothes were all in rags and tatters. His turban was composed of a large cloth, whose colours were no longer distinguishable; but, above all the other articles of his dress, his slippers attracted everybody's attention. The soles of them were armed with huge nails; the upper leather was composed of as many pieces as a beggar's cloak; for, during the ten years they had been slippers, the cleverest cobblers of Bagdad had used all their skill in fastening the shreds together. Of necessity, therefore, they had become so weighty, that when people wanted to describe anything very heavy, they compared it to Casem's slippers.

As this merchant was one day walking through the great bazaar of the city, a considerable stock of glass was offered to him a great bargain, and he very gladly agreed to purchase it. Some days afterwards, he heard that an unfortunate dealer in precious balms was reduced to sell only rose-water, as a last resource. He turned this poor man's misery to account, bought all his rose-water for half its value, and was consequently in the best of humours.

It is the custom of Oriental merchants, when they have made a successful bargain, to give a feast of rejoicing; but this our niggard would not do. He thought it more profitable to bestow a little extra indulgence upon himself; and therefore he went to the bath, a luxury to which he had not for a long time treated himself. Whilst he was taking off his clothes, one of his friends (so, at least, he called him, but such niggards seldom have a friend) said to him, that it was quite time for him to leave off his slippers, which had made him quite a by-word in the city, and buy a new pair. "I have been thinking of it for some time," answered Casem; "but, when I look well at them, they are not so very bad, but that they may do a little more service." Speaking thus, he undressed, and went into the bath.

Whilst he was there, the Cadi of Bagdad entered, and because Casem was ready before the Judge, he went out first. He dressed, but sought in vain for his slippers. Another pair stood where his own bought to have been, and our careful man soon per-

sued himself that the friend who had given him such good advice while he was undressing, had made him a present of these new ones. He put them on with much satisfaction, and left the baths with the intention of thanking his friend for them.

But, unhappily, the slippers belonged to the Cadi; and when he had finished bathing, his slaves sought in vain for them; they could only find in their stead a miserable pair, which were immediately recognised as Casem's. The porter soon ran after him, and brought him back to the Cadi, as detected in a theft. The Judge, provoked at the unblushing avarice of the old miser, immediately sent him to prison; and, in order to avoid the open shame due to a thief, he had to pay richly: the law condemned him to give the worth of a hundred pair of slippers if he would escape with a whole skin.

As soon as he was safe out of gaol, he revenged himself upon the cause of his trouble. In his rage, he threw the slippers into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his window, so that he might never set eyes upon them again; but it was to be otherwise. A few days afterwards, some fishermen, on drawing up their net, found it unusually heavy: they thought they had gained a treasure; but, alas! nothing was there but Casem's slippers, the nails of which had torn the net so much, that it would take whole days to mend it.

Full of indignation against Casem and his slippers, they threw them in at his window, which was just then open; and as, unluckily, all the flasks of beautiful rose-water which he had bought were neatly ranged beneath the window, those heavy iron foes fell upon them, the bottles were broken, and all the rose-water spilt upon the floor.

Casem's horror, when he entered his apartment, may be better imagined than described. "Detestable slippers!" he exclaimed, tearing his beard, "you shall not do me any further mischief." He took a spade, and ran with them into his garden, where he hastily dug a hole to bury his slippers; when, unhappily, one of his neighbours, who had long meditated some mischief against him, happened to look through his window, and saw him hard at work, digging this hole. Without delay, he ran to the Governor of the city, and told him, as a secret, that Casem had found a great treasure in his garden. This was quite enough to arouse the Governor's cupidity; and it was all in vain that our miser declared he had not found anything, but had only buried his old slippers. In vain he dug them up again, and brought them forth in presence of the Judge; the Governor had made up his mind to have money, and Casem was obliged to purchase his release with a large sum.

In utter despair, he left the Governor's, carrying his expensive slippers in his hand, while in his heart he wished them far away. "Why," said he, "should I thus carry them in my hand to my own disgrace?" So he threw them into an aqueduct not far from the Governor's palace. "Now," said he, "I shall hear no more of you; you have cost me money enough—away with you from my sight!" But, alas! the slippers stuck fast in the mud of the aqueduct. This was enough; in a few hours the stream was stopped, the water overflowed; the watermen ran together, for the Governor's cellars were inundated, and for all this trouble and misfortune Casem's slippers were answerable! The watermen soon discovered the unlucky cause of the mischief, and as quickly made it known. The owner of the

slippers was taken into custody, and as this appeared to be a vicious revenge upon the Governor, he was sentenced to atone for it by paying a larger fine than either of the foregoing ones. But the Governor gave the slippers carefully back to him.

"What now shall I do with you, ye accursed slippers?" said poor Casem. "I have given you over to the elements, and they have returned you, to cause me each time a greater loss; there remains but one means—now I will burn you."

"But," continued he, shaking them, "you are so soaked with mud and water, that I must first lay you to dry in the sun; but I will take good care you do not come into my house again." With these words he went up to the flat roof of the house, and laid them under the vertical rays of the sun. Yet had not misfortune tried all her powers against him; indeed, her latest stroke was to be the hardest of all. A neighbour's pet monkey saw the slippers, jumped from his master's roof on to Casem's, seized upon and dragged them about. While he thus played with them, the unlucky slippers fell down and alighted on the head of a woman who was standing in the street below. Her husband brought his grievance before the Judge, and Casem had to atone for this more heavily than for aught before, for his innocent slippers had nearly killed one of his fellow-creatures. "Just Judge," said Casem, with an earnestness which made even the Cadi smile, "I will endure and pay all and everything to which you have condemned me, only I ask your protection against those implacable enemies, which have been the agents of all my trouble and distress to this hour—I mean these miserable slippers. They have brought me to poverty, disgrace, ay, even to peril of my life; and who knows what else may follow? Be just, O noble Cadi, and make a determination that all misfortunes which can be clearly ascribed to the evil spirit which haunts these slippers, may be visited upon them, and not upon me."

The Judge could not deny Casem's request: he kept those disturbers of public and private peace in his own possession, thinking he could give no better lesson to the miser than this which he had now learnt at so much expense, namely, that it is better to buy a new pair of slippers when the old ones are worn out!

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;
Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.
Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.
I would that thus when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

Bryant.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOSS-ROSE.

(From the German.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

A SPIRIT of air gaily roamed o'er the flowers,
Sleep fell on his eyelids—he needed repose,
And sought for a refuge from dews and from showers,
Beneath the rich leaves of a beautiful rose:
The Spirit awakened, and eager to grant
Some boon to the flower that had saved him from harm;
“Oh! tell me,” he murmured, “thy wish or thy want;”
“I ask,” said the rose, “one additional charm.”

The Spirit bewailed the fair flower's discontent;
“I may not,” he sighed, “to improve thee presume;
How balmy, how sweet, is thy exquisite scent!
How lovely thy shape! and how vivid thy bloom!”
Yet still to his promise resolved to be true,
His fancy he tasked some new grace to propose,
Then smiled, waved his wings, and exultingly threw
A veil of soft clustering moss o'er the Rose.

The Rose's vain sisters rejoiced in their pride,
That their charms had not suffered so grievous a loss;
But brief was their triumph—all passed them aside,
To gaze on the Rose with the vesture of moss;—
Revealing this truth—that though gladly we greet
Attractions and grace that our senses enthral,
We never can deem them entirely complete,
Till humility casts her soft veil o'er them all.

THE BEST EPITAPH.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

IN yon wide churchyard's meanest nook,
Where sunbeams rarely fall,
A lonely grave o'ershadowed lies
Beneath the ivied wall.

No pompous stone records the name
Or virtues of the dead;
An osier-girded sod alone
Betrays the lowly bed.

Yet oft at eve the village poor
To that lone spot repair,
And wear the grass that grows around,
And weep in silence there.

In vain proud urns and monuments
Invite their feet to stay;
As onward, to the nameless grave,
They urge their mournful way.

Ah! what avails the record vain,
Whence sprung? to whom allied?—
Too often but the incense base
Which Interest burns to Pride.

Thine, grandeur, be the crested tomb,
The praises insincere;
“The poor man's friend” my title be,
My epitaph—his tear.

Miscellaneous.

“I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them.”—*Montaigne*.

SAGACITY OF A CART HORSE.

DIRECTLY opposite my residence a church is being erected, and during its progress temporary sheds have been put up for the use of the workmen, and one as a stable for a very fine cart horse, the property of the builder. The extreme docility of this animal attracted my attention to him, and since that some of his manœuvres appear to me to border strongly on the sense and the powers of reflection. His stable was erected at one end of the church: on one occasion two poles had been fastened across his usual road to it, in order to strengthen the scaffolding; he went up,

tried the strength of these first, then finding that he could neither get over nor under, he turned round, and, at a full trot, made the circuit of the church, and got to the other side of the poles by another path. Here was no straying about, and at last finding his way, but a fixed resolve to go round, as if an idea had at once flashed across his mind. Another day, a waggon had been put standing in the narrowest part of his road to the stable: he looked and tried each side, but found there was not space enough for him to pass; he took very little time for consideration, but put his breast against the back part of the waggon, and shoved it on to a wider part of the road, then deliberately passed on one side to his stable. Could human wisdom have done better? But to crown all his manœuvres, I mention the following as being, I consider, very extraordinary. During the winter a large wide drain had been made, and over this strong planks had been placed for our friend, the cart horse, to pass over to his stable. It had snowed during the night, and froze very hard in the morning. How he passed over the planks on going out to work I know not, but on being turned loose from the cart at breakfast, he came up to them, and I saw his fore-feet slip; he drew back immediately, and seemed for a moment at a loss how to get on. Close to these planks a cart-load of sand had been placed; he put his fore-feet on this, and looked wistfully to the other side of the drain. The boy who attends this horse, and who had gone round by another path, seeing him stand there, called him. The horse immediately turned round, and set about scraping the sand most vigorously, first with one foot then the other. The boy, perhaps wondering what he would be at, waited to see. When the planks were completely covered with sand, the horse turned round again, and unhesitatingly walked over, and trotted up to his stable and driver.—*Sporting Magazine*.

EXCELLENCE OF THE BRITISH POLITICAL SYSTEM.

OUR political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the State, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner, and on those principles, to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance, we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; bending up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually-reflected charities, our State, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.—*Burke*.

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The Mother's Maiden.

See page 47.

THE CHANCES OF FORTUNE.

"It cannot be too often repeated," observes Madame de Staël, "that the experience, whether of individuals or of nations, furnishes to them but one favourable moment for securing good fortune or power; that moment must be seized as it flies; for the happy chance seldom returns a second time in the course of the same destiny; and, to him who has let it slip, there remains for the rest of his life only the bitter experience of continued reverses." These words are little more than a paraphrase of the well-known passage of Shakspeare, which we cannot doubt Madame de Staël had in her eye when she wrote them.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

We should be sorry to acquiesce, without some reservation, in the view of our destiny exhibited either in the lady's prose or the poet's verses. We cannot think so hardly of our common lot, as to represent to ourselves the whole family of man as receiving, among the innumerable openings of fortune presented to each during his three score and ten years, but one that leads to happiness, and enjoying but one fleeting moment of opportunity to enter upon it. What fearful odds would there be against any man's escaping the shoals and miseries of so dubious a voyage! What hope could any of us reasonably entertain, that, among the numberless accidents of a changeful life, he should have the skill, or presence of mind, or good fortune, to seize upon the one right chance at the one right time?

We must not, however, rashly impeach the philo-

sophy of our own matchless poet, or of the acute and ingenious Frenchwoman. Principles may be sufficiently true for all the purposes of a limited or occasional application, which become false and dangerous if held forth as universal laws. We may safely admit, that it would be false to lay it down as one of the fixed laws of our being, that, one chance of success suffered to pass unimproved, the shadows of disappointment and reverse sink down upon our fortunes, never to be lifted off or dispersed, for it would be contradictory of our daily experience; and that it would be, moreover, a most mischievous thing for any man to believe in as a general law, because tending to induce a fatalism of the most disheartening character, and to paralyse every effort to redeem the errors of youth and inexperience; and yet leave ourselves room for asserting, that, taken in a restricted sense, and applied to a special description of circumstances, it is a principle founded in sound philosophy, and susceptible of a most salutary application to the business of life, that an opportunity for securing any of fortune's great prizes, once presented and not taken advantage of, seldom or never returns a second time to the same man.

The lines quoted from Shakspeare are placed by him in the mouth of Brutus, immediately before the battle of Philippi. The philosophic Roman employs them to vindicate his determination, in opposition to the advice of his friend and colleague Cassius, to peril the fate of his cause upon the issue of a decisive battle. The disastrous result would appear to give rather a denial than a practical confirmation to the soundness of the application of the principle in that particular case. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether the main intention of the character of Brutus, as drawn by Shakspeare, was not to illustrate the inadequacy of mere theoretical wisdom, unsupported by practical experience, to grapple with the difficulties of a great emergency, and the danger of rashly applying the refined conclusions of philosophy, gained in the closet by mere study and reflection, and without a sufficient acquaintance with the qualities and powers of the material agents with which they are to be wrought out, to the actual business of life. He, most probably, meant us to infer, that the plain common-sense and military experience of Cassius, the practised soldier and man of the world, would have been a safer guide in a question of mere strategy, than the well-sounding speculations of his philosophic friend, who, with the characteristic dogmatism of a mere theorist, bearing down all opposition by the weight of his unrivalled moral character, and confident in the soundness of his judgment, not so much from overweening self-conceit as from absolute inexperience, assumed the guidance of affairs which he had not sufficient practical knowledge to direct. We may, therefore, with much likelihood, contend that, so far from asserting unqualifiedly, and to its extreme extent, the principle expressed in the passage quoted, it was part of Shakspeare's object to expose the danger of rashly or ignorantly applying such speculations to actual affairs. He rescues it from undue contempt, by putting it into the mouth of the wisest and most philosophic character he had ever drawn; but he makes the result show that it is not by acting upon nice quilllets of philosophy, but by the skill derived from actual experience, that an important enterprise can be conducted to a successful issue.

Madame de Staël unquestionably announces the principle broadly and unqualifiedly, as one that she herself fully believes in. The absence of qualification, however, may very fairly be taken for one of those artifices of rhetoric, proper to writings of the class to which the work belongs in which the passage in question is to be found, which are intended to give emphasis to a statement which, if guarded by all the reservations required by strict logic in works of pure reasoning, would fall coldly and ineffectually on the ear. In works of a declamatory character, one of the most effectual means of persuasion is the unhesitating confidence with which the writer commits himself to assertions which will not bear a very minute examination; it shows him to be in earnest; and we give him credit for having satisfied himself on better grounds than he is able to show to us; nay, the slight touch of paradox involved rather enlists our sympathies than shocks our reason. We must, therefore, not reject such a statement of a principle or philosophical law as unworthy of attention, because it will not bear a kind of criticism for which it was never intended. In the present instance, Madame de Staël is speaking of the errors committed by the Constituent Assembly, which gave its first form and body to the French Revolution. She represents it as having had the destiny of France placed in its hands, during the interval between the fall of the Bastille on the 14th of July, and the removal of the Royal Family and Legislature from Versailles to Paris, on the 6th October, 1789. That interval rightly used, she contends, would have enabled it to secure the liberties and future welfare of France; but, having been suffered to pass unimproved, its uses neglected or misunderstood, a second opportunity of saving their country, for the same men, was not within the range of reasonable probability. So applied and limited, we cannot refuse our assent to the proposition, or, at all events, brand it as false in principle or mischievous in practice.

There is a kind of superstition in such matters, which most men have a tendency to cherish. The wisest of us has some hankering after a belief in lucky days, in favourable or unfavourable omens, in the existence of more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy. We hold more firmly than we are often aware of, by the persuasion of some mysterious and unseen agency, undefined even to our own minds, and which we should not care to be asked to define,—some power whose seat is higher than earth, yet lower than heaven,—a fate—which gives a direction to our fortunes, and governs the results of our actions, on principles apparently capricious, or at least inexplicable to our reason. It is this which, in former days, gained for the reveries of judicial astrology, admission into minds at the same time fully imbued not merely with philosophy, but with sound religious truth; and which still, although, in these matter-of-fact times, every year clears away some of the not displeasing twilight which used to hang over certain regions of our belief, leads many a devout Christian, in every walk of life, to mingle with his habitual reliance upon the good providence of God, a clinging belief in something else, as influencing his destiny—he does not well know what,—which it would greatly disturb his religious feelings to be compelled to embody to his own mind by giving it a name.

It may be partly some touch of this superstitious feeling, which causes us to hold strongly by the persuasion that every man's life has its turning point, its crisis, which colours, for good or evil, the remainder of his career. It is a belief, however, which we are fully persuaded has more than superstition to rest upon, and forms part of the creed of almost every observer of human life; not in the extravagant sense which we have already disclaimed, as dooming us to but one chance of happiness or success against numberless chances of misery and disappointment, but according to a more sober and regulated understanding of it. The best evidence of the general acceptance of such a persuasion, is the large proportion of the most successful works of fiction whose interest hinges upon circumstances bearing more or less directly upon it. The authors of such works delight to fix our attention upon some one event, often an apparently trivial occurrence, from which issues an influence, good or evil, as the nature of the narrative may require, which pervades its whole course; and the watching for the return of this influence at every important turn of the story, with the feeling of gratified surprise at its occasional, often unexpected, appearance, constitutes one of the most exciting pleasures of that description of reading. Such a mode of viewing our condition and fortunes would not continue to please, had it not some foundation in truth and nature.

The biographies of several of the men who have risen to the highest professional eminence, furnish us with striking illustrations of the road to high fortune having been entered upon at some unexpected turning, by a narrow opening, which common observation would have overlooked,—which common sagacity would have deemed a deviation from the true path—from the difficulties of which common industry or courage would have shrunk. Such things we generally call fortunate chances, and, in one sense, they are so; they are opportunities for distinction or success, which no merit, no genius, no industry, can create. But they are not so rare in their occurrence, as is the combination of endowments required to seize hold and make a right use of them. Some there may be, the very step-children of fortune, to whom they are never presented; but how much more frequently is it the case, that we have been either dreamingly unconscious of their presence, or too indolent to take advantage of them, or wanting in skill rightly to use them! It is the combination of sagacity to perceive the opportunity, energy and activity to act upon it, presence of mind to act exactly at the proper moment, and skill to turn it rightly to advantage, which makes the fortunate man—the man whom one of those things called lucky chances raises to wealth and distinction.

We may suppose the aspirants for the gifts of fortune to be like men stationed at different points by the side of a road, along which the goddess passes in her chariot at a swift and steady pace, standing still for no one, but ready to carry forward to a happy goal whoever can spring up and take his seat by her side. Noiseless in her approach, she must be carefully watched for; and he whose mind has been occupied by a hundred frivolities, finds that she has passed him long before he dreamt that she was near. The rash man springs too soon, and, falling under the horses' feet, lies stunned and senseless in the dust; then, recover-

ing himself after she is far out of sight, limps off a cripple for life. The timid man, fearing a similar mischance, shakes his head and turns despondingly away. The indolent man would gladly step up if she would only stop for a moment, but he cannot risk such a leap; he prefers taking his chance of what may yet cast up by way of conveyance less difficult of entrance. The unready, or irresolute man, gets up with the full purpose of doing what man can in the matter; he considers how he shall best prepare himself for the spring; which leg he shall put foremost; whether he will leap before she has quite come up to him, or after she is a little past, and various other matters; but before he can make up his mind on the half of these points, she has flown past, and his opportunity is gone. But one man alone of many, watchful, resolute, composed,—neither hurrying before the time, nor lagging behind it,—well prepared beforehand, and having accurately calculated his distance,—with a firm foot and fearless spirit, springs in just as she is passing by him, and is borne onward in triumph and safety to receive the reward of his courage and skill. For the rest, some trudge onwards on foot, some are taken up by other and humbler conveyances, and deposited at a humbler resting-place than their fortunate companion has been received into; some get foundered in the mud, and perish by the way.

Taking, then, a somewhat lower ground than Shakspeare and Madame de Staël have done, we may safely assert it for a truth, without meaning to discourage any attempt to retrieve past errors, or to make up for past neglect, that one opportunity allowed to slip past unimproved, a second will not be presented which can be turned to the same account. The tide having turned, does not flow again for that man; it is an ebb which continues to recede till the day of his death. There is no day on which something may not be done, but less than might have been done the day before; and far, far less than might have been done had the tide been taken at the flood.

The practical lesson which we think ought to be drawn from this, is the *value of present time*; the portion of time with which alone, or at least mainly, we have to do. It is difficult, but it is necessary, to fix upon our minds the conviction, that not some important moment yet to come, but the ordinary common-place-looking one now actually in our hands, may perchance be the turning point of our fortunes. If, while idly lamenting the past, or listlessly speculating upon the future, we suffer the present to pass away without being turned to its proper account, we suffer, beyond all question, a loss which can never be recovered; and, for anything we can tell, we are letting slip the one great chance of our lives. For it has this peculiarity, that we never know when it is presented to us. It sounds no trumpet before it to call our attention to its approach. It comes silently and stealthily upon us, bearing nothing about it to distinguish it from the crowd of every-day times and occurrences by which it is surrounded. To make sure of it we must make sure of all. How many a man of genius and accomplishment is there now wearing out his life in the struggle to make way against a receding current, who might have been standing on the very topmost pinnacle of fortune, had he been sufficiently watchful to take the tide at the flood!

BEAUCHAMPS.—A TALE.

CHAP. II.

(Continued from page 20.)

At the time of my leaving Knightswood, Mary was, I think, about fifteen; Mark Gifford four years older. Their mutual affection seemed so to have grown with their growth, so deeply to have taken root in the heart of each, and so likely to ripen into a full and lasting attachment, that, as I before observed, the intelligence of Mark's union with Harriet Tracey took me by surprise; but enough of these reminiscences.

I resolved on visiting Bath. Julia Tracey was still unmarried; and, although she had long ceased to be an object of particular interest, she had never been forgotten; in short, there was no saying what, after all, might not happen. Discovering, however, that an old and favourite servant of Mrs. Gifford's, and whom I well remembered, was still residing at Fordover, I resolved, before leaving the country, to call upon her; partly with a view to obtain information concerning Mary Deane, of whose history I knew only, that, on the death of Mrs. Gifford, she had gone to reside with some of her father's family. From a passage in one of Mark's letters, written about that period, I feared that she had not been well provided for by her aunt; and although he had, probably, taken upon himself the care of relieving her from all embarrassments of a pecuniary nature, I could not but suspect that there were other claims, which, though gaining by independence the power, he had lost the inclination to fulfil. At all events, I wished to learn the present residence of Miss Deane; and, as the advanced age and infirm health of Mr. Penrose had obliged him to resign the care of his parish to a Curate, I knew no one more likely than old Hannah to satisfy me on that point.

To her cottage I accordingly repaired; and, on entering the neat kitchen, found it necessary, in the first place, to identify myself with the Master Harry of olden time; and next, I had to be well settled in an arm-chair, and drink currant wine, besides answering a variety of questions, before I could gain, in my turn, the slightest particle of information. After a time, however, Hannah recovering from the surprise which my entrance had occasioned, recollections of former days, of her old mistress, and all appertaining to Beauchamps, prevailed. A strange place it was now, she observed, by all accounts; for her part, she did not like to look at the tops of the high chimneys from her own back window, and therefore it was not to be thought she should ever cross the threshold. Great changes, she did hear, took place after the new lady came; the laundry turned into a servants' hall, and her mistress's little breakfast-parlour into a housekeeper's room; the main of the old pictures, too, she was told, were stowed away in the lumber-garret. Seemingly she recollected my connexion with the present family, for she suddenly checked herself, and, casting on me a glance of suspicion, added, "but, then, it don't matter what such as I think about it."

After a moment's silence, she resumed, in a more cheerful tone, "And you be'n't married, sir, yet?"

"No, Hannah, not I; the means, or the time, or something or other, have always been wanting: and Miss Deane, tell me about her; is she married?"

"No, poor dear, more's the pity."

"Then amongst all the young people whom you remember at Beauchamps and Knightswood, only two have married?"

"And they two," replied Hannah, with some asperity, "weren't paired aright."

"They were not paired, certainly, as I had myself expected; I confess that I always fancied Mr. Gifford more partial to his own cousin than to any one of mine."

"There was no fancy in the case, nor cousinship neither, for that matter; but no one could be off of

loving her, sweet pretty creature as she was; and I shal always think, sir, asking your pardon for saying so, tha Miss Tracey, or my lady, wheedled Master Mark away from her."

"I hope not so, Hannah, either."

"I should be sorry to misjudge any one, sir; but with your leave, I will tell you all I know of the matter; and when I have done, perhaps you may come to be pretty much of the same mind yourself." Then, edging her chair a little nearer to the fire, and arranging with the tongs the bits of wood of which it was composed, she continued in a more confidential tone:

"The last time Master Mark left home for the university, he seemed as fond of Miss Deane as ever. The day before he was to go, he came up to the little book-room, that you may remember; or may be, as it was at the top of the house, you might never have been in it. Miss Deane was very partial to that room, and used mostly to bide there, when not in the parlour with my mistress. There was a sight of old books in this little room, and had been from time out of mind, however they come there; Master Mark went rummaging amongst them one time when he was at home for the holydays, and got leave of my mistress to have a few shelves put up in the same room; after which he and Miss Deane sorted and set up the books. Some of them they read together, by snatches, as they could find opportunity; and some he set marks in, for her to read to herself when he was away; and many a time have I known her sit up there, perishing in the cold, because she would not anger my mistress by taking books into the parlour. To be sure, it was a pleasant sunny place enough, with two windows, one looking out into the wilderness as then was, and the other, front ways, into the pleasure ground. Miss Deane used to keep her canaries up there, and in the south window she had her myrtles and geraniums; and altogether, as I was saying, she took great delight in this room. Well, up came Master Mark; it happened that I was in the next room, which was the china closet, looking for a teapot as my mistress had been inquiring about: he did not shut the door after him, and so, presently I heard him say, how sorry he was to think that this was the last day of his being at home for a good while to come. 'Will it be longer than usual, Mark?' says she. He made answer, that most likely it would; for he thought next time he must stay up and read for his degree. I think those were his words, though I did not rightly understand their meaning; I remember thinking, there were books enough for him to read in, if that was all he wanted, without stirring from where he then was. I knew, by the sound of her voice, when she answered him, that Miss Deane was very much concerned; though she said he must, in course, know best what he ought to do; and that, for her part, she was sure he would not be absent longer than he could any ways help. 'Yes,' says he, 'Mary, you may well be sure of that; and when once I have got through my examinations, I shall lose not a moment in returning to Beauchamps. In the meantime,' says he, 'you will read what I have looked out for you; and I have left some of my own books for your amusement. I need not commend Carlo to your kindness, for you know the old saying. . . . Yes, thinks I, any one may know what that means; however, as I did not want to listen to such sort of discourse, I contrived to make a rattle amongst the china, that should let them know whereabouts I was; not but what, as the door of the china closet stood open, Master Mark might have seen me plainly enough as he came up the stairs. Master Mark! how I do forget myself: poor mistress used to be always telling me of it; she said as I should never leave off calling her nephew Master Mark; if I lived till he was as old as herself. However, that did not come true, for I have found it easy enough to say Mr. Gifford since I left Beauchamps; and it is only talking of old times, sir, that makes me go back to Master Mark."

"It sounds very natural in my ears, Hannah; pray go on."

"I have no more to say, sir, concerning that particular time. When they knew that I was within hearing, they spoke in a whisper; and after a bit, Master Mark came out, ran down stairs, and was off to the stables. When Miss Deane passed me soon after, I saw that her eyes were red, and that she had been crying, poor dear! Well, sir, things went on pretty much as usual after Master Mark's departure, and in course of time we hoped he would come back, and bide at home. My mistress expected no less; and she had the window curtains and bed furniture belonging to his room dyed, and made up quite handsome, with new fringe. Miss Deane, too, was as happy and busy as may be. She set his books, and everything he had left at home, in order; and she embroidered (braided, she called it,) a beautiful cover for his writing table; it was a pity, as I told her, it should be slopped all over with ink. But when we least thought of such a thing, there came a letter from Master Mark, to say as how he was going with Mr. Tracey to London for a week or two, and should come down to Beauchamps from thence. We heard no more for three weeks, and then he wrote again to excuse his bidding a little longer in London. He said as he was amongst old friends, all the Knightswood family being in town, which we knew before; and as how Lady Tracey was very polite, and invited him to all her grand parties. Miss Deane was sorely disappointed at hearing this letter, I could see that; and my mistress was not over well pleased; however, she soon got the better of it, and said that, after all, it was no more than right, that a young gentleman of his expectations should see something of London life before he settled down in the country; and I know that she sent him up a handsome present of money by return of post.

"It was nigh upon two months before Master Mark came down to Beauchamps; and I noticed that Miss Deane did not run out to meet him as she was used to do; she was up stairs when he arrived, and there she stayed for some little time. So, sir, when Master Mark had been into the oak parlour, and talked a bit to my mistress, he came out again, and I met him in the passage leading down to the back hall. 'Miss Deane, sir,' says I, 'is up stairs in the little book room.' He thanked me, and said he should see his cousin presently, but he wanted to know about a fishing-rod, that he had ordered to be sent down from London, and whether it was come safe. I can say nothing as to how he and Miss Deane met, but the next day she showed me a beautiful work-box, fitted up with smelling bottles and all manner of things, that Master Mark had brought her as a present from London; and glad I was to see it. However, sir, notwithstanding the work-box, and though he used to walk sometimes with his cousin, or read with her, I could see a great change in Master Mark, and that neither Miss Mary, nor any thing else at Beauchamps, pleased him as it had done. My mistress saw something of it too. I don't know as I ever knew her so much offended in my life, at least with her nephew, as she was one day at dinner, concerning the cooking of some dish; his bidding so long in London was nothing to it; and it can't be denied but she had some reason; for every thing that was sent up to table at Beauchamps was cooked according to the choicest family receipts. Besides, when Master Mark said that he preferred this dish dressed some other way, my mistress thought that Lady Tracey had set him on; but, for my part, as I told Andrew, I did not think that very likely. Master Mark used to sit a good deal in the dining parlour by himself—a reading and writing, as I suppose; till, by and by, when Sir William, and my lady, and all the rest of them came down; and then there was never a day, I verily believe, but he was at Knightswood, one part or other of it. Your eldest cousin, Mr. Tracey, married beneath himself, or in some way or other to displease his father;

and he made a sort of go-between of Master Mark, in order to obtain Sir William's pardon, and something, I conclude, to live upon. This might be one cause of our young gentleman's being so much at Knightswood; and then there was always something or another going on up there, in which his company was wanted; so it came to pass that he and Miss Deane saw but little of each other. Towards the end of that uncomfortable summer, my poor mistress had a paralytic stroke, from which she never wholly recovered. Her memory quite failed her, and she was very feeble besides; so she was never from that time left alone, either Miss Deane or myself being in constant attendance upon her; and I must do Master Mark the justice to say, that he was very attentive and dutiful to his aunt, and more mindful, as it seemed to me, of his cousin. Oftentimes he would come into the oak parlour, and say, 'Now, Mary, let me prevail on you to take a walk this fine day, whilst I stay with my aunt; and go you, too, Hannah, and look after your chickens; I will ring if you are wanted.' I remember, in particular, one afternoon, that he had persuaded Miss Deane to go out for a little air,—my mistress was asleep, or in a doze like, upon the couch, with a large screen before her, to shade off the light; and I was sitting with my needle-work near one of the windows, Master Mark having desired me to sit still, and not mind him, unless I wished to leave the room: so there I sat, and he took up the newspaper. I don't know whether the noise he made in turning it backwards and forwards disturbed her; but presently my mistress roused herself up, and, 'Where is Mary?' said she. 'Who is in the room? What are you about, Mary?' 'Mary is not here,' said Master Mark; 'I thought it would do her good to get out in the air for a little while, and she is taking a turn on the terrace.' 'Oh!' said my mistress, as if she did not quite understand his words, and was dozing off again. Just then Miss Deane came back into the room; she opened the door so quietly that my mistress did not hear her, or know that she was present. 'Mary is a good girl,' says she presently, again waking up, 'a very good, dutiful child, and may be not so well provided for as she deserves. I am too poorly to do anything now, and have no hope that I shall ever be better, or have any head for business; but what I can't do, I desire you will, Mark; whatever you think right, I leave it all to you.' Those were her very words, and I shall never forget them. As for poor Miss Deane, I thought she would have dropped; and Master Mark looked rather confused too. However he besought his aunt that she would set her mind at rest concerning Mary Deane, who had, he said, a double claim upon him for every service he could render her. Had they not been brought up under the same roof? and had she not been to him all her life as a sister? You may think, sir, that I noticed that last word; but my poor mistress made no answer; she had dozed off again, almost before he had done speaking; so he shook Miss Deane's hand, in a hasty sort of way, and went out of the room.

"After a time, my mistress, to the surprise of every one, seemed to mend. She could manage to take a turn on the terrace, steadying herself with a staff in one hand, and leaning upon Miss Deane, or her nephew, or me, with the other, just as it might happen. Sometimes she could listen whilst Miss Deane read a chapter in the Bible; and, unless she was very poorly indeed, always saw Mr. Penrose, who came up most days to read prayers. Upon the whole, she did seem a deal more comfortable; and Master Mark believed there could be no immediate danger. I told him, as I thought it my duty to do, that my mistress might have another attack at any moment; the doctor had told me as much, and also said, that most likely the next would be fatal. No doubt it was a great confinement to a young gentleman of his age, and very wearisome. So, as the family at Knightswood were going on a tour, as they call it, into Wales, he was persuaded to go along with them. He desired Miss Deane to write to him, especially if his

aunt should get worse, or if he was wanted at home, telling her, as near as he could, to what post-offices she should direct her letters; and so he went."

"Went!" I exclaimed, interrupting Hannah.

"Yes, sir, and I can't say that I was altogether sorry for it. I thought my mistress might linger on for a good many weeks, and that, as things then were, we could do as well without Master Mark as with him; except in regard to carrying my mistress up and down stairs; when, to be sure, we were always glad of his help. However, it was God's will that she should not need that, or any other earthly help, much longer. Master Mark had not been gone above ten days, when, going to my mistress's bed-side early one morning, which I always did as soon as I awoke, for I slept in her room, I found her speechless; and, before the doctor could reach the house, she had breathed her last, to the great grief of us all."

Here the faithful Hannah, although so many years had passed since the death of her mistress, was obliged for a few moments to suspend her narrative. I expressed myself sorry for having, by my inquiries, occasioned her distress, and proposed to conclude my visit some other day.

"No, sir," she replied, recovering herself; "there is no need for you to go; it does one good to talk it all over with such a kind gentleman as yourself; one who was a friend of the family, as I may say. There was none of your name, sir, that ever came to Beauchamps like as you did."

"That was no merit in me," I replied. "I had great pleasure in visiting there, and so would my cousins, also, had they been invited."

"No doubt of it; and then to have gone away, and made game of us. I ask your pardon, sir; I ought not to speak disrespectfully of your kinsfolk."

"Nor of the departed, my good friend; those to whom you allude, both found an early grave."

"And that is a true word," she replied, "and I should have thought of their untimely end before I spoke; but it is no harm to say, that my mistress always favoured you, sir, although she was by no means partial to the rest of the family."

"And I have not forgotten her kindness, nor ever shall; that is one reason why I feel an interest in Miss Deane. Tell me (if it really is not painful to you to speak on the subject) what happened next; and how poor Miss Deane was supported under such trying circumstances."

"Why just, sir, by the goodness of the Almighty; a scene of desolation it surely was; but there was too much to be done for us to sit down and think about it. When I saw the state my poor mistress was in, I rang up Dinah, the housemaid, and desired her, as soon as she came, to send off for the doctor. A few minutes after, Miss Deane, having heard the bell ring pretty sharply, came running into the room, half dressed. Between us we supported my mistress in her last agony; but, as I said before, it was soon over; and when Mr. Meadows arrived, he said that nothing could have been done to save her, if he had been on the very spot. I begged of him, seeing Miss Deane was in no state to do anything, to write to Master Mark, and would have sent the letter by an express; but Miss Deane, coming more to herself, told us that her cousin must then be on his way home, and if the letter were directed to Ross, and sent by the post, she thought it would get there just at the right time to meet him. So that was done, but we were forced, with the help of Mr. Meadows and good Mr. Penrose, who came up as soon as ever he heard of our misfortune, to make some preparations for the funeral; hoping, and expecting, however, to have Master Mark (Mr. Gifford, I should say) back, long before it could take place. It was a dismal day at Beauchamps, and a still more dismal night that which followed. We were got quite into the autumn, and the weather was stormy; the rain pelted against the windows; the wind shook the shutters, and seemed to

go moaning and lamenting all through the house. Then, between whiles, Carlo within doors, and old Towzer without, howled so piteously, one could not be off from thinking that the poor beasts were sensible of the change that had taken place. Sad enough it was for all of us, but especially for a young creature like Miss Deane. Very loth she was to go to bed; so I made a fire in the little dressing-room next to my mistress's chamber, and sat with her there. She fetched her large prayer-book; and, sitting herself down on a low stool near the fire, she read to me out of it several psalms and collects. You remember that book, sir." "Certainly, if you mean the prayer-book that I gave Miss Deane, just before I left England. It had belonged to my father, and, being too large, as well as too handsome, for my use, I left it, as a token of remembrance, for Miss Deane." "And she always set great store by it, sir; my poor mistress, too, mightily admired the book—the print was so beautiful. Well, I let her take her own way, and sit up reading; for I thought, when she was tired out she would go to bed, and have a good sleep; and so it proved; for when I went into her room at eight o'clock, thinking to take her a cup of tea from my own breakfast, I found her still asleep. So, however, we wanted Mr. Gifford. It was likely that my mistress had left some directions concerning her funeral; but, although Miss Deane knew very well where to find her will, it could not be opened, nor anything else done, more than such things as could not be delayed, before her cousin came home. In the mean time, she wrote to an elderly lady of her own name, her father's aunt, (there was no one else she knew of to write to,) concerning her own loss; and by return of post she got a very kind answer, which she showed me. This lady, and her daughter, invited her to reside with them at Kensington, (which was what my mistress had planned in her own mind,) saying, that they should be glad to see her whenever she liked to come—the sooner, the better—and though it was not in their power to offer her such a home as she had been used to, yet she should find that she was not left altogether friendless." J. A. E. L.

RURAL SKETCHES; WITH HINTS FOR PEDESTRIANS.

No. III.

AFTER a few days' journey amidst such scenery and attractive objects as we have attempted to describe, the tourist will be glad to hear the early church bell ringing to welcome that day of rest which occurs after those six which are devoted to secular employments and manual labour. Some works of necessity yet claim the attention of the farm-servant: the ox and the ass must be loosed from the stall; and the lanes and the village green are busy with the cattle which are led away to watering.

In all respects, save these and the like, there is a peculiar stillness in the country on the Sunday; it is unlike the other days, when "man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening." The fields, which yesterday were busy with persons engaged in those various occupations that fill up the seasons, one by one,—are now deserted and quiet, until the time arrives when they go up to the parish-church, where their forefathers worshipped; and then those meadows and fields, through which lay the pleasant paths which conduct them to God's house, are trod by the old and the young, and they are seen approaching in all directions—"Young men and maidens, old men and children."

But, hark! the cheerful chime of the bells reminds all that the time approaches for Divine service:

"Think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angel's music; therefore come not late." 1

Little groups assemble in the churchyard; some engaged in discussing the weather, hazarding opinions of a change, or of a continuance of the same bright sunbeams which make glad this day of rest. Others are reading the epitaphs on the head-stones, which, by a pleasing and pious uniformity, all face to the East: and if children ask us why they do so, it is sufficient for us to tell them, and for them to know, that it has been the custom so to place the dead, facing to the East, in allusion to Him who is the resurrection and the life; and as the body of the departed reposes, awaiting the sound of the last trump, it is meet that "even in his grave, thither still he directs his slumbering eye, in quiet expectation of awakening to behold in the same direction the second coming of his Lord." 2

But the bells cease their chime, and the last loiterers in the churchyard enter the temple gates. All irreverence is checked in him in whom it might be otherwise unsubdued, by the Scriptures, which meet his eyes as he crosses the threshold:

"This is none other but the House of God; this is the gate of Heaven."
"We will go into His tabernacle; and fall on our knees before His footstool."
"For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods."

And as the priest commences to read one or more of those sentences of the Scriptures which are appointed, all rise from their seats, and assume a reverent attitude while the exhortation is read which reminds them of their duty now they are assembled together in God's house, and calls on them with bended knee to join in the confession, with which so appropriately His worship commences.

The afternoon arrives, and again "the church-going bell" sends out its cheerful sound over the valleys and the woodlands. He who has been accustomed to spend his Sundays in the city, will miss the various tones of a hundred bells by which the different parishioners of a crowded neighbourhood are called to their respective churches. Here the bells of one church only greet his ear, save when the wind brings a faint sound from those of an adjoining parish. The churchyard path is again trod by many of the morning worshippers, or by those whose duties then prevented their attendance.

After the service is concluded, the mournful tolling of the heaviest bell announces that a parishioner is about to be carried to his long home; and soon the slow and measured tread of footsteps of men is heard, who are carrying to his burial some deceased neighbour, in plain yet decent show of grief, a touching contrast to the nodding plumes and ill-assumed gravity of the hired mutes and attendants, which mock the sable pageantry of a funeral procession through the streets of a city. When they reach the gate of the churchyard, the corpse is met by the clergyman, who bids the mourners to weep not as those without hope, by reciting the cheering words of Scripture which are appointed for the occasion. The body of the departed is then borne into that building in which he was "received into Christ's holy Church" by baptism, and where he received the solemn rite of

confirmation; where he was united to the faithful partner of his joys and of his sorrows, and where he so often had partaken of the Holy Communion: meet it is, therefore, that his body should be interred beneath the shade of those sacred walls.

After the conclusion of that part of the funeral service which is appointed to be read in the church, the procession is again formed, and proceeds to the grave, where

"Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted and none have replied." 3

And here the body of the departed is committed to the ground, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." All those who stand around the grave were either friends or relatives of the deceased, by all of whom his death is more or less regretted. Here, again, is a contrast to the *business-like* funerals "performed" in a city!

"Oh, the grave! the grave It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene." 4

As the evening approaches, the tourist will probably take "a sabbath day's journey" through the fields by which the village is skirted, even as the evangelist records of our Saviour, that "he went through the corn-fields on the sabbath-day." 5 Seating himself beneath a wide-spread beech, he may take Walton's Lives from his pocket, and hold converse with those good men who, like himself, felt that

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sundays, Heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope." 6

The hum of bees, the lowing of the kine, the bleating of sheep, and the harmonious and joyful concert of the birds, blended with the pleasant murmur of the brook which rolls peacefully near his feet, and the sighing of the wind among the branches over his head, will dispose him to read with peculiar pleasure the pleasant pages of Izaak Walton. As he closes the book, and bends his steps to his lodging, those lines of Herbert will present themselves with peculiar force to his mind:

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

S. J.

(3) Herbert Knowles.
(5) S. Mark ii. 23.

(4) Washington Irving.
(6) Herbert.

(1) Herbert.

(2) Dr. Hook.

PALM LEAVES.

Select Oriental Tales.

II. ALMET'S VISION.

As Almet, who watched the holy lamp at the grave of the Prophet, stood at the eastern door of the Temple, and prayed, he saw a man clad in costly robes, and attended by many followers, approach towards him. Almet went forth to meet the Stranger, and inquired if he sought him. "Almet," answered he, "thou seest before thee a man who is rendered miserable by the gifts of fortune. All my wishes are fulfilled; I have the enjoyment of all earthly blessings in my grasp; and yet I am not happy. I lament the time past, because it passed unenjoyed: I have no hope for the future, because I know no real blessedness: yet I tremble at the thought of death. To pass away like the foam on the waves—to slumber beneath the veil of darkness—these are pictures before which my heart fails me. If thou, amongst the treasures of wisdom, canst find advice which will bring contentment and peace, let me participate in it: for this am I come."

Almet listened to the complaint of the Stranger with an expression of sympathy and sorrow; but his countenance soon regained its tranquillity. He lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and said, "The Prophet hath instructed me in this matter; thou shalt learn his wisdom from my mouth."

"I sat one day, as the sun was going down, alone and thoughtfully in the porch of the Temple, and gazed down the streets of the city, in which an innumerable company of pilgrims, of all degrees and nations, moved up and down, like the waves of the great sea. As I marked the anxiety with which the rich strove one against another, and the patient industry with which the poor bore heavy burdens, my heart was oppressed within me. 'Poor mortals,' I exclaimed, 'why are ye thus hurried? Ye seek happiness, but who among you find it? Can robes of silk and purple confer contentment? Can the glitter of precious stones satisfy the mind? Or, are your eyes blinded, that ye strive so unvariedly after deceitful brightness, which at each step recedes from your grasp? Which are happiest, the rich or the poor? In what enjoyment, in what pleasure, is contentment to be found? All is a dream! all is deception! Neither wisdom nor riches bring happiness: we are the sport of our desires, which drive us hither and thither, until the great sea of destruction overwhelms us!'

"Thus said I to myself, and sighed; then I felt a strange hand touch me, and the streets of the holy city disappeared from my sight. I stood on the top of a high rock, and saw beside me a youth in white clothing; I was amazed at the brightness of his appearance, and closed my eyes with awe."

"'Almet,' said he, 'I am Assoran, the messenger of instruction. It is known to me that thou hast dedicated thy life to wisdom and calm contemplation, that thus thou mightest warn thy brethren against the way of error; but now thou hast thyself erred, therefore look up, attend, and become wise!'

"I lifted up my eyes, and saw a lovely meadow; it was beautiful as the garden of Paradise, but of small compass. Through the midst of it ran a green path, which, towards the west, was lost in a desert waste, over the outside boundary of which there lay a thick darkness, and hid it from view."

Trees of every kind, bearing blossoms and fruit, overshadowed this path, and birds sang merrily among the branches. Beautiful flowers sprang up all around, and filled the air with their sweetness. On one side flowed a clear stream, gently murmuring over golden sand, which glittered through the rippled water; on the opposite side, rivulets, grottoes, and waterfalls, enlivened the scene, and were crowned by a gentle acclivity, which, however, did not conceal the boundary of the little field.

"As my eyes dwelt with delight on this enchanting scene, I saw a man, richly attired, slowly and thoughtfully pacing along the path. His eyes were bent on the ground, his arms folded across his breast, and his face full of distrust and sorrow. A numerous train followed him, and appeared ready at the least sign to fulfil his commands. One gathered for him the finest fruit; another offered him a golden cup; but he ate and drank as though he heeded it not. The most beautiful fruit, which he had eagerly taken in his hand, he would throw away with indifference, having scarcely touched it with his lips. He laid himself down near the streams and waterfalls, as though he would listen to their gentle murmurs and to the song of the birds: but here also he found no rest. He threw himself now on one side, now on the other; then arose, and pursued his way with his former discontented deportment. At times, he would start, as if in alarm or pain; and when his eyes rested on the Desert which lay before him, then would he totter back some steps, and try to return; but an unseen power led him, against his will, still nearer to the Desert."

"'What may this vision mean?' I spoke, and turned to the Angel. He replied, 'The book of Nature lies open before you; look on, and learn wisdom.'

"I turned again, and saw a narrow valley, between bare and savage rocks; neither grass nor herb grew in its sandy waste. The sun's rays descended with burning heat upon the rocks, and the only stream which flowed from their sides soon disappeared in the hot sand. Except a few wild deer, which were leaping over the rocks, no living thing was visible in this desert; but towards the west, this wilderness lost itself in a fruitful country, full of trees, fields, and houses. My eye returned to the burning valley, and I saw a half-clad man, bearing on his back a slaughtered deer, climbing with difficulty the rocky heights. The sharp stones wounded his hands and feet, yet he heeded them not, but diligently ascended until he reached a cave, before which stood, awaiting him, a woman and four children. When the little ones saw the man, they called to him, stretched out their arms, and ran to the edge of the rock to meet him; they jumped joyously about him, and led him with shouts of delight to the cave, where he threw down his prey, and sat to rest with them in the shade. His face was thin and sun-burnt, but its expression was kind and peaceful. He laughed with his children as they wiped his hot brow with their little hands, and he seemed to forget in their joy how hard his toil had been. At times he gazed with quiet pleasure on the cheerful view which lay before him in the distance; he also pointed it out to the children as the abode of joy and peace. Still I did not perceive anything in his deportment which could lead me to believe that the beautiful prospect made him less contented with his rocky cave."

"I gazed on, and rejoiced in the appearance of this man, who was happy in that barren desert. Then the Angel said to me: 'Observe, Almet, what thou hast seen. Contentment and Hope are daughters of Love. He who works not for the well-being of others, will never be happy himself. In the midst of superfluity misery will assail him. Thus thou hast seen the idle one in the field of Pleasure: he did nothing for others; he lived for himself alone, and held as slaves those who worked for him; therefore he could experience no pleasure. He heard not the song of the birds, he saw not the beauty of the flowers, he felt not the balmy air which surrounded him. He looked with dread upon the dark Desert which lay beyond him, because he felt his own uselessness and nothingness. For how could he believe that his self-seeking and self-love would obtain for him any future reward? Must he not learn from that Justice whose law is written in the human heart, that good deeds alone are rewarded, and await a stern judgment?'"

"This poor man, on the contrary, works for his wife and children. The love which dwells in his heart makes him strong and of good courage. He bears his burden with cheerfulness, for the joy of his loved ones is reward enough for him. The love which produces self-sacrifice for others, feels their worth: it hopes for a just recompense, and all that it hopes for itself it desires likewise for them. Therefore it is that this poor man looks contentedly forward to the prospect which lies before him, without allowing the trials of his present situation, in which those he loves participate, to disturb his serenity. Thus has Eternal Wisdom placed true happiness in man's own hands. The idle and self-

willed, who live only to indulge pride and self-gratification, will never escape unrest and despair: whilst, on the other hand, to the self-denying man, to the good father, his children, and his people, joy will not be wanting, and they will look forward without doubtfulness to a better future."

"Whilst the heavenly Messenger thus spoke, the vision disappeared from before my eyes; I awoke, and found myself alone in the porch of the Temple. The sun had gone down: the inhabitants of the city rested from their toil. I returned into the Temple by the light of the holy lamp, and thought over the vision which had passed before me."

"Thus, my son," said Almet to the Stranger, "the Prophet instructed me in wisdom, not for my own advantage only, but also for thine. Thou hast, hitherto, lived only for thyself, and for thine own gratification; on that account thou hast found no real happiness. Thou hast had no hope in the future, because conscience, the unsparing judge, told thee thy deeds deserved no reward. Let not this lesson of the Prophet be lost to thee, like the rain which falls upon a barren rock; but go and practise what thou hast been taught. Become a father to thine own, and to thy people; clothe the naked with thy herds; feed the hungry from thy fields; be a friend to those who are oppressed by wrong; love mankind, and work their good. Thus shalt thou find contentment and hope; for never was the true heart of a loving father saddened by the melancholy belief that he and his are only as the foam upon the waves of the sea."

Almet, his face glowing with benevolence, returned into the Temple, and the Stranger went on his way in peace.

A Night in the Forest.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.—BY S. M.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLEMAGNE, King of the Franks.
HAGENULPH, a Saxon knight.
WINDRUDA, his wife.
Armed Saxons.
Knights and Woodsmen belonging to the train of Charlemagne.

A thick forest, with a hut.

WINDRUDA (*comes forth from the door.*)

Home fly the eagles to their lofty nests;
The slanting beams of yon pale autumn sun

Stream feebly through dim fog and faded leaves;—
Where lingers he? Why stays my soul's beloved?

HAGENULPH'S VOICE (*afar.*)

The Saxon rode through the woods alone;

The eagle sate on the dark grey stone ;
They gazed on each other with friendly mien,
Each of the twain was a knight, I ween.

WINDRUDA.

That is the song of mighty Hagenulph ;
I hasten to prepare his evening meal. [*She enters the hut.*]

HAGENULPH'S VOICE (*nearer.*)

Ha ! trusty Lightfoot, is thy stall in ruins ?
Cleft by the ruthless whirlwind ! Wait awhile,
We will amend it for thee.

WINDRUDA (*re-enters after a pause.*)

How—not yet !

Surely I heard his voice. [*Calling aloud.*]

Where lingerest thou ?

Give answer, Hagenulph !

HAGENULPH'S VOICE.

I come, I come.

WINDRUDA.

How canst thou pause when thy Windruda calls ?

HAGENULPH'S VOICE.

Patience awhile ! The hurricane hath shattered
My brave steed's dwelling. 'Twill be soon repaired.

WINDRUDA (*aside, turning away.*)

So—first his horse, and then his royal wife !

HAGENULPH (*slowly approaching the hut.*)

Here is thy Hagenulph, my gentle love.

WINDRUDA.

It is not he.

HAGENULPH (*embracing her.*)

What ! Knowest thou not his kiss ?

WINDRUDA (*disengaging herself.*)

No, truly no, this is not Hagenulph,
The knightly, and the courteous, and the gentle,
Who wooed Windruda in such noble fashion
From her sire's castle in the Weser-vaile.
To Hagenulph his wife was all the world—
And now, he heeds his horse before his wife !
Oh ! thine ennobling love hath made this forest
A palace in mine eyes,—myself a queen :
Robbed of that spell, I'm but a hapless woman,
Driven forth by foes into a wilderness.

HAGENULPH.

Not so ; thou'rt still a queen of Nature's making,
Royal and haughty.

WINDRUDA.

Go, serve thy darling Lightfoot with his food ;
See if his couch be smoothed to suit his pleasure.

HAGENULPH.

What, angry with my horse ? Rememberest thou,
When the Franks chased us with resistless force,
How, like a noble hart, he sought the woods,
And bare thee, covered with my shield, before me,
Softly, yet with the swiftness of the storm,
Nor paused till thou wert safe ? Then didst thou stroke
His silver mane with thy caressing hands :—
Now, must he shiver in the autumn night ?
Thou art a lofty dame, a prince's child ;
'Twas ne'er the manner yet with noble princes
So to reward the loyalty of friends.

WINDRUDA (*caressingly approaching him.*)

Hero of mighty heart, thou speakest well.
Is the stall finished for thy trusty steed ?

HAGENULPH.

Ay, ay ; 'twill do.

WINDRUDA.

Nay, prithee, my beloved,
Go and complete his shelter for the night.

HAGENULPH (*kissing her.*)

My princely-hearted wife !

[*Exit Hagenulph by the side at which he entered.*]

Windruda, signing to him affectionately with
her hand, re-enters the hut.

CHARLEMAGNE (*enters on horseback from the forest.*)

Ye heavens ! how deep and dusky is the forest,
As though therein a mounted knight might ride

A thousand years, and find no boundary !
Lo ! these audacious birds of prey, that wheel
With grim and ghastly shrieks around my head !
Hark to the growling of the wrathful bear,
And the wolf's hungry yell ! My way is lost ;
Night rises like a vapour from the earth ;
I see no happy end to this adventure.
Oh, for the shelter of a peasant's roof !

WINDRUDA (*in the doorway.*)

Who rides so tall beneath our woodland shades ?

CHARLEMAGNE.

A gentle greeting to thee, noble lady,
From a benighted huntsman !

WINDRUDA (*coming forward*)

Thou art welcome.

Dismount and rest.

CHARLEMAGNE (*dismounting, and approaching her.*)

Come I to Christian men ?

WINDRUDA.

No ; to the bravest and most hospitable
Of heathen warriors. Rest thee in his castle !

CHARLEMAGNE.

A castle in these mountain woods ?

WINDRUDA (*pointing to the hut.*)

'Tis there.

The castle of great Hagenulph.

CHARLEMAGNE (*smiling.*)

There, sayest thou ?

Oh, pardon ! I mistook it for a hut.

WINDRUDA.

How ? In the doorway stands a noble dame ;
Within, a hero dwells. Are lime and marble,
Ivory and brass, the honour of a house ?
The whole wide forest with its leafy halls
Is as a palace since my lord dwelt there.

CHARLEMAGNE (*bowing.*)

Forgive me, honoured lady ! I have erred.
Your castle is no theme for mockery.

HAGENULPH (*entering, carrying game on his shoulder.*)
Look on my trophies of to-day, sweet wife.
[*He begins to hang up the game on the walls of the hut.*]

WINDRUDA.

Here stands a noble guest, my knightly husband !

HAGENULPH (*desisting from his labour, and approaching Charlemagne*)

Welcome, sir knight. I crave your fair construction
Of this my tardy greeting. I am now
So poorly furnished with esquires and serfs,
That I myself am seneschal and huntsman,
Cupbearer, chamberlain, ay, even groom.
Therefore my noble wife must entertain you,
Whilst I lead forth your charger to his stall,
Soon to return and crown for you the bowl.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Nay, nay, my valiant host ! my steed hath here
A supper, and a couch of down.

HAGENULPH.

But wolves

Are howling in the distance ; therefore yield.
'Twould fix eternal shame upon my house,
If guest of mine, in horse, or goods, or limb,
Were harmed by my neglect.

[*Exit, leading Charlemagne's horse.*]

WINDRUDA.

Now to the hearth
Follow me, noble guest ; the vessel steams,
And bright the goblets shine. [*They enter the hut.*]

Nay, by your leave,

Shut not the door ; Sir Hagenulph delights
Thus to gaze forth upon the wood's green aisles,
And on the star-sown canopy of heaven.

CHARLEMAGNE.

The custom of this noble house I love.

WINDRUDA (*taking his bow and quiver, and hanging them against the wall.*)

Hero! permit thy hunter's panoply
Thus to be loosened by a lady's hand.

HAGENULPH (*returning and tasting a goblet before he hands it, as cupbearer.*)

My honoured guest, I bid thee freely welcome!
All that the house of Hagenulph affords
Is thine. Come, seat thee at our cheerful board.

[*They seat themselves around a stone table; Charlemagne in the middle, Hagenulph and Windruda on either side of him.*]

Thou art silent, noble sir. Dost aught displease thee?

CHARLEMAGNE.

Nay, God forbid! But this I freely own,
I feel like one who wanders in a dream;
A noble hero and a lovely lady
In the wild forest! Courtesy and grace
Under a poor hut's mossy covering!
Why, one might deem it glamour's mocking work,
And look to see a momentary change—
The forest, to a baron's lofty towers,—
The dark cell, to a golden hall of pomp,—
The shrieking owls and bats, to maids and squires!

HAGENULPH (*smiling.*)

Nay, honoured guest, expect not such conclusion;
These weeds conceal no crafty necromancer.
Once, truly, once it was as thou hast said:
But now!—Those castle-halls
Lie desolate beside the Weser-stream,
And sailors sigh when they behold their ruins.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Whose wasting hand destroyed such goodly halls?

HAGENULPH.

Thou art, my guest, by speech and garb a Frank,
And canst thyself best answer such a question.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Ah, ah, thou brave defying race of Saxons!
God knows, this desolation was thy work:
Charles did lament it from his very heart.

WINDRUDA.

Such, and so gentle is the heart of Charles?
His followers are not like him.

CHARLEMAGNE.

What is this?

What mean the sparkling drops that dim thine eyes,
And the quick blush that burns upon thy cheek?
In God's name, gentle hostess, tell me truth;
Hast thou been injured by a Frank, beyond
The injuries that war compels and sanctions?

WINDRUDA.

Oh, sir! pure wine we tender to a guest,
Not bitter gall. I pray you, pardon me
That heedless word which hath escaped my lip;
Let me be silent of the dreadful deed.

CHARLEMAGNE.

If I may seek a hospitable gift,
I ask but for this story.

WINDRUDA.

Listen then:

A boon, so ask'd, must never be withholden.
Upon the stream's edge lay my gallant brother,
Wounded and faint; his arm had rescued me,
And on the farther bank I stood in safety.
There came—even now before mine eyes I see
That dark and bloody shape!—there came a knight,
A Frankish warrior, pricking through the forest,
And at his heels a swarm of armed serfs.
Out-numbered thus, and faint, my wounded brother
Stretched feebly forth his naked sword, and said,
"Comrade, I yield me thy true prisoner."
Then laughed the Frank,—
Cried, "Out with this base people, root and branch!"
Then, scoffing thus, his squires and he did pierce

With their sharp spears that young and gallant heart!
In vain did I, (ah, wretched maiden!) call
For aid to men and gods!
The Frank but laughed more scornfully, and cried,
"Fair maid, I come to kiss thy tears away."
Then, rushing, came my Hagenulph, and swung
His trusty javelin; to the forest depths
The recreant craven fled.

HAGENULPH.

Reproach not me,
My noble guest, that still the dastard lives.
First was I bound to save my gentle love,
And he meanwhile escaped me. Unavenged
Beside the wood-stream sleeps my gallant brother.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Thus shall he sleep no more, so help me God!
If in the Frankish host I find that villain,
Into thy hands will I deliver him;
Thou, noble dame, shalt be thine own avenger.

WINDRUDA.

Sir, do as thou hast promised.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Doubt me not!

As thy true knight will I achieve this deed.
Ere I depart, thy words shall paint to me
The aspect of the knave, his steed, his arms,
That so my vengeance may take certain aim.
But first, kind friends, I pray you answer me,
What is the fire which kindles hearts so true
So to oppose the high and holy teaching
Of the eternal God, who, out of love
To sinful men, became a helpless child?
Who, faithful Shepherd, sought His wandering flocks,
Recalling, teaching, and exhorting them,
Till, out of love, He died a bitter death;
Then, Conqueror of wrath and sin, arose;
And shall return in light to judge the world,
Receiving to eternal bliss the good,
Where, changeless, in a world of changeless brightness,
Their souls shall join the everlasting psalm!

HAGENULPH.

To speak the simple truth, not much I know,
Nor much have heard, of this thy Christian doctrine.
For once there came a shaveling to my castle,
In a priest's garb—right well I welcomed him;
But he began with his blaspheming words
To mock my father's gods, and thus I thought:
"The spirits of the mighty in Valhalla
Have favoured thee in love, and blest in war;
And when thou goest forth into their woods,
Thy strong heart swells with thankfulness within thee;
Shalt thou endure to hear them scorned? Away,
The priest's a sorry knave!" I took the priest,
And hurled him from my door. The blame was his,
Yet was my wrath a shade too vehement—
He fell, and broke his neck! and feud and war
Broke forth upon our desolated land.
The words which thou hast spoken please me well,
And may be true, for I have early heard
A story from the ancient days of Odin,
Of a God's Son who died for love to man;
Of fire sent down to purify the earth;
And of eternal glory, after judgment.

WINDRUDA.

Speak ye of that God-Man whose name was Christ?

CHARLEMAGNE.

Ay, of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

WINDRUDA.

My heart is glad to hear thee speak of Him;
I pray thee tell me somewhat of His teaching.

CHARLEMAGNE.

This was His first great law: to love mankind,
And do to all men good—even to our foes.

WINDRUDA.

True, if they sit as guests beside our hearth.

HAGENULPH.

Most true, if they be weaponless or sick;
And true, perchance, if they be stainless women.

CHARLEMAGNE.

No, no, God asks an undivided heart;
Thou canst not be a Christian on conditions!
We must love all at once, and all together,
For all are children of one Father.

WINDRUDA.

Nay,
That burden were too heavy for our hearts.

CHARLEMAGNE.

'Tis like that wondrous mountain in the East;
At first the climber labours with slow steps,
But walks more lightly as he rises higher,
And at the summit treads as if on wings.

(To be continued.)

THE MARTYRED TEMPLAR.

Altered from the German of Spindler.

It was a wild rocky coast; the gale was tremendous, and the waves ran high, so that a young fisherman who had been struggling for some hours to effect a landing, had the utmost difficulty in at last running his little vessel on shore in a narrow sandy cove, the entrance to which was almost concealed by the high cliffs. Here he proposed to remain until the storm should subside, it being too far away from his home to think of returning there by land, in darkness, and over a difficult path-way. His only companion was a boy, who, though not grown up, had strength enough to assist in adjusting the sails, and sometimes in rowing. The remains of a ruined chapel, dedicated to St. John, were about a quarter of a mile distant, and hither the mariners wended their way to seek shelter for the night. Strange stories were circulated with regard to the sacred remains; for the inhabitants of the north of Europe were quite as superstitious, when the incidents of our story took place, some centuries ago, as their descendants are now; and it argued some courage on the part of the young fisherman to venture there at all. They had scarcely reached the old building, and stretched their weary limbs under the part of the chapel still protected by a roof, when the boy started, and whispered to his master, "Hark! do you not hear the sound of men's voices? And there! see a light through the grating that covers the vault."

"Hush!" said the fisherman, "creep softly to the grating, and try if you can discover anything without being seen."

The boy obeyed, and informed his master that a great assemblage of men were gathered together below, who seemed to be consulting in a strange language, which he could not understand. They were clad in white mantles, and each carried a drawn sword in his hand; but the indistinct light prevented him discovering more. The young fisherman turned pale at this intelligence, and exclaimed, "God preserve us! These must be the great lords from France, that have taken refuge in our country. Some people say they go to St. John's Chapel to pray, and others that it is for wicked purposes they assemble here! At any rate let us depart, for it is not safe to remain, lest they discover us, and think we are spies."

So saying he took the boy by the hand, and dragged him away, but the noise of their footsteps, and the long shadows moving in the moonshine, betrayed them to one of the party, who was stationed outside as a sentinel. "Halt!" was cried in a loud voice; and an armed man in a white mantle advanced with threatening gestures towards them. The boy then threw himself on the ground; the fisherman, kneeling, begged for mercy, assuring his captor that his presence in the chapel was purely accidental.

"What weather, brother?" cried a second man in white, appearing at the door of the vault.

"It rains," said the first; and the questioner instantly disappeared. Had not terror obscured the faculties of the captives, they would have taken the strangers for madmen, as the storm had abated, and nothing could be clearer than the firmament at this moment; the stars were shining brightly, and not a single rain-drop was to be felt. A tall and stately man now stepped out of the vault, and began to question them. The fisherman related everything simply as it had happened, and the boy corroborated his narrative; so that it was easily seen that they were not spies, and that they had had no time to make any discoveries, while, from pure curiosity, looking down the vault. Upon this, the stately looking chief dismissed the lad, ordering him to return home immediately, and, if he valued his life, never to breathe a word of what he had seen and heard. The boy promised all that was required; and, being set free, darted away like a frightened deer, leaving his master in the hands of the strangers.

"You are a fisherman, are you not?" asked the chief. "Do you think that you could convey a man, without luggage or other encumbrance, to the coast of France; set him on shore in the neighbourhood of Calais; and after waiting till he had finished his business, however long that might detain him, convey him safely here again?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the fisherman, after a moment of consideration. "My boat is an excellent one, or it would not have survived this gale. I have gone to France before, so I understand very well how to steer my way through the high seas. There is nothing to hinder me, provided you give me a suitable reward."

"Do not be afraid," said the chief; "I shall take care you shall be handsomely recompensed. In the mean time go and get ready your little bark, for your passenger must embark without delay."

"I must go home first," said the fisherman, who had by this time lost his fear, "to provide food and other necessities for the voyage."

"That you shall not," said the chief, with an oath. "Your passenger will provide everything; in the mean time you must be watched."

With these words he re-entered the chapel; and the sentinel in the white mantle accompanied the astonished fisherman to the cove where his little vessel was lying. They had not long to wait; for a fine-looking young man, in a dark dress, speedily followed them, and, after handing in a few necessities, stepped lightly into the boat, and silently sat down on the plank laid across the middle for his accommodation. He took no notice of the sentinel, not even vouchsafing him an adieu; and, making signs to the fisherman to steer, leaned his head on the cross of his sword, and looked moodily at the waves, over which the vessel danced merrily, the storm by this time having completely subsided.

The stranger appeared to be dumb, for during the whole of the following day not a syllable escaped his lips; and when the fisherman that evening put into a little seaport, he handed him money in solemn silence, making signs to him to purchase more provisions. While he rested along the bottom of the boat, during the man's absence, he was careful to conceal his face in his cloak whenever any one approached. On the return of the fisherman he betook himself to slumber, and the poor fellow once more laid hold of the rudder, cursing the stupidity of his companion, who never offered to assist him, nor even cheered him by friendly conversation. Sleep at last unloosed the tongue of the strange passenger; his dreams appeared to be troubled; words escaped from his lips, and were audible to the astonished fisherman, even through the folds of his mantle, which he had drawn over his countenance.

"Will it then be accomplished?" he muttered. "Will the noble building be completed? Shall I mix the cement, and build up the pillars? Oh! master, master."

You might have spared your comrade this duty. Other mysterious words he continued to murmur, which were almost unintelligible.

"Oh, ho!" said the fisherman to himself; "the secret is out now! Well, how I have been mistaken! I thought my passenger had been something extraordinary, and now I find he is only a common mason, or hewer of stones. And these French gentlemen have probably come to our parts in order to repair, and build again, those chapels and churches which have been ruined by pirates, or during the wars. A most pious undertaking, and one highly to be commended!" At this moment the eyes of the fisherman were arrested by the sword, which hung at the young man's side, and shaking his head, he continued, "Well, well! If I did not take the fellow for a noble knight! However, it does not matter; since a mason's gold is quite as good for my purpose as that of a man of quality."

In the same manner passed away other twenty-four hours, the young man still preserving the strictest silence, till at last they arrived at Calais, when, for the first time, he addressed the fisherman. "So this is the coast of France!" he exclaimed, as he stood up in the little bark; and looking towards the shore, sighed heavily. The fisherman assented, and asked him where he wished to be landed. The youth seemed overpowered with strong emotion; his breast heaved; his face was flushed; and he took off his hat, and tore open his vest to cool himself, although the rain was falling in torrents. The fisherman, after waiting in vain for an answer, turned the boat's head towards a secluded landing-place, at a short distance from the town; and running up close to the little quay, the stranger hastily leaped on shore. A small hut was near, but instead of taking shelter there from the inclemency of the weather, as the mariner advised, the young man told him to hold his tongue; and proceeded himself to inquire, at the cottager's, the road to the chapel of "Our Lady of Tempests." The inhabitants of the hut described the path to be long and difficult; the young man, however, had already taken his resolution. "By the third day, at furthest," whispered he to the fisherman, "I shall return." Then, wrapping himself in his mantle, and using his sword as a pilgrim's staff to support his steps, he proceeded along the wet and slippery track which had been indicated. By and by he reached a cross erected at the side of the road; and throwing himself on his knees, embraced the cold stone, while tears filled his eyes. "Mother earth! holy ground, where I was born!" he stammered forth, sobbing; "with what changed feelings do I now behold thee! Would to God it had been spared me thus to return as an assassin to the land of my ancestors! Alas! I must again flee from thee, beloved country, as soon as my vow shall be accomplished! . . . Hail once more to the dear land of France; and, oh! dark night! shield me with thy dusky wings, that no one may follow on my track,—no one watch the deed I am about to do!"

Having said these words, he rose, and walked manfully forward towards a distant field, from which a light glimmered faintly. The rain fell more and more heavily, and the way became more difficult; whilst the damp mantle of the traveller clogged his steps, impeding every motion with its weight. The storm raged without; but more tumultuous still were the feelings which contended within the bosom of the youth. By the time he reached the little church, whence the light had proceeded, his strength was nearly exhausted; and he was obliged to sit down to recover himself, while he tried to distinguish the objects around him. "Here is the church," he murmured, "of which the master spoke. To the right I can discern the large white cross, visible through the darkness. On the left I hear the rushing of a brook;—all is, in short, as was described. Courage, then! Advance! If not deceived by mist, I think I can trace the outline of a building, which I must shortly reach.—There is the goal of my labours!"

He was not mistaken, and soon reached the building; it was in the form of a square, and surrounded by a field inclosed by a stone wall, a small gate forming the entrance. The young man sprung over it, and passing by numerous implements of agriculture piled against out-houses, reached the entrance of the building, and climbing up the ruinous steps, gave two loud and quick knocks on the door, which he followed after a second or two by a third, long and resounding. A dog within the house now began to bark. No one came, however, and the stranger was obliged to repeat the signal, which he did in exactly the same manner. At length a man's voice was heard, asking what was wanted.

"I am a poor and hungry pilgrim, who has lost his way," replied the youth. "Can you give me shelter?"

After a short pause a light was seen through the window, steps approached, the bolt was withdrawn, and the door opened. The stranger had meanwhile laid his hand on the hilt of the dagger which he wore below his clothes; but his purpose faltered when he beheld the man who advanced to greet him. Benevolence and frankness were depicted on his countenance, as he welcomed the wet and weary wanderer. The hand of the youth sank powerless as he relinquished his dagger, and his tongue stammered as he inquired, if he were now in the presence of the proprietor Gilbert. The man replied in the affirmative.

"Then I greet you in the name of God, and of St. John, whom we both acknowledge as our patron," said the youth, holding out his hand. "And I call upon you to greet me at my entrance under your roof."

At this salutation, Gilbert staggered back astonished, while the mysterious grasp with which the unknown pressed his hand increased his fear and bewilderment.

"Why do you not respond to my greeting? Why not make the sign with your hand?" asked the stranger, boldly. "Brother Perrail, that is not right!"

Ashy pale, Gilbert supported himself against the wall. Then you know—"he stammered; but soon recovering himself, he continued. "Let us see," said he, "if some rogue is not mocking me. Your pass word?"

"Notuma," replied the youth.

"Give me the word!" continued Gilbert, in an anxious and threatening tone.

"Tell me the first letter . . . I shall then give you the second," answered the stranger.

In this manner they made out the word. Gilbert had no longer any doubt. He clasped his hands together, and whispered, "Man, what wouldst thou in my house, that thou comest upon me like a thief in the night?"

"I want bread, salt, fire, and shelter," replied the stranger.

"Dare I trust you?" inquired Gilbert, with some hesitation.

"Are we not bound by an oath?" said the stranger.

"Alas! the oath! . . ." sighed Gilbert, whilst his head sunk upon his breast.

"Calm yourself," rejoined the youth. "I am a runaway like yourself; therefore am I come to you."

Gilbert scrutinized him for some moments with attention, and then shook his head distrustfully. At last he closed the door, and led his singular guest into an apartment, in the corner of which stood a plain, but clean-looking couch. He then set bread and wine before him, and, stirring the fire, proceeded to dry his wet mantle.

"I wish you a sound and peaceful slumber," he then said to the youth, who in silence watched all his proceedings. "You are in perfect safety in my house. To-morrow we shall talk more."

Gilbert! cried a soft and pensive voice from an adjoining apartment. "Where are you? With whom are you talking?"

"I am coming," replied Gilbert, calmly, as he shook hands with his guest.

"Is that your wife, Brother Perrail?" asked the latter, in a significant whisper.

"Yes! my wife," replied the host, in a firm voice, after a moment's pause; and then withdrew, saying Good night to the stranger.

The youth long remained standing before the fire, watching the burning embers, and plunged in contemplation. Now and then he pressed his hand on his breast, as though he would thereby calm the tumultuous emotions within. "And shall I bring death into this peaceful house?" said he to himself. "This man, upon whose calm brow is legibly impressed benevolence and truth, utterly incompatible with the perjury of which he is accused,—shall I blot him out from the land of the living, and make his wife, whose soft voice so touched my heart, a widow? . . . Uncle! cruel, cruel uncle! what a price hast thou set upon my admission into thy order!" He now paced in great agitation up and down the apartment. "Shame on thee, Guy!" said he then to himself. "Dost thou shudder at the trial? Oh! wherefore did my arm tremble when I entered this abode? Wherefore did I not smite the perjured and accursed one to the earth, thundering in his ears, 'This is the last greeting of the grand-master and companions, perjured brother of the order?'—then all would have been done. Oh, incomprehensible destiny! why didst thou restrain my arm? Why dost thou compel me to pay hospitality with ingratitude—nay, with bloodshed? for the deed must be done. Oh, that some friendly spirit would warn the unhappy wretch to take flight! If he only would make use of this night's delay! happy then should I be; my obligation would be fulfilled, and with pure hands I should return to the brotherhood. May God, and the blessed Virgin, and the holy St. John, direct me what to do!" Then, committing himself to the Divine protection, the agitated youth, overpowered by fatigue, forgot his perplexities, and fell asleep.

Late the next morning, a sudden noise awakened him from a troubled dream. He fancied that he beheld his host standing beside his bed with a drawn sword in his hand, and that he uttered these words:—

"Die thyself!—thou who camest to sound my funeral knell!"

Half asleep, and unable to distinguish imagination from reality, he started up with a loud cry, and grasped his sword. Then, for the first time, he became aware of the presence of a very beautiful woman, with an infant in her arms, who stood near his bed. He sank back confused, while the same sweet voice that he had heard the night before calmed his perplexity.

"Be not alarmed, dear sir," said the fair lady. "You must have had a frightful dream, since you are so agitated by the voice of a weak woman like myself, who now comes to bid you welcome. You have slept long; the sun is now high in the heavens; and I bring you your breakfast."

Heartily ashamed, Guy took a basin of rich soup from the white hands of his hostess, and inquired, hesitatingly, whilst he looked around, "Where is Perrail?"

"I do not know whom you mean," replied the beautiful woman. "Of whom do you speak?"

In some confusion Guy struck his forehead, and then spoke more firmly: "Pardon me, I mistook! I meant to ask about your husband, Gilbert."

"He has gone to the fish-pond to catch fish," replied Blanche, for that was the name of the fair lady. "You know this is *maigre-day*, and my husband wishes to provide you a good dinner."

"God be praised!" said Guy to himself, in the strong conviction that Perrail had guessed his errand, and was now saving himself by flight from the vengeance of the order. Joyfully he now raised his eyes towards his kind hostess, and sank them again, lost in admiration of her beauty. Her simple attire added nothing to her loveliness, but, on the contrary, borrowed charms from it; while, as she stood before the youth, with the innocent child in her arms, she seemed to him a living image of the Madonna. A rough dog, of enormous size, crouched

humbly at her feet, and jealously watched every motion of his mistress.

"The soup is most excellent," said Guy, as he laid down the empty basin. "May God reward the hospitality you have exercised towards a stranger! And now, pardon me for asking, has your husband explained to you the business which has led me here?"

"I know nothing about it," replied Blanche. "He did not tell me whether he knew you before or not, and has not alluded in any way to the business which brings you here. It is more my duty to attend to our guest, than to ask questions concerning him."

"But has not . . . I mean Gilbert, explained . . . in short, made you acquainted with the circumstances of his past life?" rejoined Guy.

"Oh, yes?" replied Blanche, with the simplicity of a child. "His occupation has always been known to every one. The life of a master mason is necessarily commonplace, and without adventure, unless during the time passed in travelling to learn the trade. Gilbert's life has been like the rest. He was born in the city of Arles, and journeyed about in his youth, till he became a master. Then he took a fancy to revisit France, the land of his birth, and passing through Calais, got acquainted with my father, to whom this farm belonged, part of the former possessions of the Templars, the ruins of whose hospital can be seen from this window. My father and Gilbert formed a strong friendship, and, after a while, the latter gave up his trade, and took to agriculture, when he married me. My father did not long enjoy the assistance of his honest son-in-law. He died, and was consoled on his deathbed by the thought, that he was leaving me to a kind protector. Believe me, kind sir, Gilbert is one of the best of men, and is respected throughout the whole country. But perhaps you knew him before, and I am tiring you with my talk."

"On the contrary," said Guy, "you interest me greatly. But what is keeping Gilbert? He is very long in returning; perhaps the pond is at a distance."

"No," replied Blanche, "it is quite near. I begin to wonder also that he is so long."

"God be praised!" whispered Guy's conscience; for all conspired to confirm his previous conjecture. "God be praised! He has escaped, and I am spared the commission of an act which would have filled me with remorse to the end of my days. My errand is accomplished, and, to avoid any unlucky mischance, I shall instantly return to where I left my little vessel." Then, wrapping himself in his mantle, and grasping his sword, he strode towards the hearth, where Blanche was busily preparing some food. "Farewell, kind hostess! . . ." he hurriedly began, as though he feared to be detained; "accept my warmest thanks for your hospitality. I must depart immediately. Farewell!"

Blanche raised her eyes in astonishment, unable to account for this sudden resolution. "Are you obliged to go?" she inquired. "How? What is this? I know not what you mean? Is it possible that I have offended you?"

"On the contrary, you have gained my esteem and friendship," replied Guy, in great agitation; "and for that very reason I must depart."

"I do not comprehend you. My husband, Gilbert, will be very much grieved when he finds you gone at his return."

"I wish to go before his return," continued Guy. "I wish to spare both him and myself a painful meeting. Unfortunate woman, do not detain me! The happiness of your life is departed, should I remain." Once more he pressed the hand of Blanche, and turned towards the door; but started back as though annihilated . . . for on the threshold he met Gilbert.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE MOWER'S MAIDEN.¹

(See Engraving, p. 33.)

"Good morrow to thee, Mary! right early art thou laden!
Love hath not made thee slothful, thou true and steadfast maiden!
Ay, if in three brief days, methinks, thy task of work be done,
I shall no longer have the heart to part thee from my son."

It was a wealthy farmer spake, it was a maiden listened:
Oh, how her loving bosom swelled, and how her full eye glistened!
New life is in her limbs, her hand outdoes her comrades all;
See how she wields the scythe, and see how fast the full crops fall!

And when the noon grows sultry, and the weary peasants wend
To sleep in pleasant thickets, and o'er cooling streams to bend;
Still are the humming-bees at work beneath that burning sky,
And Mary, diligent as they, works on unceasingly.

The sun hath sunk, the evening bell gives gentle summons
home;
"Enough," her neighbours cry, "enough! come, Mary, prithee
come!"
Shepherds, and flocks, and husbandmen, pass homeward through
the dew,
But Mary only whets her scythe, and goes to work anew.

And now the dews are thickening, the moon and stars are bright;
Sweet are the new-mown furrows, and sweet the songs of
night;
But Mary lies not down to rest, and stands not still to hear;
The rustling of her ceaseless scythe is music to her ear.

Even thus from morn till evening, even thus from eve to morn,
She toils, by strong love nourished, by happy hope upborne;
Till when the third day's sun arose, the labour was complete,
And there stood Mary weeping, for joy so strange and sweet.

"Good morrow to thee, Mary! How now?—the task is done!
Lo, for such matchless industry, rich guerdon shall be won;
But for the wedding—nay, indeed—my words were only jest
How foolish and how credulous we find a lover's breast!"

He spake and went his way, and there the hapless maid stood still,
Her weary limbs they shook, they sank, her heart grew stiff and
chill;
Speech, sense, and feeling, like a cloud, did from her spirit pass,
And there they found her lying upon the new-mown grass!

And thus a dumb and death-like life for years the maiden led
A drop of fragrant honey was all her daily bread.
Oh, make her grave in pleasant shades, where softest flow'rets
grow,
For such a loving heart as hers is seldom found below!

From the German of Uhland.

LAMENT OF THE HEATHEN SAGE.

[BY S. M.]

I know thou art returned to dust again,
That wert unto my soul its only star,—
I know that prayer is vain, and tears are vain,
And words of comfort, oh, how vainer far!
What shall I do, or by what power sustain
The desolation of my heart, the war
Of my resistful spirit, which at length
Lies prostrate in the fulness of its strength?

And I have striven to think it is not so,
Have bid my heart remember the quick life
So eloquently speaking in the glow
Of thy young cheek, in every gesture, rife
With health that seemed invincible—the brow
Serene, as if disdainful of the strife
Death holds with meaner things—itsself, a throne,
Where Life and Inspiration sat alone.

And my too faithful heart remembers well
(Would it were more forgetful!) every line,
And lineament and feature, which can tell,
Of all I had, that is no longer mine;
I summon thee before me by the spell
Of tortured Memory,—I see them shine,
Thy clear, bright, *living* eyes—oh mockery! Why?—
It is impossible that thou couldst die!

Yet thou art dead, and we are severed, for
I saw the gradual blighting of that form;
The quenching of those sun-bright eyes I saw,
The freezing of that heart so fresh and warm;—
Yes, with mine agony subdued to awe,
I stood beside thee, keeping down the storm
In my wrung bosom, until all was past,
And my delirium may break forth at last.

And friends come round to comfort—idle task!
What can their busy voices say to me?
Vain is the love of Patience, and the mask,
The smooth deception of Philosophy.
Oh, hollow that ye are! I need but ask
If ye can set death's fettered captive free,
And Silence answers me—then let them prate,
Mine ears are deaf, and I am desolate!

But *Thou*—Great Heaven! Can any power put out
The steadfast watchfire of thy love? Can I
Be sad, and thou unconscious? Bitter doubt,
Resolved by such despairing certainty!
Oh, could I leap into my grave, without
The knowledge that mine eyes had seen thee die!
Thou canst not hear me—*thou*? Ah, maddening thought!
I speak to that which is not—thou art nought!

And in the music of the twilight breeze
I cannot dream thy spirit speaks to me;
And when cool night descends upon the seas
I hold no voiceless communings with thee,
The notes of thy familiar melodies
Stir up a passion in my memory,
But bring no peace—for I stood, helplessly,
And *saw* Decay consume thy soul and thee!

Oh for that blessed ignorance which paints
A world where severed souls may reunite!
Oh, how the weakness of my wisdom faints
In the chill radiance of its own vain light!
Why should I lade the air with weak complaints?
Let me sit down beneath the starless night,
Which weighs upon my spirit, and repeat,
Thou art no more, and we no more may meet!

Yet was thy soul so beautiful, methinks
It *could* not perish. Was it by the scorn
Of some un pitying, callous Fiend who drinks
The tears of bleeding hearts, that thou wert born
To wind thee round my spirit? Those sweet links
Twined they so closely only to be torn?
And were two hearts so moulded into one
That sterner ravage might by Death be done?

Oh, for some knowledge! Oh, for light, to shine
Through this sepulchral darkness, chill and black!
How would I clasp Death with these arms of mine,
If I had hope that Death could give thee back!
'Tis agony—this heart that seeks a sign—
These feet that wander, and can find no track.
Ah God, unknown, if any God there be,
Annihilate, or else enlighten me!

(1) From German Ballads, Songs, &c. London: Burns. 1845.

ANCIENT CHAPLETS.

THE garland long ago was worn
As time pleas'd to bestow it;
The Laurel only to adorn
The conqueror and the poet.
The Palm is due, who, uncontroll'd,
On danger looking gravely,
When fate had done the worst it could,
Who bore his fortunes bravely.
Most worthy of the Oaken wreath
The ancients him esteem'd,
Who, in a battle, had from death
Some man of worth redeem'd.
About his temples Grass they tie,
Himself that so behaved
In some strong siege by th' enemy
A city that hath saved.
A wreath of Vervain heralds wear,
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaimed.
The sign of peace who first displays
The Olive-leaf possesses:
The lover with the Myrtle spray
Adorns his crisped tresses.
In love the sad forsaken wight
The Willow garland weareth:
The funeral wan, besitting night,
The baleful Cypress beareth.
To Pan we dedicate the Pine,
Whose slips the shepherd graceth:
Again the Ivy and the Vine
On his swoll'n Bacchus placeth.

Drayton, 1593.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—Montaigne.

GALLANTRY OF A YOUNG INDIAN.

A FEW years ago, a Pawnee warrior, son of "Old Knife," knowing that his tribe, according to their custom, were going to torture a Paduca woman, whom they had taken in war, resolutely determined, at all hazards, to rescue her, if possible, from so cruel a fate. The poor creature, far from her family and tribe, and surrounded only by the eager attitudes and anxious faces of her enemies, had been actually fastened to the stake. Her funeral pile was about to be kindled, and every eye was mercilessly directed upon her, when the young chieftain, mounted on one horse, and, according to the habit of the country, leading another, was seen approaching the ceremony at full gallop. To the astonishment of every one, he rode straight up to the pile, extricated the victim from the stake, threw her on the loose horse, and then vaulting on the back of the other, he carried her off in triumph!

"She is won! we are gone—over bank, bush, and scaur;
The'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

The deed, however, was so sudden and unexpected, and, being mysterious, it was at the moment so generally considered as nothing less than the act of the Great Spirit, that no efforts were made to resist it, and the captive, after three days' travelling, was thus safely transported to her nation and to her friends. On the return of her liberator to his own people, no censure was passed upon his extraordinary conduct—it was allowed to pass unnoticed.

On the publication of this glorious love story at Washington, the boarding-school girls of Miss White's seminary were so sensibly touched by it, that they very prettily subscribed among each other to purchase a

silver medal, bearing a suitable inscription, which they presented to the young Red-skin, as a token of the admiration of *white skins* at the chivalrous act he had performed, in having rescued one of their sex from so unnatural a fate. Their address closed as follows:—

"Brother! accept this token of our esteem: always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death, think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief."

The young Pawnee had been unconscious of his merit, but he was not ungrateful:—

"Brothers and sisters!" he exclaimed, extending towards them the medal which had been hanging on his red naked breast, "this will give me ease more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men."

"I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance; but I now know what I have done."

"I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I *know it*!"—*Quarterly Review*.

REPORTERS FOR THE ENGLISH PRESS.

WHAT most extraordinary men are these reporters of the English newspapers! Surely, if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these; who pursue their avocation in all countries indifferently, and accommodate themselves at will to the manners of all classes of society. Their fluency of style as writers is only surpassed by their facility of language in conversation, and their attainments in classical and polite literature only by their profound knowledge of the world, acquired by an early introduction into its bustling scenes. The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information, are truly remarkable. I saw them during the three days at Paris, mingled with *canaille* and *gamins* behind the barriers, whilst the *mitraille* was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against those seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books, as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.—*Borrow's Bible in Spain*.

THAT implicit credulity is a mark of a feeble mind, will not be disputed; but it may not, perhaps, be as generally acknowledged, that the case is the same with unlimited scepticism.—STEWART.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Translated from the Persian, by Sir W. Jones.

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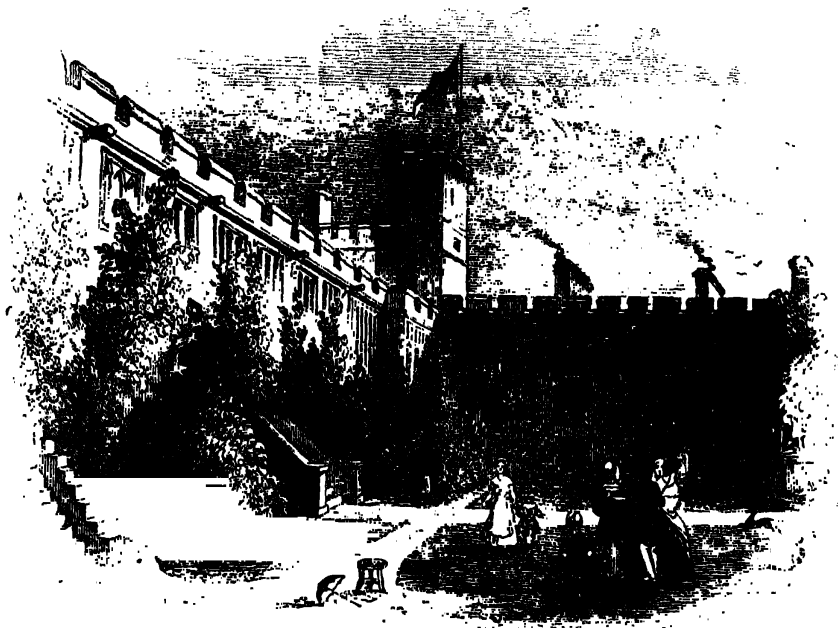
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NAWORTH CASTLE, CUMBERLAND.

The Castle of Naworth, the baronial seat of the Earl of Carlisle, which has been recently destroyed by fire,¹ was the most complete and interesting specimen of a border fortress and a feudal castle of which the kingdom could boast; preserved, too, nearly in the state in which it appeared before the union of England and Scotland. It was one of the greatest "lions" of the North, and was visited by persons from all parts of England, and by foreigners. Its scathed and blackened ruins are eleven miles north-west of Carlisle, and about one mile south of the priory-church of St. Mary, Lanercost, near the edge of the wild district of Bewcastle, Spade-Adam-Waste, and the rude hut, to which celebrity has been given by the novel of Guy Mannering, under the name of Mumps' Ha'.

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Naworth, says—

"This gothic edifice was, in former times, one of those extensive baronial seats which marked the splendour of our ancient nobles, before they exchanged the hospitable magnificence of a life spent among a numerous tenantry for the uncertain honours of court attendance, and the equivocal rewards of ministerial

favour. If we allow that the feudal times were times of personal insecurity, we must also admit that they were favourable to the growth of many and decided virtue; rude and unpolished in its structure, perhaps, but forcible and efficient in its operation. The evils of the institution were in some measure corrected by other qualities inherent in its system, while the good was pure and unmixed. There is a principle of affinity, more or less obvious, in everything. The vast and solid mansions of our ancient nobility were like their characters,—greatness without elegance; strength without refinement; but lofty, firm, and commanding. The solemn grandeur of Naworth Castle claimed for it a high distinction among these baronial edifices."²

At the time of the Norman Conquest, the barony of Gilsland, of which Naworth Castle has been for upwards of five centuries the baronial seat, was the possession of Gilles Bueth. He was promptly ejected, and the lordship was granted to the family of De Vallibus or Vaux, who were eminent among the northern baronial families. In the reign of Henry III. it was transferred, by the marriage of an heiress, to the De Multons. And again, in like manner, it passed to the Dacres, a family once of the highest importance in Cumberland. "Their vigour and ability, displayed as Wardens of the Marches,

(1) May 18, 1844.

(2) This latter locality is now invaded by the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Carlisle Railway, which passes the hut at the distance of a few hundred yards.

(3) Border Antiquities.

must also add favourably to our estimate of them as men."¹

"Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on lathing (2) bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Arrayed beneath the banner tall
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the border.'"⁽³⁾

The Dacres were a family of military renown, which secured for some of them the proud distinction of the Garter; and it was by a Dacre that Naworth was castellated, A.D. 1335. George, the last Lord Dacre, was accidentally killed in his minority, when the family estates were divided among his three sisters. By this division, the Castle of Naworth and the barony of Gilsland came to Elizabeth, the youngest of the co-heiresses. She remained not long in undisturbed possession: her uncle, Leonard Dacre, claimed them as his, by virtue of an entail that he pretended had been made by his father, William, Lord Dacre; and he seized the Castle, which he garrisoned with 1,500 foot and 600 horse. He was speedily dispossessed, and his troops were routed; having been drawn out by a *ruse de guerre*, a fierce battle ensued, and Dacre fled to the continent, where he died in poverty.⁴

At the early age of fourteen, the Lady Elizabeth Dacre was married (A.D. 1577) to Lord William Howard, the *Belted Will* of romance.⁵ This distinguished person was the third son of the unfortunate Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk (of this family), who was her step-father and guardian, and the grandson of the accomplished poet and cavalier, Henry, Earl of Surrey; and thus the Castle and barony were transferred to a branch of the noble and illustrious house of Howard, in whose possession it has since remained. In consequence of various troubles brought on him by his profession as a Roman Catholic, and some litigations in which he became involved, Lord William did not come to reside at Naworth Castle until 1603. He appears to have repaired it, and adorned its interior; and there he was visited by Camden, in 1607.

Having been appointed Lord Warden of the Western Marches, he garrisoned his Castle with 140 soldiers. Nor was this military parade unnecessary. At that period the borders were in a state of lawless insubordination. Infested by fierce bands of marauders, the cattle and other properties of the peaceable were in continual danger. The laws were unheeded and set at naught. Bloodshed and rapine and fire were daily resorted to. Those desperate offenders were called *moss-troopers*; and the inhabitants of certain districts were required to keep blood-hounds, to pursue them among the wild mosses and bogs, in which they concealed themselves. Fuller says of them, "they come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the Kalender."⁶ Such was the state of the borders when the Lord William Howard came to reside at his Castle of Naworth. "When in their greatest height," says Fuller, "the moss-troopers had two great enemies—the laws of the land and Lord William Howard, of Naworth."⁷ Amid all this disorder, to enforce obedience, to repress violence and bloodshed, to restore peace, to protect the peaceable, and punish the offending,—such were the duties of the Lord Warden. He vowed that the arm of the law should prevail, and that in the remotest part of this scene of lawless violence "the rush-bush should guard the cow." His vigilance and firmness, and occasional

military rigour, were successful in bringing about this result; and the fierce and bold moss-troopers were awed into submission, or driven from their strong-holds.

The late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, gives the following pleasing domestic picture of the family at Naworth:—"In 1624, according to the accounts cited, Lord William and his lady were settled at Naworth, and all their family, sons, daughters, and their wives and husbands, appear to have lived with them; tradition says they were fifty-two in family."⁸ Lord William was not distinguished only by his martial valour, and by the prosperous result of his duties as Lord Warden; he was no less a man of letters and accomplishments; "but his real monument, *cere perennius*, should be inscribed, THE CIVILIZER OF THE BORDERS."⁹ He died at Naworth, October 9th, 1640. By the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, he had ten sons and five daughters. His eldest son, Sir Philip Howard, knight, was ancestor of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle; and Sir Francis, his second son, was ancestor of that branch, which has for two centuries been seated at Corby Castle,¹⁰ in the county of Cumberland, now the residence of Philip Henry Howard, Esq., M.P.

From the death of the Lord William Howard, until the period of the late fire, few alterations had been made in the Castle, and it retained its former stern character. Having escaped the horrors of a siege during the Great Rebellion, the principal part of the furniture, the ornaments, and the buildings, remained as when its courtyard was crossed by the mailed trooper, when—

"Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;"⁽¹¹⁾

and when the lords and ladies mounted their steeds to enjoy the pastime of hawking in the park, or in the beautiful vale of St. Mary's Holme, where the fair pile of the priory church of Lanercost rises in the midst—

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

We have said that great care had been used to retain the Castle in its olden style, both internally and externally. About 130 years ago, however, the northern side of the quadrangle was destroyed by fire. This had been rebuilt, and is now preserved in its turn, while the other sides (of infinitely more value) are burnt and blackened by a second fire.

We may now proceed to give a description of the Castle as it appeared previous to the fire of 1844. We regret that we have to speak of it as a thing of the past, to describe it as it *was* lately, and not as it *is* now. It is a memory—a retrospection. Many of its antiquities, paintings, books, and some of the old armour, furniture, and tapestry, have, however, been saved, and will, ere long, decorate the new Castle.

The grey towers are prominent objects from the park, rising above the noble oaks and beech-trees. As the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Carlisle Railway passes within a mile of the Castle, they may be momentarily seen by the passengers, where an opening occurs in the trees. How great a change has been effected in little more than two centuries! The scene of the moss-troopers' exploits, and of the lawless doings of predatory hordes, where the mailed trooper kept watch over the barren moors and the hilly haunts of the robber, is now traversed by a railway; and the bugle-call and the trumpet's clang of border warfare have been succeeded by the hissing noise of steam, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive!

Naworth Castle was of a quadrangular form, enclosing a court-yard, with two square embattled towers, respectively situated at its south-eastern and south-western angles. It was approached from the south through a gateway (leading into the outer court) with embattled parapets; and over the arch is a shield charged with

(1) Indications of Memorials, &c. of the Howard Family.

(2) A river which runs through the barony of Gilsland.

(3) Lay of the Last Minstrel.

(4) See some interesting particulars of the time referred to above, in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's "Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569."

(5) "His Bilboa blade, by Marchien felt,
Hung in a rude and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard, *Belted Will*."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(6) Worthies of England.

(7) Ibid.

(8) Indications of Memorials of the Howard Family. (9) Ibid.

(10) A MS. in the Lansdowne Collection in the British Museum, (No. 213, pp. 319–348,) entitled, "A Relation of a Short Survey of Twenty-six Counties," contains an interesting account of a visit to Lord William Howard, at Corby Castle, A.D. 1634.

(11) Sir W. Scott.

the armorial bearings of the Dacres, surrounded by the Garter. On this side, the Castle was defended by two moats now filled up; and the draw-bridges have been dispensed with, now

"Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front."

The other sides of the Castle were formed on a rocky precipice, at the junction of two streams. The windows of the principal apartments looked into the inner courtyard—one of singular beauty—with its oriel windows, its ivy-clad walls, and its grey towers, with their watch-turrets. The grand entrance led up a flight of steps into the great hall, around which the snow-white blossoms of the jasmine peeped out from its festooned branches.

"Say, did they from their leaves thus peep,
When mailed moss-troopers rode the hill?
When helmeted warders paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will?"(1)

Sir Walter Scott says, "the whole Castle bears the strongest memorials of ancient customs, and the inconvenient modes of domestic life which our ancestors adopted." The great hall occupied a considerable portion of the east side of the inner courtyard. It measured seventy feet by twenty-four, and was lighted by windows placed near the ceiling. The ceiling was in panels, and was painted with portraits of the kings of England. The spacious fire-place, which cheered this noble hall when the cold winter's wind howled in the chimney, was seventeen feet in width. Three suits of armour, of which one was pointed out to visitors as that worn by the Lord William Howard, and another as worn by the knight who conducted Joan of Arc to the siege of Orleans;² and four large carvings in wood,³ which appear to have been intended to carry arms on banners, have been preserved, and will be placed in the hall of the new Castle.

The dining-room, hung round with fine old tapestry and valuable portraits, was situated at the upper end of the hall. A great portion of the former, with the portraits, was saved with little damage.

One of the most interesting parts of the Castle was the chapel; for a chapel was once considered an indispensable appendage to the manor-house or castle of the nobleman, the knight, and the esquire, who religiously set apart a portion of their dwelling for the worship of Almighty God. The ceiling of this chapel at Naworth was panelled, and painted with representations of many of the prophets, and patriarchs, and other personages celebrated in Sacred History. A large window contained some fine stained glass, particularly the figures of Thomas Lord Dacre, K.G., who died in 1525, and his lady, represented in a posture of devotion—as was usual before the modern re-introduction of heathen emblems in commemorating the dead.

A few steps from the chapel conducted the visitor to the guard-room—another interesting portion of the Castle, but of how different a character! The carved stall, and the fretted screen, the still small voice which spoke from the pictured window where the dead were commemorated, the pious legend and the sacred emblem, the cross and the altar, were soon exchanged for the warlike guard-room, where the troopers of this baronial seat awaited the orders of their lord. It was appropriately fitted up with old armour, helmets, swords, breast-plates, &c., as,

"Bruised arms hung up for monuments."

Here also were the cradle, the saddle, the chest, the military gloves, and the

"rude and studded belt"

(1) Lord Morpeth. This "slight and slender jasmine tree"—which the present heir-apparent to the earldom of Carlisle has celebrated in verses, from which the above is an extract—was unscathed by the fire.

(2) This suit of armour had the medal of the Golden Fleece suspended from the neck.

(3) Representing a griffin, a dolphin, a unicorn or stag, and a bull; respectively the crest or cognizance of the families of the Vallibus or Vaux, Greystoke, Multon, and Dacre.

of Lord William Howard, whose name is so indissolubly connected with the Castle. The room was 116 feet in length. It contained several portraits and paintings, all of which, with the armour, &c., were destroyed. After the fire a secret passage was discovered, which had been previously unnoticed. It formed a direct communication, parallel with the guard-room, between Lord William Howard's apartments in the east tower, and the dungeons beneath the west tower.

The eastern tower contained the private apartments of Lord William Howard—his library, his oratory, and his bedchamber. It was approached by a narrow stone staircase, guarded by a very massy iron-grated door, secured by bolts of huge thickness. The bed-room certainly looked anything but inviting—a very picture of a cheerless, uncomfortable room—the *beau idéal* of a haunted chamber!

"The chieftains of that stern old time"

must have had iron nerves indeed to occupy such a room in a stormy night in December; when the imagination, assisted by the howling wind sighing in the crevices and shaking the loose casement, would conjure up all the unrealities of ghost stories, and fill the mind with gloomy images and distorted impressions, "making night hideous." The floor was formed of a hard composition. The bed was low, and of very humble pretensions. The walls were wainscoted with oak, and covered with tapestry. Over the fire-place were three shields, charged with the arms of the family of Dacre, impaling, or quartered with, some of their alliances; each surrounded by the Garter—an honourable distinction for such an apartment! and, perhaps, a sufficient charm to induce the Lord Warden to pass his nights in the same room in which such illustrious men had formerly slept, and a charm to stay the "horrible imaginings" which oft come unsummoned at the midnight hour. Over this bedchamber were the library and oratory; these also were ascended by a narrow spiral staircase.

The library was another gloomy apartment. It was fitted up with closets, containing the books.⁴ Some of them were the companions of Lord William Howard, when disengaged from his duties as Lord Warden; and a few contained his autograph, written in a fair, bold character, which gives us a good idea of the man. In some of the books a pithy remark is appended to the name. In one by Luther is written, *William Howard. Folo sed non valeo* [the family motto] *non possum quod desidero*. In a copy of Galatea is, *for their glory is to change, and their liberty is to rainge*. One book contains the autograph of Bishop Fisher, who was put to death by Henry the Eighth for denying his supremacy; another was a present from an Abbot of Fountains. Here also was a very curious MS.—a life of Joseph of Arimathea and his twelve disciples, with a history of saints, and the number of years or days for which each could grant indulgences in the monastery of Glastonbury. It was written on six large skins of fine vellum, beautifully illuminated, and pasted in a wooden case. The ceiling of the library was richly carved, and ornamented with armorial devices on the corbels and bosses. The books and the MS. alluded to were saved.

The oratory or private chapel adjoined the library. It was wainscoted, and painted red, ornamented with scallop shells and cross-crosslets—respectively armorial devices of the Dacres and the Howards. Here also were fragments of a rich rood screen, probably brought hither by the Dacres from the adjoining desecrated priory of Lanercost.⁵ On the altar were placed several figures in white marble, about a foot high, in *alto relievo*. They represented the Descent of the Holy Spirit; St.

(4) See a Catalogue of them (the MS. of which was found by the present writer, in 1839,) in "The History of Carlisle."

(5) At the commencement of the last century, the north aisle of the nave was used as the parish-church, while the nave itself was roofless and ruinous. Since that period the nave has been repaired and fitted up for divine service.

Cuthbert carrying the head of St. Oswald, king and martyr; Judas betraying his Master with a kiss, &c.; and were also probably brought from Lanercost. The confessional was a small dark closet. Above the altar was a painting on wood, representing the Passion and Ascension of our Lord; beneath it was inscribed—

"O . . . omnes qui trāsitis per diām attendite:
et videte si est dolor sic ut est dolor meus."

The watch-turret on the summit of this tower commanded a fine prospect of park scenery, of farm homesteads, woodlands, and rich meadows; the north is enriched by the beautiful vale of St. Mary's Holme, and by the grey battlements and broken arches of the priory. The distant hills give a pleasing relief to the picture.

The south-western tower was in a ruinous state. It contained the dungeons—three on the ground floor, and one above. The masonry was very massive. The doors were of iron, with ponderous bolts, and no light was admitted to the unhappy wight of a moss-trooper who was immured at Naworth. In a note appended to the "Legend of Montrose," Sir Walter Scott says: "The fine old Border Castle of Naworth contains a private stair from the apartment of Lord William Howard, by which he could visit the dungeon." The existence of this passage was long unknown, although a diligent scrutiny had been made to discover it, until after the late fire, when it was revealed.

A suite of bed-rooms, on the south side of the Castle, presented a curious array of gloomy-looking beds, of considerable antiquity; their hanging and fringes much faded or decayed. One bed was pointed out as Queen Mary's bed, and another under the denomination of *the lady's fortune*. Tradition says, that the lady of one of the former lords of the barony, expended her whole dowry, of five hundred pounds, in the purchase of the latter. The north side of the quadrangle, which, as already stated, had been re-built during the last century, contained the residence of the steward, and some of the domestic offices.

The much-regretted calamity of May 18th, 1844, by which this noble and picturesque Castle was reduced to a mass of roofless and blackened ruins, is supposed to have originated in a defective flue. As the interior was chiefly composed of wood, the fire spread with extraordinary rapidity, and there were no sufficient cross-walls throughout the extent of the three sides of the quadrangle, which were destroyed, to check the progress of the flames. The fire was discovered about four o'clock in the afternoon, and by midnight it had well-nigh spent itself on the "time-honoured" Castle. Great exertions were made to save the pictures, books, furniture, armour, tapestry, and other curiosities; and considerable portions were rescued. The family plate, the muniments and deeds, were fortunately conveyed to a place of safety. But, alas! upon the Border Castle, the feudal residence of the De Multons and the Dacres, that memento of the age of chivalry, of romance, and of Border warfare, the fire has done its work, and the bare walls alone remain to tell the stranger of what it has been.

October, 1845.

S. J.

STATESMEN OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

No. II.

LORD BROUGHAM's estimate of the character of Burke, both political and intellectual, is scarcely so favourable as to satisfy that great man's admirers, though perhaps quite as much so as we had any right to expect from one of his political views. He thus speaks of his style as a writer and orator:—

"How much soever men may differ as to the soundness of Mr. Burke's doctrines, or the purity of his public

conduct, there can be no hesitation in according to him a station among the most extraordinary persons that have ever appeared; nor is there now any diversity of opinion as to the place which it is fit to assign him. He was a writer of the first class, and excelled in almost every kind of prose composition. Possessed of most extensive knowledge, and of the most various description; acquainted alike with what different classes of men knew, each in his own province, and with much that hardly any one ever thought of learning; he could either bring his masses of information to bear directly upon the subjects to which they severally belonged—or he could avail himself of them generally to strengthen his faculties and enlarge his views—or he could turn any portion of them to account for the purpose of illustrating his theme or enriching his diction. Hence, when he is handling any one matter, we perceive that we are conversing with a reasoner or a teacher, to whom almost every other branch of knowledge is familiar. His views range over all the cognate subjects; his reasonings are derived from principles applicable to other matters as well as the one in hand; arguments pour in from all sides, as well as those which start up under our feet, the natural growth of the path he is leading us over; while to throw light round our steps, and either explore its darker places or serve for our recreation, illustrations are fetched from a thousand quarters; and an imagination marvellously quick to descry unthought-of resemblances, pours forth the stores which a lore yet more marvellous has gathered from all ages, and nations, and arts, and tongues. We are, in respect of the argument, reminded of Bacon's multifarious knowledge and the exuberance of his learned fancy; while the many-lettered diction recalls to mind the first of English poets, and his immortal verse, rich with the spoils of all sciences and all times.

"The kinds of composition are various, and he excels in them all, with the exception of two, the very highest, given but to few, and when given, almost always possessed alone—fierce, nervous, overwhelming declamation, and close, rapid argument. Every other he uses easily, abundantly, and successfully. He produced but one philosophical treatise; but no man lays down abstract principles more soundly, or better traces their application. All his works, indeed, even his controversial, are so informed with general reflection, so variegated with speculative discussion, that they wear the air of the Lyceum as well as the Academy. His narrative is excellent, and it is impossible more luminously to expose the details of a complicated subject, to give them more animation and interest, if dry in themselves, or to make them bear, by the mere power of statement, more powerfully upon the argument. In description he can hardly be surpassed, at least for effect; he has all the qualities that conduce to it—ardour of purpose, sometimes rising into violence—vivid, but too luxuriant fancy—bold, frequently extravagant, conception; the faculty of shedding over mere inanimate scenery the light imparted by moral associations. He indulges in bitter invective, mingled with poignant wit, but descending often to abuse and even scurrility; he is apt, moreover, to carry an attack too far, as well as to strain the application of a principle; to slay the slain, or, dangerously for his purpose, to mingle the reader's contempt with pity.

"As in the various kinds of writing, so in the different styles, he had an almost universal excellence, one only being deficient—the plain and unadorned. Not but that he could, in unfolding a doctrine or pursuing a narrative, write for a little with admirable simplicity and propriety; only he could not sustain this self-denial; his brilliant imagination and well-stored memory soon broke through the restraint. But in all other styles, passages without end occur of the highest order; epigram, pathos, metaphor in profusion, chequered with more didactic and sober diction. Nor are his purely figurative passages the finest, even as figured writing; he is best when the metaphor is subdued, mixed as it were with plainer

matter to flavour it, and used not by itself, and for its own sake, but giving point to a more useful instrument, made of more ordinary material; or at the most, flung off by the heat of composition, like sparks from a working engine, not fireworks for mere display. Speaking of the authors of the 'Declaration of Right,' he calls them 'those whose penetrating style has engraved in our ordinances and in our hearts, the words and spirit of that immortal law.'¹ So, discoursing of the imitations of natural magnitude by artifice and skill: 'A true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods.'² 'When pleasure is over, we relapse into indifference, or rather, we fall into a soft tranquillity, which is tinged with the agreeable colour of the former sensation.'³ 'Every age has its own manners, and its politics dependent on them; and the same attempts will not be made against a constitution fully formed and matured, that were used to destroy it in the cradle, or resist its growth during its infancy.'⁴ 'Faction will make its cries resound through the nation, as if the whole were in an uproar.'⁵ In works of a serious nature, upon the affairs of real life, as political discourses and orations, figurative style should hardly ever go beyond this. But strict and close metaphor or simile may be allowed, provided it be most sparingly used, and never deviate from the subject matter, so as to make that disappear in the ornament. 'The judgment is, for the greater part, employed in throwing stumbling-blocks in the way of the imagination (says Mr. Burke), in dissipating the scenes of its enchantment, and in tying us down to the disagreeable yoke of our reason.'⁶ He has here, at once, expressed figuratively the principle we are laying down, and illustrated our remark by the temperance of his metaphors, which, though mixed, do not offend, because they come so near mere figurative language, that they may be regarded, like the last set of examples, rather as forms of expression than tropes. 'A great deal of the furniture of ancient tyranny is worn to rags; the rest is entirely out of fashion.'⁷—a most apt illustration of his important position, that we ought to be as jealous of little encroachments, now the chief sources of danger, as our ancestors were of 'Ship Money' and the 'Forest Laws.' 'A species of men (speaking of one constant and baneful effect of grievances), to whom a state of order would become a sentence of obscurity, are nourished into a dangerous magnitude by the heat of intestine disturbances; and it is no wonder that, by a sort of sinister piety, they cherish, in return, those disorders which are the parents of all their consequences.'⁸ 'We have not (he says of the English Church Establishment) relegated religion to obscure municipalities or rustic villages—No! we will have her to exalt her mitred front in courts and parliaments.'⁹ But if these should seem so temperate as hardly to be separate figures, the celebrated comparison of the Queen of France, though going to the verge of chaste style, hardly passes it. 'And, surely, never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy.'¹⁰—Pp. 175—180.

"It is another characteristic of this great writer, that the unlimited abundance of his stores makes him profuse in their expenditure. Never content with one view of a subject, or one manner of handling it, he for the most part lavishes his whole resources upon the discussion of each point. In controversy, this is emphatically the case. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the variety of ways in which he makes his approaches to any

position he would master. After reconnoitring it with skill and boldness, if not with perfect accuracy, he manoeuvres with infinite address, and arrays a most imposing force of general principles mustered from all parts, and pointed, sometimes violently enough, in one direction. He now moves on with the composed air, the even, dignified pace of the historian; and unfolds his facts in a narrative so easy, and yet so correct, that you plainly perceive he wanted only the dismissal of other pursuits to have rivalled Livy or Hume. But soon this advance is interrupted, and he stops to display his powers of description, when the boldness of his design is only matched by the brilliancy of his colouring. He then skirmishes for a space, and puts in motion all the lighter arms of wit; sometimes not unmingled with drollery, sometimes bordering upon farce. His main battery is now opened, and a tempest bursts forth, of every weapon of attack: invective, abuse, irony, sarcasm, simile drawn out to allegory, allusion, quotation, fable, parable, anathema. The heavy artillery of powerful declamation, and the conflict of close argument alone are wanting; but of this the garrison is not always aware; his noise is oftentimes mistaken for the thunder of true eloquence; the number of his movements distracts, and the variety of his missiles annoys the adversary; a panic spreads, and he carries his point, as if he had actually made a practicable breach; nor is it discovered till after the smoke and confusion is over, that the citadel remains untouched."—Pp. 184, 185.

Passing by the sketch of Fox, which, somewhat to our surprise, presents little that is sufficiently striking for extract, we come to that of Pitt. It was not to be expected that Lord Brougham should speak favourably of Pitt as a politician, but he does not refuse ample justice to his great talents, and to the unblemished integrity of his private character.

"At an age when others are but entering upon the study of state affairs and the practice of debating, he came forth a mature politician, a finished orator,—even, as if by inspiration, an accomplished debater. His knowledge, too, was not confined to the study of the classics, though with these he was familiarly conversant; the more severe pursuits of Cambridge had imparted to him some acquaintance with the stricter sciences which have had their home upon the banks of the Granta since Newton made them his abode; and with political philosophy he was more familiar than most Englishmen of his own age. Having prepared himself, too, for being called to the bar, and both attended on courts of justice and frequented the Western Circuit, he had more knowledge and habits of business than can fall to the share of our young patricians;—the material out of which British statesmen are for the most part fashioned by an attendance upon debates in Parliament, and a study of newspapers in the clubs. Happy had he not too soon removed into office from the prosecution of studies which his rapid political success broke off never to be resumed! For the leading defect of his life, which is seen through all his measures, and which not even his great capacity and intense industry could supply, was an ignorance of the principles upon which large plans are to be framed, and nations to be at once guided and improved. As soon as he entered upon official duties, his time was at the mercy of every one who had a claim to prefer, a grievance to complain of, or a nostrum to propound; nor could the hours of which the day consists suffice at once to give all these their audience; to transact the routine business of his station; to direct or to counteract the intrigues of party; and, at the same time, to learn all that his sudden transplanting from the Study to the Cabinet, and from the Bar to the Senate, had of necessity left unlearned."—Vol. ii. pp. 6, 7.

(1) Reflections on the French Revolution.

(2) Sublime and Beautiful, II. § 10.

(3) Ibid. I. § 3.

(4) Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents.

(5) Ibid.

(6) Discourses on Taste.

(7) Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents. (8) Ibid.

(9) Reflections on the French Revolution.

(10) Ibid.

"If from the statesman we turn to the orator, the contrast is indeed marvellous. He is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed—with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner—he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go; and then

"So charming left his voice, that we, awhile,
Still thought him speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never for a moment left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation, requiring no effort of the speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglement, and fall each into its place; by the clearness of his statements, which presented at once a picture to the mind; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feeling, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction; by the depth and fulness of the most sonorous voice, and the unbending dignity of the manner, which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater—that there stood before us a ruler of the people. Such were invariably the effects of this singular eloquence; and they were as certainly produced on ordinary occasions, as in those grander displays when he rose to the height of some great argument; or indulged in vehement invective against some individual, and variegated his speech with that sarcasm of which he was so great a master, and indeed so little sparing an employer; although even here all was uniform and consistent; nor did anything, in any mood of mind, ever drop from him that was unsuited to the majestic frame of the whole, or could disturb the serenity of the full and copious flood rolled along.

"But if such was the unfailling impression at first produced, and which, for a season absorbing the faculties, precluded all criticism; upon reflection, faults and imperfections certainly were disclosed. There prevailed a monotony in the matter, as well as in the manner; and even the delightful voice which so long prevented this from being felt, was itself almost without any variety of tone. All things were said nearly in the same way; as if, by some curious machine, periods were rounded and flung off; as if, in like moulds, though of different sizes, ideas were shaped and brought out. His composition was correct enough, but not peculiarly felicitous; his English was sufficiently pure without being at all racy, or various, or brilliant; his style was, by Mr. Windham, called 'a state-paper style,' in allusion to its combined dignity and poverty; and the same nice observer, referring to the eminently skillful way in which he balanced his phrases, sailed near the wind, and seemed to disclose much whilst he kept the greater part of his meaning to himself, declared that 'he verily believed Mr. Pitt could speak a King's speech off-hand.' His declamation was admirable, mingling with and clothing the argument, as to be good for anything declamation always must; and no more separable from the reasoning than the heat is from the metal in a stream of lava. Yet, with all this excellence, the last effect of the highest eloquence was for the most part wanting; we seldom forgot the speaker, or lost the artist in the work. He was earnest enough; he seemed quite sincere; he was moved himself as he would move us; we even went along with him, and forgot *ourselves*; but we hardly forgot *him*; and while thrilled with the glow which his burning words diffused, or transfixed with wonder at so marvellous a display of skill, we yet felt that it was admiration of a consummate artist which filled us, and that after all we were present at an exhibi-

tion; gazing upon a wonderful performer indeed, but still a performer."—Vol. ii. pp. 14—17.

"In private life he was singularly amiable; his spirits were naturally buoyant and even playful; his affections warm; his veracity scrupulously exact; his integrity wholly without a stain; and, although he was, from his situation, cut off from most of the relations of domestic life, as a son and a brother he was perfect, and no man was more fondly beloved or more sincerely mourned by his friends."—Vol. ii. pp. 21, 22.

The following is from the sketch of Windham:—

"From what has been said of Mr. Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will readily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest of his company; his relish of conversation was such, that, after lingering to the latest moment, he joined whatever party a saltry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave, or gay, or argumentative, or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the clouds of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely, and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and, while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been any, would ever an unkind or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance!

"Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat,
Omnibus obscuro injectit ille manus—
Ossa quæta precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ;
Et sit humis cineri non onerosa tuo!" (1)

Vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.

One of the most amusing passages in the whole book is in the sketch of Mr. Dundas. The character of the commanding influence possessed by this able man in Scotland is touched off very happily, with enough of satire to tell with great effect upon those who at all understand what Scotch politics were at that time, without at the same time being too broadly offensive to the feelings of Scotsmen.

"That Mr. Dundas enjoyed this kind of ministerial sovereignty and received this homage in a more ample measure than any of his predecessors, was, no doubt, owing partly to the unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct, of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long minister for India, as well as having the whole Scottish preferment at his absolute disposal; but it was also in part owing to the engaging qualities of the man. A steady and determined friend, who only stood the faster by those that wanted him the more; nay, who even in their errors or their faults would not give up his adherents: an agreeable companion, from the joyous hilarity of his manners; void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension; a kind and affectionate man in the relations of private life; and, although not always sufficiently

(1) "Relentless death each purer form profanes,
Round all that's fair his dismal arms he throws—
Light lie the earth that shrouds thy loved remains,
And softly slumbering may they taste repose!"

regardful of strict decorum in certain particulars, yet never putting on the Pharisee's garb, or affecting a more 'gracious state' than he had attained; friendly, self-denying to those inferiors in his department whose comforts so much depended upon him; in his demeanour hearty and good-humoured to all—it is difficult to figure any one more calculated to win over those whom his mere power and station had failed to attach; or better fitted to retain the friends whom accident or influence might originally have attached to his person. That he should for so many years have disposed of the votes in Parliament of nearly the whole Scottish commoners, and the whole Peers, was, therefore, little to be wondered at; that his popularity and influence in the country at large should have been boundless during all this period, is as easily to be understood. There was then no doubt ever raised of the ministry's stability, or of Mr. Dundas's ample share in the dispensation of its favours. The political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon. There was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election, if he but kept by the true faith; and his path lay straight before him—the path of righteous devotion leading unto a blessed preferment. But our Northern countrymen were fated to be visited by some troubles. The heavens became overcast; their luminary was for a while concealed from devout eyes; in vain they sought him, but he was not. Uncouth names began to be named. More than two parties were talked of. Instead of the old, convenient, and intelligible alternative of 'Pitt or Fox'—'place or poverty,'—which left no doubt in any rational mind which of the two to choose, there was seen—strange sight!—hateful and perplexing omen!—a Ministry without Pitt, nay, without Dundas, and an Opposition leaning towards its support. Those who are old enough to remember that dark interval may recollect how the public mind in Scotland was subdued with awe, and how men awaited in trembling silence the uncertain event, as all living things quail during the solemn pause that precedes an earthquake.

It was in truth a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and consternation; all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunder-storm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask anything. It was hard to say, not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. All true Scots were in dismay and distraction. It might truly be said they knew not which way to look, or whither to turn. Perhaps it might be yet more truly said that they knew not *when* to turn. But such a crisis was too sharp to last; it passed away; and then was to be seen a proof of Mr. Dundas's power amongst his countrymen, which transcended all expectation, and almost surpassed belief, if indeed it is not rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight—the political second-sight—of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both Houses actually were found adhering to him against the existing Government; nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish Peers in open opposition! Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Addington, in such unheard-of troubles, 'Doctor, the Thanes fly from us!' When the very Scotch Peers wavered, and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about, it was time to think that the end of all things was at hand: and the return of Pitt and security, and patronage and Dundas, speedily ensued to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence or her fidelity—her attachment at once to her patron and to herself."—Vol. ii. pp. 47—50.

Our last extract is from the sketch of Wilberforce.

"His eloquence was of the highest order. It was persuasive and pathetic in an eminent degree; but it was occasionally bold and impassioned, animated with

the inspiration which deep feeling alone can breathe into spoken thought, chastened by a pure taste, varied by extensive information, enriched by classical allusion, sometimes elevated by the more sublime topics of Holy Writ—the thoughts and the spirit

'That touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.'

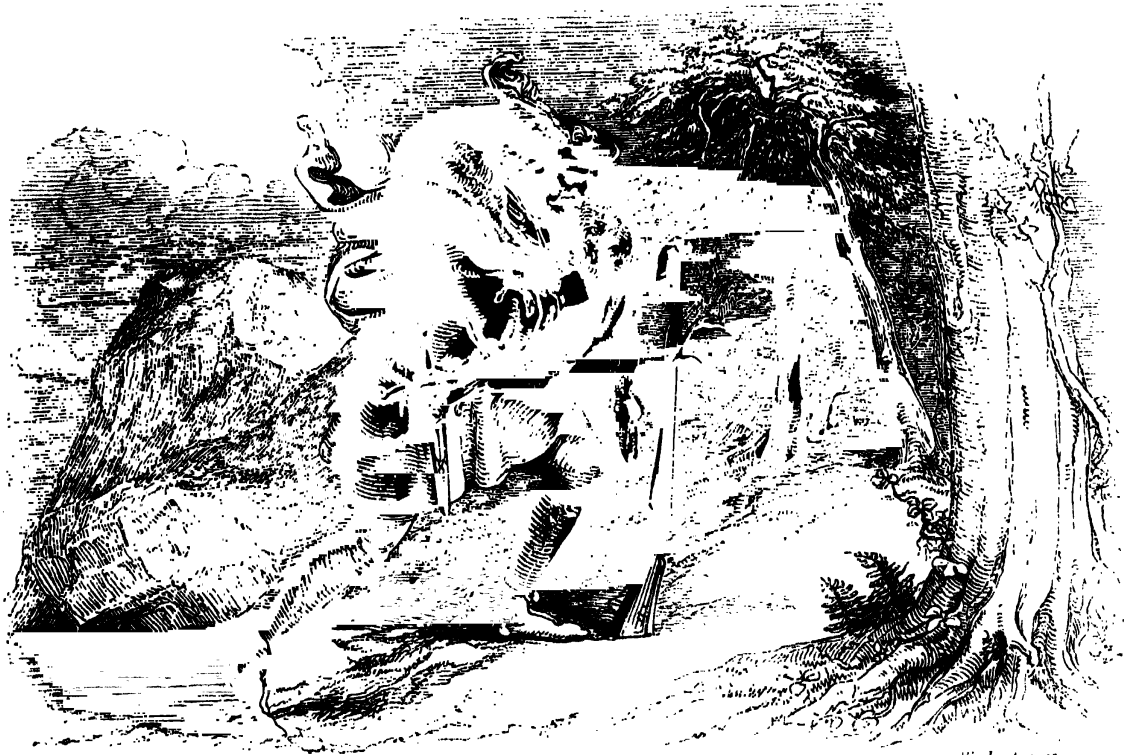
"Few passages can be cited in the oratory of modern times of a more electrical effect than the singularly felicitous and striking allusion to Mr. Pitt's resisting the torrent of Jacobin principles:—'He stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed.' The singular kindness, the extreme gentleness of his disposition, wholly free from gall, from vanity, or any selfish feeling, kept him from indulging in any of the vituperative branches of rhetoric; but a memorable instance showed that it was anything rather than the want of power which held him off from the use of the weapons so often in almost all other men's hands. When a well-known popular member thought fit to designate him repeatedly, and very irregularly, as the '*Honourable and religious gentleman*,' not because he was ashamed of the Cross he gloried in, but because he felt indignant at any one in the British senate deeming piety a matter of imputation, he poured out a strain of sarcasm which none who heard it can ever forget. A common friend of the parties having remarked to Sir Samuel Romilly, beside whom he sat, that this greatly outmatched Pitt himself, the great master of sarcasm, the reply of that great man and just observer was worthy to be remarked,—'Yes,' said he, 'it is the most striking thing I almost ever heard; but I look upon it as a more singular proof of Wilberforce's virtue than of his genius, for who but he ever was possessed of such a formidable weapon, and never used it?'

"Against all these accomplishments of a finished orator there was little to set on the other side. A feeble constitution, which made him say, all his life, that he never was either well or ill; a voice sweetly musical beyond that of most men, and of great compass also, but sometimes degenerating into a whine; a figure exceedingly undignified and ungraceful, though the features of the face were singularly expressive; and a want of condensation, in the latter years of his life, especially, lapsing into digression, and ill calculated for a very business-like audience like the House of Commons—these may be noted as the only drawbacks which kept him out of the very first place among the first speakers of his age, whom, in pathos, and also in graceful and easy and perfectly elegant diction, as well as harmonious periods, he unquestionably excelled. The influence which the Member for Yorkshire always commanded in the old Parliament—the great weight which the head, indeed the fount, of a powerful religious sect, possessed in the country—would have given extraordinary authority in the senate to one of far inferior personal endowments. But when these partly accidental circumstances were added to his powers, and when the whole were used and applied with the habits of industry which naturally belonged to one of his extreme temperance in every respect, it is difficult to imagine any one bringing a greater force to the aid of any cause which he might espouse."—Vol. ii. pp. 98—100.

We cannot close without adverting to the form in which these Sketches are now published,—as part of a series of cheap publications, intended for popular reading. This fact is one of the most striking illustrations of the immense stride which has been taken of late in popularising literature even of the highest class. A dozen years ago no publisher would have dreamed of bringing out such a work, from such a pen, at a charge of less than ten shillings a volume, and here it is sold for one shilling.

The Lost Hunter.¹

BY A. B. STREET.



J. Franklin del.

W. Linton sc.

Numb'd by the piercing, freezing air,
And burden'd by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragg'd on his shivering frame;
The rifle, he had shoulder'd late,
Was trail'd along, a weary weight;
His pouch was void of food;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long keen winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye,—
No bark or axe-blow could he hear,
No human trace descri;—
His sinuous path, by blazes wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round,
Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguil'd
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam;
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine
And rugged mountain were between
The Hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick gray air
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That tick'd against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
Close roll'd around their stems,
And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering gems.
But hark! afar a sullen moan
Swell'd out to louder deeper tone
As surging near it pass'd,
And bursting with a roar, and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rush'd the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings;
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dash'd in heaps below.

(1) From a collection of American poetry, entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America," published at Philadelphia.

SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

Here, plung'ing in a billowy wreath,
 There, clinging to a limb,
 The suffering Hunter gasp'd for breath,
 Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim;
 As though to whelm him in despair,
 Rapidly changed the blackening air
 To murkiest gloom of night,
 Till naught was seen around, below,
 But falling flakes and mantled snow,
 That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
 Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
 The blood was freezing to his heart—
 Thought whisper'd he must die.
 The thundering tempest echoed death,
 He felt it in his tighten'd breath;
 Spoil, rifle, dropp'd; and slow
 As the dread torpor crawling came
 Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
 He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne,—
 He deem'd that summer-hours
 Again around him brightly shone
 In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
 Again the fresh, green, forest-sod,
 Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—
 He heard the deer's low bleat;
 Or, couch'd within the shadowy nook,
 Was lulled by music of the brook
 That murmured at his feet.

It changed;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
 Rafter, and wall, and chair,
 Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
 Its warmth, and he was there;
 His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
 Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
 His child was prattling by;
 The hound crouch'd dozing near the laze,
 And, through the pane's frost-pictured haze,
 He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd;—before his swimming sight
 Does not a figure bound?
 And a soft voice, with wild delight,
 Proclaim the lost is found?
 No, hunter, no! 'tis but the streak
 Of whirling snow—the tempest shriek—
 No human aid is near!
 Never again that form will meet
 Thy clasp'd embrace;—those accents sweet
 Speak music to thine ear!

Morn broke;—away the clouds were chased,
 The sky was pure and bright,
 And on its blue the branches traced
 Their webs of glittering white.
 Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
 The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
 Down bent the burden'd wood;
 And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
 Peering above the snowy scene,
 Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
 A wave-like heap was thrown,
 Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
 A diamond blaze it shone;
 The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
 Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;
 Unsullied, smooth, and fair,
 It seem'd, like other mounds, where trunk
 And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
 But, O! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
 Soft suns, and melting rains;
 And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand,
 Earth bursts its winter chains.
 In a deep nook, where moss and grass,
 And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass,
 Some scatter'd bones beside;—
 A mother kneeling with her child,
 Told by her tears and wailings wild,
 That there the lost had died.



HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I.¹

The character of Henrietta Maria has never been favourably regarded by English historians. Even the friends of her unfortunate husband looked upon her with aversion, as having contributed by her counsels to the unhappy policy which terminated in his ruin; while by the Puritan party, the presence of a person of the Romish faith so near the throne, and exercising an important influence on public affairs—who, besides, took no pains to conceal her zeal in behalf of her own religion, was regarded as an intolerable offence to the Protestant feelings of the nation, and they attributed to her without scruple every possible enormity. She has at length, however, found a more favourable chronicler in one of her own sex. Miss Strickland, who has had the advantage of access to some new sources of information, has, in the last volume of her *Lives of the Queens of England*, presented the character of this much-reviled Queen to us under an aspect which, without disguising her faults, brings out into prominence many points and features which command very high admiration. We incline the more to rely upon the justice of this representation, that the picture which it places before us is in every particular an harmonious one. There are no virtues ascribed to her which it is difficult to reconcile with her acknowledged faults. On the contrary, both her virtues and her errors are easily traceable to a common source,—to a peculiarity of temperament, from which, if it sometimes disqualifies for acting prudently in difficult emergencies, there as often flow the most noble and generous qualities.

The merit of these royal biographies by Miss Strickland is too generally acknowledged to require any attestation of ours. The volume now in our hands, containing the lives of Henrietta Maria and Catharine of Braganza, is to us one of the most interesting of the series. Such of our readers as have an opportunity of seeing it, will not fail to read these delightful narratives in the authoress's own pages. To others it will not be uninteresting to receive here a slight sketch of the leading events detailed in one of them. A great part of our object, in laying it before our readers, will be served, if it contributes to subdue their minds to a tone of forgiving sympathy, in contemplating how very speedily the interval between the highest worldly grandeur and the lowest depth of misery, may be traversed. In perusing such a history as that of Henrietta Maria, whom we see at one time nurtured in a palace, and surrounded by all the luxury and observance which unbounded wealth and power can command; and then reduced to fly for her life, even in the hour of woman's greatest weakness and trial, and to take refuge in a mean hovel, and make her bed on straw; and again, sitting shivering and starving in the winter's cold, without money to purchase a bit of wood or a crust of bread, and glad to keep her child all day in bed, because wanting means to kindle a fire to warm her, should she get up: in contemplating such things, we see grandeur and misery alike divested of their imposing or revolting externals, and exhibiting the undisguised human heart

within; and so we learn to look upon the mean with less contempt, upon the great with less envy, and upon all with more of the feeling of our common brotherhood.

HENRIETTA MARIA was the youngest child of Henry IV. of France, and of his second wife, Marie de Medicis. She was born on the 25th November, 1609. She was the most lovely of a lovely family, the darling of her illustrious father, being the child of his old age, and his name-child; and she resembled him in features and liveliness more than any other of his family. She was destined, however, to be deprived of her father's affection and care long before attaining the age when she could derive any advantage from them. She was not six months old when he fell by the knife of the maniac regicide Ravaillac.

To this irreparable loss may be traced many of the misfortunes of her after life. Her mother was weak, bigoted, and petulant, full of absurd notions of the infallibility of sovereigns, and thus, of all persons, the worst calculated to train a future queen-consort for England. The religious education of the princess was guided by an enthusiastic Carmelite nun, called Mère Magdelaine. She visited this votary at stated times during her childhood, and consulted her constantly respecting her conduct in life. "It is possible," says Miss Strickland, "that the Carmelite might be sincere and virtuous, and yet not calculated to form a character destined to a path in life so difficult as that of a Roman-Catholic queen in Protestant England." In other respects her education does not appear to have been very wisely conducted. She was carefully instructed in the fine arts, for which she had an hereditary taste, painting, music, and dancing; but the more solid branches of education were neglected. In after life she lamented her ignorance of history, declaring that she had had to learn her lessons of human life and character solely from her own sad experience, which was acquired too late, when the irrevocable past governed her destiny.

On the 21st of May, 1625, when consequently she was in her sixteenth year, she was married to the ill-fated Charles the First, who had just ascended the English throne. On bidding her farewell, her mother put into her hands a letter, the composition of which had been the occupation of her sick chamber during a dangerous illness, by which she was attacked immediately after the marriage, and which had delayed her daughter's departure for England a fortnight, containing her last instructions for her future conduct in life. The letter, which is preserved, concludes with the following words:—

"You are the descendant of St. Louis. I would recall to you in this my last adieu, the same instruction that he received from his mother, queen Blanche, who said to him often, 'that she would rather see him die than to live so as to offend God, in whom we move, and who is the end of our being.' It was with such precepts that he commenced his holy career; it was this that rendered him worthy of employing his life and reign for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the Church. Be, after his example, firm and zealous for religion, which you have been taught, for the defence of which he, your royal and holy ancestor, exposed his life, and died faithful to Him among the infidels. Never listen to, or suffer to be said in your presence, aught in contradiction to your belief in God, and in his only Son, your Lord and Saviour. I entreat the Holy Virgin, whose name you bear, to deign to be the mother of your soul. And in honour of her who is mother of our Lord and Saviour, I bid you adieu again and many times.

"I now devote you to God for ever and ever: it is what I desire for you from the very depth of my heart.

"Your very good and affectionate mother."

Of this letter, Miss Strickland says, very justly, that notwithstanding the maternal tenderness which it breathes, and even the sublime moral truths which occur in it, its spirit was a very dangerous one to instil into the mind of an inexperienced girl, about to undertake the station of queen-consort in a country where the established religion differed from her own; that a comparison is drawn in most eloquent language

(1) *Lives of the Queens of England*. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. viii. Containing the lives of Henrietta Maria and Catharine of Braganza. London: Colburn. 1845.

between Henrietta and the English, and her ancestor St. Louis and the heathens; and that instead of inculcating a wise and peaceful tolerance, the utmost zeal of proselytism is excited in a young and ardent mind. She adds, that to this letter may be attributed the fatal course taken by the young queen in England, which aggravated her husband's already difficult position as the king of three kingdoms, each professing a different faith.

The young queen was received by her royal husband with an affectionate gallantry, which very soon ripened into the most passionate attachment. Her affection for him appears to have been equally strong; although she, during the early period of their marriage, suffered their domestic happiness to be disturbed by an ungoverned vivacity of temper, displayed chiefly in contending for points in relation to her religion and her French attendants, her standing up for which, in opposition to her husband's wishes, and to the known feelings of the whole nation, can only be excused on the ground of her extreme youth and inexperience. Her first serious act of opposition to her husband's will was her refusal to be crowned. She would not conquer her religious prejudices sufficiently to be consecrated by the prelates of the English Church. She was the first queen of England who had ever refused to be crowned. This piece of bigotry was at once most injurious to the king, and of mischievous consequences to the queen herself, since it gave occasion for her enemies afterwards to affirm that she had never been recognised as the consort of Charles I. It also gave the death-blow to her popularity in England; for the people never forgave the contempt she had manifested for their crown.

The king found some difficulty in getting rid of the queen's French attendants, to whose evil counsel he attributed her obstinacy in the matter of the coronation, even after he had overcome her own opposition to their removal. They had to be expelled from Whitehall literally by force: the guard thrust them all out of the queen's apartments, and locked the doors after them, and they were conveyed to Somerset House until they could be removed out of the country. They contrived to delay their departure from day to day. They retained possession of the queen's clothes and jewels as perquisites, actually left her without a change of linen, and with difficulty were prevailed on to surrender an old satin gown for her immediate use: they brought her in immensely in debt to them for purchases, which she (notwithstanding her partiality in their favour) allowed to the king were wholly fictitious. At last Charles, exasperated by their struggles to remain in England, wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, peremptorily commanding him to compel their departure, if necessary, by force.

It was not without some degree of force that, even after this, these foolish people could be prevailed on to quit the kingdom. Their expulsion was deeply resented by the young queen, in whose justification, however, this must be said, that there is good reason to suppose that in them she lost almost every individual with whom she could converse in her own language. She spoke no English; and as Buckingham, who had travelled, knew very little French, we may infer that the power of speaking that language was a rare acquirement in the English court at that day. We must also recollect that she was not yet seventeen years of age.

She complained bitterly of the treatment she received to her mother, who was then queen-regent of France, and by whom the duke de Bassompierre, one of the old friends and fellow-soldiers of Henry IV., was sent into England to inquire into the wrongs of Henrietta, and to hear from her own lips a recapitulation of her injuries, which her banished household had represented to her mother as most flagrant. Bassompierre was an honest and sensible man. He soon saw where the fault lay; and, instead of flattering the queen, as her

other counsellors had done, and encouraging her to think herself ill-used, he told her, with the freedom becoming her father's old friend, that he considered her much to blame. He repeatedly effected a reconciliation between her and the king, which, however, the provoking perversity of her temper as frequently broke through. He succeeded in getting her household satisfactorily arranged; but finding her still dissatisfied, and out of all patience at seeing her continue to play the vixen after all her grievances had been redressed, he told her his mind without caring for her rank. The following entry appears in his journal:—"Nov. 12. Came to the queen's, where the king came, who fell out with one another, and I afterwards with the queen on this account. I told her plainly that I should next day take leave of king Charles, and return to France, leaving the business unfinished, and should tell his majesty (Louis XIII.) her brother, and the queen her mother, that it was all her fault." The effect produced by this plain speaking is honourable to Henrietta's sense and real goodness of heart. "This," says Miss Strickland, "was the best way of settling Henrietta's mind and affairs. She had been told by her flattering retinue, that all her little tyrannies and lover's quarrels with Charles were entirely becoming to a queen, and, what (as Napoleon truly said) was far better, a pretty woman. But the few plain words of her father's comrade informed her that she behaved unlike a wife, and that he should so report her to her own family. And this honest dealing secured the lovely queen nearly eighteen years of conjugal happiness, with undisputed possession of a true heart that adored her, till it ceased to beat—a rich reward for listening to a few words of truth from a real friend." The death of the duke of Buckingham, too, soon removed a perpetual source of disagreement between her and her husband.

On the 13th of May, 1628, Henrietta gave birth prematurely to a son; but the child died on the day it was born. Rather more than a year afterwards, on the 29th May, 1630, another son was born, afterwards Charles II. The prince's appearance as an infant was thus described by his mother, in a letter to a friend: "He is so ugly, that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself." Her eldest daughter was born 4th November, 1631; and another son, afterwards James II., on the 14th October, 1633. The fondest attachment now subsisted between Henrietta and her husband: an increasing and lovely family cemented their conjugal union. Henrietta was a fond mother, and devoted much of her time to her nursery; occasionally her divine voice was heard singing to her infant as she lulled it in her arms, filling the magnificent gallery of Whitehall with its enchanting cadences. Queenly etiquette prevented her from charming listeners with its strains at other times.

At this period the happiness of Henrietta was at the flood; she described herself to her friends as the happiest woman in the world: happy as wife, mother, and queen. All was peaceful at this juncture; the discontents of the English people, whilst Charles I. governed without a parliament, were hushed in grim repose—it was a repose like the lull of the winds before the burst of the electrical tornado; but she knew it not.

In 1638, the queen's mother, Marie de Medicis, took refuge in England from the unrelenting persecution of Richelieu, who owed his rise to her favour. She was received with the greatest respect and affection by both Charles and her daughter, and with as much prosperity as if she had been at the pinnacle of royal opulence, instead of being a distressed fugitive, impoverished and hunted from kingdom to kingdom. The filial care of Henrietta was active in providing all that could contribute to soothe the wounded mind of her mother, especially in proving that, fallen as she was from her high

estate, she was, in the eyes of a dutiful daughter, more a queen than ever. Fifty chambers at St. James's were assigned to her as apartments, and furnished with particular care. But there was a personal trait of affection in Henrietta, that spoke more to the heart than any cost or splendour of reception could have done. When the royal carriage, in which were seated Marie de Medicis and her son-in-law, Charles I., entered the great quadrangle of the palace of St. James, queen Henrietta, at the first flourish of trumpets, left her chamber and descended the great staircase, to receive her august mother. She was accompanied by her children—the little prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the two princesses, Mary and the infant Elizabeth. The queen being then near her time, and in critical health, a chair was placed for her majesty at the foot of the stairs; but when she perceived her royal parent, such was her anxiety to show her duty and tenderness, that she arose, and, hurrying to her carriage, endeavoured with her trembling hands to open the door, which she was too weak to accomplish. The moment her mother alighted, she fell on her knees before her to receive her blessing, and the royal children knelt around them. Every one who saw it was affected to tears at the meeting.

Both Charles and Henrietta were but ill requited for their disinterested kindness. The restless spirit of Marie de Medicis, and the selfish turbulence of her numerous and hungry train, were a continual source of annoyance and embarrassment to them both.

The English troubles were now begun, and the bright sky of Henrietta's fortune became overcast never again to clear up. The death of Strafford was felt by her, as well as by her husband, to be the presage of their ruin. In the words of a narrative dictated by her to Madame de Motteville: "The king suffered extreme sorrow, the queen wept incessantly; they both anticipated, too truly, that this death would, sooner or later, deprive the one of life, and the other of all happiness in this world." She made the most strenuous exertions, though, perhaps, not the most wisely conceived, to save him; and yet Burnet, with his usual blundering recklessness of assertion, charges her with having induced the king to give him up to his fate.

During the king's absence in Scotland, in the autumn of 1641, when the queen was residing with her children at Oatlands, which had been a favourite dower residence of the queens of England for several centuries, "the parliament sent to her," her narrative states, "that she must surrender her young family into their hands during the absence of the king, lest she should take the opportunity of making papists of them." She replied, "that her sons were under the tuition of their separate governors, who were not papists; and, above all, she knew that it was the will of her husband that they should not be brought up in her religion." To remove all cause of complaint, she left Oatlands, and withdrew to Hampton Court, from whence she came occasionally to see her little ones, and thus gave up her constant sojourn with them. Then her enemies raised reports that she meant to leave the kingdom, and carry off her children. They sent orders to a gentleman who was in the commission of the peace at Oatlands, "to hold himself ready with a certain portion of militia," called by the queen *paysans armés*, "to serve the king according to their orders." For, among the other anomalies of this revolution, almost to the last, all measures in opposition to the king were enforced in his own name, to the infinite mystification of the mass of the people, who were mostly well-meaning, though unlearned. The parliamentary order to the Oatlands magistrate, commanded him and his posse to wait till midnight in the park at Oatlands, where they would be joined by cavalry, whose officers would direct what they were to do. The magistrate immediately sought the queen, showed her his order, and declared his intentions to obey her commands. She thanked him warmly, but told him that she wished him to do exactly what parliament dictated, and then to

remain tranquil." "Meanwhile, without raising any alarm, she sent promptly to the principal officers on whom she could rely in London, who were absent from the army on furlough, and she entreated them to be with her before midnight, with all the friends they could muster; then she summoned all her household capable of bearing arms, not even excepting the scullions in her kitchen. Without showing any inquietude, she proposed to spend the evening in Oatlands-park, where her muster arrived and joined her party. The night, however, wore away without the threatened attack from the adverse powers, save that about twenty horsemen, on the road near the park, were seen prowling around, and watching till daybreak; but these, perhaps, had only hostile intentions against the deer." There is no doubt but that the queen would have done battle in defence of her little ones, if need had been for such exertion. The family, which the royal mother was thus personally guarding, somewhat in lioness fashion, by nocturnal patrol round Oatlands-park, was numerous and of tender ages. They were soon after separated, never again to meet on earth in their original number.

The Irish Rebellion broke out the same autumn, with one of those atrocious massacres which are the usual consequence of a long series of civil strife and religious persecution on both sides. The Roundhead party, founding their accusations on similarity of religion, accused the queen of having fostered the rebellion and encouraged the massacre: not one particle of real evidence has ever appeared to support these calumnies. In fact, it was a deadly calamity to the royal cause, and the queen ever deemed it as such.

(To be continued.)

THE MARTYRED TEMPLAR.

(Concluded from page 56.)

"How? where are you going in such a hurry?" exclaimed Gilbert, after silently scanning the youth for a moment. "Return, I beg, my worthy guest. The weather is unpleasant. A cold wind blows from the sea, and the appearance of the sky is more like winter than summer."

"The gentleman wishes to leave us," interposed Blanche. "In my ignorance I have given him offence; or else our humble accommodation is not to his taste."

Gilbert gazed at the youth with a calm and steady glance, which penetrated to his soul. "Dear Sir," said he, at last, to Guy, who stood like a detected culprit before him, "you will not surely affront me before my neighbours, by thus suddenly leaving my house, without even explaining the business which led you here. See! I have brought you beautiful fish, which the steward of the estate has kindly permitted me to catch from the pond. Blanche shall cook them, and you shall have as good a dinner as the Templars themselves could have had."

With these words, he emptied the net in which he carried the fish, into a large vessel filled with water, and busied himself in assisting his wife in her preparation. Meanwhile, a sudden resolve darted into the mind of the youth, and earnestly he grasped the hand of his host.

"A word with you!" said he, in a meaning tone. "Now . . . instantly it must be spoken! I wish to be without witnesses."

"As you please," replied Gilbert, calmly; and making signs to Blanche to remain behind, led his guest to a verandah, which opened on the garden, and commanded a view of the desolate ruins of the hospital. "Here I think we shall be unheard," continued he to his moody and stern companion. "Speak on."

"I will," replied Guy, in constrained tones. "I dare not take a place at your table, eat your bread, and drink your wine, and afterwards do the deed which I am commanded to execute. Cast aside your disguise, brother

Perrail; runaway companion of the Templars! I myself will do it. Grasp, sign, and password, have already revealed me to thee as a brother; hear now my name. I am called Guy de Montfort, and am the nephew of Aumont, the Grand Master of those who, escaped from the sword of the persecutor, have sworn once more to build up the Temple of Solomon, in defiance of the powers of darkness. I, who am yet but a neophyte, am sent here by our noble brotherhood to thee, thou perjured master of our order! Canst thou divine my errand?"

"You are to kill me," replied Perrail, with composure. "I know the punishment of perjury."

"You know it," exclaimed Guy, fiercely, "and yet you were guilty of it!"

"Young man," replied Perrail, with dignity, "judge me with the heart which God has implanted in your breast."

"But your oath!" interrupted Guy.

"Hear me," said Perrail, "before you unsheath your dagger, and avenge your injured brethren; for a noble fire gleams from your eyes, and I should wish you to be compassionate, not to despise me. Driven by the cruelty of tyrants from our homes, and saving nothing but our lives, I sailed with Aumont, the successor of our murdered Superior, to a more hospitable shore. These events occurred before I had taken the solemn vows of our order; and my doing so was deferred until Providence should send us brighter days. Meanwhile, on St. John the Baptist's Day, we swore to avenge ourselves upon our enemies. As the blood of the holy Baptist watered the foundation of the glorious temple of Christianity, so we hoped that ours should prove the cement of that new temple which should be built in place of Solomon's, in the land which had been the cradle of our order. Years, however, passed away, and all our enterprises failed. King, Emperor, and Pope, were all against us, and, with untiring severity, enforced the edicts for our annihilation. Even the people refused to sympathize with us, for the misdeeds of some of our more unworthy brethren; their pride and luxury had estranged the hearts of the poor. At this juncture I was despatched by our Master to sound the popular voice, and gain information respecting the sentiments of the French nation towards us. The result of this mission proved our expectations hopeless. Sad and dispirited, I was preparing to return, when I chanced to make the acquaintance of Blanche, and her family. Now that I saw the hopes of our order utterly annihilated, and that my weak arm and small ability were powerless to help and assist it, the thoughts of returning to exile, far from the dear land of my fathers, to waste existence on some iron-bound coast washed by the northern ocean, became daily more and more insupportable. I decided then to remain and to marry Blanche; but I broke no oaths, for I had as yet taken none. An old priest, attached to the order of the Temple, being at this time about to visit our exiled brethren, I wrote a letter to the Grand Master, declaring my resolution, and returning my insignia, which I despatched by him. All these were received by Aumont, but he sent me no answer. This is the amount of my offending; it is for you to judge of it. Against the order I have never sinned; for no living soul has learned from me its existence, far less its statutes, signs, or passwords. Even my wife is ignorant on these subjects; for never by a single syllable have I betrayed my brethren. You now see, Sir Guy de Montfort, that my transgression has not been very great; nevertheless, I am ready to suffer punishment. My wife, it is true, will become a widow, and my boy a fatherless orphan; but their sorrow will, after a time, pass away; and, meanwhile, I do not regret the five happy years I have spent with Blanche, even though I pay for them so dearly with my blood."

"You have deeply moved me," replied Guy, after a long silence; "and, for all you have related, I cannot blame you. I am sorry to say, however, that, in your

defence, you have not alluded to the great crime with which you are charged, and on account of which I have been sent on this hateful mission. The priest faithfully conveyed to my uncle all that you had sent; but he added the intelligence, that you had been guilty of Simony. At one time, he had been chaplain to the Hospital of the Templars, whose ruins we are now contemplating. During the cruel persecution, he and the bailiff of the establishment buried a costly treasure in one of the vaults. It consisted of pearls and precious stones, which a pious Knight of the Temple had brought from the East to adorn the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The ruthless destroyers of our buildings never discovered the place of concealment, so well had the secret been kept. Several years passed away, and then the priest returned to the scene of his former ministry, and found you in possession of the ruins, which you had just then bought. In the silence of night, he revisited the spot where he had left the treasure, and, to his surprise, found it gone. Who could have been the robber, if not you?"

"The treasure is in my possession," calmly answered Perrail.

"You confess it!" exclaimed Guy; "now, then, repent, and pray God for mercy; for you must die! Strange it is, that you have not been annihilated by shame already! When you looked at these ruins, against whose noble possessors you so scandalously sinned, were you not afraid that the earth would open and swallow you up? Perjured and faithless Master! worse than the beast of prey, for you have wounded the mother that nurtured you! By your robbery you have profaned the sanctuary, and placed yourself on a level with those wretches who slew our martyred brethren. Pray, then, to that holy Trinity whose blessed sign we bear, and be obedient unto death!"

"I am so," replied Perrail, in great agitation; "follow me, however, before proceeding to the last act, otherwise it will be done in vain, for you will have lost the treasure. Do not hesitate; you may indeed trust me."

Guy, astonished at his demeanour, followed him in silence towards the ruins, and down a dilapidated staircase. They entered a vault, in the corner of which was a heap of rubbish. Perrail began to remove it, and Guy lent his assistance. A square black marble stone now became visible. With some difficulty Perrail lifted it away, and drew out of the cavity beneath a rich golden casket.

"The priest was mistaken," said he, solemnly, "when he maintained that he had searched the very place where he and the bailiff deposited the treasure. This is the spot, and the treasure never left its hiding place. The bailiff died in my arms, and confided to me the secret, while I was still in exile, and before I re-visited France. It was in order to preserve the riches of the order that I purchased these neglected ruins; and, finding the treasure still in safety, I covered the spot with yonder heap of rubbish, which, doubtless, served to mislead the priest, when he made his unsuccessful search. When the Lord of Craon, a valiant brother of our order, was about to sail and visit Aumont, on the rocky coast he had chosen for his abode, I gave him a letter to the Grand-Master, announcing the existence of the treasure, and requesting he would send some confidential person to get it removed. It was some time after his departure that the priest visited me, and I considered it useless to repeat the information to him, particularly as I knew not how far he was to be trusted, and had no idea on what errand he had come. Since that time I have received no intelligence from Aumont; and the treasure has consequently remained undisturbed."

"You make me ashamed," replied Guy, whose cheeks were dyed crimson; "I must believe you, although my uncle never received your first letter; for the Lord of Craon perished at sea in a violent storm, and only one sailor escaped to convey the melancholy news."

"Now I am happy," said Perrail, leaving the vault

along with Guy; "for you are convinced of my innocence, and will clear my character to my brethren. Take, then, this casket into your possession; draw your sword, avenge the order, and fly!"

"Man!" exclaimed Guy, deeply offended, "do you suppose I have the blood-thirstiness of the tiger? Would I murder you when my heart clears you of the guilt of apostasy, and my reason of the crime of simony? I could only execute my commission if I found you guilty. I was not sent to wreak vengeance on the innocent, and thus render myself unworthy of the Mastership, which was to be the reward of justice."

"Youth, worthy of a brighter destiny, come to my arms!" exclaimed Perrail, as he pressed the noble young Templar to his breast; "I thank thee for these tears, and for thy kind compassion; but the laws of the Templars must be executed, otherwise thou wilt fall a victim to the displeasure of thy brethren. Do, then, thy duty."

"Art thou mad?" exclaimed Guy; "friend, husband, father, thus to summon the destroying angel?"

"Brother," interrupted Perrail, "my course upon earth is about to end! A sure presentiment tells me so: since for these three successive nights I have been warned by a heavenly messenger.—Descending from the blue empyreal, a martyr's crown has been suspended over my head; and, with child-like peacefulness, I was awaiting it even when you arrived. Now, with the equanimity of a man and a Christian, I am ready to suffer death; therefore, brother, messenger of vengeance! strike, and do not linger. Here, amid the ruins of the house of my order, let me die by the hands of a friend and of a Templar."

"Away!" cried Guy, almost beside himself; "wilt thou constrain me to slay a righteous man? Trouble not thyself about my fate, whatever it may turn out to be. Banish thy gloomy anticipations, and live for thy wife and thy child. Pray for us, and be happy!"

At this moment they were interrupted by Blanche hastening, pale and breathless, towards them, scarcely able to carry her little boy in her trembling arms. "For God's sake, Gilbert, save yourself!" she cried, in her anguish. "The whole neighbourhood is in an uproar; an armed multitude are approaching our dwelling. They say that a Templar is concealed here; and the magistrates have sent officers of justice to apprehend him. Neighbour Remy hastened to the house by a short cut to give us warning."

"Treachery!" thundered Guy; whilst a horrible suspicion crossed his mind, and compelled him to draw his sword from the scabbard. "Traitor, who, with honeyed words of apparent honesty, allured me into the snare! Now all is made clear. What was it delayed thee so long this morning? Didst thou not inform the government of my concealment? Tremble, wretch! My arm can strike ere thy plans succeed!"

So saying, he aimed his sword at the head of Perrail; but Blanche darted between, in time to avert the blow; for the sight of her blooming loveliness, and the cries of the innocent babe, for the instant disarmed him.

"Calm yourself, brother!" said Perrail, "I am guiltless. The powers of hell have betrayed your secret, and not I. Think you I wish your destruction? No! I desire to save you. Follow Blanche through that door, which opens to the vaults of the Temple-court. A narrow foot-path will thence lead you to the corn-fields at the end of my estate. May God's blessing accompany you, and save you from your pursuers! In half-an-hour's time you will reach the shore. Meanwhile I shall delay the murderous wretches. Fly then! and may you reach your bark in safety! Guard well the casket, and greet the brethren for me."

Guy, oppressed with shame and sorrow, cast himself on the bosom of the noble Perrail; and after embracing him, took the hand of the terrified Blanche, and accompanied her to the place of safety.

"What do you want, friends and neighbours?" said Perrail, advancing towards the excited multitude; "wherefore do you besiege my house?"

"Deliver up the blasphemer—the heretic—the Templar whom you have concealed!" shouted the enraged mob.

"I have got no Templar here," replied Perrail, fearlessly. "You are mistaken."

"Do not believe him! He lies!" cried Renaud, an envious neighbour; "I myself saw him walking with the miscreant whom the foreign fisherman talked about. They took their way to yonder ruins. Concealed behind a hedge, I heard them speaking of a treasure which they were going to dig up."

"A treasure!" shouted the multitude eagerly, whilst desire of plunder glared from their greedy eyes; "Where? Where?"

"Listen to me," exclaimed Perrail, in vain striving to calm them. "Control your unworthy passions, and remember that you are men and Christians!"

"We don't forget it," cried the ringleader; "we know we are men; but the Templars are the children of the devil, whom they do not scruple to call their father. We are Christians, while the Templars are heretics, who despise Christ, and wear idolatrous images on their breast. They must be burned, for King and Pope have sanctioned it; and it shall be done."

"I do not care a straw for the Templar," growled forth Renaud, who understood the people he had to deal with; "but the treasure—it is the treasure that we ought to seek for."

"Yes! Yes!" shouted the mob. "Go on, Gilbert, and guide us, or it will cost thee thy life."

Against his will, Perrail, with a few friends, who gathered round him, was pressed forwards by the crowd towards the ruins of the hospital. At the very spot where Guy had taken leave of Perrail they halted, and the multitude once more furiously demanded the treasure. At his refusal to answer, the most eager divided themselves into parties, and explored the crazy ruins and dilapidated vaults, in the vain hope of discovering gold and silver. Renaud alone kept his eyes fixed upon Perrail, determined that his victim should not escape. "Fly!" whispered the brave man's friends; "we will cover thy flight."

"I remain in the hands of God," replied he, with equanimity; and did not even change colour when some of the ruffians returned with the intelligence that the place had been discovered where the treasure had been concealed.

"Dost thou deny it still?" thundered the voice of the malignant Renaud; "the empty nest is found, but where are the birds that were in it? where is the accomplice that carried them off?"

Perrail maintained an indignant silence. "The King's seneschal has the right to demand that question and not you," replied the faithful Remy, in a tone of defiance.

"To unmask a secret sinner, is the duty of every honest man," replied Renaud, "and Gilbert is such a person, for no man knows whence he comes; doubtless he has been a dependent of the accursed Templars, who misled our youth, wrung from us the fruit of the soil which we earned with the sweat of our brow, and spent the profits of our weary labours in luxury and debauchery. Is there one of you who has not just cause to avenge himself on the detestable knights? Thy garden, Nicholas, was forcibly taken from thee by their bailiff. Thy son, Matthieu, used to be forced to watch night after night, after a weary day's labour, that the rest of a certain luxurious knight might not be disturbed. And thy grandchild, honest William, was whipped by their commands until he died, for the small offence of catching a hare and getting it roasted. These deeds of cruelty, and a hundred others, we have seen with our own eyes, and yet, here stands a man who gives shelter to one of the accursed brood whom the King has banished, and with him divides the treasures of their heretical society! Look at him, how like an honest man he stands! How he even dares to smile! Neighbours, will you put up with this contempt? Perhaps he himself is a concealed

Templar ! Perhaps the wretch even bears their secret mark on his breast."

So saying, Renaud seized Perrail to examine him, who indignantly pushed him back ; but the insidious speech had already made a deep impression, and with a wild cry the enraged multitude darted on their victim.

Blinded by fury, a smith armed with a hammer struck a murderous blow on the head of Perrail. Bleeding, he sank to the earth, while the purple crown of martyrdom again hovered before his closing eyes. "Hiram !" he exclaimed, as his senses wandered. His lips moved, perhaps once more to utter the hallowed name of Jesus ; but in vain ! Darkness obscured his vision—the dew of death glistened on his brow, and the seneschal, who a short time after arrived, found the multitude, ashamed of what they had done, standing in speechless consternation round the corpse ; some of the more charitable striving to reanimate the unfortunate Blanche, who, returning at the fatal moment, had swooned away.

"Now, brethren, I have concluded my recital," said Sir Guy de Montford to the assembled Templars gathered together, as heretofore, in the vault of the ruined chapel of St. John, on the bleak and rocky coast from which the young knight had sailed a short time previously. "I could not slay him, because I believed him guiltless : let him, therefore, who believes himself without sin among you, cast the first stone at me ! I now fearlessly place myself before you, my brethren and my judges ;—do with me what seems best to you. I did not tremble when, with twenty swords at my breast, you tried my courage in these vaults, ere I set out ; and I do not tremble now before your poniards, for my conscience approves me, and I know that I have done right. If the rank of Master is only to be obtained by bloodshed, then I abjure it for ever, and separate myself from this association of cruelty, whose members, under the mask of benevolence and brotherly love, conceal fiendish hatred ; and who hide the assassin's dagger under the insignia of a peaceful handicraft."

Guy was silent, and there was for some moments a solemn pause, while the Grand Master sat in deep consideration, with his head leaning on his hand. At last, he raised his eyes towards the emblem of the Blessed Trinity represented on the canopy above his chair, and from the Divine fountain of wisdom imbibed lenity and prudence.

"Brother Perrail undoubtedly left us," at length he said ; "nevertheless we shall cherish no rancour against him on that account, for he did not break the oath to defend the rights of the order, but, on the contrary, lost his life in preserving Brother Guy from the destruction which threatened him. On another account also, we must still number Brother Perrail in our ranks ; he has shown the perfection of human benevolence ; and is not perfection the aim of our association ?"

"So let it be !" exclaimed the brethren with one voice ; while Guy replied, in altered tones, as soon as the uproar subsided, "My Lord and Master, your clemency has touched my heart, and filled it with gratitude. Let me now, however, conclude the story of the unfortunate Perrail, who fell a martyr to his fidelity to the Order. Being detained by adverse winds, I had time to learn the melancholy news. In the night I returned to the house of mourning, and persuaded the bereaved widow to accompany me, along with the corpse of her husband, and her orphan boy. I promised that friends of Perrail should protect her and her child, and for that purpose I have brought them hither."

"You did well, De Montfort," replied the Grand Master ; "the noble death of Perrail merits all the poor recompense we can offer ; let her therefore be conducted into our presence. And now, my brethren," he continued, turning towards the knights, "cover the emblem of the Blessed Trinity, and remove all our mystic symbols from the vault."

His orders were obeyed. Blanche was admitted. She

seemed bowed down with care and sorrow, as, conducted by Guy, she approached the venerable Grand Master, and would have sunk at his feet, had not he, touched to the heart, raised her in his arms ; then, gently laying his hands upon her head, he blessed her, and said : "Like thee, poor stricken one ! we call from the depths of our affliction to the Lord of hosts, and hope for a new Jerusalem, and a bright future of immortality. God is my witness, that, from this day henceforth, I shall look upon thee as my daughter, and upon thy orphan babe as my son, and, after my death, my nephew shall take my place in fulfilling this duty."

After saying these words, Aumont commanded the poor widow to be led away, and the dead body of her husband to be brought. The knights, with one accord, lowered their swords as the corpse was carried in, and over the coffin of their martyred companion was Guy de Montford, by grasp, step, sign, and brotherly kiss, received to the dignity of Master.

Near the chapel of St. John, the body of Perrail was deposited in holy ground. A heap of stones was his only monument, but, during many long years, his humble resting-place was visited with veneration by the members of the Order.

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title ; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE FAR-OFF LAND.

THE rock, and wood, and field, and stream,
Are flickering 'neath the sunny beam :
Above me is the heaven of blue ;
Beneath, the boundless ocean's hue
O'er sea, and shore, and moss, and sweep ;
And onward nothing meets the eye
Save yonder gallant argosy,
Stretching, half seen, its lingering way
Beyond the forkings of the bay.

How lovely all ! how passing fair !
Safely the travell'd man might swear
That nought his wandering eyes had seen
So mild, so tranquil, so serene.
And yet, with fond and eager view,
I turn, and other course pursue ;
Catching, beyond the sea-girt strand,
Dark glimmerings of a distant land ;
Mountains, which fancy scarce can shape,
Bold rock, and far projecting cape,
And earth so mingled with the sky,
'Twere hard to tell the boundary.
I know not if that far-off land
Be some accursed and desert strand,
Where o'er the mountain's summit bleak
No sounds but of the tempest speak,
And the wild ocean's raving tide
Lashes its never-trodden side ;
Perhaps it lies unsought, unknown,
Some burning or some frozen zone :
Yet 'mid the soft and tranquil scene
Of sea, and sky, and forest green,
I reckon these, but inly sigh
That unacquainted coast to try.

Oh ! if some cherish'd hopes destroy
The tenor of thy present joy,
And bid thee, with inquiring view,
The onward vale of life pursue,
Where on the shadowy distance move
Fair undistinguish'd forms of love,
And round the dim horizon press
Imagined shapes of happiness ;—
Yet stay awhile ! thine eye has stray'd
To scenes which, view'd more closely, fade :
Take what thy power may now command ;
All onward is—the far-off land.

Rev. Edward Smedley.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

ANECDOTE OF A SCOTCH GIRL.

ONE day, in one of the crowded streets, I met a poor young girl, who seemed utterly bewildered; she stopped me to ask if I would tell her the name of the street she was in. Her accent was broad Scotch, and her look and air of perfect simplicity was, I perceived, not assumed, but genuine. I gave her the information she wanted, and asked her where she lived, and if she was in search of any friend's house. She said she did not live anywhere in London; she was but just arrived from Scotland, and knew nobody who had any house or lodging of their own in town, but she was looking for a friend of the name of Peggy; and Peggy was a Scotch girl, who was born within a mile of the place where she lived in Scotland. Peggy was in service in London, and had written her direction to some house in this street; but the number of the house and the names of the master or mistress had been forgotten. The poor girl was determined, she said, to try every house, for she had come all the way from Scotland to see Peggy, and she had no other dependence. It seemed a hopeless case. I was so much struck with her simplicity and forlorn condition, that I could not leave her in this perplexity, an utter stranger as she evidently was to the dangers of London. I went with her, though I own without the slightest hope of her succeeding in the object of her search, knocked at every door, and made inquiries at every house. When we came near the end of the street, she was in despair, and cried bitterly; but as one of the last doors opened, and as a footman was surlily beginning to answer my questions, she darted past him, exclaiming, "There's Peggy!" She flew along the passage to a servant girl, whose head had just appeared as she was coming up stairs. I never heard or saw stronger expressions of joy or affection than at this meeting, and I scarcely ever, for any service I have been able in the course of my life to do for my fellow creatures, received such grateful thanks as I did from this poor Scotch lassie and her Peggy for the little assistance I afforded her.—*Memoirs of R. L. Edgworth*.

MACDONALD OF KINGSBURGH.

MACDONALD of Kingsburgh, who married Flora Macdonald, was one of the most respectable men of his district. He was brought a prisoner, heavily ironed, from Skye to Fort Augustus. The excellent President Forbes represented to the Duke of Cumberland, that to execute so popular a man as Kingsburgh would excite a new rebellion. But he was so deeply involved in the escape of Charles Edward, that his death seemed to be certain. At Fort Augustus, whilst he was a prisoner, an order came to the officer on guard for the release of some prisoners. Amongst others, the officer called the name of Alexander Macdonald, asking Kingsburgh if that was not he. He answered, "That is my name; but I suspect there must be some mistake." The officer said, "What mistake? is not your name Alexander Macdonald?" Kingsburgh said that it was, but repeated his warning twice or thrice. At last he went out, and met a friend, who advised him instantly to quit the Fort. Kingsburgh said, "No, I must wait at the opposite ale-house, till I see whether the officer gets into a scrape." He waited: in two hours an officer came with a body of soldiers, and made the subaltern on guard prisoner, for having set at large so dangerous a rebel. Kingsburgh immediately ran across the street, and, saying to the officer, "I told you there was a mistake," surrendered himself. However the President Forbes saved his life.

REAL FAME.

SCOTT had tasted at our house the Yarmouth bloaters, then an article of less savoury notoriety than at present; allowed their superiority to the "Finnan haddies," and inquired where they were to be got. My mother, having undertaken the commission, applied to our fishmonger, Mr. B——, of Billingsgate, a most worthy and matter-of-fact Triton, whom no one would have suspected of an addiction to poetry or romance. Hearing that the half-hundred small fishes were to be sent as far as Sussex-place, he rather shook his head at the inconvenient distance. "Rather out of our beat, ma'am. There are plenty of places where they can be got good." "I am sorry for that; for I am afraid Sir Walter Scott will be disappointed, having learned that yours are the best—" "Sir Walter Scott, ma'am! God bless my soul, is Sir Walter in town? Tom, go and pick the very best half-hundred you can find, in that fresh lot from Yarmouth. Well, ma'am, and how is he looking? Why, if you had told me they were for him, I would have sent them to Jerusalem or Johnny Groat's house. Now mind, Tom, that the boy starts directly; remember, 24, Sussex-place, and no mistake about it."—This circumstance being recounted to Scott, he cordially exclaimed, "Well now, this is something like real, tangible fame. I like this more than all the minauderies of the old French countesses who used to bother me at Paris with their extravagant compliments, and were only thinking, I'll be sworn, of their own vanity all the while."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ABSTRACTING entirely from the culture of the moral powers, how extensive and difficult is the business of conducting intellectual improvement! To watch over the associations which men form in their tender years; to give them early habits of mental activity; to rouse their curiosity, and to direct it to proper objects; to exercise their ingenuity and invention; to cultivate in their minds a turn for speculation, and at the same time preserve their attention alive to the objects around them; to awaken their sensibilities to the beauties of nature, and to inspire them with a relish for intellectual enjoyment;—these form but a part of the business of education; and yet the execution, even of this part, requires an acquaintance with the general principles of our nature, which seldom falls to the share of those to whom the instruction of youth is commonly entrusted.—*Stewart*.

MEN are qualified for civil liberty, in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within the more there must be without. It is ordained, in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.—*Burke*.

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PROVIDENT SOCIETIES.

THE object of our Magazine being to advance the happiness and prosperity of the people by all prudent and moral means, we are glad to devote an early portion of it to the consideration of the best method of providing for the comfort of the working classes, when by old age or sickness the ordinary sources of provision are dried up. Now, we must begin with confessing that we are not disciples of that school of political economists who would represent man to be so complete and independent in himself, that, if he have only sagacity and energy, he need never be beholden to the charity of his neighbours. On the contrary, we believe it to be a fixed law of our being, that calamities and misfortunes, against which no prudence can possibly guard, shall befall us, for the twofold purpose of convincing man of his weakness, and of eliciting the kindly feelings of our nature from those who have it in their power to alleviate distress. Nevertheless, prudence is a virtue in the code of Christianity, as well as in that of political economy. And we believe that we can scarcely do a better service to our readers, than to assist them in exercising it in the best possible way for the benefit of themselves and their families. Not a few of our readers, perhaps, will entertain a prejudice against the whole system of Provident Societies, not so much on the ground of their engendering selfishness, as remembering the vice and intemperance of which they are often productive, to say nothing of the insecurity and failures to which they have been found liable. We admit, that whether we regard the tradesmen's provident association of the town, or the ordinary village benefit club, they appear chiefly to have been constructed for the benefit of the publican,¹ at whose house the members assemble. Again, a very small portion of the benefits which the mechanic, or the tradesman, or the labourer, may secure for himself by prudential means, is provided for by the ordinary societies. Sickness and funeral expenses (and the former, at least, only in the head of the family), for the most part are alone taken into consideration; whereas the system is capable of being applied to the securing, besides, a competent maintenance for old age, to the apprenticing of children, or setting them up in business, or enabling

them to emigrate; and should be made to comprise single women and children, as well as adult males.

"There are three principles (observes an able writer) which appear of first importance in forming a benefit society.

"First, that it be based on computations made by some eminent actuary, and enrolled under Act of Parliament. Next, that no portion of the funds shall, on any pretence, be expended in feasting, or at public houses. Thirdly, that the expenses of management shall be defrayed, if possible, out of funds distinct from the contributions of the members: that is to say, out of voluntary donations and subscriptions from honorary members, or out of the income of investments made by such donations."

To which we should be disposed to add, as a fourth rule, that the meetings of the society should not be held at taverns or public houses.

We will now give a sample of some of the benefits to be derived from these institutions (their proper name is *guilds*, from a Saxon word, meaning *to pay*) when properly conducted.

For a man 21 years old, the monthly payment to obtain 7s. 6d. a week in sickness, is 1s. 3d. a month for life.

To obtain the same up to 65, and 5s. a week, sick or well, working or not working, after that age, 1s. 9d.; that is, only 6d. more.

To obtain, from the age of 21, 10s. a week in sickness—1s. 7½d. a month for life.

To obtain the same up to 65, and 5s. a week, sick or well, working or not working, after that age, 2s. a month; that is, only 4½d. more. And in this latter case, there is included a sum of 4l. at death.

For the additional payment of one halfpenny, to obtain an allowance for life after 65, the monthly payment will cease at 60 years of age.

A payment of 1s. 8d. a month for a child under one year of age, will secure 16l. at the age of 14.

And if the child should live beyond that age, a sick allowance of 10s. up to 65 years, and 5s. a week, sick or well, afterwards for life, may be purchased, free of all monthly payments, with about the same sum of 16l.

If the child die under 14 years of age, the whole deposit will be returned.

Deferred life annuities of any amount up to 100l. may likewise be secured; and the money deposited will be returned, in case of death, to the family of the depositor.

¹ Of 346 Friendly Societies in the county of Middlesex, 311 are held in public houses.

Instead of monthly payments, an equivalent sum may be paid at once; by which means masters and mistresses may readily provide for faithful servants, or parents possessing a small sum of money may, at their deaths, secure a permanent provision for their children.

At the present moment but few such associations exist, but we expect shortly to see them founded in every part of the kingdom. The Church was of old the patron of all such industrial guilds; and we doubt not that ere long she will awake to this duty, as she has already awoke to the discharge of duties more directly spiritual. In the Archdeaconry of Chichester, in the town and county of Cambridge, the work has already commenced; and at Selby, in Yorkshire, there is an energetic layman, of the name of Hick, who is endeavouring to organize something of the kind, on a large scale. To all these fellow-labourers we wish success. And we apprehend that any two or three active, right-minded men, who felt interested in the matter, and would refer to the several quarters which we have named, would be able to accomplish the foundation of such an institution for their own neighbourhood, by incorporating it into some larger body, even if it were not strong enough to stand by itself.

One word more, by way of explanation. While we protest against meetings being held in public houses, and the expenses of festivities being defrayed out of the ordinary contributions of members, we are very far from being opposed to the celebration of an annual holiday or festival. Rather, we would make it an essential part of the system. Only let it be, at least in the country, a matter arranged in each parish by itself, so that it may not be an excuse for riot and intemperance. A genuine parish holiday, commencing with a festive religious service, embracing the practice of manly English games, and leading to the mixing of all classes together in friendly intercourse, would be one great instrument for the revival of good feeling in our rural districts.

On another occasion we shall hope to say something of the history and constitution of the early *Guilds*.

HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I.

(Concluded from page 66.)

The king, soon after his return from Scotland, made his well-known unsuccessful attempt to arrest five of the most factious members of the House of Commons, from which the actual commencement of the civil war may be dated. An unfortunate exclamation, which escaped the queen in the presence of one of her trusted attendants—Lady Carlisle—but who was in fact a spy of some of the members in question, betrayed the king's intention, and they had warning in time to remove out of the way. When Henrietta found that her heedless prattling had done the mischief, she threw herself into the arms of her husband, and avowed her fault, blaming herself with most passionate penitence. Not a reproach did he give her; and she paused in her narrative to Madame de Motteville, in an agony of regret, to call her attention to his admirable tenderness to her: "For never," said she, "did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, though I had ruined him."

The disturbances which followed this occurrence caused the king and queen to remove from Whitehall to Hampton Court. The parliament having sent a circular

to all the nobility, to arm and prevent the king from moving further, the queen proposed to her royal consort that she should depart for Holland, on the ostensible errand of conducting the little princess royal to her young spouse, the prince of Orange; but in reality for the purpose of selling her jewels to provide her consort with the means of defence. She embarked at Dover, Feb. 23, 1641-2. The king stood on the shore, watching their departing sails with tearful eyes, doubtful whether they should ever meet again. "As the wind was favourable for coasting," the queen declares, "her husband rode four leagues, following the vessel along the windings of the shore." Whatever political errors Charles may be chargeable with, yet, to every heart capable of enshrining the domestic affections, his name must be dear.

The Dutch republicans received the queen with little politeness, but with real effective liberality. Their high mightinesses at Rotterdam lent her 40,000 guilders, their bank 25,000, the bank at Amsterdam 845,000. Of merchants at the Hague, Fletcher and Fitcher, she borrowed 166,000. On her pendant pearls she borrowed 213,000 guilders; she put six rubies in pawn for 40,000 guilders; and altogether raised upwards of 2,000,000 sterling. She was one year in effecting this great work, during which time she sent valuable remittances of money, arms, and warlike stores to her royal husband, who had raised his standard at Nottingham soon after her departure, and commenced the warlike struggle with some success, at least wherever he commanded in person.

The unfortunate mother of Henrietta died in misery at Cologne the same winter. It had been the intention of the queen to continue her journey up the Rhine, to attend her parent's sick bed; but the Dutch burgo-masters interfered and wholly prevented her; and she, fearful of compromising the advantages she had gained, dared not pursue her intentions, lest her husband's interest should suffer severely.

On the 2d February, 1642-3, Henrietta, having accomplished her business in Holland, re-embarked for England. She encountered a severe storm, and was in considerable danger. Her ladies wept and screamed perpetually, but the queen never lost her high spirits. To all the lamentations around her, the daughter of Henry the Great replied gaily, "Comfort yourselves, *mes cheres*, queens of England are never drowned." The ladies, it is added, suspended their wailings to reflect, recollected that such a case had never occurred, and were greatly consoled. After a fortnight's pitching and tossing, the ship was beaten back on the wild Scheveling coast, and the queen landed safely at the port, close to the Hague, from whence they had set out. After a few days' rest and refreshment, she again set sail, minus two ships lost in the storm, and anchored in Burlington Bay, 20th February, 1642-3, after an absence of a year all but two days.

On the 22d she landed, under the protection of the Dutch admiral, Van Tromp, by sea, and a body of a thousand cavaliers on land. Intelligence of her arrival having reached the parliamentary admiral, Batten, who had been cruising off Newcastle, he entered Burlington Bay in the night, and by peep of dawn commenced an active cannonade on the house where she was sleeping, the parliament having voted her guilty of high treason, for obtaining supplies of money and arms for her distressed husband. She made her escape, not without much danger. The neighbouring houses were totally destroyed, and one of her servants was killed by a cannon-ball.

While Henrietta remained in Yorkshire she gained over many adherents to the royal cause. The captain of one of the vessels which had fired upon the house in which she slept at Burlington, having been seized on shore, was sentenced by a military tribunal to be hung. The queen hearing of it, ordered him to be set at liberty; an act of generosity by which the captain was

so deeply touched, that he came over to the royal cause, and persuaded many of his shipmates to join him.

The queen left Yorkshire at the head of a considerable army, and, after a triumphant march through the midland counties, she met the king in the vale of Keynton, near Edgehill.

A transient flush of success at this period brightened the prospects of the royal cause; and the queen was so elated at it, and at her supplies having been the means of obtaining it, that she would not hear of any means of terminating the civil war except by conquest. Thus by her influence the opportunity of making peace was lost for ever; and she afterwards confessed and bitterly lamented her error.

The court remained at Oxford until the approach of the parliamentary forces, rendering a battle inevitable, made it necessary that the queen, who was by this time near her confinement, should be removed to a place of greater security. Previously to the battle of Newbury, so fatal to his cause, Charles escorted his beloved wife to Abingdon, and there, on the 3d of April, 1644, with streaming tears and dark forebodings for the future, this attached pair parted, never to meet again on earth.

The queen's first destination was Bath, but she afterwards sought refuge in Exeter, where, amidst the horrors and consternation of an approaching siege, she was in want of everything. The king had written to summon to her assistance his faithful household physician, Theodore Mayerne; his epistle was comprehended in one emphatic line in French:—

"MAYERNE, —

"For the love of me, go to my wife.

"C. R."

And the faithful physician did not abandon his royal patrons in the hour of their distress. Henrietta likewise wrote to her sister-in-law, the queen regent of France, Anne of Austria, giving her an account of her distressed state. That queen sent her 50,000 pistoles, with every article needful for a lady in a delicate situation, and her own *sage-femme* to assist her in her hour of trouble. Perhaps the best trait in the character of queen Henrietta occurs at this juncture. She reserved a very small portion of the donation of the queen of France for her own use, and sent the bulk of it to the relief of her distressed husband. Boundless generosity was a leading feature of her character.

The queen gave birth to a living daughter at Exeter, 1st June, 1644, and in less than a fortnight afterwards the earl of Essex advanced to besiege the city. She sent to the republican general, requesting permission to retire to Bath for the completion of her recovery; but, in reply, he intimated that he should lead her prisoner to London, to answer to parliament for having levied war in England. The daughter of Henry the Great summoned all the energy of character which she had derived from that mighty sire, to triumph over the pain and weakness that oppressed her at this awful crisis. She rose from her sick bed, and escaped from Exeter in disguise, with one gentleman and one lady, and her confessor. She was constrained to hide herself in a hut, three miles from Exeter-gate, where she passed two days without anything to nourish her, couched under a heap of litter. She heard the parliamentary soldiers defile on each side of her shelter; she overheard their imprecations and oaths, "that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, as they would receive from the parliament a reward for it of 50,000 crowns." When this peril was passed, she issued out of her hiding-place, and, accompanied by the three persons who had shared her dangers, traversed the same road on which the soldiers had lately marched, though they had made it nearly impassable. She travelled in extreme pain, and her anxious attendants were astonished that she did not utterly fail on the way.

Having reached Pendennis Castle, she embarked in a

Dutch vessel, which lay in the bay, and sailed for France. Her vessel was chased by a cruiser in the service of the parliament. Several cannon-shots were fired at it; and the danger of being taken or sunk seemed to her imminent. In this exigence, she took the command of the vessel. She forbade any return to be made of the cannonading, for fear of delay, but urged the pilot to continue his course, and every sail to be set for speed; and she charged the captain, if escape were impossible, to fire the powder magazine, and destroy her with the ship, rather than permit her to fall alive into the hands of her husband's enemies. At this order, her ladies and domestics sent forth the most piercing cries; she meantime maintaining a courageous silence, her high spirit being wound up to brave death rather than the disgrace to herself, and the trouble to her husband, which would have ensued if she had been dragged a captive to London. The cannonading continued till they were nearly in sight of Jersey, when a shot hit the queen's little bark, and made it stagger under the blow. Every one on board gave themselves over for lost, as the mischief done to the rigging made the vessel slacken sail. At that moment, a little fleet of Dieppe vessels hove in sight, and hastened to the scene of action. This friendly squadron took the queen's shattered bark under their protection, and the enemy sheered off. After encountering a severe storm, she landed in safety at near Brest, and was received with much enthusiasm by the French people.

The regency of France was now in the hands of Anne of Austria, the widow of Louis XIII. That queen had received important services from Charles I. during the time of his prosperity, and she evinced her gratitude by the kindness with which she treated his wife and family in this time of their distress. She gave to Henrietta the noble income of 12,000 crowns per month, which was continued till the civil war of the Fronde reduced the whole royal family of France to destitution. But Henrietta stripped herself of whatever was given her, and gradually sold all her jewels, to send every penny she could command to her suffering husband.

In the course of the year 1646, the queen had the pleasure of welcoming to her arms her little daughter, Henrietta, whom she had left an infant of but a fortnight old at Exeter. The escape of the child from the power of the parliament was effected by Lady Morton, her governess, one of the beautiful race of Villiers. She had been permitted by the parliamentary army to retire with the infant princess from Exeter to the nursery palace of Oatlands. The year after, when all royal expenses were cashiered, and the parliament meditated taking the child, to transfer it, with its brothers and sisters, to the custody of the earl and countess of Northumberland, Lady Morton resolved only to surrender this little one to the queen, from whom she had received her. To effect her escape, she disguised herself as the wife of a poor French servant, little better than a beggar. She likewise dressed the infant princess in rags, like a beggar boy, and called her "Pierre," that name being somewhat like the sound by which the little creature meant to call herself "princess," if she was asked her name. Lady Morton was tall and elegantly formed, and it was no easy matter to disguise the noble air and graceful port of the Villiers' beauty. She, however, fitted herself up a hump with a bundle of linen. She walked, with the little princess on her back, in this disguise, nearly to Dover, giving out that she was her little boy. Subsequently, Lady Morton declared that she was at the same time alarmed and amused at the indignation of the royal infant at her rags and mean appearance, and at the pertinacity with which she strove to inform every person she passed on the road "that she was not a beggar-boy and Pierre, but the little princess." Fortunately, no one understood her babblings but her affectionate guardian; Lady Morton had arranged all things so judiciously, that she crossed the sea from Dover to Calais in the common packet-boat, without awakening the least suspicion.

The war of the Fronde, which broke out in 1648,

stopped the payment of Henrietta's pension, and reduced her to the extremity of distress. An accidental visit of the cardinal de Retz, the leader of the Fronde, on a day when her last loaf was eaten, her last faggot consumed, and she herself destitute of the means of purchasing more, in all probability saved her from perishing of want. He found her without any fire, though the snow was falling diamally; she was sitting by the bedside of her little daughter, the Princess Henrietta; it was noon, but the child was still in bed. "You find me," said the queen, calmly, "keeping company with my Henrietta; I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire." The cardinal immediately sent her assistance from his own resources, and prevailed upon the parliament of Paris to vote her a subsidy of 20,000 livres.

The affairs of the king had now become desperate, and his affectionate wife presented the most humble solicitations to both houses of parliament, to be permitted to pass over to England, and share his fate, whatever it might be. No attention was paid to her request. The accounts which she received of what was passing in England were so irregular, that she was long kept in the most cruel suspense as to her husband's fate.

We must pass over the details of the trial and execution of Charles, and proceed to the condition of his wife when the fatal intelligence was conveyed to her by Lord Jermyn. "She stood," says Père Gamache, her daughter's tutor, in a manuscript memoir quoted by Miss Strickland, "motionless as a statue, without words, and without tears. To all our exhortations and arguments, our queen was deaf and insensible. At last, ayed by her appalling grief, we ceased talking, and stood round her in perturbed silence, some sighing, some weeping, all with mournful and sympathizing looks bent on her immovable countenance. So we continued till nightfall, when the duchess of Vendôme, whom our queen tenderly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the royal widow, and tenderly kissed it, and at last succeeded in awakening her from the stupor of grief into which she had been plunged since she had comprehended the dreadful death of her husband. She was able to sigh and weep, and soon expressed a desire to retire from the world to indulge in the profound sorrow she suffered. Her little daughter was with her, and her maternal love found it hard to separate from her; yet she longed to withdraw into some humble abode, where she might weep at will. At last, she resolved to retire, with a few of her ladies, into the convent of the Carmelites, Faubourg Saint Jacques, in Paris."

"Often," says Madame de Motteville, "did Queen Henrietta say to me, that she was astonished how she ever could survive the loss of Charles, when she so well knew that life could contain, after this calamity, nothing but bitterness for her. 'I have lost a crown,' she would say, 'but that I had long before ceased to regret; it is the husband for whom I grieve—good, just, wise, virtuous as he was, most worthy of my love and that of his subjects: the future must be for me but a continual succession of misery and afflictions.'

"Queen Henrietta," continues her friend, "had enlightened and noble sentiments; in consequence, she keenly felt all that she had lost, and all she owed to the memory of a king and husband who had so tenderly loved her, who had given her his entire confidence, and had always considered her above all persons. He had shared with her his grandeur and prosperity, and it was but just, as she said, 'that she should take her part in the bitterness of his adversity, and sorrow for him, as if his death had taken place each day that she lived, to the last hour of her life.' In fact, she wore a perpetual widow's mourning for him on her person and in her heart. This lasting sadness, those who knew her were well aware, was a great change from her natural disposition, which was gay, gladsome, and apt to see all the ordinary occurrences of life in a bright and cheerful

light. From that hour she surnamed herself, '*La Malheureuse Reine.*'"

Henrietta's attachment to the Roman Catholic faith seems to have been strengthened during her widowhood into the most uncompromising rigour. She used every effort to win over her youngest son, the duke of Gloucester, to that faith, and treated him with unaccountable harshness, when she found that his constancy was not to be overcome. This struggle, with the differences in which it involved her with the other members of her family, and some unsuccessful efforts made by her to effect a matrimonial alliance between her eldest son and her niece, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of the duke of Orleans, are among the most remarkable incidents preserved regarding her until the Restoration.

On that event she resumed all her former activity of mind; and to assist her son in his restoration, she exerted herself to obtain for him a loan, or present, of 50,000 crowns from the duchess of Savoy, her sister; and she renewed every ancient tie and alliance in his favour.

After the Restoration she continued to reside in France, until accounts reached her of the marriage of the duke of York with Ann Hyde, daughter of the earl of Clarendon. She hastened to England, to use her influence and authority to prevent what she deemed so great a stain and dishonour to the crown. When she arrived she found James willing to accede to her wishes, and to disown his wife, doubts of whose fidelity had been artfully insinuated into his mind by his sister, the princess of Orange. But that princess, who soon after died of small-pox, having, on her death-bed, cleared the character of the duchess from the aspersions which she had caused to be cast upon it, James not only restored her to her place in his affections, but had the happiness of reconciling his mother to his wife. The reason for this change of feeling is not very clearly given. Perhaps the best explanation of it is to be found in the gradual triumph, in a naturally generous mind, (though perverted by prejudices of rank,) of reason, and good feeling, over pride and passion.

She was surrounded by too melancholy reminiscences in England to make a long stay desirable, and she returned to France in a few months. She returned again to England, however, in July 1662, when her son's marriage took place with Catharine of Braganza. She took up her residence in Somerset House, to which she had made very splendid additions and decorations. Here she continued for three years; but the foggy climate of England proving injurious to her health, she took a final leave of it in June 1665, and again returned to France. Here her health gradually gave way more and more, until she died on the 31st August, 1669. The immediate cause of her death was believed to be an overdose of opium, administered through the carelessness or ignorance of her physician. She was interred on the 12th of September, with her royal ancestors, at the magnificent abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. Her *éloge*, which was spoken by Bossuet, the celebrated bishop of Meaux, is regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of his pen.

Her character is thus summed up in the words of the venerable Father Gamache, to whose manuscript we are indebted for some of the most interesting particulars in the latter part of Miss Strickland's narrative:—"This great queen was indeed universally regretted, for she had established a real empire over all hearts; her cheerful temper, her gay and witty conversation, which enlivened all around her to her last hours; her graceful familiarity, and all those winning qualities, joined to a sincere piety, rendered her delightful to every one. The king of France regarded her, not only as his dear aunt, whom he had known from infancy, but as a real bond of peace between his country and Great Britain; and her son-in-law, his brother, the duke of Orleans, convinced of her rare prudence and sagacity, consulted her on every affair of moment, and gave her his most intimate confidence, as if she had been his real mother."

BEAUCHAMPS.—A TALE.

CHAP. III.

(Continued from page 38.)

"WELL, sir, a whole week passed by, and no tidings of Master Mark; we began to be anxious concerning the funeral; and Mr. Penrose did not know what to advise. He came up one afternoon, as usual, to know if we had got any news, and that time he staid to take his tea with Miss Deane. He might have been gone about half an hour, when a chaise came galloping into the courtyard at the back of the house. Andrew went out; you mind Andrew, sir? 'Thank God you be come, sir,' says he. 'I wish to Heaven I had never gone, Andrew.' I heard Master Mark speak these words as he came into the back hall. 'Where's my poor cousin? where's Mary?' She came out of the breakfast-parlour on hearing his voice, and met him in the front hall. Master Mark kissed her; and, after a few words had passed between them, led her back into the parlour. Then he told her how he had not reached Ross, nor got the last letter, till noon that very day; the party having gone further than at first they intended, to see some sight or another: besides which, Miss Tracey, his lady that now is, met with an unlucky accident, and sprained her ankle, which had delayed them on the road. I was in the oak parlour when Mr. Gifford came in; the coffin had been brought down stairs, and placed there that morning; he looked at the plate, and then spoke kindly to me, saying very handsome things about my long and faithful service; he had no doubt, he said, but that his aunt had acknowledged the same, and provided for me by her will; but it would be a satisfaction to him to contribute, by any means in his power, to the comfort of my latter days. Those were his words, as well as I can remember them; and I should wrong him if I did not say that he was as good as his words. I have this house, sir, rent free, for my life; and a bit of meadow-land besides, enough to feed a cow. He then explained to me, as he had done to Miss Deane, what had kept him on the road; but Miss Tracey's name came too often, by far, to please me.

"Mr. Gifford having had no dinner, and Miss Deane eating nothing, to speak of, for the last week, I had a trifle of supper got ready, and sent into the breakfast-room; and, being obliged to leave the oak parlour for something that was wanted, poor Andrew, who had been waiting at supper, said to me, 'If it was not almost a sin to think of such a thing at a time like the present, I should say, Hannah, we were not going to be long without a mistress here at Beauchamps.' I bade him hold his tongue, and not talk in that foolish way; for I felt pretty nigh certain that no such mistress as he was thinking of would ever come into that house.

"The next day the will was read; and the funeral took place that same afternoon. It had been Miss Deane's intention to follow her aunt to the grave; she told Mr. Penrose that such was her desire, and, so far from trying to put her off from it, he said it was a decent and respectful custom, too much laid aside amongst the gentry. However, when it came to the point, that is to say, after Mr. Gifford came home, she changed her mind; I never knew what her reason might be, and so I could not satisfy Mr. Penrose, who wondered not to see her amongst the mourners, and thought she must have been suddenly taken ill. We servants all attended, for Miss Deane would not suffer any one to remain with her. When I went up to her room afterwards, she told me she had written again to Mrs. Deane, and fixed for leaving Beauchamps the day after the morrow, as her aunt had told her that they should require no long notice, and that, come when she might, her room would be ready to receive her. I asked her what need to be in such a hurry, and how she intended to travel. She answered me, that she could not properly stay on at

Beauchamps, now that it was Mr. Gifford's house; and that, as for the journey, she should have no fear of travelling by the stage-coach; especially if her cousin would permit Andrew to go on the outside, and see her safe to Mrs. Deane's house. She spoke very steadily, till on my saying that I hoped we might see her back again, some time or other, she burst into tears, and said, 'Never!'

"When, according to her orders, I desired Andrew to make some inquiry the next morning about the coaches, the old man seemed struck all of a heap. 'But there!' says he, presently, 'it won't be for long; we shall soon have her back again; it is not worth while for her to take the canaries, at no rate.'

"That same evening Miss Deane and her cousin had a long talk together; and that settled everything. I went into her room, when she was going to bed, as I thought. She was upon her knees packing a trunk, and her back was towards me; I told her that I had given her message to Andrew, and that he would do her errand the first thing in the morning. She thanked me, but said that she need not trouble him; her cousin would not hear of her travelling in the coach, and insisted upon taking charge of her himself. She spoke low, and did not turn her head. I made bold to say, that I hoped everything had been made comfortable on the part of Mr. Gifford, in regard to her fortune; for I knew that my mistress, not wishing to leave away more than she could help from her nephew, had put Miss Deane down in her will for only 500*l.*; and I well remembered also what she had said afterwards, and the charge she had given Master Mark. 'There is nothing to be done, Hannah,' said she, turning half round as she spoke; 'I have no need of anything. My aunt's kind remembrance of me, with my own little fortune, the interest of which has been accumulating ever since I was received into this house, that is to say, nearly my whole life—' Her voice seemed to fail her, but she soon went on: 'I have sufficient for my decent maintenance; it is all I am entitled to; all that I desire; but it is not Mark's fault that I have no more—he has offered—he has said everything.' She could bear up no longer, but leaning her face upon the trunk, sobbed as if her very heart would break. I could not help saying that her fortune was but scanty for a young lady like her; and as it was plain that my mistress desired Master Mark should add something to it out of his own large inheritance (for my poor mistress had always been a saving person), I thought she had better let him act according to her aunt's wishes. 'Oh, no, she could not—her aunt did not know—Mark would need all that she had left him, to keep up the consequence of the family.' I wondered to hear her speak such words, but it was all, except tears and sobs, that I could get out of her. I begged she would leave off packing for that night, saying that I would help her in the morning, or do it all for her, if she would allow me. I then went and fetched a glass of camphor julep, which I made her drink; and seeing her a little more composed, I prayed her to undress, for that I should not leave the room till she was in bed; and so she would be keeping me out of mine, if she did not do as I wished. She said that she would, but begged of me to grant her a few minutes; she promised not to keep me long; so I shut the lid of the trunk, and sat down upon it; and Miss Deane, seating herself on the ground, just where she had been kneeling, laid her head on my lap, as she used to do when she was a little child and wanted me to tell her a story or sing her a song. 'I know,' says she, presently, 'that it is wrong to give way in this manner; it shows great want of submission to God's will. I have been taught my duty as a Christian, and now I must pray constantly for strength to perform it; then, in the end, all *must* be well; as good Mr. Penrose says, I have only to resign myself, without murmuring or misgiving, to the will of Him who careth for the fatherless, for His word is sure, and I shall never be forsaken.'

"The next day, as you may suppose, was both a busy

and a sad one for my poor young lady; but she bore up far better than I had expected. In the afternoon, I persuaded her to leave her packing to me, and she went round the village, visiting the poor folk, for the last time, and leaving with most some little remembrances. I'll be bound she is not forgotten to this very hour, though it is nigh upon twelve years ago. Mr. Gifford went up to Knightswood, the family having come down the evening before, and was there all the morning. By and by he came home, and asked for Miss Deane; I told him she had gone down to the village, and was not come in. 'I wished to speak to her,' said he, 'concerning her journey to-morrow. I had fully resolved on accompanying Mary to Kensington, and seeing her safe under the protection of Mrs. Deane, but I am obliged to give up this plan. I dare say you know, Hannah,' says he, 'that Sir William Tracey has been offended with his eldest son, Mr. Tracey, on account of his marriage; and indeed went so far as to talk of never seeing him again. It is a satisfaction to me to think that I have been, in great measure, the means of reconciling the father and son, and of prevailing on Sir William to receive Mr. Tracey and his wife at Knightswood; they are expected to-morrow; and Lady Tracey, and I may say all the family, are desirous I should meet them. I feel it impossible not to comply, and, such being the case, I propose that you, Hannah, should attend Miss Deane on her journey, and, if agreeable to all parties, remain a day or two at Kensington, to see her comfortably settled. I am sure this part of the scheme will please Mary, and I shall probably run up myself, in the course of a few weeks, and see how she goes on; so that I think, in every point of view, this arrangement is preferable to the first, and Lady Tracey, with whom I have been talking it over, is of the same opinion.' 'Oh, dear, dear!' thought I, 'what next?' But I make a terrible long story of it, sir, and may be you are tired of listening."

This was added in consequence of my moving impatiently in my arm-chair.

" 'Oh! heed him not,' the lady cried,
But send a page to see;
While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
And we feast merrily."

Thus, if Hannah could have understood the allusion, I should have been tempted to exclaim; as it was, I assured her, and with truth, that I was much interested in her narrative, and wished her, by all means, to proceed.

"Mr. Gifford, sir, set out to meet his cousin, but in less than ten minutes she returned by herself, having come in by the door at the end of the terrace. I found they had not met, so I told her what Mr. Gifford had been saying; for I thought she had better hear of it from me than from him. She changed colour, and made no answer just at first; but presently, with one of her pretty smiles, said, 'Well, I shall not have to take leave of you quite so soon, dear, good Hannah, and that is a relieve.'"

"How Miss Deane and Mr. Gifford parted I cannot say, for I neither heard nor saw anything of the matter; but part they did that night, it having been settled between her and me, that we should set off early the next day. I saw nothing of Miss Deane over night; she had begged of me to go early to bed, and, as every thing was prepared for the journey, I did not intrude upon her. She was up and dressed by seven o'clock, and I believe her last quarter of an hour at Beauchamps was passed in the little book-room. We were off before eight o'clock, and, travelling post all the way, got to Kensington sooner than I had reckoned upon. The ladies there, both mother and daughter, received our Miss Deane with great kindness; they both seemed sickly, and the old lady's sight was very bad; nor did they appear to be well off in the world; but they spoke in a very friendly way, and said they would do the best in their power to make Miss Mary, as they called her, comfortable. They invited me to stop a bit at Kensington; so I stayed two

whole days, and then came home in the coach. It was with a heavy heart that I left my dear young lady in such an inferior situation; the house was very small, and the garden scarcely so big as the herb-bed at Beauchamps; Miss Mary's bed-room was up two pair of stairs, and there was only one maid-servant, and a charwoman to clean on Saturdays. However, it could not be helped, you know, sir."

"No," I replied; "nor do I see, under the circumstances, that Miss Deane could have made any better arrangement. Is she still residing at Kensington?"

"Oh dear, no, sir; they all removed to Bath about two or three years after. Miss Deane wrote me word,—for I have the honour of a letter from her twice or thrice in a year,—that the Bath waters were recommended for her cousin, and so they intended leaving Kensington entirely. The poor lady did not live long—not more than a twelvemonth, I think, after they went to Bath. Miss Deane wrote to tell me of her death, and said besides, that, although her aunt's health was no worse, but of the two rather improved, she was losing her sight more and more; and, it was to be feared, would become totally blind."

"I suppose, Hannah, you did not remain at Beauchamps after Mr. Gifford's marriage."

"Me! no, sir; Heaven forbid! I stayed no longer than Mr. Gifford could suit himself with a housekeeper; quite a grand madam sort of a person she was; and Andrew left at the same time I did. I was sorry to come away from the old place, where I had lived in comfort so many years; but I could not abide the wasteful extravagant ways that came in after my poor mistress' death. No dinner in the parlour till six o'clock at the very soonest, and oftener not till seven. Andrew hated that worst of all. I remember, one day, the poor old man quite forgot that the dinner was not over, and never laid the cloth, nor thought a word of the matter, till he came into the kitchen to see if the water was boiling for tea, and found the meat roasting before the fire. By good luck, Mr. Gifford was not come home from shooting, and so there was no harm done; for, as to the meat being over-roasted, it was no more than happened most days that he dined at home; which were not so many, however, as he dined at Knightswood. Andrew, poor man, was grown very forgetful, that is the truth, which did not suit Mr. Gifford, and waiting at dinner in a new fangled way as little suited Andrew; and so they parted. He went to his own parish, and lives there still, though very cripply, as I hear, from the rheumatism."

"A week or two before I left, Mr. Gifford told me he was engaged to be married to Miss Tracey: it was no more than I expected, so I was not at all put out by the news. I thanked him for doing me the favour to tell me of it himself, and wished him many years of happiness. In the whole, I stayed on two months at Beauchamps; and during all that time there was only one thing happened to my content."

"And what might that be?" for I saw that Hannah paused only in order to be asked.

"Why, sir, the day after I came back from Kensington, Mr. Gifford sent for me into the dining-parlour. 'Hannah,' says he, 'had not your late mistress some jewels?' 'Not many, sir,' I answered; 'there is a handsome pair of diamond ear-rings,—two diamond rings,' and I was going on to mention the rest, but he interrupted me. 'Are there not some garnets?'—'Yes,' I said, 'a complete set.'—'And,' says he, 'they are handsome, are they not?' I told him I was no judge of such things, but I had always understood it to be a fine set, and I offered to go and fetch them; 'indeed, I would rather,' I said, 'that he should take all such articles into his own keeping.'—'Well! well!' said he, 'for your own satisfaction, you may put the rest of the trinkets into the japan cabinet, and I will take the key; but keep out the garnets, pack them carefully, and put me in mind to take them with me the next time I go up to London; I should wish my cousin Mary to have that set of garnets.'

I heard nothing more of his journey to London; but, before I left Beauchamps, I thought I would pack up the jewels, that they might be ready at the shortest notice; so I went into my poor old mistress' bed-chamber, and took them out of her bureau. I emptied the shagreen case, wiped off the dust that had worked into the creases of the satin lining, and then rubbed the setting of the garnets with a piece of soft leather. Now, you must know, sir, there was a fine dressy thing of a house-maid had come in the place of Dinah Wells; she was sister to one of the lady's maids up at Knightswood; and, to be sure, it was a sight to see how the cobwebs multiplied; and hung in all the corners, after this Letty came; she was laced so tight she could not have swept them down, if she had been so minded:—so she came into the room where I was employed with the garnets. 'La! Mrs. China,' says she, 'what fine things have you got there?' 'Cheney is my name,' said I; 'and, if it makes no difference, I should rather not be called out of it.' 'Most people call it China now-a-days,' answered she, tossing her head as she spoke. 'Do they?' said I. I did not make her any other answer; so she took up one of the ear-rings, and, turning it round betwixt her finger and thumb, 'Handsome, rather,' says she, 'but quite out of fashion; Miss Tracey will have to get them all new set.' 'She will never have need to do that,' said I. 'Never have need, Mrs. China? Why, you don't suppose that Miss Tracey could wear such a thing as this;' and she gave the ear-ring another twirl as she spoke. I answered her, that I did not know whether she could or not, but that, in respect to those garnets, she would never have the chance.

"Why, who do they belong to, then?" asked Letty.

"To your master," said I.

"Upon that, with a saucy laugh, she answered: 'What belongs to the master belongs to the mistress.'

"May be so," I said; 'but Miss Tracey is not going to have these garnets for all that.'

"The girl said no more, but flounced out of the room, slapping the door behind her. That evening, as I remembered afterwards, she went out, saying she was going up to Knightswood to see her sister. I took but little notice at the time; for, not having any particular place in the family, nor authority over the other servants, I did not trouble myself about their comings and goings; but I make no question that Letty did go to her sister, and told all that she had seen and heard concerning the garnets; and so, from the sister it went to the ladies: some one of whom, as I suppose, got the rights of the story out of Mr. Gifford. Certain it is, that, a day or two after, he called for me in a great hurry. 'Hannah,' says he, as soon as I got into the room, 'have you packed up those garnets?' 'Yes, sir, I have,' said I; 'the case is very securely packed in brown paper.' 'Then bring it here immediately,' was his reply. 'I am going to send a parcel to my lawyer's in town, and I can enclose the jewel-case; they will take care that it is safely delivered: Mary shall have her aunt's garnets.' He spoke the last words quite in a passion, like; however it was not my place to take notice, so I made no answer, but went to fetch the parcel, as he desired; and glad I was when, in the course of the day, I saw the groom set off with it under his arm, with orders to have it booked at the coach-office."

"You must have felt lonely when you first came to reside at Fordover," I observed, after a short silence.

"Not nigh so lonesome as I myself expected," replied Hannah. "Miss Deane had given me her birds; and, before I came away from Beauchamps, I asked leave of Mr. Gifford to take Carlo; for the poor dog seemed to be always in the wrong place, somehow, and got kicked about amongst the new servants. He made me very welcome to him, and so I took the dog away with me, and had him here till he died. Mr. Penrose, too, was very kind, and often called in to see me. Besides the dog, Mr. Gifford made me a present of a handsome piece of embroidery, the work of Miss Deane, and which my

poor mistress thought so much of, that she had it framed, and hung up in the oak parlour, just below the pier-glass. Mr. Gifford took it down, and desired me to keep it for a remembrance of his cousin Mary. I was not very like to forget her, poor dear! I hung it up over the mantel, but most times keep it covered over, on account of the smoke."

I had before noticed something, in form of a picture, reverently shaded by a small curtain of green silk, which now, with leave obtained, I undrew. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "surely I remember this!"

"I am thinking, sir, it was wrought about the time of your leaving the country."

I could not immediately reply; my thoughts were gone back to past times, whilst my eyes were fixed on a white Camellia, occupying the centre, in a mixed group of fruit and flowers. I recollected the day when, entering the oak parlour at Beauchamps, I found Mark engaged in criticising his cousin's work, especially the pattern from which she copied. One flower, in particular, a purple China-aster, excited his displeasure; it was vulgar, hideous, and contrasted ill with the red currants near which it was placed. Nothing, in short, could be worse. "Was it not possible," he asked, "to exchange this objectionable China-aster for something better,—a white Camellia, for instance? Could not Mary copy from nature?" Perhaps, if she had a Camellia; but there were none at Beauchamps, white, or of any other colour. I interposed, to assure Miss Deane that there were Camellias in abundance at Knightswood, and that I would with pleasure supply her with one on the shortest notice; but I was interrupted by Mrs. Gifford, who indignantly repelled the idea of Mary's work being indebted to the gardens of Knightswood—as if they had not flowers of their own, or could not have them, at least, if they thought it worth the while. Mark was annoyed, chiefly, I believe, on my account; and Mary endeavoured to smooth matters by suggesting the possibility of changing the colour of the China-aster, or even, perhaps, its very nature, by transforming it into a Crysanthemum; and no one, she affirmed, could object to a Crysanthemum, or think it vulgar. Mark, however, did not seem alive to the superior merit of Crysanthemums; and giving up Mary's work as a hopeless affair, took me into another room to exhibit his own more successful preparations for fly-fishing. Now, it so happened that Julia Tracey had been once possessed with a transient fancy for painting flowers from nature; to her, therefore, I applied, begging to know if in her collection there might chance to be a white Camellia. At first, she thought not; but on examining her portfolio, there came to light a half-finished flower of that description; the usual difficulty in shading the white petals had occurred, and Julia remembered giving up the drawing in despair. She offered, however, to make another trial, and finish the Camellia, on condition of my telling her for what, or for whom, it was required. This was soon, but not, as it seemed, satisfactorily explained. Julia looked very grave as she replied, that she would keep her word, though certainly it was not what she should have expected from me; she was not aware that I took so much interest in Mary Deane's employments; and the shade of jealousy which then crossed the fair Julia's mind led to a certain declaration before alluded to. After that disastrous occurrence, it was some time before I had the heart to present my offering at Beauchamps; in fact, I felt strongly tempted to retain the drawing myself, and anticipated, with something like hope, the probability of the white Camellia being a second time rejected by the toothy mistress of Beauchamps. It was not to be. Mary accepted conditionally; and I saw the drawing no more.

The Mermaid.

BY DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

On Jura's heath, how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee !
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea !

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the scamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay ;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely Maid of Colonsay.

And "raise," he cried, "the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle !—

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail !
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale :



"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivreckin's surges roar!

"If, from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

"Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And, in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form of pearly light
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached again the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long, for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the Maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his trance'd eyes unclose;
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green;

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell?"
"Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,—

He heard that strain so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's away;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold;
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;—
"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay?"

"Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

"How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green;
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

"And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell;
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

"How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

"To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew,
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

"Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

"Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

"Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured we shall fondly stray;
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay!"

" Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

" If I beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast,
Her eye confessed the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom press'd—
" Is there no heart for rapture here?"

" These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill:
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delirious thrill?"

" Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

" These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous Maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

" Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train:
She tossed, in proud disdain, her head,
And lashed, with webbed fin, the main.

" Dwell here alone!" the mermaid cried,
" And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
Thy prison wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

" Where'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

" I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?"

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay;
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay.

And oft beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain.

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound;
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring of ruby red
Retained its vivid crimson hue;
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came;
No more mis-shapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

" O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st of Colonsay."

" This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

" Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move,
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

" Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed, with webbed fin, the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she dooms, at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the Maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely Chief of Colonsay.

AMERICA AND HER SLAVE STATES.¹

No. I.

AMERICAN REVOLT—PRINCIPLES OF ITS ORIGINATORS—
MODERN PRINCIPLES OF AMERICANS—THEIR ORIGIN.

IT is difficult enough, even in old monarchical states, to retain under one rule, and one system of legislation, nations diverse in their habits and their pursuits: under a republican government that difficulty is fearfully increased. The case of the United States is in point. We have so long been used to regard that vast assemblage of states as one people, that we are hardly aware how completely divided in territory, in pursuits, and in manners, the southern states are from their northern brethren. Following the course of the Potomac, from the Bay of Chesapeake until it runs into the Ohio, and then along that vast stream until it falls into the vaster Mississippi, with the exception of the one small state of Maryland, we have the line of demarcation between the northern free, and the southern slaveholding states. According to the population returns of 1840, four states, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, and Michigan—with a population of more than a million and a half—had not one slave among their inhabitants. Seven more states, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana—combining a population of nearly seven millions—retained but one hundred slaves between them. Two other northern states, Illinois and New Jersey, still retained about a thousand slaves, among a population of above eight hundred thousand. Thus, to the northward of the river line before described, thirteen states, claiming nine millions and a half of the population of the United States, some entirely, some gradually, may be claimed as practical advocates and approvers of the cause of abolition. To the south of this river line lie twelve states of slaveholders, to whom one small state to the north of that line—Maryland—must be added to complete the slaveholding states. These thirteen states number little more than half the population of those to the north, unless to their four million and a half of whites be added more than half that number (2,480,000) slaves. In production and commerce the line of demarcation is equally clear. The southern states look to their cotton and their tobacco, the northern foster their young manufactures; the former export more than two-thirds of the exports of the domestic produce of the country, the latter export more than four-fifths of foreign produce exports. "Protect our young manufactures," cries the northern man, "and give us a high tariff, to aid us in combating with the matured productions of the old country." "A tariff for revenue, not for protection," exclaims the man of the southern states: "you northern men can neither supply me with what I require for my slaves so cheap as England can, nor consume so much of my cotton and tobacco." In interests so diverse as these, the elements of separation are too strong to be long restrained by a democratic government. Give but a little more strength to the southern states, such as the addition of Texas would cause, and the next

outbreak of nullification, so hardly compromised sixteen years ago, will convert grumbling into resistance, resistance into revolt, and revolt into separation.

The vanity of the American is a truly national feeling, equally shared by northern and southern men. When he visits another country, not content with following out the *nil admirari* system, or of damning a wonder by faint praise, he runs down everything he sees, and runs up its parallel in his own land. He cannot content himself with claiming a due admiration for the enterprise and industry of his country, and for the grandeur and beauty of his father-land, but he must have it admitted to be beyond all others excellent—the finest nation between the poles. Self-respect is the proper virtue of every nation and every human being. Without it no nation, and no individual, can rise to eminence, or endure through difficulties and dangers; but carried to an excess, it either tyrannizes over the opinion of the world, or excites ridicule from society. To a certain extent self-adulation was not unsuited to the rise of the republic: "*the necessity for it no longer exists.*"

"Good policy," says Sam Slick, "dictated the expediency of cultivating this self-complacency in the people, however much good taste might forbid it. As their constitution was based on self-government, it was indispensable to raise the people in their own estimation, and to make them feel the heavy responsibility that rested upon them, in order that they might qualify themselves for the part they were to act. As they were weak, it was needful to confirm their courage by strengthening their self-reliance. As they were poor, it was proper to elevate their tone of mind, by constantly setting before them their high destiny; and as their republic was viewed with jealousy and alarm in Europe, it was important to attach the nation to it, in the event of aggression, by extolling it above all others. The first generation, to whom all this was new, has now passed away; the second has nearly disappeared, and with the novelty, the excess of national vanity which it necessarily engenders will cease also."—Vol. i. p. 248.

We wish that we could believe this to be probable. Were the men of character and property, of whom America may justly be proud, the real rulers of the people, there would be little fear but that this, as well as many other of the distinguishing vices of the people, would gradually disappear, and the states be once more restored to their proper station among nations. There was a time when Washington, Franklin, and the virtuous of their contemporaries, were regarded as the examples of the people; when a breach of decorum in the legislature was sure of public reprobation; when the Senate was not the only body in which the respectable members of society were to be found, but when even the state legislatures—the present state bear-gardens—were supported and honoured by their presence. Distinguished individuals still ornament America, still consent to stand as candidates for her officers. "But these excellent persons," says Mr. Featherstonhaugh, "with exceptions so few that they are scarcely worth enumerating, are rarely participators in the government of the country; for where the popular party predominates, they are excluded by the possession of those very qualifications that fit them for that high purpose. That the root of this evil was planted in very early years no one can doubt to whom the opinions of Jefferson are known."

¹ Excursion through the Slave States, from Washington to the Frontiers of Mexico. By C.W. Featherstonhaugh. London: Murray. 1844.

* The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England. Second Series. Bentley. 1845.
Lytell's Travels in America. London: 1845.

Few persons are aware how diverse the Americans of the present day are to those who followed the banner of Washington, and how completely they are the children of his compatriot Jefferson. Justifying or not the declaration of our colonists, no unprejudiced person can deny to Washington the character of the highest personal and political morality. Far different is his compeer and rival, Jefferson. No one has gone so far to poison the minds of his countrymen with principles utterly subversive of society, and that at a time when, from the excited state of men's minds, these deleterious principles were sure of the most extended and powerful effects on mankind. One-half, too, of the colonists of America were bred up to hail rebellion as their friend. The descendant of the English republican proved himself no mean pupil of his ancestor.

"The origin of the British colonists," says Mr. Featherstonhaugh, "may be divided into two classes; those enterprising and speculative adventurers who went to Virginia in pursuit of wealth; and the Puritans, who left their native country for the sake of enjoying freedom of opinion. The southern, or Virginian colony, became in all material circumstances a copy of the mother country. Religion was established 'according to the form and discipline of the Church of England;' each parish had its glebe and parsonage, and primogeniture and entails were the law of the land. Indeed, the broadest foundations appeared to have been laid for a loyal administration of the province, if the government at home, attending carefully to the development of its prosperity, had given to those individuals, distinguished for their intelligence and the stake they held there, a just share in the honours and advantages of their territorial government."—Vol. ii. pp. 375, 376.

It would have taken but little to have secured the loyalty of the southern colonists. To have shared a few of the colonial honours which were lavished on the needy hangers-on of the home nobility; to have been assured of the kind feeling of the mother country; to have seen their church fostered and supported, would have knit the southern Americans in an indissoluble bond to the home government. But when the direct contrary of all this was experienced by them, are we to be surprised that they so early sided with the naturally disaffected of the northern provinces? Naturally disaffected! Yes, the Puritan colonist of Massachusetts was naturally disaffected. His fathers had sought that land as refugees from spiritual tyranny, and had hastened to erect in their new country a spiritual tyranny of their own. The Puritan persecution of the Quakers, and the reputed witches, clearly showed that their religious freedom was freedom to think as the elders of the colonial churches thought; but persecution, most bitter persecution to whosoever should dare to question the dicta of the saints of Massachusetts. To them the Church was odious, as interfering with their spiritual rule: to them the State was odious, as able and willing to arrest their persecuting hands, and daring to contravene the edicts of the preachers. The love of spiritual and political independence became rooted in them, silent, indeed, for a time, until it burst forth in the rebellion of '75.

The commencement of the seven years' war with France, for the first time united the northern and southern colonists in the defence of their country. The defeat of General Braddock, in 1755, lessened the reputation of the British troops in the eyes of

the colonists; nor did the victory of the plains of Abraham restore that reputation; for the eight years that had elapsed, had accustomed the colonist to look upon his own colonial troops as the fit comrades in the field of the trained legions of the old country.

The victory of Quebec closed the war and the French dominion in America. During the whole of that contest the colonists had fought well and constantly for the maintenance of their possessions; had materially assisted the mother country in the subjugation of the French possessions. What was their reward?—the Stamp Act. It would have taken but little to have won the love of the colonists, at least of the best among them. They were conscious of the debt they owed to England for their defence; but they could not forget the assistance they had rendered in the arduous struggle; they could not forget that a colonial officer had rescued the defeated army of Braddock: and they weighed the services of Washington with the boon of self-taxation.

It is, strictly speaking, unjust to the memory of Mr. Grenville to speak of the "menace of the Stamp Act." That minister reasonably looked to the colonies for some contribution towards the annual expense of the American civil list, increased since the war five-fold. In this there was justice, but not prudence. In his announcing the Stamp Act among his resolutions of March, '64, and at the same time withdrawing that particular clause for a year, to give the colonists "the option of raising that, or some other tax," he was highly indiscreet; it revealed to the colonists the weakness of the minister's position. The greatest fault was the omission of rewards at the time he was pressing his demands. If the mother country had the legal right to ask for contribution from her colonists for services rendered, the colonists had an equitable claim on the mother country for their share in the war. But let us hasten on. The standard of rebellion was raised; the colonist who rescued the relics of Braddock's troops headed his fellows—the war lingered through mismanagement—the war closed—England retired from the scene of her disasters. There was at least this consolation: the government of the young republic was committed to one, whose public and private virtues seemed to guarantee the future character of the nation he was to organize and form.

Mr. Jefferson was to counteract the principles of Washington. A Virginian by birth, educated as a lawyer by one of the bitterest political opponents of the government, he astonished even the legislature of his native state, when he commenced his career as a legislator, by introducing a bill to make an opening, as he boasted, for the aristocracy of virtue and talent, by reducing entailed estates into estates in fee simple. Some few among the Virginian legislators ventured to oppose his levelling act: his answer was ready: "The eldest son could have no claim, in reason, to twice as much as his brothers and sisters, unless he could eat twice as much, and do double work." This reason was decisive, and entails were abolished in Virginia.

Such was Jefferson's first step. His next was naturally directed against the Church. All sects were to be on the same footing as her. First came the suspension of the laws regulating the incomes of the clergy; next came their abolition; whilst, to complete the overthrow, the overseers of

the poor were authorized to sell the glebe lands as they fell vacant. So far content with the success of his projects, the legislator turned from local acts to foreign diplomacy. In 1784 he joined Dr. Franklin at Paris, as joint representatives of the young republic. Two years after he came to England. Let us mark some of his various opinions.

His hatred of England :—

"Her hatred," he writes, "is deep rooted and cordial, and nothing is wanted with her but the power to wipe us and the land we live in out of existence."

His opinion of his own nation :—

"American reputation in Europe is not such as to be flattering to its citizens. Two circumstances are particularly objected to us: the non-payment of our debts, and the want of energy in our government. They discourage a connexion with us. *I own it to be my opinion that good will arise from the destruction of our credit.*"

It is high time for the good to arise, if it is to be consequent on the loss of national credit. The drab-coated men of Pennsylvania have long since done that to death; with as much prospect of witnessing the consequent elevation of their nation, as the Millerites of partaking in a special Millennium of their own.

His self-sufficient vanity :—

"If all the sovereigns in Europe were to set themselves to work to emancipate the minds of their subjects from their present ignorance and prejudices, a thousand years will not place them on that high ground (*repudiation and all included*) on which our common people are setting out. Ours could not have been placed so fairly under the control of the common sense of the people, had they not been separated from their parent stock, and kept from contamination, either from them or the other people of the old world, by the intervention of so wide an ocean."

After reading this elaborate statement more pithily expressed by Sam Slick, in "We beat all creation"—"The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British," it is consolatory to feel assured, on Mr. Jefferson's authority, that Lynch law and repudiation are not chargeable on the old world,—those darling virtues of a race separated by an intervening ocean from the contamination of the older continents.

His humanity :—

"What country," he writes from Paris in 1787, respecting some risings in Massachusetts, "What country ever existed a century and a half without a rebellion? and what country can preserve its liberties, if its rulers are not warned from time to time that its people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon, and pacify them. *What signifies a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants; it is its natural manure.*"

Years after he looks forward with confident hope to the time when the French "will bring to the scaffold kings, nobles, and priests, which they have been so long deluging with human blood." And "is still warm whenever he thinks of these scoundrels" (kings, nobles, and priests).

One more extract from Mr. Featherstonhaugh's specimens of Jefferson. We have already noticed the delight with which he contemplated, in the earliest years of the young republic, its loss of credit with the world; see now his defence of that conduct which caused that loss of reputation, and

will endure so long as America remains Jeffersonian at heart.

"He (Mr. Jefferson) insists that the use of the earth belongs to the living generation, and that the dead have no more right than they have power over it. In the application of this principle, he maintains, that no generation can pledge or encumber the lands of a country beyond the average term of its own existence, which term, by a reference to the annuity tables of Buffon, he estimates first at thirty-four years, and afterwards reduces to nineteen years. *By reason of this principle, founded in nature and the first principles of justice, he maintains that every land, and even constitution, naturally expires at the end of this term; and that no public debt can be contracted, which would be rightfully binding on the nation after the same lapse of time.*"

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

MR. PETIT RADEL gives an enumeration of the number of books, or editions, published in different parts of Europe, from the time when the art of printing was invented, to the end of that century. They are as follows :—

Before 1500.

At Venice	2,759
Rome	972
Paris	789
Strasbourg.....	298
London	31
Westminster.....	99
Oxford	7
In Spain and Portugal	126

At a second period, from 1500 to 1536, they are as follows; and show no small increase for the time.

At Paris	3,056
Venice	2,229
Strasbourg	1,021
Lyons	997
London	198
In the rest of England.....	108
Spain and Portugal.....	147
At Cracow	294
Constantinople.....	80

The art of printing is certainly, of all inventions, that which nations would cherish most in proportion to their civilization; and yet the difference between the number of books printed in England and in France, at the periods now mentioned, belongs not so much to the general progress and state of the two countries, as to the special circumstances of these particular periods. It is true that England did not enter so early upon the career of social improvement as France; and the causes are obvious. The advantages which nature had bestowed upon the latter country, exempted her inhabitants from severe labour, and gave them greater leisure to flock together, and thus to begin the foundation of that easy intercourse which is advantageous to the first rudiments of society. France, too, lay nearer to the centre from which learning and the arts were spread over Europe; and the direct road they must take to England was through her dominions. But for these reasons, too—particularly the former—the civilization of England is, at this day, of a higher order. It is the result of more urgent necessity. Men are there drawn together by the hope of solid advantages, which, though they do not operate so early as gregarious instincts, or the prospect of mere pleasure, yet when once they are perceived and appreciated, are more binding and more powerful; and the advantage which France undoubtedly had in the beginning, is now more than compensated by the superior development of intellect which has, long since, been our inheritance. It would be difficult to say at what precise moment we began to take a decided lead in the concerns of the mind; especially as, like most other things, this too had its vicissitudes. In the time of Alfred we were, probably, wiser and better than the French, or so great a

prince never would have confided to the most unlettered among us, the duty of reciprocally sitting in judgment upon each other; a right which no French monarch ever thought of bestowing upon his people, and which his people never thought of exercising or demanding. During the civil and religious wars of that country, and the long train of perfidy and cruelty which accompanied them, we again had a vast and decided superiority. When York and Lancaster drew forth their battles in England, France, perhaps, took a momentary lead. But at the Reformation we again became superior; and, with the exception of the most frantic moments of our first Revolution, have never derogated for a single instant since that time. The age of Louis XIV. was indeed a brilliant epoch for France; and still more so for the monarch. It was an age of glory, of splendour, of luxury, of anything but national wisdom: and it stood the more prominent, because it was not preceded or followed by anything that can be compared to it. The even tenor of our constant pace has carried us farther in a wider road; and while we persevere in the same track, with as few interruptions to our general progress in political wisdom, in science, in literature, in the useful arts, as we have done for more than a century, our boast shall be, that we have no *Siècle de Louis XIV.* to be vain of; and, still more, our pride shall be, that of that, or any single age, we should think it humiliating to boast at all.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE FLOWER GIRL.¹

A Tale for Children.

"WHAT lovely flowers! Do, mother, stop and look at them," exclaimed Helen Harwood, as she bent over a basket of plants, which a pale, slender girl was offering for sale, and inhaled their delicious perfume. "Just look! roses, geraniums, heliotrope, and mignonette, and that beautiful jessamine."

"Very pretty, indeed," said Mrs. Harwood, whose mind was at that moment engrossed with her shopping; "come on, my dear."

"Will you buy one of them, miss? they are very cheap," said the young girl; "I hav'n't sold any this morning, and I've asked a great many persons."

The gentle voice of the flower girl, and the tone of sadness in which the request was made, drew Helen's attention. "Buy them," she said, looking up; "why, no, I believe not to-day; but I should like them very much."

"They are quite cheap," repeated the girl, naming her price.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Harwood, who, having smelled the flowers, was moving on; but Helen's interest had been excited, and she lingered still beside the basket. The pale face, and attenuated hands of the flower girl, made Helen think she was not well; and the expression of her countenance gave token of a sad heart, and probably a weary lot of want and suffering.

"Three shillings, did you say, for this rose, and three for the jessamine?" said Helen, whose purse, never very heavy, felt unusually light at that moment.

"Only three; do buy them."

"I would," said Helen, with an appealing look at her mother, "if—"

"If you could afford it, I suppose you mean," said Mrs. Harwood. "I think you are the best judge yourself of that."

"The girl looks so much in want, I believe I will

afford one of those geraniums," whispered Helen. "Shall I tell her to go to our house? Perhaps Cornelia will take one."

"Yes, I have no objection, if you really wish them," replied Mrs. Harwood; and Helen, giving the girl a direction to call in Amity-street, at two o'clock, tripped after her mother, who had already reached the store where they intended to go.

True to her promise, the young flower girl came soon after Helen and her mother reached home, and being shown into the back parlour, displayed her fragrant treasures.

"I declare, I am quite undecided which to take," said Helen, after smelling each plant in succession a dozen times, and admiring them collectively: "I cannot make up my mind, they are all so beautiful. What a troublesome thing it is to be poor; if I had plenty of money, I would take them all."

"I suspect you don't know much what it is to be poor," said the flower girl, with a sigh, as she glanced round the plain but comfortable room into which she had been taken.

"I will take the jessamine, Helen," said Cornelia, "I know I shall like it best,"—and separating it from the others, the young lady paid the required sum, from a very pretty purse, which she drew from the pocket of her black silk apron; and Helen, after some further deliberation, during which she alternately bewailed her want of funds, and indulged her feelings of commiseration for the flower girl, decided upon the heliotrope; and taking her money from a plainer purse, but paying the girl something over her charge, a species of generosity which Helen had been known to practise before under similar circumstances, she carried the fragrant plant to the cheerful room occupied by herself and her sister, where she found Cornelia already disposing of her jessamine in the sunniest spot of the sunny window seat, beside the few but flourishing slips of myrtle and geranium, which Helen was carefully endeavouring to rear.

These sisters were the eldest of a large family, of limited income.

Cornelia, who was a tall, pretty looking girl of fifteen, or, perhaps, a few months older, and now considered herself a young lady, had kind feelings, but they were somewhat blunted by selfishness; and was generous or benevolent, when it did not interfere with her own interest. Helen, on the contrary, upon whom nature had bestowed but few advantages of face or figure—who knew that she was plain, and felt contented to be thought so—was the most self-sacrificing little body in the world; ever ready to yield her own comfort for the good of any one else, or give up her own wishes when they came in collision with those of another. Wherever she was, at home or abroad, Helen made friends, and became a general favourite. There was nothing moping or melancholy in her disposition, nor did she value pleasure the less, because willing to resign it for the sake of those she loved; she was a merry, light-hearted, laughter-loving girl, whose chief faults were a want of neatness in her general appearance, and an inordinate passion for reading, which latter propensity often interfered sadly with the needlework her mother expected to find completed in a given time; and Helen was too often found wholly engrossed with a volume of Miss Edgeworth's fascinating tales, while the stockings, which she really required, were lying unmended beside her.

(1) Abridged from a pleasing little volume of Tales for Children, entitled, "Fanny Herbert, and other Stories; a Holiday Gift." New York. Onderdonk. 1845.

It was now the beginning of November, and we find the girls busily arranging their flowers in their own room, and this room was the pleasantest in the house, for the windows opened towards the south, and through them such a flood of golden sunshine came pouring in, as to render a fire in the hearth, even in cold weather, almost unnecessary.

"I declare," said Cornelia, making room for Helen, who now brought her heliotrope to the window, "these little slips look quite mean and contemptible beside the new comers; why not toss them all into the street, and begin anew with your collection?"

"Oh! not for the world," said Helen, guarding the geranium which Cornelia playfully pretended to throw away. "Wait a few weeks, and you will see how much they improve. 'Don't you remember, that 'great oaks from little acorns grow?' Well, I expect to have a collection of plants equal to Mrs. Clayton's, if I have only patience."

"Poh!" said Cornelia, laughing, "Mrs. Clayton has fifty or sixty, I believe, and you have one heliotrope, one little rose-tree, a sprig of myrtle just peeping out of the ground, and three geraniums. Rather a small beginning."

"All beginnings are small," said Helen, good humouredly: "you, for instance, have only one plant."

"But then, I have no idea of making a collection," replied Cornelia; "I only bought this because it was pretty, and I thought it would make the room smell sweetly, and you told me about the girl who sold them. I don't love flowers as much as you do."

"I suppose not," said Helen, "and that is the reason you would not have as much patience to watch and water them. Now, for my part, I love every little green thing that grows, and would take any trouble to rear even these poor geraniums that you are laughing at."

"Well, then," said Cornelia, "since you don't mind the trouble, I will let you take charge of my jessamine, and allow you to wipe off the pots, if you please, and brush the dust out of the window. The greatest objection I have to flowers, is, that they are such dirty things, and I would never suffer them in a room that belonged exclusively to myself."

"I shall try to be very neat with mine, then," said Helen; and she proceeded immediately, with brush and duster, to remove the particles of earth and sand which caused her sister so much uneasiness.

Nearly a month passed away after the purchase of the flowers, and Helen, in her care of them, had almost forgotten the pale girl from whom they had been procured, when a friend called one morning to see Mrs. Harwood. She was one of those benevolent persons, who, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, "went about doing good," and in a silent, unostentatious manner, provided food for the hungry, and clothing for the destitute, and caused many a widow's heart "to sing for joy."

"I met with a case yesterday," said Mrs. Campbell, "which has interested me exceedingly. In the same building with my old Nancy, who has washed for me so many years, I was told there was a sick woman; and I went up a long, dark stairs, and groped through a dim attic, in the hope of finding her. I found a small room

with but little furniture in it, and the sick woman, wasted by a slow fever, lying upon a bed of straw. She was sadly emaciated, and seemed destitute of every comfort; while close beside her leaned a little girl. The family came, a year ago, from Canada, with the hope of doing better in New York; but scarcely had they reached the city, when the father was taken ill, and died suddenly, and, after various struggles, the mother sank under a weight of care, and has been reduced to the verge of the grave."

"And she has had no physician either, I dare say," said Helen.

"Not until last evening, when my good friend, Dr. Barnes, prescribed for her, and gives me a hope that, with care, she will recover."

"And she has a daughter beside the blind one, I think you said."

"A poor, slender thing of sixteen, or thereabout," said Mrs. Campbell, "who is half worn out already with care and watching; for little food and light slumbers will soon wear down the stoutest. Mrs. Wayne told me, that last month, before she became so very ill, Harriet would sit up a greater part of the night to finish a job of sewing which she had commenced, and then walk through the streets a greater part of the day with a basket of plants on her arm, which she was obliged to sell at so small a profit, as scarcely to make it an object."

"I do wonder if it is not the very same girl from whom we bought our flowers," exclaimed Helen. "Was she very pale, and very thin, and had she a pleasant, low voice?"

"Yes, all three," replied Mrs. Campbell; "and if you purchased your flowers a month ago, I have no doubt it was she."

"How strange that you should have discovered her," said Cornelia.

"How much I should like to do something for them," said Helen. "What can we do for them, mother?"

"We might go to see them, Helen, if we can do nothing else," replied Mrs. Harwood; "sympathy and kindness are always welcome to the poor, even if we can offer nothing more substantial."

"But *can't* we do something more?" said Helen, earnestly; "you know where there is a will there is a way."

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

A NEW CITY.

THE following animated description of one of the last wonders of our day, the new city now rising at Birkenhead, is from the pen of a noble diplomatist, and will be read with interest:—

"I have made a very agreeable trip to Birkenhead, which is a place rising, as if by enchantment, out of the desert, and bidding fair to rival, if not eclipse, the glories of Liverpool. Seven years ago there were not three houses on that side of the Mersey,—there are now about 20,000 inhabitants; and on the spot where within that time Sir W. Stanley's hounds killed a fox in the open field, now stands a square larger than Belgrave-square, every house of which is occupied. At Liverpool

there are now ten acres of docks, the charges for which are enormous; at Birkenhead there will be forty-seven acres, with rates two-thirds lower, which will gradually diminish until (supposing trade to continue prosperous) they will almost disappear, and the docks become the property of the public at the end of thirty years. It would have been worth the trouble of the journey to make acquaintance with the projector and soul of this gigantic enterprise, a certain Mr. Jackson. With his desire to create a great commercial emporium proceeds, *pari passu*, that of improving and elevating the condition of the labouring classes there, and before his docks are even excavated he is building houses for 300 families of work-people, each of which is to have three rooms and necessary conveniences, to be free of all taxes, and plentifully supplied with water and gas, for 2s. 6d. a-week for each family. These houses adjoin the warehouses and docks, where the people are to be employed, and thence is to run a railroad to the sea, and every man liking to bathe will be conveyed there for a penny. There are to be wash-houses, where a woman will be able to wash the linen of her family for 2d.; and 180 acres have been devoted to a park, which Paxton has laid out, and nothing at Chatsworth can be more beautiful. At least 20,000 people were congregated there last Sunday, all decently dressed, orderly, and enjoying themselves. Chapels, and churches, and schools, for every sect and denomination abound. Jackson says he is sure he shall create as vigorous a public opinion against the public-house as is to be found in the highest classes. There are now 3,000 workmen on the docks and buildings, and he is about to take on 2,000 more. Turn which way you will, you see only the most judicious application of capital, skill, and experience,—everything good adopted, everything bad eschewed from all other places; and as there is no other country in the world, I am sure, that could exhibit such a sight as this nascent establishment, where the best interests of commerce and philanthropy are so felicitously interwoven, I really felt an additional pride at being an Englishman."—*Times*.

THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ONE fine day, in the summer of 1799, two English gentlemen, strangers, on their travels, rowed to the Peacock Island, uninformed of the royal family being there, and, consequently, of the interdiction; they had landed at a point of the island distant from the ferry, and were delightfully strolling about, when the then Count Marshal Von Massaw caught sight of them, and they were desired to quit the island instantaneously, by the way they came. They, however, deviated from the direct path to the boat, and were met by a gentleman and lady, unattended, and so artless in their dress and deportment, that the strangers had no presentiment of who they were. When they met, the unknown gentleman said, "How do you like the island?" Expressing themselves in rapture as to its position and ornamental culture, the unknown lady, with much affability, invited the strangers to accompany them, since, being well known, they could point out all that was remarkable. "We should be delighted," replied the Englishmen, "had not the marshal peremptorily ordered us to leave the island, the king and queen being here." "Matters are not quite so formidable," said the amiable lady; "come along with us, and we will undertake to excuse you with Mr. Von Massaw, who is our intimate friend." A lively conversation ensued, in which the lady spoke enthusiastically of England: in return, they both seemed to enjoy the free and critical remarks made by the Englishmen; but great was the latter's astonishment, on nearing the château, to find the royal servants stationed, and the marshal advancing to announce breakfast! Aware now that they had been in company of the king and queen, they would have apologized, but the winning affability of the queen calmed their apprehensions, and what little remained wholly ceased on the former saying, "Enter, gentlemen! you'll take breakfast with us!"—*Dr. Eglert*.

THE FABLED MELODY OF THE DYING SWAN.

THE melody ascribed to the dying swan has long been well known to exist only in the graceful mythology of the ancients; but as few opportunities occur of witnessing the bird's last moments, some interest attaches to Mr. Waterton's personal observations on this point, which we can ourselves corroborate, having not long since been present at the death of a pet swan, which, like Mr. Waterton's favourite, had been fed principally by hand; and, instead of seeking to conceal itself at the approach of death, quitted the water, and lay down to die on the lawn before its owner's door. "He then left the water for good and all, and sat down on the margin of the pond. He soon became too weak to support his long neck in an upright position. He nodded, and then tried to recover himself; and then nodded again, and again held up his head, till at last, quite enfeebled and worn out, his head fell gently on the grass, his wings became expanded a trifle or so, and he died while I was looking on. . . . Although I gave no credence to the extravagant notion which antiquity had entertained of melody from the mouth of the dying swan, still I felt anxious to hear some plaintive sound or other, some soft inflection of the voice, which might tend to justify that notion in a small degree. But I was disappointed. . . . He never even uttered his wonted cry, nor so much as a sound, to indicate what he felt within."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE WATER USED IN THE DESERT.

BOIL Russia leather into a pretty strong decoction; let this get half cool, and you will have a fair specimen of the water to be drunk on a desert journey. It is a flavour that does not improve upon acquaintance with it.—*Lord Nugent's Lands, Classical and Sacred*.

NOT to mention the multitudes who read merely for the sake of talking, or to qualify themselves for the world, or some such kind of reasons; there are, even of the few who read for their own entertainment, and have a real curiosity to see what is said, several, which is astonishing, who have no sort of curiosity to see what is true. I say curiosity, because it is too obvious to be mentioned how much that religious and sacred attention which is due to truth, and to the important question, What is the rule of life, is lost out of the world.—*Butler*.

THEY who have pushed their inquiries much further than the common systems of their times, and have rendered familiar to their own minds the intermediate steps by which they have been led to their conclusions, are too apt to conceive other men to be in the same situation with themselves; and when they mean to instruct, are mortified to find that they are only regarded as paradoxical and visionary. It is but rarely we find a man of very splendid and various conversation to be possessed of a profound judgment, or of great originality of genius.—*Stewart*.

IN doing good, we are generally cold and languid and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold masterly hand, touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions, that call forth all our energies whenever we oppress and persecute.—*Burke*.

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HOW TO CHOOSE A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

"Ostend, July 1st.

"PRAY is Mr. — related to you?"

"Why no, not exactly, but we are the most intimate friends possible. All our tastes suit—our characters fit to a nicety. We are going to make the tour of the Rhine together, and return by Paris. Nothing is wanting to complete the delights of such an expedition but the society of such a friend. Congratulate me; I am the luckiest man in the world!"

"Boulogne, Sept. 5th.

"Mr. — is your cousin, is he not?"

"My cousin? No, indeed! We are not even connexions."

"He is your intimate friend, then?"

"By no means!"

"But what is the link between you? You are always together."

"Oh—h—you see—he is my travelling companion. But I am happy to say we cross to Folkestone to-morrow, and then I shall see the last of him. Whichever hotel he selects, I shall go to the other. Never were the pleasures of a tour more effectually marred. We have not an idea in common. Wherever I want to stop, he wants to go on, and *vice versa*; and as he *never* gives way, I have been incessantly victimised, except in the *very* few cases where I made a stand and carried the point (for I hate contention), and then he was sulky for a week. People who think of nothing but their own pleasure, really ought not to travel."

And now, let us hear Mr. —'s version of the story.

"How do you do, —? Have you enjoyed your tour?"

"Humph—*comme ça*, you know; you see, I had my friend Crotchet with me, and he is not exactly the kind of fellow to travel with. He is accustomed to have everything his own way, and really he has such very odd fancies, that at first I could not help, now and then, offering a little gentle opposition. But I soon found it wouldn't do, and as there is nothing on earth I hate so much as quarrelling, I just held my tongue, and let him manage as he liked, except in a *very* few instances, when really there was no standing it. But if you come to talk of enjoyment, why, you know, there's not much enjoyment in perpetually giving up one's own wishes for the sake of keeping the peace."

Such and so great is the change which a tour of two months will generally work in the feelings of a man towards that much-enduring and much-inflicting being,

his travelling companion. There is nothing like a tour for testing dispositions, and unmasking characters. Madame de Genlis' vision of the Palace of Truth is realised; and that fabulous metamorphosis, foretold by cold and worldly philosophers as the inevitable result of matrimony, which causes the purest and strongest affection of the human heart to degenerate into an uneasy indifference or a perpetual contention, is far outdone, inasmuch as the time necessary for effecting the transmutation is incalculably shorter. It is curious to trace the steps, at first so gradual, afterwards so rapid, by which this dire result is attained. The polite and cheerful spirit, the celestial unselfishness, the enthusiastic desire to oblige, with which the journey begins! Everything is *couleur de rose*; the amiable tourists have literally no peculiarities, no wishes, no wants; every *contre-temps* is regarded as comic, and the utmost extremity of inconvenience only affords the theme of a joke, or the materials for a pun. She, who in her drawing-room on Chester Terrace was disturbed by the displacement of a ringlet, and absolutely unapproachable by stiff circumference of skirts, the folds of whose dress were as things sacred, and her *chaussure* a "sight to dream of, not to tell," laughs as she packs herself into the corner of a *calèche* or *diligence*, with her basket in her lap, and her bonnet squeezed against the cushion till it looks no-how; entreats you to settle yourself comfortably, and never mind her dress, for it is of no consequence; or walks recklessly down one of those odorous alleys with sloping sides of muddy pavement, and a nameless stream in the centre, which our brethren of the continent are pleased to call streets, and which, were it in London instead of Rouen, not she only, but even her brother, if he happened to be with her, would pronounce at a glance, to be "quite impassable for a lady." The *bon vivant* dines merrily on an omelette; the "family man" resigns that accustomed after-dinner nap which includes his whole idea of domestic happiness, without a sigh; the exquisite laughs at having to make his toilette while his dressing case is in the profane hands of the *douaniers*; and the "regular downright John Bull," (by which somewhat doubtful phrase is generally implied a man who goes through life with a steady eye to his own personal comfort, and a sturdy resolution to leave others to shift for themselves,) consents to sit bodkin, and put his feet on a bandbox.

But this blissful state lasts not long, and the disenchantment, once begun, proceeds with the accelerating velocity of a stone dropped from a precipice. And first, the superhuman sublimities of good-breeding are gently dispensed with. "Every one for himself on a tour," is said, at first jocosely, then good-humouredly, then firmly, then remonstratingly, then sourly, then sulkily, and at

last furiously. The dress is arranged fifty times in the course of a day's journey, and each time the wearer resumes her seat in a position easier to herself, and more offensive to her companions. You are requested "to hold her basket for a moment, just while she settles her bonnet," and woe be to you if you comply!—for she forgets to reclaim it. You must double your payments for dinner, and wait double time while it is cooking, though you are longing all the while to go and see the cathedral, for "dining on eggs, day after day, is too much for any man." It is nonsense to talk of an evening stroll, for Mr. Comfortable really cannot do without his nap, and if our friend John Bull finds the band-box in his way, he puts his foot through the lid, by accident. If you are only two, a civil war is inevitable, and it is rare that it continues civil to the end. If you are more in number, a system of mutual confidences against each other, incessantly given and received, will be found a most useful palliative, though not amounting to a remedy. It is a great satisfaction to the confider, and produces a temporary feeling of superiority in the confidant, which is highly conducive to good humour. He thinks, "Well, at any rate I am not put out by such a trifle as this; when I get angry, I have some reason for it." Moreover, it acts as a safety-valve, and as long as it works freely, the train advances without an explosion. But the time will come, when you are not on sufficiently good terms with any member of the party to make him the depository of your troubles, or to open your ears to his complaints; so you had better make the most of the privilege while it remains to you.

In selfishness, however, as in most of those sciences whereby man seeks to subdue surrounding elements to his will, and to make them minister to his pleasure, there are gradations of skill, and varieties of character. There is the high-bred and unconscious selfishness of the superior man, which attains its ends by so coolly taking them for granted that their fulfilment seems to arise, rather out of the involuntary submission of others, than from any effort of his own. If you are of a simple and unsuspecting temperament, there is no saying how long you may continue to act as the very spaniel of such a person, without once awaking to the perception of your own slavery. And in the higher and more perfect specimens, the tyrant is nearly as unconscious of his despotism, though this is somewhat harder to understand. Of this species, we have seldom encountered a female variety, but it is by no means uncommon in the nobler gender. Then there is the dogged, persevering, barefaced, stupid selfishness, which never advances beyond the childish argument, "I will have it, because I like it," and fairly bores you into the desired concession. There is the indefatigable and frolicful selfishness, which works by a perpetual succession of minute strokes, a mode of attack which iron itself is unable to resist, and in the contemplation of which, one's only comfort arises from the idea, too often fallacious, that it must in time wear itself to death. There is the valorous and impudent genus, which carries its point as though it were a practical joke, and sometimes bewilders you into laughing at the sheer fun of that from which you are suffering in sad earnest. There is the playful, coaxing, and decidedly feminine kind, which wins its way by smiles and sweet words, mounting every breach with a *pas de zephyr*, and sealing every triumph with a caress; and lastly, there is the deliberate, resolved, and most effectual system of tactics, to

be wielded only by a master hand, and by which those who have taken a double First Class in the art, may at once be recognised by the practised observer. We have reserved this kind to the last, and we desire to speak of it reverently, as the very chief and crown of the series, only to be appreciated by those who have suffered from it, and scarcely to be understood even by them. It acts indirectly, not by openly seeking the desired end, which indeed it rather professes to disregard, but by skilfully interposing so many obstacles, and suggesting so many evils in all other modes of action, that the unfortunate subject sees, he knows not why, that all paths save one are closed before him, and is constrained to pursue that one, apparently of his own accord, but, in truth, beset by vague and wondering doubts as to the reality both of his own freewill, and of the various difficulties which deter him from attempting a pleasanter way. The argument is a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*, as unanswerable as it is unsatisfactory. And here, too, we are compelled to adjudge the palm to the fairer sex, and to confess that when a man attempts this refined and elaborate method, he generally makes clumsy work of it. Not but what we have seen a few very creditable male examples of this class; but we are morally certain that if it should ever be our good fortune to witness so interesting an exhibition as a trial of skill between two professors of different sexes, of the very highest attainments and abilities respectively, the lady would carry off the crown. It is scarcely necessary to point out the innumerable facilities for development, the boundless field of exercise, with which each of these various kinds of selfishness is provided, if it exist in the person of your travelling companion. One origin is common to all, namely, the love and service of self. One result is characteristic of all, namely, that they bear fruit, varying in quantity and quality according to the vigour of the plant, and the adverse or favourable nature of the circumstances which surround it; but the methods of attaining this end are as dissimilar in their progress, and as varying in their speed, as the modes of growth by which an oak, a palm, and a blade of corn respectively arrive at maturity.

Do not travel with a near relation. You lose at least ten days of decorum and politeness by so doing; he is intimate with you from the very beginning, and the only barrier—a weak one, it is true, and never very durable—is removed before a blow is struck. Do not chuse a man much older than yourself—he has an advantage over you at the outset, which you will scarcely recover during the whole race. The week which is required to exhaust your natural and ingenuous respect for his grey hairs, will have sufficed to disembarass him of his involuntary sense of politeness towards you; and, at the end of it, he will start free from all shackles whatsoever, while you have still the scruples of ordinary good breeding to shake off. Avoid men of mild manners, and slow speech—they are invariably obstinate; and as they never lose their presence of mind, they are more likely than most persons to attain to the last and loftiest division of the class, which we have just been discussing. A bachelor is generally to be shunned; it is so completely the habit and practice of his life to study and to gratify his own tastes, that he has attained to a degree of proficiency, and acquired a quantity of information which it is not likely that you should possess at first starting. You may yield a number of points with-

out being aware of what you are really giving up; and when you gradually awaken to the position in which you have been suffering him to place you, you will have so much lost ground to recover before you are on equal terms. We were once of opinion that it was desirable to select a married man of some years' standing; because, being in the habit of constant submission, whether voluntary, enforced, or unconscious, at home, he was likely to be docile and manageable by instinct. But it has been suggested to us by high authority, that the same principle of human nature which converts the father into the tyrant, and the enslaved serf into the revolutionary despot, will assert itself in him, and impart an eagerness and a virulence to his strife for the mastery, a spiteful fanaticism to his worship of self, which it would be extremely difficult to resist. On the whole, therefore, in spite of what has been said above, we would rather recommend you to choose a bachelor;—but to be on your guard against him from the very first. And the best mode of enabling your ignorance to contend successfully against his experience, will be to yield *no point whatever*, trifling as it may perhaps appear, lest it should involve consequences which you do not perceive. You are safe in always contradicting and opposing, and though you may be fighting for matters of no importance, it is a fault on the right side, and better than running the risk of losing an advantage which you may hereafter endeavour to reconquer in vain. It is advisable to fix on a person who possesses some ascertained peculiarity which does not interfere with your own views of comfort; such as not being able to sit backwards in a carriage, or to eat some particular sort of food. By ostentatiously attending to this, and making a vast parade of always yielding him a front place, or providing him with a dinner to his taste, you establish a sort of right to require sacrifices from him in return, which, in skilful hands, may be used almost *ad libitum*, and with the best possible effect. Of course, great care must be taken in the choice of your weakness, that it does not jar with any similar tendency in yourself; though, in some cases, it might be as well to affect a slight degree of it, in order to make your concessions to your companion more meritorious, and more impressive. Your own observation will show you, very early in the business, which of the two great lines—the bullying, or the sneaking—it will be more politic to adopt. And having once chosen your line, let nothing tempt you to depart from it for a moment. In this game, steady perseverance is more than half the battle; and by it, you may sometimes baffle an antagonist of superior natural qualifications, who, less alive to the nature of the contest, suffers himself to be temporarily diverted from his original system of tactics. Watch eagerly for this blunder, pounce on it the moment it appears, and never suffer him to recover the advantage which he will lose by such an error, however brief in its duration. Yet, with all these precautions—with the most fastidious care in the choice of your companion, and the most sedulous and energetic pursuit of the best means of subduing him when chosen, we can by no means promise you that you shall eventually and permanently obtain the upper hand. The very highest point at which you may hope to arrive, may be compared to that state in a game of chess, in which one party never ceases checking his antagonist, who, with equal perseverance, baffles or evades each successive attack, till the battle is at length pronounced to be drawn.

You will perceive, however, that, in this kind of encounter, he who acts on the offensive has the pleasanter part; and it is this position which we would encourage and instruct you to grasp. Once yours, nothing but a want of vigilance in yourself, which we will not attribute to you, can enable your adversary to rob you of it; and, as in this game there is no regulation compelling the combatants to cease after a certain number of ineffectual checks, it is by no means uncommon for the defender to give up from pure weariness, and suffer himself to be reduced to a conquered and submissive state, without resistance.

The last fortnight or month of a tour generally presents us with a somewhat novel aspect of affairs. This is the period during which the contending parties, having measured their strength, and established their respective positions, become possessed with a lively spirit of revenge and spite, which is content to find its gratification in the annoyance of each other, without thereby seeking any immediate advantage to themselves. The methods and the weapons by which this is to be achieved, will, of course, vary with circumstances. Some, however, are always useful; and among these we may reckon that intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of your companion, which, in the first instance, we advised you to attain, with a view to your own interest. It stands to reason, that when you know a man's tender places, you are enabled to hurt him much more effectually and easily, than when you are ignorant of their geography. Besides, it is an excellent plan to affect constant ignorance of them. Suppose you know your companion to be nervous, for instance; it becomes then your business always to arrange and suggest every method of proceeding on your journey, which is likely to worry or alarm him. It is humiliating, inconvenient, and vexatious for him to be driven every day into an explanation of his peculiar weakness, while you, with raised eyebrows, and politely contemptuous tone, profess "that you had not an idea *this* arrangement would be disagreeable to him; you knew his peculiarities, certainly, but it had never occurred to you that *this* could interfere with them." Having said thus much, you may yield the point; but it is scarcely necessary to say what an advantageous position you have assumed for the day, for you can make him feel at every moment that, in order to indulge his foible, the plan of the journey has been changed, while the unfeigned surprise which you exhibit at this particular manifestation of the said foible, may be made civilly and incessantly apparent. Occasionally, if he be at all sensitive, he will agree to your suggested scheme, rather than place himself in so unpleasant a situation; and then, although the nature of your satisfaction be changed, the degree of it is, perhaps, heightened. You sit by and chuckle, from your secret consciousness of the annoyance which you have compelled him to endure, and which he vainly labours to conceal from you.

In this kind of warfare, the lady has a decided advantage over the gentleman. There is one peculiarity invariable in the gentler sex, which affords a means of annoying a husband or brother, as powerful as it is inexhaustible. Man is distinguished from the beasts, as "a reasoning animal." We will not here question the fitness of the appellation, though we could enumerate a variety of instances, chiefly among churchwardens and members of Parliament, with a slight sprinkling from the ranks of scientific theorists of modern times,

which would seem to suggest the propriety of establishing an intermediate class in the scale of creation. Were we, however, called upon to pronounce the characteristic of woman, as distinguished from man, we would call her a shopping animal. Now, in all the large towns she may shop, and surely it is unnecessary to say more. My female readers will at once feel how wide a field I have opened to them; nor is there a man who will read the passage without an involuntary shudder at the picture presented to him. The length of time which may be consumed in this occupation—the unanswerable arguments which may be adduced for its necessity—the inconvenient moments at which it may be introduced as a substitute for anything whatsoever which the gentleman may wish to do—and the quantity of *his* money which you may contrive to spend in the course of it—these are its great advantages; and the woman who requires instruction how to use these efficiently, is really unworthy of having advice wasted upon her. At the smaller and less interesting places, she always has it in her power to detain her companion by having a headache, and to worry him about her diet. In short, her facilities for undertaking the management of this latter period are innumerable; and were we to spend hours in collecting minute instructions for the guidance of her adversary, they could only avail him as a suit of worn and ill-constructed armour, between the plates of which the weapons of a skilful combatant may find passage at every moment.

And now, reader, we have done. How much do you think has been said in earnest? 'Tis a caricature, doubtless, and only meant to be laughed at; but is there not a good deal of truth in it after all? There may be—perhaps there is; but if you have not *some* friends in the world, (we do not say many, but assuredly more than one,) without whom the pleasures of the most charming tour that ever was contrived would be incomplete, and in whose society the weapons of selfishness are blunted, and her arm paralyzed, because, in truth, *your* happiness is only to be found in seeking *theirs*; if you have no such friends, we can only say, that we condemn even more than we pity you; and we hope that it may never be our lot to have so cold and morose a person for our travelling companion.

BEAUCHAMPS.—A TALE.

CHAP. IV.

(Continued from page 71.)

As I stood, with my attention apparently fixed on the embroidery, how clearly I remembered all these little circumstances! And those young, bright girls, Julia and Mary, to think that they should fade so much sooner than a few trumpery silken threads! The carnations and roses were as brilliant as when first wrought by the skilful fingers of Mary Deane, and would continue so, perhaps, long after those fingers had mouldered in the dust.

"It is a fine piece, sir," observed Hannah, who supposed me wholly engrossed with the merit of the performance; "Mr. Penrose used to say that it was better worth looking at than a many paintings."

"I am quite of his opinion; and Mr. Penrose himself—they tell me he is at Bath?"

"Yes, sir, he has gone to try what the hot baths will do for his complaint, which is something of a palsy, as I take it."

After a little more talk I got up to take leave, observing, as I did so, "that since all my old friends seemed to be congregated at Bath, it was quite time that I should go there likewise."

To Bath I went, and at the close of a drizzly, uncomfortable sort of a day, found myself established at the York Hotel. The following morning I waited on my aunt and cousins, who received me, as the present possessor of Knightswood, perhaps with a shade of embarrassment, yet kindly; indeed, the manner of Julia was so cordial, and she looked so truly glad to see me, that it went far to atone for the loss of that splendid beauty which had captivated my youthful fancy. Julia, at three-and-thirty, was indeed the wreck of her former self; altered both in regard to face and figure; the first had lost its bloom, the last its *embonpoint*, of which there never had been a thought too much; and though still an elegant-looking woman, she was, according to the common phrase, completely gone off. But what of that? Had so many years passed in a foreign climate produced no change in my own appearance? Was I the same well-looking young fellow who had vowed and protested in the orangery?

Julia was still unmarried, received me kindly, and, if a vestige of her former partiality had survived the wear and tear of fashionable life, how could I do better than endeavour to convince her that although the days of romance were over, there might be many of rational and domestic happiness in store for us? With such reflections, I returned to the hotel to dress, preparatory to dining with my aunt and cousins. I thought them at the time fraught with wisdom, nor am I at the present moment seeking to recant.

There was no other visitor, and never shall I forget the comfortable sensations of that first evening in the Circus. During my residence abroad I had indeed found friends, and some of more than common excellence, but none who had ever known me by my Christian name; here, I was once more *Henry*, and I felt that I had indeed come home; former grievances and offences were forgotten; even later impressions, such as old Hannah's recital had produced, faded from my mind; I cast my eye round the room—how cheerful, how thoroughly comfortable it looked! How preferable to the cold, deserted apartments of Knightswood! They have taken with them, thought I, all that gave pleasantness or grace to that abode. Whilst I meditated, Maria talked; she always had been a talker; formerly, her talk was of London, Almack's, archery parties, or the next *meet*; for both she and Harriet had been mighty riders in their day. Now, she discoursed on charity bazaars, sermons, pastoral aid, and presentation plate. The subject matter had changed, but the style was the same; that was still Maria, now evidently, in her own opinion, the most serious of her family. Julia said comparatively little, but that little tended to confirm my early belief in her better qualities. Superior to Maria in understanding, to Harriet in disposition, the world, supposing it to have disappointed, had, at least, failed to injure either the temper or the heart; Julia's mind had remained open to good impressions, and was capable of forming a right judgment of her past career.

So it appeared to me at a later period of our renewed acquaintance; in the mean time, my aunt was talking, and I not attending; it was necessary to collect my thoughts. Lady Tracey was recounting the perplexities consequent on her removal from Knightswood; the difficulty of fixing on a future home; her hesitation between town and country, between Bath and London; and lastly, the impossibility of finding a house anywhere exactly to her mind. Harriet seemed to have been the guiding spirit through the whole affair; she happily cleared a way through all its intricacies, and eventually established Lady Tracey in the Circus. But Bath is not a desirable residence in summer, for even an English summer may be occasionally hot. To some such observation of mine, Lady Tracey agreed; "but there could

be no difficulty in disposing of a few weeks; indeed, part of the ensuing summer would probably be spent abroad."

"Abroad!" I exclaimed, "and have you fixed on the precise where?"

My aunt replied, that they had not absolutely fixed, but thought of the German baths. She had been almost persuaded to believe they might be serviceable to her health: Harriet was quite of that opinion.

"Do you promise yourself much pleasure from this excursion?" I inquired, turning towards Julia, "Have you ever been out of England?"

"Only for a very short time, and then not farther than Paris."

"There is no spirit of enterprise in Julia," observed Maria. "She has no zeal in this, or any other cause."

"Why really," I replied, "the present cause seems hardly cause enough to excite any very strong emotion."

But Maria, without listening, continued. "I think it would be a charming scheme for you to accompany us, Henry. You will have nothing to do in the summer; no gentlemen ever have; and, of course, it will be much pleasanter for us. Such an addition to the party may even reconcile Julia to leaving England."

"I have no doubt," said Julia, taking upon herself to reply, "that when I am abroad I shall find much, both to amuse and interest me; notwithstanding which, I must confess that I should prefer staying quietly at home."

"And," said I, "after all my wanderings, I, too, must confess, like Julia, a preference for staying quietly at home."

"What a happy coincidence of opinion! You will agree charmingly together—I see that—whether abroad or in England."

Maria spoke with apparent thoughtlessness; but her sister looked annoyed, and seemed anxious, by some inquiry respecting the mode of travelling in Bengal, to turn the conversation.

In the latter part of the evening Maria summoned Julia to the piano forte, and they sang together a duet: then followed, on the part of the elder sister, a great deal of talking, and looking for a certain Irish melody, which I had formerly been fond of hearing Julia sing; but who now seemed resolved to remember nothing of the matter.

"It won't do, Maria!" The words were spoken in rather a low tone; but I heard them; and, from the peculiar smile and shake of the head by which they were accompanied, I guessed that Julia referred to something more than the lost melody.

Maria got up; she was on one knee, turning over a huge portfolio of loose music, and replied, rather angrily, "Something else will not do, that you may be assured of."

"Oh! yes, it will," said I, though not knowing in the least what she meant. "If you can't find an old song, give me a new one; I am in the humour to be pleased with anything and everything?"

"And with every body?"

"Yes, Maria, every body; especially with you and Julia."

Something, I forget what, that was soon after said, or sung, reminded me of Mary Deane, and, turning to the sofa, on which my aunt was seated, I inquired if she knew that her former acquaintance, Miss Deane, was living in Bath, and whether she had seen her?

To the first question, Lady Tracey replied in the affirmative; to the second, that Miss Deane had not called in the Circus; that she (Lady Tracey) did not know in what part of Bath Miss Deane resided, and that they had never met accidentally. At this point Julia joined in the conversation; she knew that Mary Deane and her aunt lodged on the South Parade: she herself wished very much to call on them, but had deferred doing so, in hopes that mamma would waive ceremony, and accompany her.

"You have another old acquaintance in Bath, whom you must visit," continued Julia.

"You mean Mr. Penrose? Yes, I shall certainly wait on him."

"And go soon, Henry, for he will be rejoiced to see you again."

"I will call at his lodgings to-morrow, in my way to Miss Deane, if you think he will not object to receiving an early visitor."

"Not in the least,—that is to say, after eleven o'clock."

"You seem remarkably well informed on the subject," observed Lady Tracey.

"Yes, mamma, I have been myself to see the good old gentleman several times."

"You have!" exclaimed her mother, in a tone which expressed both surprise and displeasure.

"Dearest mamma, I told you, if you remember, before I went the first time."

"Yes, and what I told you, ought, I think, to have prevented your doing anything so foolish and improper."

I confess that, considering Julia's age, to say nothing of that of poor old Mr. Penrose, I thought all this rather over-strained; so I remarked, "that at least there could be but one motive for such visits, and that a purely unselfish one."

People should never interfere in family tiffs; they are more likely to mar than to mend; so it proved in the present instance. Maria, with a provoking sort of smile, looked at Julia, who coloured; she was very evidently distressed; and I, as evidently, had said just the thing I ought not. "I am walking in the dark," thought I, "and must find out whereabouts I am, or I shall stumble at every step."

I found Mr. Penrose occupying part of an old-fashioned house near the Orange Grove; and the welcome he gave me was, like his habitation, old-fashioned and warm. At first we talked of my concerns, for so he would it; of India; the state of my health there; my homeward voyage; Knightswood, &c. And afterwards of his health; of the Bath waters; pumpings; douchings; time required for giving all remedies a fair trial; and this brought us easily and naturally to Fordover. He had been wishing much to see me; had a great deal to say concerning himself and others; some things, perhaps, that I should be surprised to hear. "It was next to impossible," I assured him, "that I could hear anything from such an old and valued friend as himself, that would not at least interest me." Thereupon, the good old man began with his own conscientious scruples regarding his parish: he should never again perform his duties in it; that was wholly out of the question; and he had pretty well made up his mind to resign the living. It was in the gift of Mr. Gifford; and if there should be no friend for whom he wished particularly to provide, (relation there could be none) he had entertained a hope that, upon his own recommendation, Mr. Norton, his present curate, might be appointed to succeed him. Then followed commendation of Mr. Norton, so warm, yet so discriminating, that I could no more doubt the merit of one party, than the sincerity of the other. "Could I resign my flock to his charge," said Mr. Penrose, "my mind would be at rest; I should have nothing more to be careful for in this world. And now, Sir Henry, if you can put faith in my recommendation, and have no private objection to interesting yourself in this affair, will you employ your influence to get it settled according to my wish?"

"My dear Mr. Penrose," I replied, "my influence, supposing me to have any, can hardly be of service in this matter. If Gifford has any strong objections, I could scarcely expect to overrule them; and if otherwise, your own influence must be sufficient. Are you not the oldest friend he has in the world? Were you not his first, and, as I have often heard him

acknowledge, best and kindest tutor? You wrong him, surely, in supposing that he would more readily oblige any one living than yourself."

Mr. Penrose paused before he replied. "There is, unfortunately, an opposing influence: your cousin, sir, Mrs. Gifford, has taken the field against me; and I fear that, with her consent, Mr. Norton will never become rector of Fordover."

"Her reason?" I inquired.

"That it is very fit you should be made acquainted with; I have no desire to conceal it. You may possibly have the same feeling on the subject as other members of your family, and therefore it is fair to apprise you, that if Mr. Norton should obtain such an increase to his income as the living of Fordover, I have no doubt of his proposing to Miss Julia Tracey; nor, to speak the truth, much doubt as to her accepting him."

Now, then, the mystery was explained; and my soul, as the Persians say, fell from the skies; at least it would have fallen, had there been time for it to mount so high. As it was, I will not deny that I heard Mr. Penrose's announcement with momentary annoyance; I was considerably surprised, and, if not positively disappointed, had a narrow escape of it.

"You are not pleased to hear this, Sir Henry; nor is it agreeable to the rest of the family; but wait till you have made acquaintance with Mr. Norton. I am confident that you will find him, on all points but fortune, worthy of your cousin; and I have a great regard for Miss Julia, too, I assure you, and think her a very charming person; she will be a fortunate one, too, in my opinion, if circumstances admit of her marrying Mr. Norton."

"Julia's happiness," I began, "if not the first thing to be considered in an affair of this nature, shall always be cared for by me; and she is at an age to be safely trusted in her own estimate of what will most contribute to that happiness; but I know the character of her sister, and if, as you intimate, she has set herself in opposition to this union, the odds are against us. I cannot tell what degree of influence she may have over Gifford, but it is unpleasant, and generally useless, to interfere between husband and wife."

"Still," said Mr. Penrose, "in a matter of Church patronage, a wife should not presume to dictate; it is highly unbecoming." Then, smiling at his own vehemence, he continued, "I speak like a testy old bachelor."

"And I, as a probable member of that fraternity, do not feel disposed to enter the lists against you; I will go farther, and say that there are few points on which a wife *should* presume to dictate. This, however, is little to the present purpose; what I have to suggest may, with your approbation, prove a more healing measure. I must, however, forewarn you in my turn; it will require a sacrifice on your part; you must continue rector of Fordover during your natural life. Mr. Ryder, the incumbent of Knight Magna, is likely to obtain a better piece of preferment; a circumstance which, as he cannot hold both, will oblige him to resign his present living. He called a few days ago to speak to me, as patron, on the subject. Neither the living nor the parsonage of Knight Magna are quite so good as those of Fordover; but both may be improved. In case of the removal of the present incumbent, could you consent to part with Mr. Norton?"

"No," replied Mr. Penrose decidedly, "I do not think that I could; it entirely alters the case."

"True, it does alter the case, but in my opinion advantageously. Consider, in the first place, how much it will be in your power to benefit any curate you may see fit to engage. What an advantage to a young clergyman to learn his professional duties under your guidance! You might, with God's blessing, train up another Mr. Norton to the ministry; and as to the emoluments of the living, they would be at your own disposal; yours to give, as much as to keep. Possibly

there may be some pious or charitable work you would wish to perform at Fordover; such as your successor, if a family man, might not have power to accomplish. Besides," I continued, receiving no answer from Mr. Penrose, "you must not think of Mr. Norton as the only good man in the world."

"A good man, sir!" replied Mr. Penrose, peevishly; "I want something more than a good man. I had a good man; Mr. Brown was an exceeding good man, but he preached half my congregation out of Fordover church into the meeting-house at Knight Magna."

"I am afraid, my dear sir, we are rather out of order in that parish; but give us Mr. Norton, and we shall amend our ways. With regard to my cousin, in case of her becoming his wife, I need scarcely observe how preferable to her would be a residence at Knight Magna; unless, as one can scarcely venture to hope, such a change should take place in her sister's feelings as would render their very close vicinity to each other desirable. At all events," I continued, after a moment's silence, "you will, I am sure, kindly weigh what I have said, and think over it. And if," added I, "which is possible, Mr. Ryder should be disappointed in his expectations, we will try what can be done in your way." I then took leave, for Mr. Penrose seemed weary, and as if he wished to be alone.

"So this was Julia's reason for wishing me to pay our old friend an early visit; and she thinks that I can assist Mr. Norton in regard to Fordover—but, Lord bless her! when did she ever know Harriet relinquish a point on which she had set her mind? A woman of that sort runs down her game; she keeps on and on, till her victim falls at her feet from very weariness. No. Knight Magna—that must be our object, if Mr. Ryder leaves. As to entirely rebuilding the parsonage, I am in doubt; perhaps they may not like to wait so long—it certainly ought to be made to front the other way."

Full of such thoughts and schemes, I would rather, at that time, have declined a visit to Miss Deane, or any one; but I proceeded, and in a few minutes found myself on the South Parade. Yes, there they were; at least, so I guessed; an infirm old lady in a Bath chair, and a younger lady walking by the side; yet it was possible they might not be the persons I sought. We met—we nearly passed each other, for I was irresolute—but the young lady chanced to turn her head; I caught her eye, and that glance confirming my conjecture, I ventured to address her.

There was no mistake; it was indeed Mary Deane, who, though not at the first moment recollecting me, was no sooner assured of my identity, than her countenance became radiant with those pretty smiles commemorated by old Hannah, and she immediately presented me to her aunt.

I attended them during the remainder of Mrs. Deane's airing, and afterwards to their lodgings. We talked of course, and that very soon, of Hannah; indeed, I was the bearer of a letter from her. Mary listened with an interest that made her fine dark eyes glisten with emotion; but her manner was perfectly composed, and, sooner than I expected, she turned the discourse from the neighbourhood of Beauchamps, to speak of her present protectress; the general advantages of Bath to persons circumstanced like themselves; particular recommendations of that locality—so cheerful, so warm and sunny for her aunt, (she did not say that at times the heat was almost insupportable to herself,) and so short a distance from the abbey.

Mrs. Deane was not slow in her own acknowledgments; she gave Mary some trifling commission to take her from the room, and, during her short absence, assured me, that she felt it to be the crowning mercy of a good Providence, which had watched over her during a long life, that this dear child should have been consigned to her care. "It was scarcely to be expected," she observed, with great simplicity, "that one so lovely and so loveable, one so likely to be sought after, should

have had a home to seek, or have found one, during so many years, under her roof."—"She is a dear, good, affectionate child to me," concluded the old lady, "and God will reward her for it in his own way and time."

Mary soon returned to the room, which her absence, and Mrs. Deane's blindness, had enabled me to survey with some attention. The furniture, though neat, was but that of a common lodging-house; yet an air of comfort, almost of elegance, pervaded the apartment. A few sprigs of myrtle and geranium filled a small flower vase, and decorated the table, on which also might be seen some of those fancy articles ladies delight to fabricate. Books, too, there were, such as Mary loved; the gradual collection of one, whose means scarcely permitted the indulgence. On a little table, in company with a venerable looking quarto Bible, I could perceive the Prayer-Book, my own gift; and above this table, suspended from the wall, was a small drawing in a maple frame. It looked like—what on close inspection it proved to be—Julia Tracey's *Camellia*. But why thus carefully preserved by Mary Deane? She had doubtless grieved with Mark over my expulsion from Knightswood—had felt for and pitied me; I seemed to understand it all.

Poor Mrs. Deane had few acquaintances in Bath. Neither her health nor circumstances admitted of her giving entertainments, and Mary, in consequence, had few opportunities of mixing in society. She must have partaken very sparingly of what are termed the pleasures of life; the warm affections of her young heart had been chilled; and her best years devoted to patient and unwearied attendance on the sickly and infirm; yet it would seem as if a life of obscurity and self-denial were more favourable to the preservation of beauty, than one of prosperity and worldly amusement; for although Mary, like Julia Tracey, had lost the bloom of youth, there was no worn or haggard look in the countenance, nothing of emaciation in the figure. "What a very pretty person is Miss Deane!" was my observation on rejoining the party in the Circus, and in reply to certain inquiries as to how I had passed the morning.

"Yes," said Julia, "she is a *very* pretty person, and one of the youngest looking, for her age, that I am acquainted with."

"Her age is nothing," remarked Maria; "but where, pray, Julia, have you seen her of late?"

"I found her sitting one morning with Mr. Penrose."

"Mr. Penrose, I observed, "seems to be in especial favour with you ladies; is he confessor general, or particular, Julia?"

With a conscious laugh, she replied, "Oh, by no means general; Miss Deane and I consider him as exclusively our own, and confide in him accordingly."

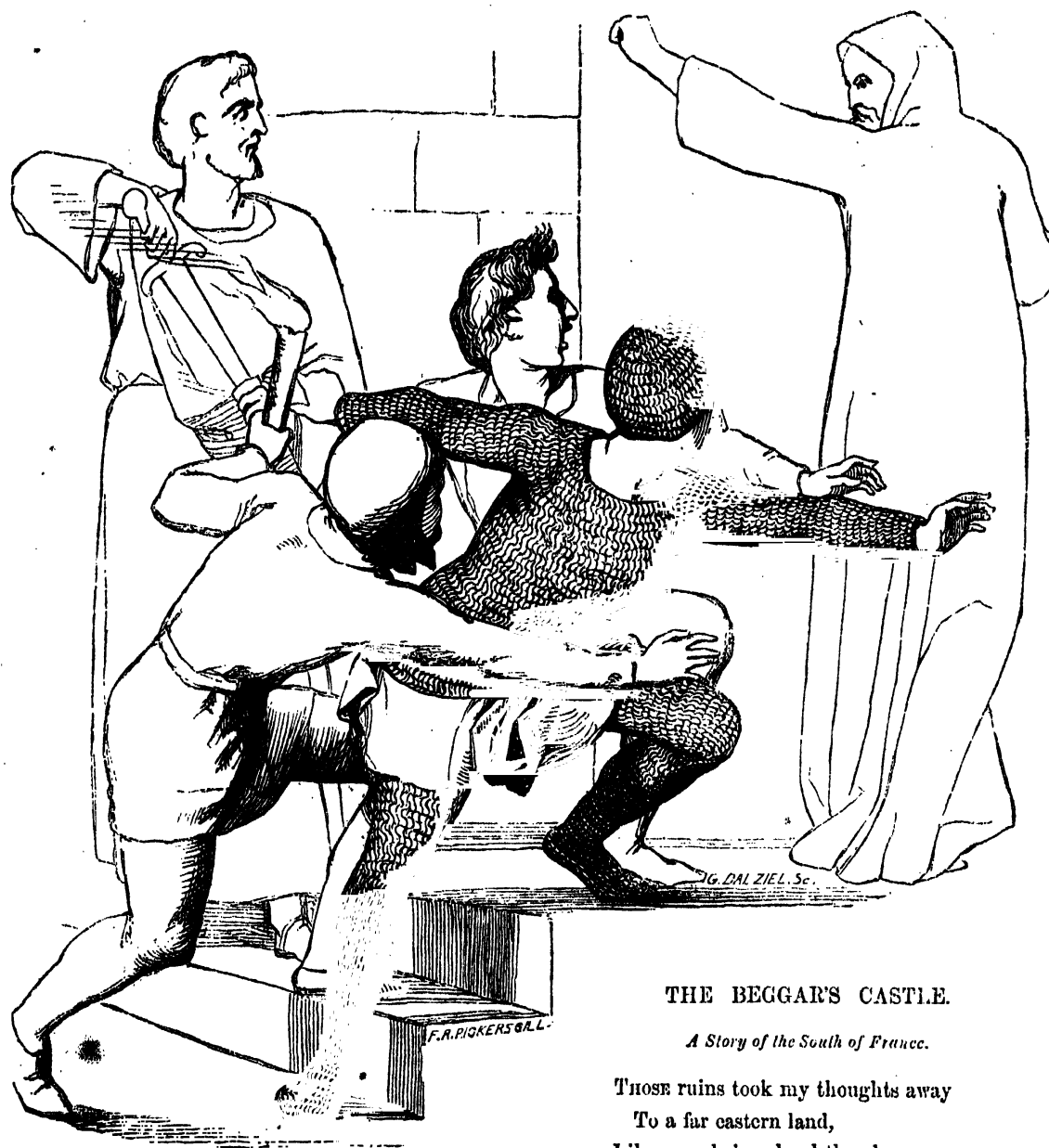
My aunt did not look sweetly on her youngest daughter; yet I found, when occasion offered for conversing with her on the subject of Mr. Norton, that time had produced its customary effect; that, in regard to her daughters, she was more indifferent to their establishment in life—in regard to herself, more solicitous of repose. We shall do well enough, thought I, if we can but bring Harriet to reason. My aunt is not, in her heart, much averse to this match; and nobody ever thought of minding Maria. At any rate, as the Giffords are expected in Bath, we must soon know the worst.

In the meantime Julia and I had more than one confidential discourse, generally in our way to, or from, the South Parade. I found her moderate in every wish; unworldly, to all appearance, in every thought; and she found, as she was well entitled to do, an assured friend in her cousin Henry. I have said that Julia called with me on Mary Deane; Lady Tracey also left cards; after which Mary was induced, chiefly by the persuasion of her aunt, to accept an invitation to dine in the Circus. There were present one or two other guests,

well-bred, agreeable people; and it gave me pleasure to see Mary's diffidence and disinclination to the visit gradually give place to more agreeable sensations. It was the triumph of natural good taste and good sense, aided by the fostering kindness of Julia, who, considering Mary as especially her own guest, paid her more than usual attention. Both appeared to advantage; but there was a something in Mary's air and manner so simple, so unusually truthful, if the expression may be allowed, combined with so much natural grace, that to indifferent observers she must have been the most attractive of the two. The following day was productive of two interesting events, and in the right order of time: the morning brought a letter from Mr. Ryder, acquainting me with the favourable termination of his affair, and the evening was distinguished by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gifford. Mr. Penrose, good man, had resigned himself to his fate; it remained now to see how Harriet would submit to hers—how she would reconcile herself to the prospect of a brother-in-law, exemplary in his own character, and the choice of a sister who, in the account of the world, had not too much time to lose. Mark Gifford and I renewed our acquaintance with, I believe, equal pleasure, rejoiced in our near neighbourhood to each other, and looked forward to all but daily meetings.

He was ~~not~~ greatly altered in any respect; a little more consequential in manner perhaps, at least in the presence of his wife, but almost as young and handsome as ever; in youthfulness of appearance he had decidedly the advantage of us all. I availed myself of our first after dinner *tête-à-tête* to acquaint him with my knowledge of Julia's attachment, and my own designs in favour of Mr. Norton. He heard with surprise of the expected vacancy at Knight Magna, but seemed mostly struck with the extraordinary good fortune of Mr. Norton in finding two individuals, Mr. Penrose and myself, equally desirous of preferring him to a living. Under this change of circumstances, however, he expressed himself well satisfied with Julia's choice: "very glad that the affair should be brought to so happy a conclusion, especially through my means;" that is to say, without any annoyance to himself. "For his part, he did not think Julia likely to have a better offer; Mr. Norton was himself an exceedingly gentlemanlike person; and as for the rest, what did it signify? People could not expect all their connexions to be Plantagenets;" thus leaving me to infer that, in spite of his well-sounding name, Mr. Norton's escutcheon was of doubtful origin. Mark concluded by assuring me that he should do his best to make Harriet view things in the same light; as to the accomplishment, however, of this desirable object, he did not appear extremely sanguine; ladies being, so he averred, apt to form unreasonable expectations. The effect of Mark's communication was visible when I next entered the presence of his wife, by the token of a scowling brow, and cold ungracious manner; "It was the climax of folly," she observed to Maria, before I was well out of hearing, "just as Henry Tracey had returned to England—and unmarried." The pelting of this storm fell the most heavily on my aunt and Maria, certainly the two least guilty of sanctioning the present aspect of affairs. Julia was too well satisfied with them herself, too sure of Mr. Norton's fidelity, to need support; and Mark prudently kept out of the way. We spent most of our time together, and together we called on Mary Deane. If a slight blush suffused her cheek in shaking hands with Mark Gifford, it was all of emotion she displayed; her manner was unembarrassed, and whatever she might once have felt or suffered, it expressed nothing but a kindly interest in his welfare.

(To be concluded in our next.)



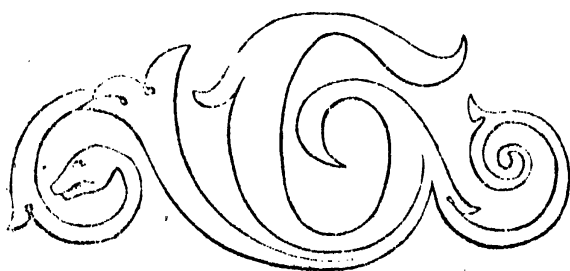
THE BEGGAR'S CASTLE.

A Story of the South of France.

THOSE ruins took my thoughts away
To a far eastern land,
Like camels in a herd they lay
Upon the dull red sand :
I know not that I ever sate
Within a place so desolate.

Unlike the relics that connect
Our hearts with ancient time,
All moss-besprent and ivy-deck'd,
Gracing a lenient clime,
Here all was death, and nothing born,—
No life but the unfriendly thorn.

“ My little guide, whose sunny eyes
And darkly lucid skin
Witness, in spite of shrouded skies,
Where southern realms begin,
Come, tell me all you've heard and know
About these mighty things laid low.”



The Beggar's Castle, wayward name,
Was all these fragments bore;
And wherefore legendary fame
Baptized them thus of yore,
He told in words so sweet and true,
I wish that he could tell it you.

A puissant seigneur, who in wars
And tournaments had renown,
With wealth from prudent ancestors
Sloping unbroken down,
Dwelt in these towers, and held in fee
All the broad lands that eye can see.

He never temper'd to the poor
Misfortune's bitter blast;
And when before his haughty door
Widow and orphan past,
Injurious words and dogs at bay
Were all the welcome that had they.

The monk, who toil'd from place to place,
That God might have his dole,
Was met by scorn and foul grimace,
And oaths that pierced his soul:
"Twas well for him to flee and pray,
"They know not what they do and say."

One evening, when both plain and wood
Were trackless in the snow,
A beggar at the portal stood,
Who little seem'd to know
That castle and its evil fame,
As if from distant shores he came.

Like channell'd granite was his front,—
His hair was crisp with rime,—
He ask'd admittance, as was wont
In that free-hearted time;
For who could leave to die i' the cold
A lonely man, and awful old!

At first his prayer had no reply,—
Perchance the wild wind check'd it;
But when it rose into a cry,
No more the inmates reck'd it,
Till, where the cheerful fire-light shone,
A voice out-thundered—"Wretch! begone."

"There is no path—I have no strength—
What can I do alone?
Grant shelter, or I lay my length,
And perish on the stone.
I crave not much—I should be blest
In kennel or in barn to rest."

"What matters thy vile head to me?
Dare not to touch the door!"—
"Alas! and shall I never see
Home, wife, and children more!"
"If thou art still importunate,
My scurfs shall nail thee to the gate."

But when the wrathful seigneur faced
The object of his ire,
The beggar raised his brow debased,
And arm'd his eyes with fire:
"Whatever guise is on me now,
I am a mightier lord than thou!"

"Madman or cheat! announce thy birth."—
"That thou wilt know to-morrow."—
"Where are thy fiefs?"—"The whole wide
earth."—
"And what thy title?"—"Sorrow."
Then, opening wide his ragged vest,
He cried, "Thou canst not shun thy guest."

He stamp'd his foot with fearful din;
With imprecating hand
He struck the door, and pass'd within,
Right through the menial band.
"Follow him! seize him! there and there!"
They only saw the blank night air.

But he was at his work: ere day
Began the work of doom,
The lord's one daughter, one bright May,
Fled with a base-born groom,
Bearing about, wheres'er she came,
The blighting of an ancient name.

His single son, that second self,
Who, when his first should fall,
Would hold his lands and hoarded pelf,
Died in a drunken brawl:
And now alone, amid his gold,
He stood, and *felt* his heart was cold;

Till, like a large and patient sea,
Once roused by cruel weather,
Came by the raging Jacquerie,
And swept away together
Him and all his, save that which time
Has hoarded to suggest our rhyme.

R. M. MILNES.

A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.¹

FROM THE GERMAN OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. BY S. M.

(Concluded from page 44.)

WINDRUDA.

Thine eyes have kindled like the morning !

HAGENULPH.

Ha !

At such a moment meet we interruption ?
Hark ! In the wood a sound of armed men !
Rest in my hut, most dear and honoured guest,
Whilst I look forth.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Nay, sir ; if there be danger,
I must not see thee challenge it alone.

HAGENULPH.

Danger to thee, perchance, though none to me ;
The woods are full of stern and hunted Saxons.
Remain, my lord ;—persuade him, noble wife.

WINDRUDA.

Remain within, as thou art sworn my knight !

[Hagenulph issues from the hut, his sword in his hand, and closes the door behind him. Many armed Saxons come from the wood.]

HAGENULPH.

Whither so fast, my countrymen ?

A SAXON.

To thee !

I seek the traces of a Christian knight,
Who roves bewildered through these savage woods :
Methinks even now he sits beside thy hearth.

HAGENULPH.

And if it be so ?

SAXON.

Why, if it be so,
The avenging Gods demand their sacrifice ;
The great uncounted army of the dead,
Slain by the hands of these accursed Franks,
Cry for their prey, and vengeance ! Out with him !

HAGENULPH.

I think thou know'st he sits beside my hearth ?

SAXON.

Ay, by my faith ; 'tis therefore we are here.

HAGENULPH.

Then let me see the man who dares to harm him
Beneath the guardian shadow of my roof.

SAXON.

Thou mighty Saxon warrior, Hagenulph,
Wilt thou protect the scourge of Saxony ?

HAGENULPH.

He sits beside my hearth ; and so, good night. *[Going.]*

ANOTHER SAXON.

Yet one word more !

HAGENULPH *(returning)*.

True ; thou remindest me !
Make not such rude disturbance in the woods,
Breaking my thread of converse with my guest.

SAXON.

Thy guest ! Thou dream'st not whom thine arm protects !

HAGENULPH.

My dream, perchance, is truer than thy knowledge.

SAXON.

It is a knight of name among the Franks.

HAGENULPH.

It may be so, or it may not be so :
Speak plainly, if thou be'st a Saxon.

SAXON.

Well,

I do believe it is the king himself.

HAGENULPH.

Through this whole evening I have thought the same
Therefore depart in silence. 'Tis for me
Fitting to entertain him.

SAXON.

With thy sword !

Therein we swear thee true companionship.

HAGENULPH.

Ay, my good two-edged sword. I have it here
Ready for all who break the holy laws
Of hospitality. Of such a crime
This king is guiltless ; food, and drink, and couch,
Shall therefore be his fitting entertainment,
Not cutting steel. Good night ! I pray you go !

MANY SAXONS.

No, no, my lord ! We cannot suffer this.
Give up the tyrant ! 'Tis the question here,
If Saxony shall stand or fall for ever.
Give up the king ! Our wrath will have its victim.

HAGENULPH.

If Saxony must stand by deeds of shame,
'Twere better that she fell. Good night, my friends ;
For the third time and last, I say it to ye.
Good things are threefold, therefore now depart,
Unless your minds be set to seek for evil.

SAXONS.

Why, let it come, then ! Failing gentle means,
We must use force, We are the strongest, friends ;
Break down the door, I say ! Ha, break it down !
[They approach furiously to assail the hut.]

HAGENULPH.

What hath bewitched you, ye unthinking men ?
See now, this is the sword of Hagenulph ! *[They fight.]*

CHARLEMAGNE *(rushes out with his sword drawn)*.

The clang of arms ! Stand fast, my noble host,
'Tis easy work to drive this rabble hence.

[The Saxons are put to flight.]

HAGENULPH.

Softly, my lord ! Pursue not, through the darkness,
Amid the forest's shadowy battlements ;
A true knight's sword strikes ever best in freedom.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Thou'rt in the right. Moreover, our pursuit
Would leave thy gentle wife unguarded.

[They stand opposite to each other, leaning on their swords, and looking into each other's faces.]

Enter WINDRUDA from the hut.

WINDRUDA.

Here

I see two valiant comrades, fresh from battle,
Warm from the eager chase of flying foes ;—
Brethren in arms, my heart would gladly hail them.

HAGENULPH.

Not so, my love.

CHARLEMAGNE.

And, comrade, wherefore not ?

HAGENULPH.

'Tis true I am an honourable knight,
And, as thyself hast witnessed, and canst say,
The sword of Hagenulph is somewhat sharp ;
But yet thou standest far too high for me.

WINDRUDA.

Stands any man too high for Hagenulph ?
That must be an illustrious master truly.

HAGENULPH.

Methinks that such an one stands now before us.

CHARLEMAGNE.

What, think'st thou so, my hero ? Tell me, straight,
Whom tak'st thou me to be ?

HAGENULPH.

I do believe thou art the mighty fountain
Of Frankish victory and Saxon shame ;
And that men call thee Emperor Charlemagne.

(1) The conclusion of this translation was omitted from Part I., by an accident which was not discovered till too late to be remedied. Every effort will be made to avoid, as far as possible, continuing any article from one Part to another.

WINDRUDA.

This Charlemagne Is such his countenance?
Ay, ay, I can believe it; I have pictured
A hero of such aspect in my fancy.

CHARLEMAGNE.

And didst thou know, most true and loyal host,
How rich a prey thy fortress-hut contained,
Yet paused thy hand to slay?

HAGENULPH.

I greatly marvel
At such a question. Wert thou not my guest?
But could I meet thee on the battle-field
Close hand to hand; where I, as yet, have seen thee
Only a horseman in the distance; then
We were acquainted in another fashion!

CHARLEMAGNE.

Why so think I. In thee, as in myself,
My faith is strong. But this I say to thee,
My Hagenulph, I stand too high for thee
And thine aspiring—not because I am
King of the Franks—but thus, because I am
A Christian, and the servant of the Lord.

WINDRUDA.

If that be all, meseems ye still may be
Brethren in arms.

HAGENULPH.

How so, my gentle wife?

WINDRUDA.

Why, if by such a fair and gentle path
As he hath spoken, Christ would lead us all
Into the arms of the eternal Father,
How should a faithful heart refuse to follow!

HAGENULPH.

Thou speakest strange and startling words, my love.

WINDRUDA.

Oh, if I be thy love, then follow me
Where I would lead thy steps. With thee I fled
To the rough shelter of the wilderness;
Come thou with me to bright and rosy meadows,
To Paradise, the garden of our Christ.
Of that, and of full many beauteous things,
Our guest instructed me,
While thou wert holding converse with the Saxons.

HAGENULPH.

I follow thee. And noble king, I pray you,
Help forward this my gentle love and me
To fuller knowledge of the ways of Christ.

CHARLEMAGNE.

With my whole heart, my brother!

*Enter Frank knights, soldiers, and woodmen, all
speaking at once.*

God be thank'd!

The king! The king! And there, a Saxon knave!
Lay hands on him and take him.

HAGENULPH.

Royal brother,

Hear'st thou the angry boasting of these men?
Methinks we shall have need of our good swords.
Go in, sweet wife, till we have dealt with them.

CHARLEMAGNE.

It needs not now. Peace there, my soldiers, peace!
See, I have hunted down, for God's dear service,
This knightly stag and this most tender doe;
No prince did ever take a costlier prey.
But thou, my gentle hostess, why so pale!
There is nought now to fear.

WINDRUDA.

To fear!—Oh, no;

The wife of Hagenulph is not so fearful.

CHARLEMAGNE.

How?—nay, I guess! The flashing of thine eye
Hath burned into mine heart, like lightning. There,
Before our faces, stands the murderer!

WINDRUDA.

What murderer meanest thou, my noble lord?

CHARLEMAGNE.

Him who did slay thy brother by the stream.

WINDRUDA.

I cannot lie. 'Tis true, he stands before me.

CHARLEMAGNE.

That churl with matted locks?

WINDRUDA.

The same, my lord;
He with the glaring eyes and bushy brows.*

CHARLEMAGNE.

Draco, come forth! Know'st thou this noble lady?
See, his cheek whitens with the sense of guilt!
He is condemned. Disarm him, lead him hence,
And knit him to the nearest willow-tree;
No more shall he behold the golden sun.—
Yet hold!

Windruda, fair avenger, I did promise
To give the guilty wretch into thy hands.
Lo, there he stands! Judge thou, and take thy vengeance.

WINDRUDA.

Sir, sir, thou ladest me with bounteous gifts;
[*She stands silent awhile.*]
Yet are they heavy in these feeble hands.
Thanks, noble sire! The criminal is pardoned.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Pardoned. I heard not rightly.

WINDRUDA.

Yes, my lord.

Didst thou not tell me thus?—"Much Christ hath taught,
But his first law was love to all mankind,
And free forgiveness of our enemies."
Fain am I to ascend that wondrous mountain,
Upon the top of which smiles Paradise.
True, the first step is somewhat difficult,
Yet feel I, as my spirit stirs within me,
The path grows smoother as it rises higher.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Ah, thou choice flower, in God's own garden planted!
Sweetly and richly shalt thou bloom henceforth
Beside the waters of the land of Aix.
Draco, be free, but fly the path of Charles;
Where'er we meet thy life shall pay the forfeit,
Because it is my place to judge my people.—
Follow me now; morn sparkles brightly o'er us;
Dear friends, 'twill now be mine to play the host.

HAGENULPH.

There stands your horse, my noble lord. And here
My faithful Lightfoot, my good battle-steed,
Who, were he driven from his master's side,
Would die of grief. I pray you tell me this—
Is it forbidden by the laws of Christ
To tend such noble creatures, and to love them?

CHARLEMAGNE.

Nay, Christ was love itself, which, as a fountain
Pure and unsullied, waters all things living.

HAGENULPH.

Right earnestly I long to be a Christian.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Yes, friend, in thine and in Windruda's heart
God's hand hath showered his seed abundantly;
Scarce hath Heaven's door sent forth its quickening rain,
When, lo! the harvest brightens on the plain.
Come, follow me, my children!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Reading for the Young.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

PART II.

"THAT is right, Helen," said Mrs. Campbell,
"never be satisfied with doing a little, when there
is a possibility of doing a great deal. Many people
lose the time in useless regrets that they can do no

good in the world, which might be employed in the actual work of serving their fellow-creatures, if they would only rouse themselves, and apply their energies to the task. You must go and see Mrs. Wayne, by all means.

Helen waited impatiently till her mother was at liberty, and they set out for Mrs. Wayne's. They had little difficulty in finding the house; and after groping their way up the dark stairs, were admitted to the miserable room in which the sick woman lay. A few chips were smouldering on the hearth, and the apartment was cold and comfortless. Mrs. Wayne lay on a hard bed, and Harriet sat at the window, sewing; but the most distressing object in the room was the blind child. She was probably eight years old; but scanty food, a close room, and no exercise in the open air, had made her cheek pale, and wasted her slender frame in so pitiable a degree, that she appeared much younger.

Mrs. Harwood, after mentioning her name, and explaining the reason of her visit, sat down by the bed-side, and listened to a tale of suffering, poverty, and sorrow, told in simple language, that found its way at once to the hearts of those who heard it. She saw that the poor woman and her children were objects worthy of her care and kindness; and Helen, the ardent, generous Helen, set no bounds to all she intended to do for them. When they came away, she silently slipped a piece of silver into the hand of the little girl, wishing it had been ten times as much, and promising to come the next day and bring something which her mother had thought would be a comfort in sickness.

Next day, as soon as her usual tasks were over, Helen prepared to execute a design which had occurred to her the preceding night.

"Mother," said she, going into the pantry, where Mrs. Harwood was occupied, "did you notice how thinly that poor child was dressed yesterday? She had only a light muslin frock on; and with that little bit of fire in the hearth, it made me cold to look at her."

"I did not observe her dress particularly," said Mrs. Harwood.

"You were talking with Mrs. Wayne, and did not think so much of Eliza, but I did, and for this cold weather it was really awful."

"Well," said Mrs. Harwood, smiling at Helen's earnestness, which she knew was the prelude to one of her "grand plans;" "I wish we could do something to make the poor child more comfortable."

"That was just what I was thinking about all the way home," said Helen, "and last night it occurred to me how it might be done. If you will give me that old merino dress of Emeline's, I will sponge it off, and mend the sleeves, and sew on some hooks and eyes, and make quite a decent thing of it, and I do believe it will fit that blind child exactly; for though she is a good deal thinner than Emmy, and I suppose not so tall, yet I think it will do nicely—don't you?"

"I should think not," replied her mother, laughing; "at least, I should not imagine you could, without some altering, make the dress of a tall, fat girl, fit the person of a short, thin one. However, my dear," she added, seeing Helen looked a little damped, "you are at liberty to try. I really commend your ingenuity, and will give you the frock very cheerfully, if you can do anything with it."

"I will try, at any rate," said Helen, "even if I should not succeed."

Helen skipped lightly up stairs, and from an old trunk in the attic, soon drew forth the well worn and faded merino, and applied herself most industriously to the task of repairing it—rubbing off the spots, which were neither "few nor far between"—darning here, and piecing there, while a most enticing volume lay within her reach all the time; till at last it was completed, and she held it up in triumph, saying, "Look, mother—look, Cornelia—is not that a good job?"

"Very good, indeed, Helen, and I must praise your patience and perseverance," said Mrs. Harwood.

As soon as dinner was over, Helen pinned up her intended gift, with a few other articles that Mrs. Harwood could spare, and carried them herself to the blind child.

The pleasure which they gave the little girl, who passed her hand over the dress to ascertain its form and texture—the thanks of Mrs. Wayne, and the joy which sparkled in Harriet's eyes—fully repaid Helen for her morning's work. When tried on, too, the dress fitted more nicely than she had hoped it would; and after the bestowal of another shilling, which Cornelia had desired her to give, Helen returned home—her cheeks glowing with exercise—her heart beating with the satisfaction of having done her duty, and her spirits as gay and lightsome as a bird.

But Helen's interest in the family of Mrs. Wayne did not end here. She was constantly thinking of something by which they might be benefited; and, for so young a girl, it was surprising to observe the many expedients by which she effected her purpose. Mrs. Wayne had now so far recovered, as to be able to assist in the sewing which Mrs. Campbell had procured for Harriet; but for this the payment was so small, as scarcely to provide them with necessary food and fire; and Helen's purse, never very bountifully supplied, was now completely drained. When Christmas came, however, a gold piece found its way most mysteriously into her pocket, which mystery was easily solved, by the remembrance that grandpapa was paying them a visit, and had exhibited some of these very pieces a few days before; and this addition to her income proved a very seasonable relief to our generous but improvident Helen. Her protégée, the flower girl, was, at that time, greatly in want of shoes; and Helen felt so happy in being able to supply them, that even the pretty muff for which Cornelia had exchanged a little golden coin similar to her own, had not the power to excite her envy or regret; although, it must be confessed, she did occasionally wish that some one would buy its fellow, which lay most provokingly in the furrier's window, that she passed every day, and seemed to ask her, as plainly as a muff *could* speak, to walk in and purchase it, when she had all the inclination, but not the ability to do so.

In the mean time the heliotrope, and Cornelia's beautiful jessamine, continued to flourish, in the warm and sunny window where they stood, while the geraniums, rose-tree, and myrtle, lifted their green heads aspiringly, as if they longed to rival their new associates—and Helen watched them all with pride and pleasure. The heliotrope was in full bloom, the rose-tree had six or eight buds just ready to burst open, and the geraniums were preparing to expand their crimson blossoms also, when the girls received an invitation to a party given by their friend Anna Clayton.

After some hesitation, Mrs. Harwood gave her consent, and the invitation was accepted.

"We must dress with as little expense as possible," said Cornelia.

"I know that," said Helen, "and I think our white dresses would do."

"With scarlet sashes?"

"Yes, if you like."

"The cheapest plan we can fall on," said Cornelia, "and I suppose the best: they set well, and only want washing; but then we must have shoes and gloves."

"I have shoes that will answer," said Helen, "but no gloves."

"And I want both; but have very little money."

"May-be I can spare you some of mine," said Helen, taking out her purse, and emptying the contents on the table. "I have—let me see—four, six, eight, ten—ten shillings left of my Christmas-piece. And you—"

"Have a dollar, which aunt Sarah gave me the other day, for some little jobs I did for her."

"That will buy your shoes, and I have enough for our gloves."

"Oh! will you lend me as much as will get them?" said Cornelia; "I will return it with the first money I have."

"We shall both get a luck-penny when uncle John arrives," said Helen. And this being settled, the girls carried their dresses down stairs, to Diana, with a request that she would do them up in her "best style;" and then came back, to look over sundry boxes of ribbons, and other nick-nacks, and consider in what further way they might improve their appearance at Mrs. Clayton's, on the following evening.

"I wish," said Cornelia, after tying up several bows of pink, and blue, and green ribbons, and disposing them about her trim little person, "that we had some artificial flowers: a wreath of pink buds, for the hair, would be so pretty!"

"Ah! we must not think of that," said Helen.

"How would natural flowers answer?" asked Cornelia, glancing towards the window. "Wreaths of jessamine, for instance, with heliotrope and geranium interspersed; they would be charming—would they not?"

"Do you think so?" said Helen, thoughtfully, as if she were trying to decide whether the pleasure of wearing a wreath would compensate for the loss of her beloved flowers.

"Oh, beautiful!" said Cornelia, delighted with the thought; "nothing could be prettier. Come, Helen, I will give the jessamine, if you will add the others; and I will make the wreaths just before we go."

"It seems atmost a pity to destroy them, just when they are looking so well," said Helen, going to the window, and gazing with evident admiration upon her favourites.

"Dear me! what on earth are they good for, except to be used in that way?" replied her sister. "I would as lief tear mine all to pieces, if I wanted to wear it."

"I would not," said Helen, "because the pleasure of wearing them would only last a few hours, and then be over entirely. But, I'll tell you what I will do," she added, seeing Cornelia looked disappointed—"I will give you enough for a wreath for yourself."

"Oh! it was not only for myself that I spoke,"

said Cornelia, turning away; "I thought you would like one too. I don't wish you to break your plants just to please me."

"Well, then," said Helen, "if you think so, I will wear a wreath just to show my willingness to part with them." And Cornelia, satisfied at having effected her own, though at the expense of her sister's wishes, recovered her good humour, and went on to describe the manner in which the wreaths should be arranged.

The girls had determined upon a walk together, the next morning, in search of gloves, when their mother was suddenly called to the bedside of a sick friend, living in a distant part of the city, and a double portion of household duty falling, in consequence, upon them, Cornelia was obliged to go alone, leaving Helen in charge of the house and children.

She had scarcely been gone when Helen was told that a girl wished to see her. It was Harriet Wayne. The moment Helen saw the face of the flower girl, she knew that something had occurred. Harriet's eyes were swollen, and red with weeping, and when she began to speak, her tears flowed afresh. Helen gave her a seat close by the fire, for she was shivering with cold, and eagerly asked what had happened; and, as well as her broken words would allow, Harriet explained, that the person from whom their little room was hired, had become importunate for the rent, which was now three weeks in arrears; that her mother not having been paid for her work, had occasioned the delay, and their landlord declared, if the money was not forthcoming by five o'clock, they should be turned into the street.

"And I am in so much misery, I don't know where to turn, or what to do," said the poor girl. "We have worked so hard, mother and I, and Liza too, and sold all our best things one after another, to raise the money, and gone without food, and done our best to pay; and now, though he knows all that, he means to turn us out of doors. I think part of the money would satisfy him, till mother gets paid for her work. He has never been so impatient before: but his wife has seen you and Mrs. Harwood on the stairs, and he thinks we have rich friends, who will do anything for us we ask, for he said if we could get doctors when we were sick, and wood when we were cold (Mrs. Campbell sent us a load last month), we could get rent, if we liked, in the same way."

"What a horrid creature!" exclaimed Helen, "to think of leaving you without a shelter, and that poor little blind child so helpless; he will be punished for it some day himself, I know. But how shall I get you some money?" she continued; "I have not one farthing left—I gave the last to Cornelia about an hour ago, What shall I do?" And as she glanced round the apartment in her perplexity, her eyes rested upon the stand of flowers.

To sacrifice them to the necessities of Harriet and her mother, was the thought and determination of an instant; and although there was also a momentary struggle in Helen's breast at the idea of parting with them, together with the reflection of what Cornelia might say upon her return, yet she quelled them both immediately: her generous feelings would not permit her to retain even her cherished plants, when she might, by their means, dry the tears, and lighten the burden of the

afflicted; and Cornelia, she felt sure, would easily forgive her, when she knew all the circumstances. Sending Emeline, therefore, for a large basket, she placed her own flowers carefully in it, and after affixing a price to each, and cheering the grateful and astonished girl with the hope of selling them all in a few hours, and thus securing a part, at least, of the landlord's demand, Helen accompanied her down stairs, bent her head once more over her fragrant treasures, inhaled for an instant their sweet perfume, and when the hall door had closed upon them, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

But Helen's tears flowed not long. The consciousness of having performed her duty—the satisfaction arising from the thought of having soothed the sorrows and relieved the wants of a suffering fellow-creature, speedily dried them.

Harriet Wayne, in the meantime, with her basket of flowers, and a lightened heart, had pursued her way through several streets in the vicinity, and inquired at many of the finest dwellings, and not a few of the humbler ones, without obtaining a single purchaser. She was on the point of returning to Helen, hopeless and weary, when the door of a handsome house in Broadway was opened by a waiter, and Harriet determined to make one more effort; she therefore ascended the steps, and in a low voice made her request.

The man, who was busy at the time, answered her gruffly, they had "enough of such trumpery in the house already."

At this moment a lady descended the staircase, and as she crossed the hall, caught a glimpse of the sad face, and heard the mournful and apologizing tone of the flower girl.

"Who is there, Robert?" she asked.

"Only a girl with plants, ma'am."

"Did you tell her I would not buy them?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Poor thing! has she gone!"

"Yes, ma'am."

But Harriet had not gone. The soft voice and kind expression of the stranger lady, with that direful necessity which gives strength and energy to the weakest, inspired her with courage, and stepping into the hall, she said—

"It would be a great charity if you would take them, ma'am; and they are very cheap."

"You look pale and tired, my poor girl," said the lady; "sit down—are you sick?"

"I am sick with trouble, ma'am," replied Harriet, her eyes filling with tears.

"That is the worst kind of sickness," said the lady, kindly; "and will the sale of these flowers relieve you?"

"Oh, yes! it will help me to pay a debt, and keep my mother and little sister from wanting a home to-night."

"I have more plants now than I can attend to," replied the lady; "but if so much depends upon your disposing of these, I believe I must take them."

Harriet expressed her thanks, and modestly named her price for each.

"Set them upon the table, then," said the lady, taking out her purse, "and Robert will carry them away presently. But what is this?" she continued, as Harriet lifted the rose-tree from the basket,—"Helen Harwood! how came that name upon this pot? I hope you have come honestly by the flowers."

"Honestly!" exclaimed the girl, looking up in surprise at the person who addressed her: "Oh, yes! I am poor, ma'am, very poor, but dishonest I hope I shall never be."

"Then how came you by a flower-pot with Helen Harwood's name upon it?"

"I did not know it was there," said the girl, "but if you please, ma'am, I will tell you all about it;" and immediately commencing her simple, but sorrowful story, she told of all Helen's kindness to herself and her blind sister—of the landlord's imperative demand—of all she had suffered in consequence of it; and concluded with the generous surrender which her young benefactress had made to meet the emergency.

Mrs. Clayton, for it was none other than Helen's friend, listened with astonishment to the flower girl's history. She could scarcely believe that a young girl of fourteen could be capable of such perfect disinterestedness. She thought, would her own Anna have acted thus, and been willing to sacrifice any of her darling possessions under similar circumstances; and paying for the plants so liberally, as to secure the full amount requisite for the landlord, desired Harriet to say nothing on her return to Mrs. Harwood's, except that she had sold them; promising that Helen herself should be no loser by the transaction.

When Cornelia returned from shopping, and entered her own room, her surprise and chagrin at the sight of the empty flower stand, and the consequent loss of her anticipated wreath, may be imagined; nor did she hesitate to express her disappointment, or even to upbraid her sister for what she had done, although Helen assured her, that nothing but such a sacrifice on her part could have saved Mrs. Wayne and her children from utter misery. But Cornelia, whose kind feelings were too frequently blunted by selfishness, felt at present particularly vexed—her appearance, upon this evening, being a matter of special importance; nor was it until she had discovered that a wreath, composed of jessamine alone, would be equally becoming, that her smiles and good humour were restored.

To give a lengthened account of the display at Mrs. Clayton's—to tell of the lights, the music, and the gaily-dressed company, would be an almost impossible task; for on all sides were fair and happy faces, and the sound of merry voices; and young hearts were throbbing with pleasure, and light steps tripping in the dance; and Cornelia's anticipations might have been more than realized, had she not found herself among the most plainly attired of the guests; and save the warm greeting bestowed upon them both, by Mrs. Clayton and the smiling Anna, but little noticed in the gay and brilliant throng.

Of the two, however, Helen was the least affected by these outward circumstances. Admiration she never expected, and consequently was quite indifferent; and as Mrs. Clayton was particularly attentive, she soon forgot all the annoyance her dress might have occasioned, and enjoyed the entertainment as much as some of those upon whom she had gazed at first, with a little, *very little*, envy.

Helen, too, carried within her heart that talisman of happiness, the memory of a good deed, and the sunshine of an approving conscience gave lustre to her eye, and animation to her countenance. She little dreamed who had been the purchaser of her

flowers, for Harriet had strictly maintained the secrecy enjoined by Mrs. Clayton. But when supper was announced, and the company proceeded to an adjoining room, great was Helen's astonishment; for in the centre of a table, richly spread with tempting viands, appeared the cherished plants; and while she stood in mute surprise, Mrs. Clayton said aloud, "You find old friends, Helen, where you least expected to do so. They have accomplished the benevolent purpose for which they left you, and to-morrow morning will return to your safe keeping."

"Oh! Mrs. Clayton, was it you who bought them?" exclaimed Helen, forgetting, at the moment, by how many strangers she was surrounded; and then checking herself, she stepped into a recess near her, from which she might, unobserved, survey her recovered treasures, and feel convinced that she was really wide awake, and not in a delusive dream.

The story of the flower girl, and Helen's generosity, soon circulated among the guests, Mrs. Clayton having purposely mentioned it to those near her; and Helen soon found herself so much of a heroine, that she was not sorry when her father whispered it was time to bid good night and return home.

The next morning came Robert, Mrs. Clayton's coloured waiter, with the recovered flowers, to which had been added as many from her kind friend's valuable collection as Helen could take charge of. A superb japonica now filled the spot previously occupied by Cornelia's jessamine, which, stripped of its fragrant blossoms, and shorn of all its beauty, was thrust into an obscure corner, to make room for its elegant successor; while Cornelia herself was taught the lesson, that human beauty is, at best, only a perishing flower, but the benevolent feelings of the heart, when cherished and warmed into life and action, have a loveliness that is unfading, and a fragrant odour that can never pass away.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

EARL SINCLAIR.

*Translated from the German of Oehlenschläger,
by MRS. HAWKER, MORWENTON.*

EARL SINCLAIR sailed from Scottish land,
Far Norway to brave;
He sleeps in Guldbrand's rocky strand,
Low in a gory grave.

Earl Sinclair sailed the billowy sea,
To war for Swedish gold:
"God speed thy warrior-hearts and thee,
And quell the Northmen bold!"

The moon beam'd in her cloudy cave,
The night winds rushed along;
And wild beneath the thrilling waves
Came up the mermaid's song:

"Home, Scottish man, my warning trust,
A doom is on thy way;
If thou shalt touch dark Norway's coast,
Thy fame is fled for aye!"

"How leathsome sounds thy boding song!
I hate thee while I dread:
Were thou my castled towers among,
The rack should be thy bed!"

He sailed a day, and two, and three,
He and his warrior band;
The fourth sun saw him pass the sea,
And touch the Norway land.

On Romsdal's shore his heart was fain
To triumph or to fall,
He and his twice seven hundred men,
The trusty and the tall.

Ah, stern and haughty was their wrath,
Cruel with sword and spear;
Nor hoary age could check their path,
Nor widow'd woman's tear.

With many a death the babes they slew,
Though to the breast they clung;
And awful tidings, sad and true,
Echoed on voice and tongue.

On rock and hill the beacon glared
That told of danger nigh;
The Northman's breast was boldly bared,—
The Scot must stand or die.

The warriors of the land are far,
They and their kingly lord;
Yet shame to him that shuns the war,
Or fears the stranger horde.

They move—they meet—the Yewmen host,
Their hearts are stern and free;
They gather on Bredaligh's coast—
The Scot shall yield or flee.

The Langè flows in Leydè-land
Where Kringen's Arches bind,
Thither they march, the fated band,
A silent tomb to find.

The forest holds each feeble frame
Far from the warrior-foe,
And kelpies of the waters came
And shrouded them with snow!

In onslaught first Earl Sinclair died,
And ceased his haughty breath;
Stern sport for Scottish men to hide,
God shield them from the death!

Come forth, come forth, ye Northmen true
Light be your hearts to-day!
Fain would the Scots the waters blue
Between the battle lay!

The ranks yield to that fiery storm.
On high the ravens sail:
Ah me! for every quivering form
A Scottish wife shall wail!

They came, a host with life and breath:
None, none return'd to say,
How fares the Poeman in the strife
Who wars with Norway!

There is a mound by Langè's tide,
The Northman gazes near:
His eye is bright, but not with pride—
It glistens with a tear!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

GEORGE THE THIRD'S VISIT TO WEYMOUTH, ON RECOVERING FROM HIS ILLNESS IN 1789.

"The journey to Weymouth was one scene of festivity and rejoicing. The people were everywhere collected, and everywhere delighted. We passed Salisbury, where a magnificent arch was erected, of festoons of flowers,

for the King's carriage to pass under, mottoed with, 'The King restored,' and 'Long live the King,' in three divisions. The green bowmen, (foresters habited in green, and each with a bugle horn,) who had met his Majesty at the entrance of the New Forest, and, according to an old law, had presented him with two milk-white greyhounds, peculiarly decorated, accompanied the train thus far; and the clothiers and manufacturers here met it, dressed out in white loose frocks, flowers, and ribbons, with sticks or caps emblematically decorated from their several manufactories. And the acclamations with which the King was received among them!—it was a rapture past description. At Blandford there was nearly the same ceremony. At every gentleman's seat which we passed, the owners and their families stood at the gate, and their guests or neighbours were in carriages all round. At Dorchester the crowd seemed still increased. The houses there have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see: and inhabited they were indeed! every window sash was removed, for face above face to peep out; and every old balcony, and all the leads of the houses, seemed turned into booths for fairs."

"July 15th.—Gloucester House, which we now inhabit, at Weymouth, is situated in front of the sea, and the sands of the bay before it are perfectly smooth and soft. The whole town, and Melcomb Regis, and half the county of Dorset, seemed assembled to welcome their Majesties. . . . The King is in delightful health, and much improved spirits. All agree he never looked better. The loyalty of all this place is excessive; they have dressed out every street with labels of "God save the King!" all the shops have it over their doors; all the children wear it in their caps, all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors in their voices; for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud, nor see the King or his shadow, without beginning to huzza, and going on to three cheers. The bathing-machines make it their motto over all their windows; and those bathers that belong to the royal dippers wear it in bandeaus on their bonnets, to go into the sea; and have it again in large letters round their waists, to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with bandeaus and girdles, have a most singular appearance; and when first I surveyed these loyal nymphs it was with some difficulty that I kept my features in order. Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of his Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up 'God save great George our King!'"

"One thing, however, was a little unlucky;—when the Mayor and burgesses came with the address, they requested leave to kiss hands. This was graciously accorded; but the Mayor advancing, in the common way, to take the Queen's hand, as he might that of my Lady Mayoress, Colonel Gwynn, who stood by, whispered, 'You must kneel, sir!' He found, however, that he took no notice of the hint, but stood erect. As he passed him in his way back, the Colonel said, 'You should have knelt, sir!'—'Sir,' answered the poor man, 'I cannot.'—'Everybody does, sir.'—'Sir, I have a wooden leg!'—Poor man! 'twas such a surprise; and such an excuse as no one could dispute. But the absurdity of the matter followed;—all the rest did the same; taking the same privilege, by the example, without the same or any cause!"—*Miss Burney's Diary.*

THE FUCHSIA TREE.

MR. SHEPHERD, the respectable and well-informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the Fuchsia, into our English green-houses and parlour windows. Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener, near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his

variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him, and declared, "Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping."—"No! and pray what was this phoenix like?"—"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendant branches; their colour the richest crimson; in the centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said, "My good woman, this is a nice plant, I should like to buy it."—"I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."—"But I must have it."—"No, Sir!"—"Here," emptying his pocket, "here are gold, silver, copper;" (his stock was something more than eight guineas.)—"Well-a-day! but this is a power of money, sure and sure."—"Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake."—"Alack, alack!"—"You shall, I say, by Jove!" A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced in bark-beds, and hot-beds; were re-divided, and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering-season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of 300 Fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first, were removed into his show-house, A lady came;—"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?"—"Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?"—"Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?"—"A guinea—thank your ladyship;" and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir. "My dear Charlotte, where did you get?" &c. &c.—"Oh! 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's; pretty, is it not?"—"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?"—"A guinea; there was another left." The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering-plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen Fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw, and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery-ground. Two Fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository.

He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower-season closed, 300 golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the widow of Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

THE greatest of modern philosophers (Bacon) declares that "he would rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without mind."—*Stewart.*

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The Widow's Garland.

See page 112.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF NIEBUHR.¹

We have of late been led to feel great compassion for those poor victims—celebrated men. Daily does the press, in order to gratify the caprices of a restless and insatiate curiosity, deliver them up to our tender mercies, bound hand and foot,—stripped naked, both mind and body. They know not what it is to have rest or privacy; their abode is thrown open to every prying eye; their life is like a book from which the covers have been torn off, and the pages scattered in the path of the casual finder. Solitude has no shade deep enough to shut out the broad daylight of publicity; and the household gods have not wings large enough to overshadow them within the domestic sanctuary. But the celebrated man dies: surely the inquisition which has so harassed him during life, will pause before his grave. Not so. No sooner are his eyes closed, than, at the very moment, relations, friends, legates direct and collateral, begin to ransack his manuscripts; to collect

his notes, his unfinished letters, the fugitive thoughts he has put upon paper in some dream of fancy, the few unconnected pages he has dashed off as a refuge from the vapours. In vain does some voice of a true friend interpose to cry, "All this is not worthy of him; you do not represent him really as he is, in those scattered fragments that you are so lightly handing down to posterity. This is the most vulnerable point of his mind; this is one of his momentary dreams, one of his mistakes. You have no right to divulge thus what he would have kept secret,—to revive what he would have buried in oblivion. Your zeal to serve him is treachery to him; your respect for all that he has written, or tried to write, is profanation."

It matters not. The celebrated man must submit to this degrading honour. The inmost folds, the most secret recesses, of his moral and physical nature must be invaded; the most minute analysis must be made of his impulses, of his whims, of his passions, of his moments of excitement and his moments of depression. The mighty Homer must be seen asleep. Now, I

(1) Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

surprise, and almost fear. Now he is busied with the internal policy of Prussia—now gives lessons to the Prince-Royal—now takes an active part in the labours of the Scientific Academy of Berlin, and of a philosophical society, of which Spalding, Savigny, and many other learned men were members. And, while thus devoting the greater part of his hours of labour to the social and scientific interests of Prussia, he still keeps an eye of uneasy observation on the movements now making in other countries. A passage, in one of his letters on the Norwegian constitution, shows what was at this time his political bias.

"I am curious to see the constitution of Norway; probably it will be but a bungling piece of work, like that of Spain. The constitution-mongers are taking fresh courage; but their workmen so spoil their systems in working them up, that for some years their labours have fallen into discredit. The first point, the essential point, ought to be to make the people manly, noble, disinterested. What use is a representative system, if we want men capable of representing a country? This is the root of which the other should be the fruit; and when were fruits ever gathered from a tree that had no root? Let every statesman, every government, first labour to educate the people, to render them intelligent, manly, generous. To dream of succeeding in this by mere regulations, is but fastening the horses to the back of the carriage, and expecting that they will draw it as well."

In the midst of his success as a writer and a statesman, in the midst of domestic tranquillity and happiness, Niebuhr was suddenly stricken to the heart; his wife, his still young and beautiful wife—his wife, the only woman he had ever loved, was taken from him by death. He mourned her long; but the very happiness which she had conferred upon him rendered his loneliness intolerable, and, with her memory still fresh in his heart, he married again, and set out with his bride for Italy, having just been appointed ambassador at Rome. His abode in that country was quite painful to him: he arrived in the old Latium with the remembrance of its ancient heroic inhabitants; and the great images of the past made the present appear paltry and insipid. Besides, he looked in vain for scientific labours, for literary society; he met nothing but formal parties, official dinners, the etiquette of the diplomatic world, the frivolous conversation of the drawing-rooms; and all this could only be distasteful to that thoughtful and elevated mind. Nor did he take any pains to conceal his unfavourable impressions. His weariness of everything around him was apparent in every line that he wrote from Rome to his sister-in-law and friends. "Life is so dull in Italy—you can scarcely conceive how dull. What avail to me the works of art? I have unfortunately, like our ancient Romans, too little enthusiasm for art to live for it alone, and find in it compensation for all that my individual nature vainly seeks. In a place where the contemplation of the living world is painful, how can the mind, which delights and exults in studying the human heart,—how can it find, in the study of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, all that it needs? Who can live upon spices and perfumes alone? The Italians are a nation of walking corpses; they are to be pitied, and not despised, for they have been plunged thus low by inevitable misfortune. Intellect, science, every idea that makes the heart beat warmly, every noble energy, is banished from its soil. Seek not there for hope, desire, effort, or even mirth; for I have never seen a people so little mirthful. At Venice, at Florence, indeed, we have found a few persons alive to a sense of their degradation,—aware, to a certain degree, of what they had once been, 'from what height fallen'; but, here, there is no trace of such a feeling; we meet with only a listless, aimless discontent, without hope, or even desire, of another order of things. Here might you form an accurate idea of what the Greeks were under Augustus and Tiberius."

At length he left Italy, and joyfully returned to Prussia, taking up his abode at Bonn, one of the prettiest and most cheerful towns in Germany. At liberty once more to pursue his favourite studies, he again ascends the professor's chair; he resumes those lectures on history which he had, with such regret, discontinued for so long a time, and an ardent and studious youth eagerly flock to him for instruction. His writings—his erudite researches—had given him a high rank in the literary world; his diplomatic services had obtained for him the esteem and the confidence of his king; and he had earned a moderate independence. To complete his happiness he has a house filled with well-chosen books, where his friends flock around him to converse upon the arts and sciences, and where he sees his lovely children growing up about him.

This tranquil happiness was first disturbed by a fire, which reduced his dwelling to ashes, and destroyed a part of his books and manuscripts. Niebuhr bore his loss with firmness and resignation. But, some months after, the revolution of July broke forth in France; and this fierce convulsion, with the excitement it created in Germany, produced in the mind of Niebuhr an anxious disquiet, which harassed him during the remainder of his life. As soon as the first tidings of the three days of July reached him, he began to study the character of that protest of the people thus written in blood, and his anxiety was deepened. Believing that the revolutionary movement would not be confined to France, he expected that it would bring on the most destructive war that modern times had yet known.

Every day, at the hour when the courier arrived at Bonn, he experienced fresh agitation. He hastened to the public rooms to read the journals. He followed with intense interest the trial of the French ministers; and the speech of M. Sauzet was one of the last things he seemed to dwell upon with complacency. "Read," said he to his friend, M. Claussen, "read the speech of M. Sauzet, he must be a man of great power;—but I feel very unwell." The fact was, that in returning from the public room on the very evening he had first read the speech, he had caught cold. He was first attacked with a violent cough; then fever ensued; and four days after inflammation set in so violently, as to leave no hope of recovery. His wife was taken ill at the same time, and forced to leave him, after having attended on him with anxious solicitude. "Unhappy children," said Niebuhr, when he learned this additional misfortune, "to lose both parents at once. Oh, my children, look up to God; for God alone can protect you." He expired on the 2d of January, 1831; and his wife, who had tottered, in the extremity of her weakness, to his bedside to whisper to him a last word of love, to press for the last time his hand, died nine days after. Both were buried in the same grave. The present King of Prussia, with pious hand, erected a monument to their memory.

BRETON TRADITIONS.

THE following tale is from a series of the local and popular traditions of Lower or Western Brittany, collected by M. Emile Souvestre, a popular French writer, and professing to be taken down from the mouths of the peasants themselves, and to be given, as nearly as possible, in the manner, and even in the words, of the narrators. A slight notice of the locality, and its inhabitants, may, perhaps, add to the interest with which the story will be read.

In the first place, it may be observed of Lower Brittany, comprehending the four ancient dioceses of Tréguier; St. Pol-de-Léon, or Léon; Cornouailles, or Quimper-Corentin, (the former being the name of the

district, the latter of the cathedral town); and Vannos; that it is, in respect of language, the Wales of France; the uneducated portion of the people not speaking French, but a Celtic dialect, so little dissimilar to that of the principality, that it is even said the Welch and Bretons are not wholly unintelligible to each other. The affinity was probably still greater between the Breton language and the ancient Cornish tongue, now extinct, but which was spoken by a few old people almost within the reach of living memory.

Nor do the marks of a common origin cease here; many of the traditions themselves exhibit a striking agreement with the popular superstitions of the British Celtic races, including those of Ireland, and the Highlands. And even the name of Cornwall, (in French, Cornouailles, in Latin, Cornu Galliæ,) is common to the English county with one of the Breton districts, and is, in both cases, to be traced to the same circumstance of locality, being in both employed to designate the horn, or projecting extremity of a country inhabited by a Gallic or Celtic people.

Of all the provinces of old France, Brittany is that in which time and events seem to have produced the least effect on the character of the population. In their adherence to ancient usage, their wild superstition, and their tendency to enthusiastic devotion, the Bretons exhibit yet another testimony to their Celtic origin. It may be worth noticing, as an indication of the degree in which their daily thoughts seem to have something of an ecclesiastical tone, that, throughout the collection of tales, of which the following forms a specimen, the territorial division most ordinarily referred to is that by dioceses and parishes.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

(A Legend of the country of Tréguier.)

LONG, long ago, ere the acorns were sown which have since furnished timber for the oldest vessels of the port of Brest, there lived in the parish of Guirek, a poor widow, called Ninor'h Madek. Her father, who was very wealthy, and of a noble race, had left, at his death, a manor-house, with a farm, a mill, and a forge, twelve horses, and twice as many oxen, twelve cows, and ten times as many sheep, to say nothing of corn and flax. But Ninor'h was a helpless widow, and her brothers took the whole for themselves. Perrik, the eldest, kept the house, the farm, and the horses; Fanche, the second, took the mill and the cows; the third, named Riwal, had the oxen, the forge, and the sheep; nothing was left for Ninor'h but a doorless shed, on the open heath, which had served to shelter the sick cattle.

However, as she was getting together her little matters of furniture, in order to take possession of her new abode, Fanche seemed to take compassion on her; "Come," said he, "I will deal with you like a brother and a Christian. Here is a black cow; she has never come to much good, and, indeed, gives scarce milk enough to feed a new-born babe; but May-flower can look after her upon the common; you may take her with you, if you will." May-flower was the widow's daughter, now in her eleventh year; she had been called after the colourless blossom, from her extreme paleness.

So Ninor'h went away, with her little pale girl, who led the poor lean cow by an old cord; and she sent them out upon the common together. There May-flower stayed all day, watching her black cow, which, with much ado, contrived to pick a little grass between the

stones. She spent her time in making little crosses with blossoms of the broom, or in repeating aloud her prayers to the Virgin.²

One day, as she was singing the Ave Maria Stella, as she had heard it in the church of Guirek, all at once, she noticed a little bird, perched upon one of the flower-crosses that she had planted in the earth, and cheerfully warbling, turning his head and looking at her, as though he would have spoken. Not a little surprised, she gently drew near and listened, but still without being able to distinguish what the bird said. In vain he sung louder, flapped his wings, and fluttered about before May-flower; not a whit the wiser was she for all his manoeuvres. And yet, such pleasure did she find in watching him, and listening to his song, that night came on without her being able to think of anything else.

At last the bird flew away, and when she looked up to see what was become of him, she beheld the stars twinkling in the sky. With all speed she started off to look for her cow; but, to her dismay, poor blackey was no where to be found on the common. In vain she called aloud, in vain she beat the bushes, in vain she went down into each dark hollow, where the rain-water had found a bed. At last, she heard her mother's voice calling her, as if some great misfortune had happened. All in a fright she ran up, and there, at the edge of the heath, in the way homeward, she found the widow beside all that remained of the poor cow; her horns, that is, and her bones, the latter well picked by the wolves, which had sallied forth from the neighbouring woods, and made a meal of her. At this sight May-flower felt her blood run cold. She burst into tears, for she loved the black cow she had tended so long, and falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Blessed Virgin, why did you not let me see the wolf! I would have scared him away with the sign of the holy cross! I would have repeated the charm that is taught to the shepherd boys, who keep their flocks upon the mountains.

Art thou wolf! St. Hervé shend thee!
Art thou Satan, God defend me! 3"

The widow, who was a very saint for piety and resignation, seeing the sorrow of the little girl, sought to comfort her, saying, "It is not well to weep for the cow as for a fellow-creature, my poor child; if the wolves and wicked men are against us, the Lord will be on our side. Come, then, help me up with my bundle of furze, and let us go home."

May-flower did as her mother said, but sighing at every step, and with the big tears trickling down her cheeks. "My poor cow," said she to herself, "my poor, good, gentle cow! and just, too, as she was beginning to fatten a little."

The little girl had no heart for supper; and many times in the night she awoke, fancying she heard the black cow lowing at the door. With very restlessness she rose before the dawn, and ran out upon the heath, bare-footed, and half-dressed. There, at the self-same spot was the little bird again, perched upon the cross of broom-flowers. Again he sang, and seemed to call her; but, alas! she was as little able to understand him as she had been the night before; and she was turning away in vexation, when she thought she saw a piece of gold glittering on the ground. To try what it really was, she put forth her foot to it; but, lo! it was the gold-herb; and scarcely had she touched it, when

(2) The Breton shepherds make little crosses of thorn-branches, on the spikes of which they stick broom-blossoms and daisies; it is not uncommon to see whole rows of these crosses along the hedges.

(3) This form of exorcism is supposed to originate in a story related of St. Hervé. A wolf having devoured an ass belonging to his uncle, the saint compelled the savage beast to dwell peacefully thenceforward in the same shed with the sheep, and to perform all the duties of the defunct ass. A similar story is related of St. Malo, another Breton saint.

(1) Spenn gwenn, or white thorn, to this day a family name in Brittany.

she distinctly understood all that the little bird said.¹

"May-flower," warbled he, "I wish thee well; May-flower, listen to me."

"Who art thou?" said May-flower, wondering in herself that she could understand the language of an unbaptized creature.

"I am Robin Red-breast," replied the bird. "It was I that followed the Saviour on his way to Calvary, and broke a thorn from the crown that was piercing his brow.² To recompense this act, it was granted to me by God the Father that I should continue to live until the day of judgment, and that every year I might bestow riches upon one poor girl. This year I have chosen thee."

"Can this be true?" cried May-flower, in a transport of delight; "and shall I then have a silver cross for my neck, and be able to wear wooden shoes?"

"A cross of gold shalt thou then have, and silken shoes shalt thou wear, like a noble damsel," replied the bird.

"But what must I do, dear kind Robin?" said the little maid.

"Only follow me."

It may well be supposed that May-flower had no objection to make; so Robin Red-breast flew before, and she ran after him. On they went, across the heath, through woods, and over fields, till at last they came to the open downs, over against the seven isles.³

There Robin stopped, and said to the little girl,—"Seest thou aught upon the sands down there?"

"I see," replied May-flower, "a great pair of birchen shoes, that the fire has never scorched, and a holly staff that has not been cut with the hook."

"Put on the shoes, and take up the staff."

"It is done."

"Now walk upon the sea to the first island, and go round about it till thou shalt come to a rock, on which grow rushes green as the sea."

"What then?"

"Gather some of the rushes, and twist them into a cord."

"Well, and that done?"

"Then strike the rock with the holly staff, and there will come from it a cow; make a halter of the rushen cord, and lead her home to thy mother to comfort her for that you have lost."

All that Robin Red-breast had told her, May-flower did. She walked upon the sea, she made the cord of rushes, she struck the rock, and there came out from it a cow, with eyes as soft as a stag-hound's, and as sleek as the mole that burrows in the meadows; her udder, covered with a white down, almost reached the ground.

May-flower led her home to her poor mother, whose joy now was almost greater than her former sorrow.

But this was nothing. When the widow began to milk Mor Vyoc'h,⁴ (for so had Robin Red-breast named the creature), behold the milk flowed on and on beneath her fingers, like water from a spring!

Ninore'h had soon filled all the earthen vessels in the house, and then all those of wood, but still the milk flowed on.

"Now, Holy Mother, save us!" cried the widow; "certainly this beast has drank of the waters of Languengar!"⁵ In fact, the milk of Mor Vyoc'h was inex-

haustible; she had already yielded enough to satisfy every child in Cornouailles.

In a little time, nothing was talked of throughout the country but the widow's cow, and people crowded from all parts to see it. The rector of Pèros Guirek came, among the rest, that he might know whether it was not a snare of the Evil One; but after putting his stole upon Mor Vyoc'h's head, he pronounced her clear of all suspicion.

Before long, all the richest farmers were persuading Ninore'h to sell her cow, each one bidding against the other; her brother Perrik among the rest.

"Come," said he, "I am your brother, as a good Christian you must give me the preference. Let me have Mor Vyoc'h, and I will give you in exchange as many cows as it takes tailors to make a man."⁶

"Is that your Christian dealing?" answered the widow; "nine cows for Mor Vyoc'h! she is worth all the cows in the country, far and near, high and low. With her milk I could supply all the markets in the bishoprics of Tréguier and Cornouailles, from Dinan to Carhaix."

"Well, sister," replied Perrik, "only let me have her, and I will give you our father's farm, in which you were born, with all the fields, ploughs, and horses."

This proposal Ninore'h accepted, and was forthwith put in possession; turning up a sod, taking a draught of water from the well, kindling a fire on the hearth, and cutting a tuft of hair from the horses' tails, in token of ownership.⁷ She then delivered Mor Vyoc'h to Perrik, who led her away to a house which he had at some distance off, towards Menez-Brée.

A day of tears and sadness was that to May-flower, and as at night she went the round of the stalls, to see that all was right, she could not help again and again murmuring, as she filled the mangers,—

"Ah, Mor Vyoc'h is gone! I shall never see Mor Vyoc'h again!"

With this lament still on her lips, she suddenly heard a lowing behind her, in which, as by virtue of this gold-herb her ears were now open to the language of all animals, she distinctly made out these words:—"Here I am again, my little mistress."

May-flower turned round in astonishment, and there indeed was Mor Vyoc'h.

"Ah! can this be you?" cried the little girl; "and, what, then, has brought you back?"

"I cannot belong to your uncle Perrik," said Mor Vyoc'h, "for my nature forbids me to remain with such as are in a state of mortal sin, so I am come back to be with you again, as before."

"But then my mother must give up the farm, the fields, and all that she has received for you."

"Not so; for it was already hers by right, and had been unjustly taken from her by your uncle."

"But he will come to see if you are here, and will know you again."

"Go and gather three leaves of the cross-wort,⁸ and I will tell you what to do."

May-flower went, and soon returned with the three leaves.

has the property of promoting the flow of milk in such as drink of it. The young married women frequent it for the benefit of the consecrated waters; and the story goes that, once upon a time, a man tasting it in jest, was punished for his profanity by suddenly finding himself in the condition of a nursing mother; and many were the masses and prayers that were said before he was delivered from his trouble.

(6) In Brittany, as in England, it takes nine tailors to make a man.

(7) This form of taking possession is extremely ancient; in all the legislative systems of "the antique world," the transfer of landed property was effected by symbolical tradition, that is, by the handing over to the new owner of some visible and palpable portion or symbol of the land itself. And as Brittany is the very chosen home of old customs, it has happened that even quite lately, at a farm near Léon, all these forms of taking possession were gone through, not as having any legal efficacy, but in compliance with ancient usage.

(8) The Vervain.

(1) The legend of the gold-herb, which must be gathered, according to common credence, bare-footed, *en chemise*, without the aid of any iron tool, and whilst one is in a state of grace, comes evidently from the Druids. It is the selage of the ancients, and is said by the Bretons to glitter like gold before the eyes of those who, at the moment, may fulfil the conditions for perceiving it, and who, by touching it with the foot, are instantly enabled to understand the language of all animals, and to converse with them.

(2) The story of the Red-breast that broke a thorn from the cross of Christ is current through the district of Cornouailles.

(3) A cluster so called, lying off the northern coast of Brittany, not far from Tréguier.

(4) Mor Vyoc'h signifies *sen-cow*.

(5) The Breton peasants believe that the fountain of Languengar

"Now," said Mor Vyoch, "pass those leaves over me, from my horns to my tail, and say three times in a low voice, Saint Ronan of Erin! Saint Ronan of Erin! Saint Ronan of Erin!"⁽¹⁾

May-flower did so; and as she called on the Saint for the third time, lo! the cow became a beautiful horse! The little girl was lost in wonder.

"Now," said the creature to her, "your uncle Perrik cannot possibly know me again, for I am no longer Mor Vyoch, but March Mor."⁽²⁾

On hearing what had come to pass, the widow was greatly rejoiced, and early on the morrow proceeded to make trial of her horse, with a load of corn for Tréguier.

But guess her astonishment when she found that the more sacks were laid on March Mor's back the longer it grew, so that he alone could carry as many sacks as all the horses in the parish.

The tale of the widow's wonderful horse was soon noised about the neighbourhood, and among the rest her brother Fanche heard of it, who thereupon lost no time in going to the farm, and when he had seen March Mor, begged his sister to part with him, which, however, she would by no means consent to do till Fanche had offered her in exchange his cows and his mill, with all the pigs he was fattening there.

The bargain concluded, Ninor'h took possession of her new property, as she had done at the farm, and Fanche led away March Mor.

But in the evening there he was again, and again May-flower gathered three leaves of the cross-wort, stroked him down with them three times, from his ears to his tail, repeating each time "Saint Ronan of Erin!" as she had done before to Mor Vyoch; and lo! in a moment the horse changed into a sheep, covered with wool as long as hemp, as red as scarlet, and as fine as dressed flax. March Mor was become Mor Vawd!⁽³⁾

Full of admiration at this new miracle, the widow came to behold it; and no sooner was she within sight than she called to May-flower, "Run and look for a pair of shears, for the poor creature cannot bear this weight of wool."

But when she began to shear Mor Vawd, she found the wool grow as fast as she cut it off; so that he alone far out-valued all the flocks of Arhez.

Riwal, who chanced to come by at that moment, was witness of the wonder, and then and there parted with his forge, his sheep-walk, and all his sheep, to obtain possession of Mor Vawd.

But see! As he was leading his new purchase home along the shore, the sheep suddenly rushed into the sea, swam to the smallest of the seven islands, and passed into a chasm of the rocks which opened to receive it, and straightway closed again.

This time May-flower expected him back at the farm in vain; neither that day nor on the morrow did he return.

The little girl ran to the common. There she found Robin Redbreast, who said to her, "I have been waiting for thee, my little lady. Mor Vawd is gone, and will return no more. Thy uncles have been punished as they deserve. For thee, thou art now a rich heiress, and mayest wear a cross of gold, and silken shoes, as I promised. My work here is finished, and I am about to fly away far hence. Only do thou remember always that thou wast poor, and that it was one of God's little birds that made thee rich."

To show her gratitude May-flower built a chapel on

(1) This appeal to St. Ronan is explained by the fact of his having been suspected of assuming the form of divers animals, by the aid of sorcery. It must be remembered, that the druids and bards were supposed to have the power of transforming themselves to any shape at will. The bard Taliesin boasts, in one of his songs, that he could appear as a cock, a stag, or a dog.

(2) March Mor—literally, sea-horse.

(3) Mor Vawd seems, curiously enough, to mean, literally, sea-calf.

the common, on the very spot where Robin Redbreast spoke to her for the first time. And the old men, from whom our fathers heard this tale, remembered offering waxen tapers there in their early childhood.

Fables from the German.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

THE HARES began to be discontented with their uncertain mode of life. "Do we not live," said one of them, "in incessant fear of men, dogs, beasts, and ravenous birds? Are we not a prey to all these, as soon and as often as it pleases them? And is it not better once for all to die, than to live in a constant anxiety, more tormenting even than death itself?"

The words of the speaker were approved, and it was determined that they should all drown themselves immediately, and together. A neighbouring pond was to become their grave, and they hastened thither with great speed. The great noise of their running, and their appearance itself, frightened a multitude of Frogs, and caused them to run to the shore, and to spring into the water with the utmost haste.

"Ha! what was that?" cried one of the chief of the Hares. "Ah! I see that there are animals who are in fear of us, even as much as are we of our enemies: our circumstances are not yet so wholly desperate! We might, I think, defer a little this water-death!"

A proposal which was followed, and which has preserved the race of the hares until this day.

Even in heavy tribulation, let not discontent transport thee beyond thyself. Look around among thy fellow men, and thou wilt certainly find some, with whose destiny thou wouldst not exchange.—*Meissner*.

THE SHELLS.

A FATHER returned from the sea-coast to his own home, and brought with him, for his son, some beautiful shells, which he had picked up on the shore. The delight of the boy was great. He took them, and sorted them, and counted them over. He called all his play-fellows, to show them his treasure; and they could talk of nothing but of the beautiful shells. He daily found in them new beauties, and gave each of them a name. But, in a few months, the boy's father said to himself, "I will now give him a still higher pleasure; I will take him to the coast of the sea itself. There he will see thousands more of beautiful shells, and may choose for himself." When they came to the beach, the boy was amazed at the multitude of shells that lay around, and he went to and fro, and picked them up. But one seemed still more beautiful than another, and he kept always changing those he had gathered for fresh shells. In this manner he went about changing, vexed, and out of humour with himself. At length, tired of stooping, and comparing, and selecting, he threw away all he had picked up, and returning home weary of shells, he gave away all those which before had afforded him so much pleasure.

Then his father was sorry, and said, "I have acted unwisely; the boy was happy in his small pleasures, and I have robbed him of his simplicity, and both of us of a gratification."—*Krummacher*.

MEROPE.

"I HAVE something more to ask you," said a young Eagle, to a learned melancholy Owl. "Men say there is a bird, by named Merope, who, when he rises in the air, flies with his tail upwards, and his head towards the ground. Is that true?"

"Certainly not!" answered the Owl; "it is only a foolish tradition of man; he is himself a Merope, for he would fly to heaven without for a moment losing sight of the earth."—*Lessing*.

THE TWO AMBASSADORS.

At the period when the city of Arezzo was under the sway of Bishop Guido, the people of Casentino had occasion to send two ambassadors, asking of him certain articles they were desirous should be granted them. Having been informed of the particulars of their mission, they were told to hold themselves in readiness for their departure on the ensuing morning. Preparing their luggage in all haste, the two ambassadors accordingly set out on their way; and they had not travelled many miles before one of them, addressing his companion, said, "Do you recollect all the particulars which they informed us of in so hasty a manner?" And the other replied, that he feared he hardly did. "But," said his companion, "I relied chiefly upon you." To which the other rejoined, "And I trusted to you:" while each regarding the other, exclaimed, "We are in a pretty scrape, then! What shall we do?" At length the one said, "I will tell you what: let us go on to the next inn, and perhaps, after a good dinner, we shall remember them better—yes, we shall be sure to remember them." "That is well said," added his companion; and jogging on together, half asleep and half awake, about three o'clock they contrived to reach the first inn. As it was a matter so nearly connected with their embassy, they ordered dinner directly, racking their brains, in the mean time, to recover some of the articles they had lost. Having taken their seats at table, they, luckily, found the wine good; and so it was, that they were more pleased with this circumstance, than sorry for the mission they had forgotten. Indeed it was so excellent, that they repeatedly emptied their glasses, toasting all their friends in town, until, so far from recollecting their embassy after dinner, they had forgot even to talk about it, and, in course of time, they both dropped asleep.

On rousing themselves once more, one of them inquired of the other whether he had yet succeeded. "I know not," was the reply; "but I know that our host's is the best wine I ever drank: the truth is, I have never thought about it since dinner, and now I hardly know where I am." "And I declare it has been the same with me," answered his friend; "what in the world shall we do? However, we will stay here to-day and to-night; for the night is always favourable to memory. We cannot fail to recollect the whole." To this the other agreed: and they stayed there the remainder of the day, repeating the experiment of the wine, frequently finding themselves in the clouds, where, however, they found nothing of their mission. The same story was repeated at supper, and they afterwards found their way to bed. At breakfast, the next morning, the inquiry was as vainly repeated, both declaring, that they had not so much as dreamed about the matter; and that they had not got the most distant notion of it, having never slept so sound in all their lives. "Come, then," cried one, "let us mount horse again, and see what that will do: it will come when we are not thinking about it on the road."

So they again set out; occasionally asking each other, as they went, "Well, have you got it yet?" "No: have you?" "Not I, indeed." And in this way they journeyed along till they came to Arezzo, where they alighted at one of the first hotels. There they retired into a private room, for the purpose of putting their heads seriously together, as it

was quite time to recollect what was their business. But I am sorry to add, it was all in vain; and such was their hopeless condition, that one said, "Come, let us go, and encounter the worst at once." "But," said the other, "what shall we say? what do we know about the matter?" "Well, but we must go through with the business: so let us go and do our best." So, trusting to fortune, they requested an audience of the bishop, saying they had some matters of importance to communicate to him; and, being introduced into his presence, they made a very low obeisance, and remained silent. Upon this, the bishop, with great dignity, approached them, and taking them by the hand, said, "You are welcome, gentlemen; what tidings of import may you bring?" Each of the ambassadors now looked at the other, and bowing, said, "Do you speak." "No, sir," was the reply; "do you speak, sir; I cannot think of it;" till at length, the boldest of the two, addressing the bishop, observed: "We come, my lord, as ambassadors from your poor servants of Casentino; and I can assure your grace, that both those who send us, and we who are sent, are equally devoted to you; but, please your grace, we are all of us men of fact, but of few words: our mission was entrusted to us in haste; and, whatever may be the occasion of it, either our assembly must have informed us wrong, or we have, in some way, misunderstood them. Nevertheless, we humbly recommend both them and ourselves to your grace's good offices; though what possessed them to send us on such a mission, or ourselves to come, we cannot exactly say." The good bishop, like a wise man, only patting them on the shoulder, said, "Well, well, my friends, it is all right; go home, and say to my dear children of Casentino, that I shall always be happy to serve them every way in my power; so much so, that henceforward they need be at no expense in appointing ambassadors to my court: let them only write to me, and I will reply, agreeably to their wishes."

The bishop then taking leave of them, our ambassadors resumed their way, saying, as they went, "Let us take care not to fall into the same error on our return." "But," said one, "we cannot easily do that; we have got nothing to remember." "Yet we must have our wits about us," returned the other; "for they will ask what we said in our oration, and what was the reply. For if the good people were to suspect that our embassy, like many others, was all a joke, they would never employ us again: and farewell to our occupation—it is gone." To this the more politic of the two replied, "Oh, leave that to me; we will continue in office, trust me! I shall say what shall make them in good humour with themselves for an age to come. I will tell them of the letter, and how he thinks himself highly honoured by their alliance." "That is well thought," said the other; "and let us spur along a little, that we may get in time for dinner at the same inn—you know where." "That is well thought," echoed the other; and, mending their pace at the idea, they soon dismounted, all in a heat, and, without waiting for dinner, called out for some of the same wine. "Good sirs," replied the waiter, "we have some better than ever;" and the ambassadors kept him pretty sharply employed in drawing the bottles, until the stock of wine began to get low. Grieved to hear this, these patterns of diplomacy were compelled to mount again, and the next stage or two brought them into the presence

of their employers. They talked in so bold and lofty a tone of the orations they had delivered, and of the bishop's gracious manner, that some of the audience compared them to Tully and Quintilian; and, the thanks of the assembly being unanimously voted to them, they were afterwards promoted to other offices of great honour and emolument. Nor will this appear very extraordinary, if we reflect on the sort of people, of a higher rank than our heroes, whom we every day see entrusted with public missions, and who are about as much suited to their business, as a common trooper taken from the ranks; and yet, they write long letters, assuring the government that they are busied day and night in the affairs of the nation, and that all the lucky events which fall out, are wholly to be imputed to their skill. Did they tell truth, however, they would own, that they had as little merit in bringing them about, as a cabbage, or any other vegetating substance; though they are richly recompensed, and promoted to the highest honours, in consideration of the ingenuity with which they contrive to wrong their country.¹

BEAUCHAMPS.—A TALK.

CHAP. V.

(Concluded from page 87.)

Mrs. GIFFORD ought to have accompanied us, but she was not, as has been intimated, in the most gracious humour, and before she could at all recover herself, the arrival of Mr. Norton, ostensibly to visit his rector, completed her disgust, and she resolved on an immediate return to Beauchamps. Harriet would fain have carried her husband away with her, but Mark had made up his mind to stay out the week for which they originally came, and would only engage to follow at the end of that time. Mr. Norton arrived in Bath a few hours after Mrs. Gifford's departure; his first business was to call on me, his next to wait on Lady Tracey; in the course of the following four-and-twenty hours he was visiting in the Circus as one of the family: I am afraid Mr. Penrose had but little of his company. A very short absence from his parish was all, however, that Mr. Norton could, at that time, allow himself; so difficult is it for a man with anything more than a nominal profession to find time for courtship; and, accordingly, he and Gifford left Bath together, on such friendly terms as became the new position in which they stood towards each other; Mark thus leaving to his lady the whole task of doing the unpleasant. Harriet prided herself on a good many things, perhaps above all others on *consistency*; it was a favourite word with her, and no wonder, since it closed the door to all misgivings. For myself, I continued for several weeks in an unsettled state, hovering between Knightswood and Bath; Mark Gifford, more than once, expressed his astonishment: what could induce any man, who had a horse to ride, and knew how to ride him, to leave the country in fine open weather (meaning, of course, dull and drizzly weather) he had no idea; he declared that my visits to Bath were more frequent than Norton's; for his part, he could not understand it. In the meanwhile, Mr. Norton

was zealously endeavouring to get his own place at Fordover supplied to the rector's satisfaction; whilst that point remained unaccomplished, he seemed to bear a grudge against his own improving prospects; and when reluctantly he consented to join Mr. Ryder and myself in a walk round the glebe of Knight Magna, gave such evident symptoms of considering the time as worse than lost, that I foresaw the entire charge of his worldly prosperity must eventually rest upon Julia.

In the course of the ensuing spring, however, all things connected with the change of duties began to shape themselves into order; a new and promising curate was engaged for Fordover, a new rector presented to Knight Magna, and some progress was made in new modelling the old parsonage.

Julia Tracey's engagement, when once declared, was, of course, canvassed in a variety of ways, by her friends in general, and her Bath acquaintance in particular; some spoke of it as a *pis aller* on her part; some, as a grievous mistake on that of Mr. Norton; whilst a third, and more lenient party, discovered immediately, by the colour of her dress, or the shape of her bonnet, that Miss Julia Tracey would make an admirable clergyman's wife.

"Well," said I, after some remark of this nature had been repeated by Maria, "I hope and believe she will; but I shall never desire to be told of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, exactly what I say; if Julia endeavours, according to my expectation, to do her own work quietly and unostentatiously, we shall hear very little of the matter; if, on the contrary, she gets to be talked about, I, for one, shall conclude she does too much."

"I do not understand how a clergyman's wife can do too much in her parish."

"In her husband's parish, I presume you mean. Well, I incline to believe she may; at all events, though very willing that Norton should have a helpmate, I am not anxious to provide Knight Magna with a *rectoress*."

"Do you not think," inquired Julia, "that where there is what you call a *rectoress*, it is very much the fault of the rector?"

"Sometimes, no doubt."

"Besides, when you have been longer amongst us, you will find that other parties are more to blame than either; and that both the clergyman and his wife have often much to endure from the interference, or, in other ways, vexatious conduct of their lady parishioners; even my own limited circle of acquaintance comprehends many such offenders, each and all of whom would fain be *rectoresses*."

"That is an unfortunate state of things; but we shall manage better at Knight Magna. There will, at least, be no lady, rich, or fanatical, to insult the rector, or provoke the indignation of his wife."

"No," replied Julia, with an expressive smile, "I have no fear of that; Lady Tracey will come, not as a hindrance, but a blessing; and the sooner she comes the better."

"You have not favoured us with your opinion," said I, addressing Mary Deane, who had been present during the foregoing discussion; "yet I thought, more than once, that you were about to speak."

"I am scarcely competent to give one; but I was thinking that the wife of a clergyman can have no such easy part to perform, as is generally supposed; especially if belonging herself to a high class in society."

(1) From Roscoe's Italian Novelists.

How much, in that case, she must fear to secularise her husband, or to bring, by means of her own family connexions, too much of the world into his quiet parsonage! of course, I am supposing her to be a very conscientious person."

"Is that a hint for me?" inquired Julia.

"No, for we have before conversed on the subject, and I know that you agree with me; indeed you understand my meaning better than I can express it."

"Well, I agree with you, so far as to allow that clergymen's wives do sometimes seem to consider themselves and their husbands too much in the light of ladies and gentlemen *only*; as persons qualified to receive and return visits, entitled to live in a certain style of gentility, and to have everything about them as comfortable and well appointed as their means will admit; but I cannot promise to come up, even in imagination, to your standard of perfection, or to have the fear of *secularising* perpetually before my eyes."

"I think, Miss Deane, we may defy my cousin Julia to do her worst; I cannot conceive a more unpromising subject for conversion to worldly-mindedness than our friend Norton; it would be far more easy to imagine him addressing his newly-married wife in the language of George Herbert."

"I believe," replied Mary, "I remember the passage to which you allude."

"Do you, indeed? I should have supposed Izaak Walton too old and too quaint an author for your perusal."

"For many years of my life I had no choice but between old books or none; and in spite of their quaint dry style, and unpleasant looking print, I doubt if any reading has since afforded me so much enjoyment."

"As you both so well remember this matrimonial charge, perhaps one or the other will have the goodness to repeat it for my edification."

"Miss Deane will, I hope."

But Mary, with a blush, declined; alleging her fear of not repeating the passage correctly.

"Then I must rely on my own memory, which I am sure will serve me as to the sense, though it may not extend to the exact order of the words. 'You are now,' said the Rev. George Herbert to his wife (the daughter of a gentleman both of family and fortune), 'a minister's wife, and must so far forget your father's house as not to claim precedence over any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no place, nor precedence, but such as she may purchase by her humility; and I am sure that place so purchased do best become them.'"

"You see," said Mary, addressing Julia, "that if you thought me unreasonably austere, I was at least advocating no new doctrine."

"But I did not;—I believe, that is, you recommend not a particle more austerity than you would yourself practise."

"Ah! I do not know; I have mixed too little in the world to be a fair judge of difficulty or expediency. One is often at a loss—I am sure it would be so in the case we have been supposing, to determine how far even a right principle ought to be carried."

"I suppose," observed Maria, "there is not much danger of carrying right principles too far; but this Mr. Herbert's principle cannot be a right one, for you see, everybody is agreed in thinking that a clergyman

ought to marry as soon as possible; in fact, what is a clergyman without a wife?"

"What is he?" I repeated; "why, a bachelor, I suppose."

"A bachelor! what a queer old-fashioned expression! But he is much worse than that. A clergyman who does not marry might as well be a monk at once; it is quite papistical. I assure you, Henry," continued Maria, with great earnestness, "that I know a most talented man, a magnificent preacher too he is, and he declares that if the clergy generally were not to marry, they would take to living in dens and caves, feed on roots, and go about with long beards, and hair neither brushed nor combed."

"My dear Maria! this would indeed be dreadful. But pray explain, for I confess I do not understand how the anathema of this talented gentleman applies. What have the infelicities of a single life (rather highly coloured, you must allow,) to do with the endeavours of a married clergyman to guide his wife in that which he considered the path of duty?"

"And who, do you imagine, in these days, would consent to be so guided? What chance would there be for any clergyman who adopted these strange notions to marry at all? He must put up with some farmer's daughter for his wife, or, at least, the daughter of a poor curate, who might think it preferable to going out as governess; but no lady, with the habits and ideas of one, would consent to give up her proper place in society; I am sure, if Julia allows herself to be talked into anything so nonsensical, I shall blush to hear of it."

"I am afraid," replied her sister, "there is no likelihood of Julia's putting any one to the blush by her too great humility."

"I do not feel so sure of that; such strange ideas seem to have got into your head of late, that I would answer for nothing. It is possible you may be found some day notably employed in darning stockings, or up to your elbows in flour, making apple dumplings. Will it not be a charming sight, Henry?"

"Oh, that must depend upon two circumstances; the necessity of the task, and the skill displayed in its performance. However, to speak seriously, you may believe that it never can be my wish to see Julia, or any other lady, degraded into a mere household drudge, or affecting useless singularity; but surely it is not degrading the parson's wife (forgive the homeliness of the term) to wish that she, like her husband, should choose a more excellent way than that of every-day life amongst ourselves; and, in consequence, that she should be content to live habitually,—now mind, I do not say uninterruptedly—apart from a very worldly world; for in truth, my dear cousin, I fear its pomps and vanities are much more real, as well as far more tempting, than the dens and caves you were pleased to threaten us with, but now."

"The very mention of them a second time alarms Miss Deane," observed Julia; for Mary now rose to take leave; "or is it a vision of my bad cookery which makes you look as if you had already staid too long?"

Mary laughed, as she replied, that it was of her aunt's dinner she was thinking; not to delay which she must hasten home.

"Oh! true," replied Julia, glancing at her watch; "three o'clock is, I know, Mrs. Deane's dinner hour; and it is now—I will not tell you how much—past two. Well, I shall dismiss Henry at the same time, for Maria is presently going out with mamma, and I have a letter to write."

The marriage of Julia and Mr. Norton took place one fine morning in the month of May; but, conscious of my own ignorance in regard to such matters, and not knowing right from wrong, whether the wedding was graced by the presence of too many or too few, or whether the breakfast table had too much or too little upon it, I shall confine my observations to the appearance of the

bride. Julia, during the last few months, had improved in health, and in her bridal attire she looked both young and handsome—handsome enough to remind me of former times, young enough to be the wife of a man, who, whatever his real age might be, looked considerably older than herself. The Nortons went immediately to Knight Magna, where it had been an object of agreeable interest to me to get things into order, and make such improvements as the time permitted. The rest was to be left to Julia's choice and discretion; for, although her husband had taste enough to see that an Elizabethan Parsonage, with sloping roof and tall chimneys, was a more picturesque object than a canister-shaped building inclosed in a verandah, he displayed such complete ignorance with regard to interior arrangements, that we considered it most safe to entrust him only with the building of the new School-house. He, good man, acquiesced most readily in the decision; for no one could think more humbly of his *savoir faire*, in matters of domestic convenience, than he did himself.

Having established Julia at the Rectory, it was my next concern to provide a lady for the Mansion. At what time I began to think, that of all ladies none would suit me so well as Mary Deane, I do not intend to specify; neither shall I mention the exact number of weeks which intervened between my seeking and obtaining. It was a double business, for there were two ladies to be sought and won; and truth obliges me to confess, that I found the aunt more ready to accept me than the niece. Not that Mary pretended not to like me, when she knew all the time that she did; she was never, in her whole life, guilty of affectation or insincerity; but she was troubled with doubts and scruples, which, originating in her own modest and disinterested nature, prevented her seeing the general fitness of things, or judging fairly of her own qualifications for conferring happiness. She yielded, however, at last, thereby saving both herself and me a world of trouble; since, to persevere till she did so, was my first and last determination. On my next return to Knightswood I had the satisfaction of acquainting Hannah with the joyful news of our engagement, and the still more joyful hope of its speedy termination. Her happiness was beyond what I can attempt to describe; nothing but my own could, I believe, exceed it. Even to hear talk of such a thing, she observed, made her feel almost young again; whereupon I had little difficulty in persuading her that she was at least quite young enough to take a journey to Bath, in order to be present at the ceremony. It was further agreed, according to a plan devised by Mary, that Hannah should remain with old Mrs. Deane during our wedding tour, and finally attend her to Knightswood, where the poor blind lady was in future to find a home.

If Mary and I had few friends to rejoice in our union, there were at least none who had power to impede it; that Lady Tracey or Maria should in their hearts approve of a bride who brought neither dowry nor connexion, was not to be expected, but they were ready with their outward civilities, and the latter even accompanied Mary to the altar. Perhaps none, in their different ways, took greater interest in the event than Mr. and Mrs. Gifford; in the lady it revived a subject of bitter discontent, and filled up the measure of my offences. Harriet could only forgive my accession to the family honours on condition of my sharing them with her sister; and I have never stood clear of blame in that matter, although Julia herself wanted me not. "As to Mary Deane, she did not know how it was, but she never could endure her." Mark, on the contrary, was eager in his congratulations; he neither could nor would be restrained from expressing his satisfaction; and, when all was done and over, warmly declared, that no marriage, since his own, had ever afforded him so much pleasure. The saving clause was well put in, but failed to soothe the wounded feelings of his wife. Alas! a proud and intolerant spirit still presided at

Beauchamps; and the faults of old Mrs. Gifford (redeemed in her by some sterling good qualities) showed yet uglier in Harriet. And what wonder that it should be so! The tendency of a mere worldly education had been to harden the heart, and increase natural defects of character; instructed in everything rather than the self-denying requirements of a Christian course of life, resting upon anything rather than the promises which should be its support, and taught to view all things with a reference only to worldly advantage,—the result was such as might naturally be expected, such as might justify one in believing that ignorance itself could produce no worse. But let us turn from Harriet to gentler spirits—Julia and Mary. They took to each other kindly from the first, and every succeeding month has seemed to strengthen their mutual regard. In fact, notwithstanding the merits of their respective husbands, they are of opinion that neither could possibly get on without the other. Mary is supposed to be less versed in the science of entertaining company, arranging dinner parties, and such like affairs, than Julia, who, in return for her hints on etiquette, receives from my wife lessons in domestic economy.

Nothing could be more favourable to the advance of each in knowledge, than the providential decree which placed them in their present positions; Julia, as Lady Tracey, could have had little to learn, whilst Mary would have entered on her duties at the Rectory perfect in habits of usefulness and self-denial; and let no one, from the latter admission, infer that Norton, under such a change of circumstances, might have been the gainer. What can be better than the best? and that, in her husband's eyes, is Julia. Norton, as an article of faith, may believe in the natural imperfection of his wife, and I suppose he does; but it is a belief general, descending not to particulars. Saint-like in his own life and conversation, he yet is mortal man; and Julia's devotion to himself makes whatever she does, or leaves undone, to be "wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best." Even when she deludes herself with hopes of a visit from our old friend, Mr. Penrose, because he has promised, if he ever shall have strength for the journey, to be her guest at Knight Magna, Norton does not deceive her; and when I hint at the hopelessness of such expectation, he only answers me that Julia has set her mind upon it. No clouds have hitherto obscured the sunshine of married life at Knightswood, or Knight Magna: Harriet has been absent; her vexed spirit sought first the immediate and natural relief of the London season, and finding at its close her cure still incomplete, she made arrangements for accompanying Lady Tracey and Maria abroad. Paris had been substituted for the German baths, but beyond Rouen the party advanced not. Harriet there found the masters she required for her girls; and the society of the place, which included some old acquaintance, proved sufficiently agreeable to arrest, from time to time, their further progress. Mark, though by no means rejoicing in the scheme, gave a reluctant consent, and accompanied his wife and daughters across the water; not, however, without conditioning for the acceptance of Julia's offer to take charge of two younger children, destined to remain at home. Fine little boys they are; and when freed from the restraint of embroidered vests, were delighted to trundle their small barrows after the old gardener, himself an incumbrance bequeathed by the flyers to their successors. Every day was adding to their stock of horticultural knowledge, when, lo! the enlargement of the drawing-room, by means of throwing out a bow towards the garden, gave a sudden change to their thoughts, and inspired them with a vehement taste for masonry. They have become, in consequence, happier and dirtier than ever. Meanwhile their father soon wearied of Rouen; with true John Bullism he resented the necessity of speaking French; longed for his own home, his farm, and his dogs; called himself a hundred fools for having left them; and finally, at the

end of three weeks, returned to Beauchamps. There he waits, without visible impatience, the summons of his lady, whom he has engaged to re-conduct to England. Yet Gifford is certainly fond of his children—he believes himself to be fond of his wife; and if not a perfectly happy man, he has at least no plea for considering himself a disappointed one. Brought up from childhood to identify his own importance with that of Beauchamps, and, I need hardly observe, to over-value both, the impression remained, in a great degree, indelible. The discipline of a public school might repress, the excitements or the studies of college life for a time supersede, but the settled ambition of his heart was to raise an ancient, though decayed, family to that rank amongst the provincial aristocracy, which he supposed it to have originally occupied. The Giffords, whatever else they might have lost, had retained their acres; the last lady of the manor brought some money into the family, and saved a good deal more, so that, at her decease, Mark found himself in possession of wealth, with an unincumbered and improvable estate. He wanted, in short, nothing but an alliance of the right sort to realize his brightest hopes; and the advances of the Tracey family proved, under such circumstances, irresistible. One sacrifice was indeed inevitable, but the price once paid, all other desires of his heart were fulfilled; and, as disappointment came not, so neither did repentance; why, in the reckoning of the world, should it come? The game of life, however, at Gifford's age, is usually not more than half played out; and, amidst all its manifold changes, there yet may come a time for retrospection.

Unpleasant rumours have lately reached us respecting Maria; she is said to be receiving the addresses of an Irish gentleman, a Roman Catholic; and her letters to Julia, in their altered and unprotestant-like tone, give some probability to the report. As, however, the first mention of such a falling away on the part of a Church-of-England lady proved a serious shock to the principles of Mr. Norton, and drew, even from his mild nature, a grave rebuke of all aiders and abettors in such slander, the subject has never been renewed in his presence. We wait, not without anxiety, but in submissive silence, for further intelligence.

A word or two more of ourselves, and I have done; yet what can I say that you have not already imagined? The apartments of Knightswood are no longer cheerless and deserted, and you will conclude that Gifford and the Nortons are our most frequent guests; also, that old Mrs. Deane has every comfort that her infirm state of health can require, or enable her to enjoy. Hannah has returned to her own cottage, where the frequent presence of Lady Tracey seems to obliterate all past resentments. She is pleased to see her sometimes accompanied by the little Giffords; and declares herself, let us hope truly, in peace and charity with all the world.

That, in our general hospitalities at Knightswood, we satisfy the expectation of our neighbours, or fully replace those to whom we have succeeded, I dare not affirm; but I am sure that we are happy in ourselves, and in those amongst whom we chiefly live. With such friends, above all, with such a home, I can have but one remaining wish, and that it rests with you to gratify. Linger not at the Cape, but come to England—come to Knightswood. If you can, get up by the way a little taste for ecclesiastical architecture, in order that you may take some interest in our plans for rebuilding the Church of Knight Magna; but at all events come. You are partial enough on one subject to satisfy even my wife; orthodox enough to be approved of by Norton; and rich enough to be tolerated at Beauchamps.

AMERICA AND HER SLAVE STATES.

No. II.

AMERICAN WATERING PLACES, AND THEIR COMFORTS— SLAVES, SLAVERY, AND SLAVE DRIVERS.

THE work of Mr. Featherstonhaugh is no mere collection of hurried notes, gathered together in a few months' run in the states by railroads and steamboats; but the deliberate reflections of a traveller who passed between four and five years in the country, and then allowed three more years to pass over before committing to the press the results of his long residence. His volumes are devoted to that half of the states much less visited by travellers, the southern slave-holding portion; and curious indeed is the picture he presents to us of the manners of the cotton lords, from Baltimore to the borders of Texas. Passing over some rather cool impositions on travellers, we extract our author's account of the old German settlers of the valley of Mount Jackson, a race still unaffected by the progress of America. Our author was assured by the nephew of one of these settlers, whose education at Pennsylvania had made him entertain but a poor opinion of the old race,—

"That, with few exceptions, they all believed in witchcraft to this day; and that, only last year, the country people refused to come to Mount Jackson with eggs, and other products of their farms, because a strange dog, with a wild look, had driven some cattle into the Shenandoah. It was universally argued by them that this dog was the devil; and a young lawyer, who was not disposed to tranquillize his neighbours, had gone so far as to say, that he had met him one evening in his natural shape, with two eyes of flaming fire, and each of them larger than his head. Upon this, Hans determined not to stir from home; and the markets continued to be bad as long as the dog was known to be about. Our fellow-passenger also told me, that an uncle of his, who was worth 80,000 dollars, asked him, when he returned from college, what he had learnt there that he could not have learned at the German school. His nephew told him, that, amongst other things, he had learnt that the sun did not go round the world, but that it stood still, and the world went round it. Upon which the old man said, 'You dink so, because de beobles at de college tells you so; but I doesn't dink so, because I knows petter, and I ought to know petter.'—Vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

These old-fashioned people, hard-working, unostentatious, and consequently rich, have a profound hatred and contempt for their mercurial fellow-countrymen; dislike paper-money, and hoard up gold; object to pay taxes, and condescend to combine with the democratic minority of the Americans for electioneering purposes, and thus to throw the power of the state into the hands of their own party. Pennsylvanian repudiation is due, in a great degree, to the prejudices of these colonists.

We, good, grumbling people, are not a little apt to find fault with our club, or our inn, if the tingling bell does not bring immediate attention; a few days at a Virginian hotel, at the Warm Baths of the Alleghanies, would teach us a lesson of patience. A long low dining-room, a small public parlour, sufficient to hold about a fourth of the visitors, and a few small bed-rooms for the married, comprise the entire accommodation of the house; as for the single, they must be content with a range of wood cabins, with hard beds, and pincushions for pillows, so small, that a Kentuckian put nine of them into his pocket for a bet. The food is bearable, the attendance bad; a few bustling, noisy

slaves, who never stop when called to, and are to be caught by no other means than sticking your fork into a tender part of their bodies. Beautifully clear and sparkling as the waters of the warm springs are, the gregarious bathing of the people renders the baths far from pleasant. It is by no means pleasant to be in the same pickle with the most extraordinary looking, tobacco-chewing, expectorating, nondescript, however good the pickle may be; and a private bath is not always to be commanded.

If the accommodation at the dancing Colonel Fry's hotel, at the Warm Springs, was bad, that at the White Sulphur Springs was some degrees worse. Look on the picture of the place, where they had not room to stow a cat, much less a human being:—

"The establishment of the White Sulphur Springs seemed to consist of a pack of unpromising-looking huts, or cabins, as they are called, surrounding an oblong square, with a foot-walk in the centre, railed off from a grassy plot on each side of it. At the entrance into the establishment, which has very much the air of a permanent Methodist camp meeting, you have, on the left, a miserable-looking sort of barrack, badly constructed of wood, with a dilapidated portico. Nothing can exceed the frowzy appearance of this building, which contains the grand dining saloon, where daily between three and four hundred persons assemble to a kind of scramble for breakfast, dinner, and supper. A few of the cabins had a comfortable-looking appearance, and these were the private property of genteel families residing in various parts of Virginia, but who have a right to occupy them only in person, and not by proxy. This oblong square descends rather rapidly towards the south-west to the spring, which is surrounded by a small colonnade, with seats around it, generally filled by persons, many of whom are indifferently dressed, and are constantly smoking and spitting. Others are quietly waiting, with emaciated sallow faces, made ghastly with fever and ague, until the time comes to drink another glass of the sulphurated water, the gaseous effluvia of which extends far around. From these springs, other rows of cabins are visible, of an inferior kind, but all having a very unprepossessing look. One of these rows is called *FLY ROW*, from the myriads of flies which continually infest it. Other rows have still more objectionable names."—Vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

So much for the exterior appearance of the lodgings at the White Sulphur Springs! The interior is by no means more prepossessing; witness the comforts of No. 29, Alabama Row, in the solitary room of which Mr. F. obtained admission only by the threat of personal castigation to Mr. Andersen, the managing man of the hotel:—

"The room was an oblong, about 12 feet long, and very narrow, and, consequently, very inconvenient. The row was built against the side of a hill; and the room, which extended the whole width of the row, had two doors. The western one opened upon the hill, and you could step out upon it immediately; but the eastern, or principal entrance, was by a steep flight of broken and dangerous wooden steps. Furniture there was none inside, except two low bedsteads, coarsely put together with rough planks; and the narrow wooden frame on which I was to sleep was so broken-backed, that it tilted up in the middle. Finding it utterly impossible to sleep there, I had to get up again, after I had lain down, and make a tolerably even surface, by filling up the inequalities with articles from my own wardrobe. The mattress was full of knots, and what was the thing that was intended to be my pillow, I never ascertained; but a gentleman informed me that he and his wife having, after the usual vexatious delays, got into some room

resembling ours, as soon as they had lain down for the night, found their pillow not only very disagreeable from a sickening odour that came from it, but gifted with some curious hard knobs in it that were moveable; as it was out of the question to sleep upon it, he threw it on one side, and had the curiosity to examine it in the morning, when he discovered that they had not only put in a handful or two of dirty live feathers, but the necks, with the heads to them, of two chickens and a duck."—Vol. i. pp. 61, 62

The pleasures of "*Compulsion Row*," and its half-finished cottages, are, perhaps, one shade preferable to the questionable pillows of that of Alabama; if we except the comfort of hearing, through the space between the half-raised party wall and the roof, the drawling, sickening, ungrammatical holdings forth of a set of self-righteous neighbours, who varied their conversation about temperance societies, and the saints, with the usual accomplishments of drawling and spitting. How strange it is that even the love of dollars has not persuaded some one to raise a decent house at these justly celebrated springs, the very mine of wealth to an enterprising capitalist! Can it be true that comfort, cleanliness, and civility, would not only be lost upon, but absolutely distasteful to, the mass of the American visitors; and that they prefer pigging together in these wretched cabins, and doing their job-work at dinner, to decent rooms, and wholesome meals; whilst the few who care for these things are too idle to interfere, or too few to have any effect upon the society among which they exist! Repudiating, spitting, whittling, and nigger-driving, seem creature-comforts to the mass of the Americans.

Apropos of whittling. Every writer on America, from Basil Hall to Sam Slick, has had his hit at the American custom of whittling, or stick-shaving. Be the employment what it may, judging or arguing, legislating or smoking, out comes the knife, and gradually the legs and arms of tables and chairs, or any other bit of wood at hand, gets thinner and thinner, as the pile of shavings rises higher and higher at the feet of the operator. Will it be believed that this same unlicensed whittling is but in humble imitation of a prince of tyrants—ay, the free and enlightened Americans humbly follow the amusements of a Darius, a Cambyses, or a Xerxes. "When," says Ælian, "the king of Persia goeth on a journey, he carrieth no book wherewith to while away the tedium of the journey; nor doth he encourage deep or serious meditation; but he has with him in his chariot a thin tablet, and a small knife; and so, by scraping the former with the latter, doth dissipate the tedium of the journey."

But, to return to the society at the White Sulphur Springs, and its memorable huts, its wretched dinners, swarms of lodgers, faro table, and countless majors and colonels without commissions. Captains are seldom found in America above the position of tavern-keepers, whilst lieutenants do not exist but on the muster-roll of the militia. A reward might freely be offered for any one who had seen a live specimen of a lieutenant in the states. Our traveller varied in his titles; one called him doctor, because he geologized; another called him colonel; and a third, judge. The following is a good story, whether true or not:—

"A well-known gentleman, at Winchester, in this state, related an amusing anecdote to me on this sub-

jeet. Crossing the Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a ferry-boat, the ferryman said, 'Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward,' which he immediately did, observing to the man, 'I am not a major, and you need not call me one.' To this the ferryman replied, 'Well, kurnel, I ax pardon, and I'll not call you so no more.' Being arrived at the landing-place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said, 'My good friend, I am a very plain man; I am neither a colonel nor a major; I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?' The ferryman looked at him, and said, 'You are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry that wa'n't jist nobody at all, and I swar I'll not charge you nothing.'—Vol. i. p. 84.

Passing through Fincastle, our traveller came to the bank of the New River, at the time when America's sons were practically falsifying the first article of their declaration of independence. "All men are equal," says the theory; "All men are equal, except niggers," says the practice. Three hundred slaves, who had bivouacked the previous night in chains, were now hastening to cross the river, on their road to the sugar plantations of Louisiana, where the average of life for a sugar-mill slave is *seven* years. The utmost vigilance is required at such a place as that where our traveller met with the gang. The slave-driver knows well he has no mercy to expect, if his prisoner once gets the upper hand. The poor black, cheated and deluded as he is by fine promises, is too well aware of his future fate not to watch for every opportunity of escape. So long as the borders of the free states are within reach, the watch cannot be too strict, the flattery too gross, the stories of lands of plenty too high coloured. Gradually, as the bounds of the non-slave states are left behind, the danger of revolt diminishes, escape becomes useless where all are banded together to restore the prisoner as "*property*." There is much misrepresentation on the case of slavery in America. It is useless to deny the cruelties of the slave-drivers, but it is unfair to charge those cruelties on many, very many, of the slave-holders of the south. Mr. Featherstonhaugh's remarks seem so just and pertinent that we extract them at length:—

"All christian men must unite in the wish that slavery was extinguished in every part of the world; and from my personal knowledge of the sentiments of many of the leading gentlemen in the southern states, I am persuaded that they look to the ultimate abolition of slavery with satisfaction. Mr. Madison, the ex-President, with whom I have often conversed freely on this subject, has told me more than once, that he could not die in peace, if he believed that so great a disgrace to his country was not to be blotted out some day or other. He once informed me, that he had assembled all his slaves—and they were numerous—and offered to manumit them immediately; but they instantly declined it, alleging that they had been born on his estate, had always been provided for by him with raiment and food, in sickness and in health, and if they were made free, they would have no home to go to, and no friend to protect and care for them. They preferred, therefore, to live and die as his slaves, who had always been a kind master to them. This, no doubt, is the situation of many humane right-thinking proprietors in the southern states; they have inherited valuable plantations, with the negroes born upon them, and these look up to their master as the only friend they have on earth. The most zealous, therefore, of the abolitionists of the free states, when they denounce slavery, and call for its *immediate* abolition, overlook the conditions upon which

alone it could be effected. They neither propose to provide a home for the slaves when they are manumitted; nor a compensation to their proprietors. Without slaves, the plantations would be worthless; there are no white men to cultivate them; the newly-freed and improvident negroes could not be made available, and there would be no purchasers to buy the land, and no tenants to rent it. The abolitionists, therefore, call upon the planters to bring ruin upon their families without helping the negro. In the mean time the abolitionists, not uniting in some great practical measure to effect the emancipation of all slaves at the national expense, suffer the evil to go on increasing. The negro population amounts now to about two millions; and the question, as to the southern states, will, with the tide of time, be a most appalling one, viz. whether the white or the black race is to predominate.

"The uncompromising obloquy which has been cast at the southern planters by their not too scrupulous adversaries, is therefore not deserved by them; and it is but fair to consider them as only indirectly responsible for such scenes as arise out of the revolting traffic which is carried on by these sordid, illiterate, and vulgar slave-drivers—men who can have nothing whatever in common with the gentlemen of the southern states. This land traffic, in fact, has grown out of the wide-spreading population of the United States, the annexation of Louisiana, and the increased cultivation of cotton and sugar. The fertile lowlands of that territory can only be worked by blacks, and are almost of illimitable extent. Hence, negroes have risen greatly in price, from 500 to 1,000 dollars, according to their capacity. Slaves being thus in demand, a detestable branch of business—where sometimes a great deal of money is made—has very naturally arisen in a country filled with speculators. The soil of Virginia has gradually become exhausted with repeated crops of tobacco and Indian corn; and when to this is added the constant subdivision of property which has overtaken every family since the abolition of entails, it follows, of course, that many of the small proprietors, in their efforts to keep up appearances, have become embarrassed in their circumstances, and, when they are pinched, are compelled to sell a negro or two. The wealthier proprietors, also, have frequently fractious and bad slaves, which, when they cannot be reclaimed, are either put into gaol, or into those depôts which exist in all the large towns, for the reception of slaves who are sold, until they can be removed. All this is very well known to the slave-driver, one of whose associates goes annually to the southwestern states, to make his contracts with those planters there who are in want of slaves for the next season. These fellows then scour the country, to make purchases. Those who are bought out of gaol, are always put in fetters, as well as any of those whom they may suspect of an intention to escape. The women and grown-up girls are usually sold into the cotton-growing states, the men and the boys to the rice and sugar plantations. Persons with large capital are actively concerned in this trade, some of whom have amassed considerable fortunes. But, occasionally, these dealers in men are made to pay fearfully the penalty of their nefarious occupation. I was told, that only two or three months before I passed this way, a 'gang' had surprised their conductors, when off their guard, and had killed some of them with axes."—Vol. i. pp. 128—130.

THE STRUGGLE OF GENIUS WITH PAIN.

PAIN is not entirely synonymous with evil, but bodily pain seems less redeemed by good than almost any other kind of it. From the loss of fortune, of fame, or even of friends, philosophy pretends to draw a certain compensating benefit; but, in general, the permanent loss of health will bid defiance to her alchemy. It is

universal diminution, equally of our resources, and of our capacity to guide them; a penalty unmitigated, save by love of friends, which then first becomes truly precious to us; or by comforts brought from beyond this earthly sphere, from that serene Fountain of peace and hope, to which our weak philosophy cannot raise her wing. For all men, in itself, disease is misery; but chiefly for men of finer feelings and endowments, to whom, in return for such superiorities, it seems to be sent most frequently, and in its most distressing forms. It is cruel fate, for the poet to have the sunny land of his imagination, often the sole territory he is lord of, disfigured and darkened by the shades of pain; for one whose highest happiness is the exertion of his mental faculties, to have them chained and paralysed in the imprisonment of a distempered frame. With external activity, with palpable pursuits—above all, with a suitable placidity of nature, much, even in certain states of sickness, may be performed and enjoyed. But for him, whose heart is already over keen, whose world is of the mind, ideal—internal; when the mildew of lingering disease has struck that world, and begun to blacken and consume its beauty, nothing seems to remain but despondency, and bitterness, and desolate sorrow, felt and anticipated to the end.

Woe to him if his will likewise falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this new enemy! Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him—to torment him into madness. Alas! the bondage of Algiers is freedom compared with this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted, and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve is become an avenue of disgust or anguish; and the soul sits within, in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupified with excess of suffering, doomed as it were to a life in death, to a consciousness of agonized existence, without the consciousness of power, which should accompany it. Happily, death, or entire fatuity, at length puts an end to such scenes of ignoble misery; which, however, ignoble as they are, we ought to view with pity rather than contempt.

Such are frequently the fruits of protracted sickness in men otherwise of estimable qualities and gifts, but whose sensibility exceeds their strength of mind. In Schiller, its worst effects were resisted by the only availing antidote; a strenuous determination to neglect them. His spirit was too vigorous and ardent to yield even in this emergency. He disdained to dwindle into a pining valetudinarian; in the midst of his infirmities, he persevered with unabated zeal in the great business of his life. As he partially recovered, he returned as strenuously as ever to his intellectual occupations; and often, in the glow of poetical conception, he almost forgot his maladies. By such resolute and manly conduct, he disarmed sickness of its cruellest power to wound; his frame might be in pain, but his spirit retained its force, unextinguished, almost unimpeded. He did not lose his relish for the beautiful, the grand, or the good, in any of their shapes. He loved his friends as formerly, and wrote his finest and sublimest works when his health was gone. Perhaps no period of his life displayed more heroism than the present one. *Carlike's Life of Schiller.*

Amongst his irregularities, it must be reckoned that he (Rousseau) is sometimes moral, and moral in a very sublime strain. But the general spirit and tendency of his works is mischievous; and the more mischievous for this mixture: for, perfect depravity of sentiment is not reconcilable with eloquence; and the mind (though corruptible, not complexionally vicious) would reject, and throw off with disgust, a lesson of pure and un-mixed evil. These writers make even virtue a pander to vice.—*Burke.*

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE TWO GRIEFS.

NO. II. — LAMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN.¹

By S. M.

I GIVE thee to thy parent dust,
Thou loved and wasted form,
I murmur not, for God is just,
And I am but a worm;
I kneel upon thy grave, while prayer
Bursts from mine aching heart,
Ah, Saviour, reunite us, where
We cannot part!

Thou Merciful! My tears are balm,
My very grief is bliss;
How shall I thank Thee, for a calm
So deep and still as this?
The full assurance of my faith
Is built on Thy true word,
I know that there is life in death,
Life with the Lord.

Thou not condemnest that my tears,
So fast, so bitter, flow—
No, I may pour into Thine ears
The fulness of my woe;
I come as to a Friend, whose heart
Its humanness hath kept—
Who shall forbid my tears to start,
Since Jesus wept?

Thou know'st how hard it is to give
The love of years away,
Thou know'st 'tis bitterness to live,—
Yet not for death I pray;
I pray for patience—strength to bear
The burthen Thou hast given,
And faith to cheer my fainting prayer
With thoughts of heaven.

Yet, if a rebel thought oppose
Thy Spirit's pure control,
Oh, charge it on my mighty woes,
Not on my feeble soul!
By Thee, my weakness strength shall win,
In Thee, my soul shall live,
My grief Thou pitiest, and my sin
Thou wilt forgive!

Oh Faith, lift up my drooping love!
Tell of the promised Home,
The union, earth's chill clouds above,
Where parting cannot come!
In hope I kneel, for strength I pray,
And peace is surely won,
As from my bleeding heart I say,
Thy will be done!

(1) The passage in Mrs. Hemans's Journal, which suggests the contrast between the feelings of a Christian and an educated Heathen, under the greatest of earthly afflictions, as a fit subject for poetry, is to be found among the extracts from her private memoranda, given in her Life, by her sister. Another of these memoranda suggested the poem in "German Ballads and Songs," (Preside Library,) entitled "Odin's Sacrifice." The reader is requested to correct a misprint in "The Lament of the Heathen Sage;" to which, of course, the present little poem must be considered as a companion. The last two lines of the third verse should have stood thus:—

"Thy clear, bright, living eyes—oh mockery!
It is impossible that thou shouldst die!"

the word "why" at the end of the first line being an error; and in the third line of the 5th verse, *love* is erroneously printed for *lore*.

THE WIDOWER'S GARLAND.¹

HERE rests a mother. But from her I turn,
And from her grave.—Behold—upon that ridge,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the centre of the vale
Its rocks and woods—the cottage where she dwelt;
And where yet dwells her faithful partner, left
(Full eight years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a tale
Of sorrow and dejection: but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
See daily in that happy family.
—Bright garland form they for the pensive brow
Of their undrooping father's widowhood,
Those six fair daughters, budding yet—not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
Dearest, and desolate of soul, as once
That father was, and filled with anxious fear,
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,
That God, who takes away, yet takes not half
Of what he seems to take; or gives it back
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer;
He gives it—the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavours have refused to till,
And hope hath never watered. The abode,
Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,
Even were the object nearer to our sight,
Would seem in no distinction to surpass
The rudest habitations. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown
Out of the living rock, to be adorned
By nature only; but, if thither led,
Ye would discover then a studious work
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.
Brought from the woods, the honeysuckle twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
A hardy girl continues to provide;
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,
Her father's prompt attendant, does for him
All that a boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favourite herbs, a space,
By sacred charter, holden for her use.
—These, and whatever else the garden bears
Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
A not unfrequent pastime from the sight
Of the bees murmuring round their sheltered hives
In that enclosure; while the mountain rill,
That sparkling thrills the rocks, attunes his voice
To the pure course of human life which there
Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom
Of night is falling round my steps, then most
This dwelling charms me; often I stop short,
(Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth my sight
With prospect of the company within,
Laid open through the blazing window:—there
I see the eldest daughter at her wheel
Spinning amain, as if to overtake
The never-halting time; or, in her turn,
Teaching some novice of the sisterhood
That skill in this or other household work,
Which, from her father's honoured hand, herself,
While she was yet a little-one, had learned.
Mild man! he is not gay, but they are gay;
And the whole house seems filled with gaiety.

(1) See Engraving, page 97.

—Thrice happy, then, the mother may be deemed,
The wife, from whose consolatory grave
I turned, that ye in mind might witness where,
And how, her spirit yet survives on earth!
Wordsworth.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—Montaigne.

HYDER ALI'S REVENGE.

WHEN, at length, Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith, which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became, at length, so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function—fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.—Burke.

THE greatest of modern philosophers (Bacon) declares that "he would rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without mind."—Stewart.

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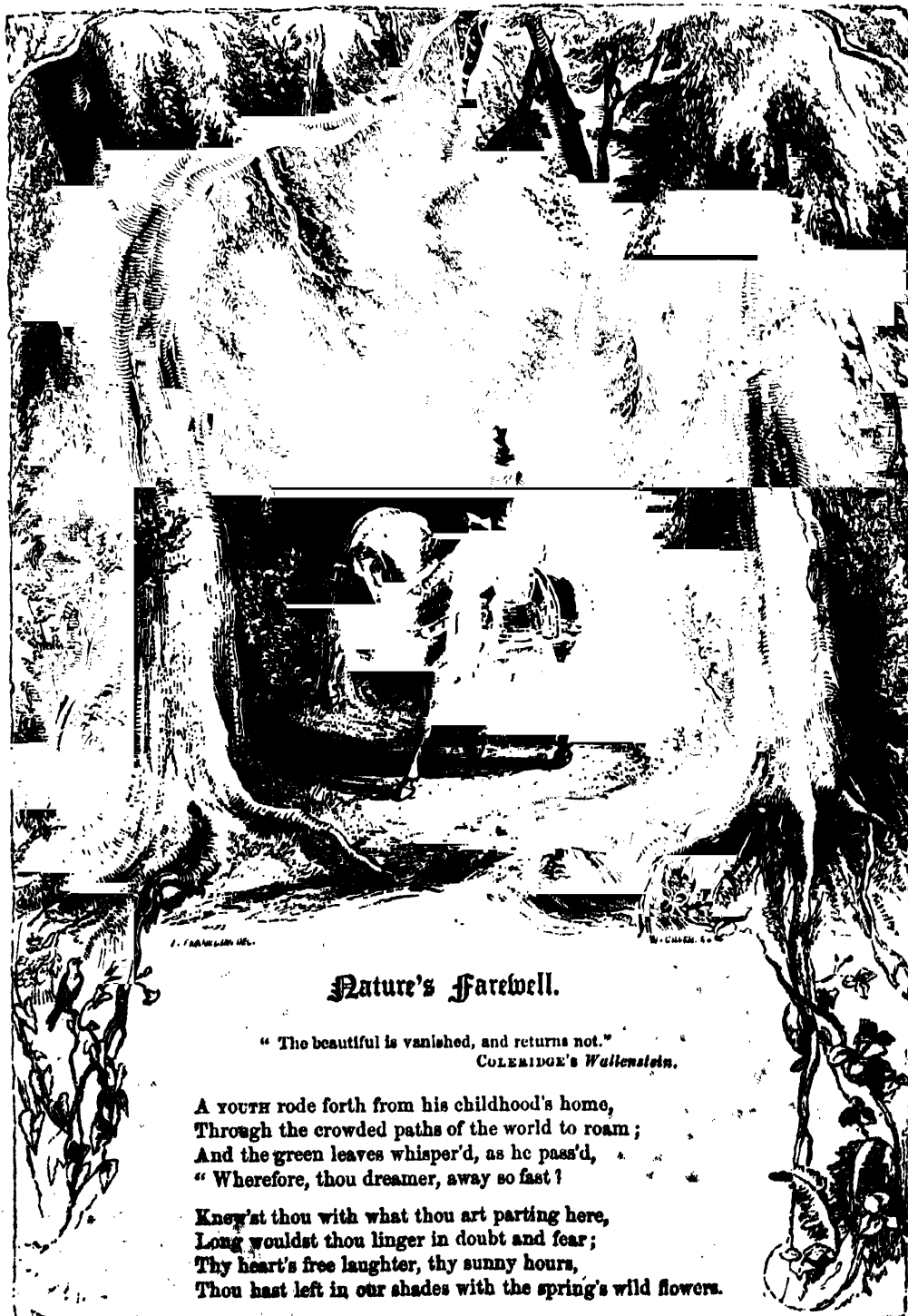
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Nature's Farewell.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam;
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?"

Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's free laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

Thou mayst come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet this strain;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell:
A change must pass o'er thee; farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth; and the fountains and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:—
"We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us? oh, yet delay!

Listen but once to the sound of our mirth;
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth!
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

Under the arch by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye have met there—oh, never more!"

On rode the youth; and, the boughs among,
Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sung:—
"Wherefore so fast unto life away?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!

Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;
Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—
What should it do for a burning heart?
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still!

Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone.
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer;—farewell, farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade;
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles nature spoke!

From Poems by the late Mrs. HEMANS.

LUCY COOPER.

(An Australian Tale.)

CHAP. I.

It is not the custom of this country to advert to the offence for which a prisoner has been transported. Many reasons induce me to observe a profound silence on this point, whilst I detail the eventful scenes in the life of Lucy Cooper, after her arrival in Australia. The name of the village in England where she was born, and even that of her family, are concealed on the same account. Lucy Cooper was the name by which she chose to be distinguished here, and I have adopted it under the impression that the truth of my narrative, and the impressive lesson it conveys, will suffer no material diminution from the change.

It was early in the year 1836, that the *Pyramus*, a convict ship, from Deptford, dropped her anchor in Sydney Cove. The morning had been obscure and moist, and the light on the South Head was first perceived about three o'clock. Towards five, the bold promontories of Sydney Harbour, now distinctly visible in the daylight, and distant about a mile asunder, lowered on

either bow; the middle head, within them, appeared to terminate the shallow bay; when, suddenly, an opening to the southward presented a channel for the further progress of the ship, which almost immediately opened to the westward, and displayed the noble waters of this celebrated port. The pilot had already assumed the direction of the vessel, which he had boarded from his whale-boat manned by four stout New Zealanders. The rain had gradually increased, until it assumed the settled character with which it is observed to descend in these latitudes, frequently for three or four days together, whilst the women had been ordered below, as well to secure them from the weather, as to prevent their hindering the crew in the important duty of working the ship. To those unhappy prisoners, therefore, two hundred and twenty-seven in number, the magnificent scenery of the Australian shores afforded no other joy, than the poor consolation that their perils by sea were terminated, and the privations and discomfort of a five months' voyage about to be exchanged for miseries yet untried. Under the most favourable circumstances, females on board ship experience annoyances which are unknown to the other sex; and the amusements of which they are capable, are still fewer than those which break the monotony of a sea life to men. But, under the restrictions of a prison-ship, with a miserable diet, and a scanty provision of things of humblest necessity, together with poor clothing, and the crowded decks, it needed only the profligacy of more than two hundred bad women, confined together within the narrowest limits, for such a protracted period, to render the *Pyramus* a dreadful place of confinement and distress. It was with pleasure, therefore, that the women made preparations to go on shore. What little improvement in their costume their humble means afforded, was soon effected; and the prisoners were mustered and handed over to the authorities. A large proportion of the women were immediately assigned to private service; and, amongst the rest, Lucy Cooper was allotted to the family of a barrister of some eminence, who immediately sent to have her conveyed to his country house.

Although every sentiment of piety had been almost extinguished by a succession of events that, for eleven months, had crowded upon each other with painful and confused rapidity; and the abandoned wretches, by whom she was surrounded, omitted no occasion to ridicule and insult the least tendency to promote decency and order, still more any reverence for the laws of God or man; the force of early habit prevailed so far, that, when Lucy set her feet once more upon the "dry land," an involuntary murmur passed her lips, expressive of her thankfulness to God. The landing-place projects far into the sea, being composed of massy stones, and affording a safe and easy footing. It leads to the northern extremity of the town, from whence the sea and land view are equally beautiful; and here a man was waiting, with a dray and four bullocks, ready to receive his fellow-servant, who was safely lodged among some packages of grocery, butcher-meat, and a basket of bread.

The slow pace of the bullocks, as they pursued their way down George Street, which is the principal street of Sydney, gave the stranger an opportunity of gazing at the rising opulence of this new capital. St. Philip's Church, the eldest born of the Church of England in the colony, was seen at the summit of a hill to the right, a few hundred yards removed from George Street; and still further on, to the left, the spire and church of

St. James were very conspicuous. The shops were full of business; the streets resounded with the hum of men; and evidence of the English origin of the place was no where wanting. Gradually, however, the houses ceased to be continuous; open fields, which are now covered with the habitations of men, succeeded; and the turnpike-gate, of English aspect and construction, proved the limit of the town. The roads were deep in mud and clay; deep ruts and pools swallowed up the wheels, and the gutters on either side of the streets rolled their headlong torrents down the brick-field hill. The rain fell continuously, and gave no signs of intermission. To wrap herself in a coarse great coat belonging to the driver, and to take refuge beneath the folds of a heavy tarpaulin which lay upon the dray, was a natural and obvious measure. Dejection and low diet made the young woman shrink and shudder on the jolting vehicle, and a few scalding tears coursed one another down her cheeks, as the helpless, homeless, friendless nature of her position forced itself upon her thoughts. But Lucy's meditations were soon interrupted. The dray stopped by the road-side, where a red bull's portrait indicated the presence of a public-house, one only of the very many which abound in the neighbourhood of Sydney. Here, without any attempt at concealment, an official of the inn picked a few stitches in the seam of a sack of flour deposited at the side of the dray; and having permitted the meal to flow forth in a full stream, which he received into a stable pail, he quickly disappeared with the plunder down a gateway. The driver looked on with apparent indifference, until the same person reappeared, bearing in each hand an overflowing glass of rum. The driver handed one of them to Lucy, and bade her "take a ball" to keep out the wet; at the same time he poured the contents of the other down his throat, and proceeded to light his short and blackened pipe. Lucy Cooper, however, without tasting the coarse and acrid stimulant, returned the glass to her fellow-servant, who testified no small amazement at her refusal to exhaust it, but showed no unwillingness to finish what his new acquaintance had left undone.

The bullocks resumed their plodding pace; the flour trickled from the dray into the mud; the rain continued to descend, and Lucy shrunk back into her shelter. At this moment a horseman, buttoned and cloaked up to the chin, suddenly drew up his powerful beast, and called upon the driver to stop his team. He swore vehemently at the man, and bade him secure the sack. "But stay," said he; "what scheme is this, Joe? Who cut the sack?"

"I don't know, sir," was the reply.

"Well," said his master, "I will make you know to-morrow morning, if you don't find out to night. Let us see,—the seam is opened, and your track is marked upon the road by a long white line. Get home as fast as you can, and I will follow you."

Joe sounded his heavy bullock-whip, and his sluggish cattle again set forward. But his master, intent upon tracing a clue so obviously presented to his scrutiny, trotted back to the Red Bull, whither the evidence of the flour guided him, and, taking to the gateway without inquiry or delay, seized upon John Ostler in the stable, with the pail of flour in his hand. A constable was immediately procured, who, at a single word from the horseman, carried off the ostler and his pail to the nearest watch-house, which in this colony stands open day and night for the reception of visitors. Although this scene passed with as little noise and delay as possible, the landlord from within was alarmed, and with many bows and scrapes to the horseman, begged to know what was the matter.

"I will tell you," said he, "to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. You will not give me the trouble, I am sure, to send for you. At the police-office, to-morrow morning."

"Yes, your worship," said the publican, and bowed the magistrate out of his stable-yard, who once more set

spurs to his horse, and plunged down the steep road towards home, scattering the mud and slush in all directions. He rode by the dray without further notice, and was soon out of sight. Three or four successive hills and valleys were passed on a road of ample width, enclosed on both sides by a four railed fence, and through a thickly wooded country, partly cleared and partly lumbered with trees, some standing, some fallen, and occasionally smouldering with a fire that had continued burning for many weeks. In this manner they passed Annandale and Elswick, and finally turned up a narrow lane, some three furlongs in length, at the end of which lay the garden and cottage residence of Feversham. In a secluded part of the road, Joe, having first looked around him to see that he was not observed, drew near the side of the dray, and explained to Lucy that the horseman who had thus preceded them was their master, and that he was apprehensive of the consequences of the robbery that had been committed. "Master," said he, "is a wide awake chap, and will spare neither of us; but, my girl," he continued, "shut your eyes and see nothing; shut your ears and hear nothing; shut your mouth and say nothing; or you will lead but a so so life, I can promise you." Lucy made no reply, but inwardly determined to use all the discretion she was mistress of, in dealing with her master and her fellow-servants, until she should learn with some certainty the true nature of her position.

Feversham house, built on the ground floor, after the fashion of this colony, was a quadrangle, open in the centre, and surrounded on three sides by a wide verandah, sustained by white columns of wood at due intervals. The south side, which in this hemisphere is rarely cheered by the sun, was occupied chiefly by the offices, and was without the shelter afforded to the other sides. Here Joe assisted Lucy to alight; and the poor girl, feeble with the privations of the voyage, ill-fed, and drenched with rain, could hardly summon strength to walk into the kitchen, whilst Joe proceeded to unload his dray, and deliver his cargo to Mrs. Caveat, who was waiting with her keys to see it safely deposited.

"I am afraid, ma'am," said Joe, "this here sack is bursted, and the flour lost; how's ever, there aint much on it gone."

"Ah! Joe, Joe, you are always meeting some misfortune. The Doctor is just come home, and says he will put a stitch or two between your shoulders to-morrow."

"Aye, aye," said Joe, "my back must suffer for it, I know. Whatever happens, the scourger is the man to set all to rights."

Two or three more of the men came up to assist in getting the dray unloaded, which was no sooner done, than the oxen were unyoked and turned into the paddock, the dray left standing at the kitchen-door, and the men retired to their huts to waste the day, which was wholly unfavourable for labour in the open air, and therefore spent in sleep, as soon as their scanty rations had been cooked and devoured.

Mrs. Caveat now returned to the kitchen, where an old and ill-favoured Irish woman was engaged at the washing-tub, stealing glances at the new comer, but without attempting to show her any kindness.

"What is your name, young woman," said Mrs. Caveat. "I am afraid you are very wet. But take off your shoes and stockings, and change your clothes, if your bundle contains a change, at least. Walsh shall give you a basin of hot tea and a damper, and then you shall tell the Doctor what happened upon the road; and mind you tell the truth, or you will begin by getting into trouble. The Doctor will be your friend if you deserve it; but he never pardons those who treat him ill." Mrs. Caveat left Lucy by the fire-side, which glowed in the midst of an Australian summer, with three or four logs of "iron-bark" lying on the bricks, and ministering flames to the blackened sides of a huge cauldron suspended from a ponderous bar in the

chimney, and neighbored by a boiler with a brass top, designated here as a "kitchen." The roof was unceiled, the rafters black with smoke; the window was not glazed, but furnished with the necessary complement of iron bars, a check curtain, partly drawn, and a wooden shutter of the clumsiest construction. The dresser and the shelves exhibited the shattered remnant of what had once been a costly service of crockery ware, now reduced by reckless servants and intruding poultry to the true colonial condition of shabby-genteel. A huge settle, a heavy but crippled cedar table, and a few three-legged stools, completed the furniture of the kitchen. Walsh, who, in obedience to her mistress's orders, had made a cup of tea, now pointed to the smoking beverage as it stood upon the table, and bade Lucy make it as sweet as she pleased. But Lucy looked for milk, which Walsh quickly understood, and said, "You will get no milk here, until you find the way to help yourself; all you prig you have; and if you go without, it is your own fault. Do not snivel, but drink your tea, and eat your bread; master will send for you in about an hour's time, when he has dined and taken his wine. But if he gets anything out of you against Joe, you will have reason to be sorry as long as you live. Take my advice, and keep your own counsel."

The forlorn and wretched girl was overwhelmed with her own miseries, rendered doubly oppressive by the circumstances of the weather and her situation. She could form no opinion of the extent and nature of the danger which threatened Joe or herself, and felt almost indifferent about whatever might befall her. However she gradually recovered her cheerfulness, and was replying to certain inquiries of her repulsive acquaintance, when a smart lad, in a pink jacket, who had been attending on his master at dinner, put his head in at the kitchen door, and said, "Now, then, Miss Newcome, it is your turn. Come this way, and show yourself. Joe is in it, and you have begun early. Mind your answers, and don't blow upon him. Come round by the verandah: these is the bed rooms; here is master's, and this is the dining-room." They had reached the north-east corner of the cottage; an outer door was opened, and Lucy found herself in the presence of Dr. Caveat. The room was covered with a magnificent Turkey carpet; there were three or four large paintings, done in a good style, upon the wall; a sideboard with a profusion of glass and plate; the windows were curtained, and every thing combined to testify to the wealth and consequence of the owner. Dr. Caveat had not removed from table; Mrs. Caveat, if she was entitled to the name, sat by his side; and a parcel of briefs and legal documents lay loose among the glasses and the fruit.

The Doctor, without looking round, began the conversation. "You are just landed, I believe," said he; "have you had a tolerable passage?"

"We were five months, and had a great deal of bad weather, sir."

"Had you any sickness on board?"

"A good deal, sir."

"How many deaths?"

"Thirteen deaths, sir; amongst the rest"—Lucy began to sob.

"Amongst the rest?"—continued the doctor, in a tone of inquiry.

"Amongst them, sir, was my poor sister."

"What was her age?—How old are you?"

"I am twenty, sir; my sister was twenty-one."

"Were you well treated?—Have you any complaints to make?"

"None at all; we were as well treated as our condition allowed, and better, I am sure, than we deserved."

"Well, I rejoice to hear you say so. My inquiries have hitherto been productive of some good, at any rate. Your name," continued Dr. Caveat, examining a scrap of paper which had been forwarded with the prisoner, whose description it bore, "your name, I see, is Lucy Cooper."

Lucy acknowledged her name in a quiet way, and without speaking.

"Well, Lucy," said the Doctor, whilst he sipped his wine, "do you remember seeing me upon the road?"

"I should not have known you again, sir," Lucy faltered out.

"You had halted at the Red Bull, had you not?"

"We stopped for a minute at a public-house, but I did not notice the sign, sir."

"What had you to drink?" demanded the Doctor.

"I drank nothing, sir," was Lucy's answer.

"I see," said Doctor Caveat, "you have already acquired the colonial accomplishment of keeping a secret. If you drank nothing, tell me girl, what did Joe drink?"

"I cannot say, sir," was Lucy's answer.

"Cannot and will not are all one," said Doctor Caveat, "but Joe shall tell us in the morning himself, if whipcord can make him speak. As for you, young woman, I was in hopes, from your youth and inexperience, to have found you faithful to my interest, and attached to my family—when you became acquainted with us, I mean—but you will choose your friends, I suppose, and go your own ways in spite of any thing I can offer you."

"Indeed, sir," replied Lucy, "I feel the want of a friend, and hope that my good conduct will recommend me to your consideration."

"Enough, enough, young woman," interrupted Mrs. Caveat, startled at a word or two that Lucy uttered, and not greatly pleased with the gentle tones in which they were conveyed; "if you have nothing further to communicate to the Doctor, you may go back to the kitchen. Walsh will find you something to do."

It would seem that the examination which had taken place had been diligently reported in the kitchen by him in the pink jacket, and had produced a favourable effect upon the company there assembled, which now consisted of Jenny Muckle from the laundry, an old Scotchwoman, Betsy Shindles, the cook, a young Londoner of three-and-twenty, the foresaid Anne Walsh, and Tom Collins, in the pink jacket, who had been born in the colony, and brought up in the Male Orphan School at Liverpool. These assigned women of the Doctor's, and the privileged boy, who had the run of the whole house from the kitchen upwards, and also visited the men's huts whenever he pleased, and who thus formed an easy mode of communication between all hands, and on that account had acquired the honourable appellation of Pug Mischief, were all regaling themselves upon that choice luxury of Australia, a cup of tea; and were calculating the probability of an amour between the Doctor and Lucy; the desirableness of a change in the executive by the removal of the acting Mrs. Caveat, and the suitableness of her prospective successor to the wants and wishes of the community there assembled.

Jealousy and the elder women were not unacquainted, notwithstanding all the disqualifications of original ugliness, and the dilapidations of a lengthened colonial service in the ranks of vice and debauchery; ceaseless exposure to the sun by day, and the visitations of mosquitoes by night; but with Betsy Shindles, who had already made some progress towards intimacy with her learned master, and whose hopes were accordingly raised much higher than the due value of her merits justified, that unpleasant feeling rose in her throat with suffocating power, and she gave vent to her uneasiness by staring at Lucy, and turning up her nose at her.

"I am glad you did not split upon Joe," said Walsh, "though I believe his luck's against him."

"Yes, he is booked for fifty before breakfast to-morrow," added Tom Collins.

"They'll curl his hair for him, pair fellow," said Jenny Muckle, turning her tea into a soup-plate that stood upon the dresser, and blowing upon the steaming surface; "we ne'er blow upon one another, lassie; that's aye the rule, and so you'll find it."

"Bring your pannikin, girl, and take your tea," said Walsh, who had been cooking the beverage since Lucy

first came in, "and see you get your rashions (rations) served out to you."

"Rashions," said Lucy, glad to say something, and yet unwilling to speak of master or servant, "what are rashions?"

A loud laugh followed this betrayal of ignorance, which a week's residence in the land would have rendered impossible.

"There is an innocent," said Shindles; "we must send her for some pigeon's milk."

But Walsh was inclined to patronize Lucy, and took upon herself to explain. "Your rashions is your week's whack."

"My what?" said Lucy.

"Well," said Tom Collins, "she is fresh, that's certain; I must teach you, Lucy, all about your rashions, and a thing or two besides."

"As if," interposed Betsy Shindles, "the ladies of the Pyramus were dumb, and did not enlighten one another. Such innocence won't do with me. I am not so flat, nor she neither, as all that comes to."

But the tea-party was broken up by the entrance of Mrs. Caveat into the kitchen, whereupon the ladies suddenly dispersed in various directions to resume the drudgery of their calling, which was now augmented a hundred fold by the deluge of rain streaming through the roof in various places, and soaking under the doors, whilst the unpaved courts were ankle deep in mud, the eaves dripped in torrents, the rain descended perpendicularly; there was no wind, no motion among the trees, no noise of any kind to break the dull monotony of a weeping day, in the midst of which the poor shoeless and drenched women paddled to and fro about their several occupations.

It was not any addition to Lucy's comfort during this first day at Faversham, that no employment was allotted to her to occupy her thoughts, and distract her mind from the intense feeling of loneliness and desertion which overwhelmed her. At length, however, the night came on, and very early in the evening, the women of the household crawled up a steep ladder into a close and heated cock-loft, subject alike to the rain and the influence of the sun, where, upon a stretcher bedstead and a straw mattress, each of the assigned servants wrapped herself in her blanket and horse rug, and after a long and tedious gossip fell asleep.

But, if the previous day had been rainy in the extreme, the following morning was as delightful and splendid. Long before sunrise, the whole of the eastern firmament glowed with rosy brightness. There was not a single cloud to be seen. The sloping sunbeams now poured their radiance from the Annandale ridge, lighting up ten thousand jewels in the grass, wet with the blessing of yesterday. A bed of monthly roses, which nearly closed the north verandah, glistened with the drops, and bore as many flowers as leaves; the garden plots were full of the choicest plants, English and Australian, whilst the cleared land rose in many an undulating slope, till in the distance it was closed by the bush, full of gigantic trees and smaller shrubs. The cows were slowly returning to their pasture in the bush, having been early brought to the pail, or, in Colonial phrase, having been early bailed up, a process which consists of securing the head of the beast between two stout posts, and oftentimes accompanied by securing one of her hinder feet with a leg rope. Nothing can be finer than the early morning; but the heat soon becomes more and more oppressive, until towards ten o'clock a breeze generally rises and mitigates the ardent ray. But servile occupations and the enjoyments of nature are somewhat incompatible; the wearied wretch rises from his bed little refreshed by sleep, which swarms of mosquitoes interrupt; and the day brings with it only a succession of toil, and a new series of annoyance and temptations. Something, moreover, had evidently occurred during the night, as was manifest by the whispering of certain of the women, and the uneasy attention which every circumstance obviously

excited. At length, when Doctor Caveat left his room, it was understood, without further reserve, that Joe, the driver, had run away from his master's service in the night, or, in the Colonial phrase, had taken to the bush, accompanied by a younger man named Burton, who had chosen to go with him, although under no immediate provocation. Dr. Caveat's service was peculiarly severe; the toil, perhaps, was not heavier nor of longer duration than elsewhere, but there were no circumstances of alleviation, no kindness of manner, nor forbearance. Punishment followed offence infallibly; it was always more severe than the demerit, and not unfrequently quite undeserved. Doctor Caveat was looked upon, therefore, with much dislike; to which the contrast of his practice with his opinions gave additional weight; for he always advocated liberal opinions, proclaimed the natural rights of the people, and was a decided and uniform opposer of all the measures of government. Besides all this, he exacted with watchful rigour the full labour of his men, at the same time that he took every unfair advantage of them in the quality and quantity of their rations: for these reasons, his character was widely known from one end of the Colony to another; and there was, perhaps, not a single ironed gang in New South Wales, in which his name and conduct were not freely discussed and rendered odious. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Joe should have come to the resolution he had taken, amidst the encouragement of his companions, and under the well-grounded apprehension of a punishment hardly less severe than that in store for him, should it be his fate to be re-captured and dealt with accordingly.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, KNT.

WHO is there that has not heard of the renowned Sir Richard Whittington, the thrice lord mayor of London, and, probably, the only one who was thrice buried? His name is a household word; we learned to lip it with the imperfect accents of early childhood, when the adventures of himself, and of his immortalised cat, were to us as a pleasant tale. In after years, still mindful of our early impressions, we think of him with yet greater admiration, for his industry, his integrity, his munificence, and his piety: still do we remember the industrious servant, the prosperous merchant, and the munificent benefactor to that city, over which he thrice presided as chief magistrate. Other nursery tales lose their interest with us, as we grow up; the impossibility of some, and the fact of our not feeling any sympathy with others, cause them to become to us as forgotten dreams; save when we hear them mentioned by our children. But the story of "Whittington and his Cat" possesses attractions for all, of a peculiar nature.

It is well remarked by Mr. Thoms,¹ that "the nursery story of 'Whittington and his Cat,'—the main incident of which is one of the most remarkable and wide-spread in the whole circle of legendary lore, as the reader may learn from Keightley's 'Tales and Popular Fictions,'—affords striking evidence of the influence of national character upon the popular tales of a country. Neither in the *Bibliothèque Bleue* of the French, nor in any of the German *Volksbücher*, is there to be found any similar tale, developing, as this obviously does, the two grand principles of action which distinguish the merchants of England,—integrity and perse-

¹) Stow's Survey of London, edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq. F.S.A. 1842; p. 91.

verance. Tales of love, and tales of war, are there in plenty; but a tale in which the success of the hero is made to depend upon the happy issue of a commercial enterprise, could only be expected to have its rise among a people, whom Buonaparte, in the bitterness of his heart, designated 'a nation of shopkeepers.'

"The earliest narration of Richard Whittington's adventures, is in Johnson's 'Crown Garland of Golden Roses,' 1612; but a still earlier allusion to the 'famous fable of Whittington and his Puss,' is in the play of 'Eastward Hoc,' written soon after 1603; and the popularity of the story is shown by Granger, ('Biographical History of England,' i. 65,) who, describing the print of Whittington, engraved by Elstrake, in which he is represented in a collar of SS., with his right hand on a cat, adds:—'The cat has been inserted, as the common people did not care to buy the print without it: there was none, originally, in the plate, but a skull in the place of it. I have seen only two proofs of the portrait in its first state, and these were fine impressions.'"

Of how much fabulous matter the history of Sir Richard Whittington—and, chiefly, that pertaining to his cat, (certainly the most celebrated one that ever existed,)—might be divested, we cannot now determine. Born of humble parents, and left an orphan at a tender age, it is probable that a great part of his boyhood was occupied in such manual labour as he was capable of undertaking; save the portions passed in the school of a monastery, if the neighbourhood possessed one of those places, which formerly filled the gap now occupied by our hospitals and our public schools—where he would lay the foundation of that learning which was eventually to be of service to him, as a merchant-prince, a worshipful knight, and the head of the most opulent and powerful corporation in the world.

We need not his quarrel with the cross cook, nor his memorable resting near the foot of Highgate-hill, nor his listening to the sound of the Bow-church bells, and returning to the city, nor his cat and its eventful exportation, nor the grim-visaged emperor of Morocco, nor the mice which the aforesaid awful face failed to scare from his table;—we need none of these to give to Whittington a charm and an interest, which are not equalled in the history of the whole of the other lord mayors of London. He stands alone. As he succeeded (after a period of seventeen years) Sir William Walworth in the mayoralty, we may conclude that he was a cotemporary of him, who also stands out from the long list, and occupies a prominent place in the city annals, and in English history, as having knocked from his horse the rebel, Wat Tyler. Before proceeding, we may just premise, that Whittington's history commences in the latter end of the long reign of Edward III., A. D. 1326—1377.

We see Richard Whittington leave his fatherless home, and, with a tearful eye, turn his back on the pleasant village which had given him birth,¹ his

little bundle of clothes hanging over his shoulder, — to seek his fortune in London, whose streets of "golden pavement" he longed to see. After a long and a weary journey, he finds himself on the summit of a hill; and, stretched out before him, in the south, is a city, more vast and mightier than any he had seen in his travels. The glorious array of the unnumbered towers and spires, overtopped by the cross on the spire of the cathedral church of St. Paul,² looked dim in the dense cloud of smoke resting over them; and his heart tells him, *that* is the city of his destination; but little wots he that he is, eventually, to become its chief magistrate. Passing through the village of Iseldon,³ his impatience brings him along Aldresgate; and he soon finds himself in the bustling centre of the city, at the end of West-Cheape,⁴ near the cathedral of St. Paul. How magnificent does it appear to him! (exceeding in dimensions any we now have in England,) its loftiest part crowned, then as now, with the symbol of redemption. Here, then, is Richard Whittington, in the heart of London,

"Unknowing and unknown."

How sinks the heart of the poor orphan-boy, in the throng and crowd of that busy thoroughfare! Nothing is so impressive as the *solitude* of a vast city, to the poor and indigent stranger. Of the numberless persons who pass him, none are like the old familiar faces of his native village; and he is now oppressed with feelings of a greater loneliness and desolateness than he had hitherto felt, even when crossing the dismal heath and the gloomy forest, on his journey hither. He enters the church, and his heart is relieved of much of its sadness, as he joins in the same services to which he had been accustomed at his home.

He was soon fortunate enough to enter into the service of Hugh Fitzwaren, a merchant of London. But here he was persecuted by an elder fellow-servant; and at length, weary of his sufferings, he resolved to leave London, and bend his steps back towards his native village. This he did, on the morning of the feast of Allhallows, now known among us as All Saints' Day.

Before he commenced the ascent of the long hill of Highgate, he sat down by the way-side to rest himself. The south wind, which was then blowing rather fresh, bore on its wings the sound—that for some time had been familiar to his ears—of the bells of the parish church of St. Mary-le-Bow; and, as he listened to their well-known tones, he half fancied—as others have done—that there was speech and language in the harmonious peal. Listening, with a saddened spirit, to the bells, he imagined they repeated the distich, which is now so familiar to all:—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."⁽⁵⁾

Those bells, and that fancy of the poor youth, were the means of his attaining the eminence to

yet current in that neighbourhood. But the long distance from London, (nearly 300 miles,) the bad state of the roads, and the great inconvenience of travelling, in his time, render it very improbable that Whittington was born in Cumberland.

(2) The height of the spire of the fine old church of St. Paul, when Whittington came to London, was 520 feet. The magnificence and extent of that pile, which was destroyed in the great fire, A. D. 1666, may be inferred, from comparing its dimensions with those of the present building, erected by Sir C. Wren. The height of the present cross is only 356 feet.

(3) Now Islington.

(4) Now Cheapside; formerly called West-Cheape, to distinguish it from East-Cheape.

(5) At that time the peal contained only six bells.

(1) Hugh Todd, D. D., sometime prebendary of Carlisle, in his MS. "History of the Diocese of Carlisle,"—speaking of the parish of Great Salkeld, Cumberland,—says, that in his time, (circa 1660—1728) it was reported, that Sir Richard Whittington, third lord mayor of London, was born of poor parents, within that parish; that he built the church and tower from the foundation; and that he intended presenting three large bells to that parish, which, by some mischance, stopped at Kirkby-Stephen, in Westmoreland, on their way to Great Salkeld. A similar tradition is

which he succeeded in after years. He still listened, and still did the merry peal seem to repeat the same couplet in yet more distinct tones. This was "the tide in his affairs," which led to fortune. Gathering up his stick and his bundle, he *did* "turn again;" and hope inspirited him as he wended his way back to the smoke-covered city. Here he remained in the service of the same kind master under whose roof he had before dwelt, gradually rising in his estimation and confidence.

We may now recur to a later period of his history. In a few years we find him married to his master's daughter, the fair mistress Alice, a worthy wife for such a husband. In process of time, he rose to wealth and importance as a British merchant; and after serving the office of sheriff of the city of London, he was thrice elevated to the dignity of Lord Mayor. He enjoyed the confidence of Richard II., and of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, for whose good estate the master, fellows, and others of the college which he founded, were enjoined to pray. He appears to have died between 1419 (the last year of his mayoralty) and 1422, as in the latter year we are told that "the west gate of London was begun to be built by the executors of Richard Whittington."¹

He was buried in the church of St. Michael-de-Paternoster, near Tower Royal. We learn from Stow, that "this church was new built, and made a college of St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by Richard Whittington, Mercer, four [three] times mayor, for a master, four fellows, masters of arts, clerks, conducts, chorists, &c., and an alms-house, called God's house, or hospital, for thirteen poor men, one of them to be tutor, and to have sixteen pence the week; the other twelve, each of them to have fourteen pence the week for ever, with other necessary provisions, a hutch with three locks, a common seal, &c. These were bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, Knight, and dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwaren, and Dame Molde his wife; the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife; for King Richard II.; and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington."² This foundation was suppressed at the Reformation, by the statute of Edward VI. As his charities were not allowed to remain, so neither did they allow his bones to rest in peace. Stow says, "This Richard Whittington was in this church³ three times buried; first, by his executors, under a fair monument; then in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of that church, thinking some great riches (as he said) to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again, the second time, to be buried (!!); and in the reign of Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up, to lap him in lead as afore, to bury him the third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again, which remaineth; and so he resteth."⁴

The infamous treatment which the body of Whittington received from the mean-hearted "parson of that church," in the reign of Edward VI.,

and the apparently disgraceful and slovenly manner in which he was again buried, seem to have rendered it imperative on the parishioners of the time of Queen Mary, to exhume the remains, and to re-inter them with decency. Nor is this all. It appears that his monument was "broken," if not utterly destroyed, as is implied in the words, "to place his monument, or the like, over him again."

Of some of the other charities of Whittington, honest Stow can tell us:—"In the year 1421 [he] began the library of the Grey Friars, in London, to the charge of four hundred pounds. His executors, with his goods, founded and endowed Whittington College, with alms-houses for thirteen poor men; and divinity lectures, to be read there for ever. They repaired St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in Smithfield; they bare some charges to the glazing and paving of the Guildhall; they bare half the charges of building the library there;⁵ and they built the west gate of London, of old time called Newgate," &c.⁶

Whittington's College, (or alms-houses,) was rebuilt about twenty years since, within five hundred yards of the place where he is said to have sat and heard the bells of Bowchurch. It consists of a chapel, houses for the chaplain and the matron, and twenty-eight residences for the inmates. In the centre of the ground fronting the college, is a statue of the founder, represented as a boy, sitting, and lifting up the fingers of his right hand, attentively listening to the bells. He is dressed in a tunic, with a belt round his waist, and he has his bundle and stick. One shoe is taken off, apparently to ease his foot. Some miscreants have broken off some of the fingers and toes, and his stick is also broken.

We never pass the place, near the foot of Highgate-hill, pointed out by the stone that bears his name, and which is traditionally said to be the spot where Whittington, the friendless boy, sat and rested himself, but we remember his eventful history; we think of the manifold troubles of his early life, and the years of opulence and dignity of which they were the precursors. The blessings of Providence, which so remarkably attended him, he gratefully acknowledged, as we have seen, in works of benevolence, of alms-deeds, and of pious munificence. "He delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him: and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. . . . He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame."⁷ The nursery tale, commemorating his life, which is so eagerly listened to in childhood, may be the means of inciting many, as they grow up, to such industry and integrity as characterised the life of Whittington. Other men may have done like virtuously, and also have been thrice Lord Mayor;⁸ but the nursery tale has embalmed his memory more surely than the spices and the swathing of the Egyptian mummies; and the very children have learned his fame. So long as London retains its unapproachable pre-eminence,

(5) It appears, from Stow, that their library was robbed by Edward, Duke of Somerset, lord protector, who sent for the books, "with promise to be restored," "but they were never returned."

(6) Stow's Survey, ed. 1842, p. 41.

(7) Job xxix. 12, 13, 15.

(8) Henry Fitz Alwin, the first mayor, filled the office from 1st of Richard I., until the 15th of the reign of King John, upwards of twenty-one years. On the other hand, the year 1484 was remarkable for its three sheriffs, and three lord mayors, "by means of the sweating sickness, &c."

(1) Stow's Survey.

(2) *Ibid.* ed. 1842, p. 91.

(3) St. Michael-de-Paternoster.

(4) Stow's Survey, ed. 1812, p. 91.

as a city of merchant princes—so long as Britain remains an empire, and the mistress of the seas—so long as the English is a living language—so long will the memory of Sir Richard Whittington live in the hearts of Englishmen, a pleasing example of the distinguished manner in which the Almighty does occasionally bless the labours of his servants.

WOMAN'S WILL;

OR, THE NEW PALFREY.

(From the German of Langbein.)

SIR HUGO had reached his fiftieth year unmolested by any passion save an ardent one for a flowing goblet. Instead of love passages, his delight was in tournaments, whence he always returned victorious. At length, he was flung from the saddle of his indifference by the beardless tilter, *Love!* He saw Angelica, the fairest maiden of the land, forgot his grey hairs, and, unmindful of the incongruity of an union between May and December, led her to the nuptial altar. Fortunately, Angelica was modest as she was fair, and her firm virtue repulsed the numerous butterflies that swarmed round the opening flowers of her beauty. Sir Hugo knew the tried virtue of his consort, and therefore was she to him dear and precious as the apple of his eye.

One morning he rode out to pay a visit to a neighbouring brother-in-arms, his honest squire, Conrade, trotting after him. Scarcely had they proceeded half way, when the knight suddenly stopped, and cried—

"Come here, Conrade; a most tormenting thought has just occurred to me. This is the very day that Father Nicholas comes to the Castle to say mass for my dear wife and myself, and I am not at all inclined to have him in my abode during my absence; so gallop back, and desire your lady, in my name, not to admit the priest."

Conrade paused, and shook his head, as if in doubt, and replied, "Excuse me, noble sir, but perhaps the Lady Angelica, if left to her own discretion, will do what you wish."

"A curse on your *perhaps*," exclaimed the knight; "I make all sure by giving the order."

"Do you think so?" replied the squire; "now I, in my simplicity, believe exactly the contrary. Take the advice of your faithful servant for once in your life; let things take their course, and give no orders upon so delicate a point."

"A fig for your delicacy!" cried Sir Hugo, angrily; "what absurd fancies have you got in your head to-day? Do you think an hour's ride back a task so very tedious?"

"Oh! if it comes to that, sir," rejoined Conrade, "I have no more to say." He put spurs to his horse, and rode back to the Castle.

Angelica saw him galloping up, and cried, in terror, from the window, "What has brought you back in such haste? Has any accident happened to my lord?"

"None whatever, gracious lady," answered Conrade, "but the noble knight was apprehensive that some accident might happen you, if by any chance you took a fancy to ride Sultan."

"I ride—ride the large greyhound!" exclaimed Angelica, in utter astonishment. "I believe you are drunk or mad. . . . It is impossible that your master can have sent me so ridiculous a message."

"Ay, but he did, though," pursued the squire; "and my noble master said, at the same time, that he knew Sultan would bite terribly, not being accustomed to be made a pony of; and he therefore begs that you will not attempt to divert yourself in that way." Having said this, he again mounted his horse, and galloped off to rejoin his master.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated Angelica. "The folly of Sir Hugo is so strange, that I am almost tempted to believe it all a wild dream. What does he mean? Is it not enough that I have hitherto tried to read his every will and wish, and when known, obeyed them implicitly; and do I deserve that he should stretch his power so far, and play the capricious, haughty tyrant? Now, I see that to be too submissive, too softly compliant, is not the way to treat him: the worm that crawls the dust is trampled upon. But no, sir knight, it is not gone quite so far with us yet; in spite of you, I will ride Sultan; and you may thank yourself, as, but for your message, such a thing would never have entered my head."

Her soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed her that Father Nicholas had arrived, and was in the ante-chamber. "I cannot receive his visit to-day," said the consort of Sir Hugo, "for my lord is absent. Give this as my excuse to the reverend Father, and beg of him to return to-morrow."—"With all due respect to Father Nicholas," continued she, when left to herself, "he shall not spoil my pleasant ride. Now, if my pony were but here! He must have an easy gait, and his teeth—I do not fear: he is as quiet as a lamb. Oh! how I shall delight in this twofold pleasure of showing the surly old fellow that I care neither for him nor his orders; and of trying a pastime that is, at least, a novel one!" Through every corner of the house resounded now her cry of "Sultan! Here, boy! Sultan! Sultan!"

The immense, but docile animal sprang from a bone upon which he was feasting, and was at her side in an instant. Caressing him till she got him into a room, the door of which she shut,

"Now, friend Sultan," cried his fair mistress, "no growl, no bite, and all is safe." With her snow-white hand she continued stroking and patting his huge back for some minutes, and then in the hope that, if only through gratitude, he would comply with her fancy, she mounted her new steed. He showed his teeth a little, in some doubt what all this meant, but she soothed him again into a good humour, and patient endurance of the novel burthen; but he thought this quite enough, and did not stir from the one spot. Angelica was naturally not much pleased with being thus stationary; she therefore gently goaded him with her leg, but to no trot would Sultan condescend; he remained motionless as before, while something very like a growl escaped from his immense and fear-inspiring jaws. Out of all patience, she now exclaimed,—

"You shall feel the spur then, you lazy brute!" and drove her heel into his side. He now growled audibly, but stirred not an inch; she repeated her blow. This was too much for canine patience; he made a spring, and as she fell at full length upon the floor, he turned and bit her hand. The dismounted rider bedewed the floor with a few tears, and then sprang up to turn out of the room the uncourteous brute who had thus rudely shown how little he understood play.

Towards evening Sir Hugo returned, and inquired with suspicious haste whether Father Nicholas had been there.

"Oh yes, he was here," answered Angelica, "but I ventured to refuse him admittance."

The knight cast a triumphant glance at his squire, and whispered him, "Now, old Wisdom, do you see the use of my orders?"

Conrade, who, as may be supposed, had said nothing of the alteration he made in the substance of his embassy, shrugged his shoulders with a smile, unperceived by his master, who had turned again to his consort, and now first perceived that she wore a bandage upon her soft hand. He immediately inquired the cause.

"Sultan bit me," said Angelica; "and it is all your fault, Sir Hugo," added she, sobbing.

"My fault!" cried the knight.

"Yes, your fault, and nobody but yours," retorted his

spouse. "If you had not sent me word by Conrade not to ride the nasty mischievous brute, such a mad trick would never have entered my head."

In mute astonishment the knight hurried out to seek an explanation from his squire, who had slipped away when Angelica began her complaint. "What message did you bring your lady?" demanded he.

Conrade now confessed the truth.

"Were those the orders I gave you, scoundrel?" said the enraged Sir Hugo.

"Certainly not," replied the squire; "but you will own that I have made my point good. You may now see how it would have been had I given your order about the young priest. My noble lady is a model for her sex, and almost an angel; but still she is a daughter of Eve, who seems to have bequeathed to all her lineal female descendants her own spirit of perverseness. And we have only to remember the Lady Angelica's pleasant ride upon Sultan, to be convinced that it has lost none of its vigour in the *descent*."

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

(Translated from the French.)

It is nearly thirty years ago, when I was a judge of the State Council, that I received a commission to inspect the prisons and hospitals of several departments. The fulfilment of this duty took me to the town of —, to visit the Lunatic Asylum there. I had surveyed the portion of the building where the men were confined; the steward and physician had accompanied me from cell to cell, pointing out, with all the coolness of habit, every variety in this mournful spectacle. These excellent men, whose lives were patiently devoted to their melancholy duties, who had dedicated themselves with zeal to this work of humanity, seemed to be shewing me the rooms of a museum, and explaining objects of natural history. They gratified my curiosity; they related to me acts of insanity which I had not the opportunity of witnessing; they recounted fits of frenzy of some of the wretched beings whom I beheld calm and prostrate in a corner of their cell; they encouraged the conversation of those lunatics, who were so tractable as to be allowed to wander about their cells.

Their cheerful manner of speaking to them bore almost the appearance of gaiety, and I, who am far from being capable of such self-sacrifice, such devotion; I, who in my whole life shall not do as much good as they did in a day, could not conquer my emotion: feelings of repugnance and pity froze my heart, and made my hair stand on end. I longed to finish this sad visit, and to get out of this painful abode. We went into the hospital of the women: I was first conducted into a room where the Sisters of Charity were attending as superintendents to the duties of the infirmary. After some words addressed to the Superior, we were about to proceed on the new round, when we saw a young sister approach the physician, and ask him timidly, and in a faltering voice, "How is he to-day?" I looked at her attentively; she appeared to possess beauty, but had a countenance of deep melancholy. The physician replied, "What can you expect?—there can be no change." Then, turning to me, "She asks," he said, "after one of the lunatics in whom she is much interested." And the steward added, "It is the one in No. 17, at the end of the passage; I pointed him out to you." In fact, I recollected a young man, that I had seen tied to his bed, struggling with his bonds and shrieking fearfully.

"Why is she interested in this wretched man?" asked I.

"It is a very melancholy story, sir," answered the physician.

The Sister of Charity, perceiving that we were speak-

ing of her, retired directly. An expression of absolute despair was depicted on her face.

The Superior then addressed me, saying, "Sir, if you wish to know the terrible affliction which brought Sister Margaret here, and which induced her to take this vocation, I will let you read the account written by herself. When she came to us, the poor girl had not strength to tell us her history. She had written it circumstantially, and put it into my hands."

I hastened to conclude my visit; my imagination was affected by what I had seen and heard. The mournful countenance of the Sister of Charity was constantly before my eyes. I felt no longer any interest or sympathy in the distressing sights around me. I completed mechanically my affair of inspection. When I came out, the Superior placed a roll of paper in my hands. I returned home directly, and read the following narrative:—

"I am the only daughter of a well-known physician, in the Province of —. He had the reputation of a learned, skilful, and honourable man. He had particularly devoted himself to the study and care of mental maladies. After the death of my mother, he had even founded an asylum for the insane, and occupied himself there, as much from benevolence as from love of his profession. The house was large, and the garden extensive; the unfortunate patients were not numerous, and each of them could be attended with the greatest care. As for me, I inhabited a separate part of the building, with my father: he did not choose me to witness the frightful spectacle of violent insanity. I never approached the body of the building where the lunatics subject to rigorous treatment were confined; still I sometimes heard their cries, and never without shuddering. But those who were harmless, or whose convalescence was certain, were allowed to walk in the garden. They were left almost at liberty; often they even approached our part of the building, and could easily have opened the trellis-gate which separated the garden from the little inclosure reserved for ourselves. They were not allowed to come in, but the keepers were not there; besides, it was my father's wish that these poor creatures should be treated with extreme gentleness.

One day that I was seated on a bank, where I was accustomed to read or work, I found a young man, that I did not know, there. I immediately drew back, and even felt a species of alarm. 'Ah! madam,' he said to me, 'it is a very cruel fate to inspire such repugnance, that even compassion is stifled.' These words made a painful impression on me. I should have reproached myself for giving pain to a being already so unhappy: the idea of causing in him a sensation which might increase or renew his malady, also arose in my mind. I had heard my father say, that frequently a painful impression, however transient, might bring on attacks of insanity, and renew mental disorder. 'Sir,' said I, 'do you wish to speak to my father?' He understood that I feigned to take him for a stranger. 'I belong to the establishment, madam,' he replied, 'I am one of those unhappy men whom your father hopes to cure; you know this well. I alarm you; but tranquillize yourself, I hurt no one. It is even said, that I am more rational latterly. To prove it to you, I leave you; I ought not to be here; it is forbidden—is it not?' He arose, and withdrew quietly, leaving me much disturbed. I told my father of this meeting. 'He really is very gentle,' said he, 'and the disease of his mind does not appear very serious. I even hesitate whether I should not receive him into the house. In the eyes of most people he would have passed for sane, as much as those who are at liberty; but I have been so much accustomed to these unfortunate maladies, that I feel assured this case will increase, and get worse; therefore I have put him under a salutary discipline, and, above all, kept him away from every circumstance under which his reason has become disturbed.' I asked my father, with some interest, in what his madness consisted. 'It will appear strange, yet it is not without example; he

thinks himself mad, he proves himself to be insane, and is in despair. Nothing can dissuade or console him; no occupation, no study can succeed in diverting him. He believes himself incapable of doing anything; he cannot follow reading, and says that he cannot understand—that the connexion of ideas escapes him; this, in fact, is the case. He himself came and asked to be admitted among my patients. "I ought to be there," said he, "that is my proper place; I am not fit to be among rational people." He asked to see the rooms; he chose his own; had all his furniture taken there, made all his arrangements, and took possession of them on the appointed day. This is about three weeks ago. Since that time I think him better. His regular way of living agrees with him. Out of this place, the rallying of his friends excited him. This idea became rooted because it was combated. Here no one mentions it to him, and he mentions it to no one. I never try to prove to him that he is sane; but, without as yet avowing it, he compares himself with the other madmen. The disorder of their ideas strikes him, and, by returning to himself, he begins to be persuaded that, in fact, he is not like them.

"These details interested me. On the following days, I sometimes asked my father after this young man. 'His malady has changed its character a little,' he told me one day. 'He has fits of frenzy; but that is not a reason for despairing of his cure; only I must not leave him in the neighbourhood of other patients, whose attacks might produce on him a contagious effect. I am inclined to give him a room in our wing. If during some days he has no fresh attack, I will decide on doing so. This young man interests me; I am determined to cure him.'

"About a week afterwards, I was seated on my bank, when I saw him quietly open the gate of our inclosure. As he was entering, one of the keepers ordered him, in a harsh tone, to return to the garden, and even advanced to take him. A sort of shuddering came over the patient, and a light gleamed in his eyes, and he appeared shocked at this rudeness. I felt frightened—his eye was fixed upon me; he understood my sensations, and grew calm immediately; his looks became submissive, humble, and dejected; he quietly obeyed the keeper, when my father, who had seen everything from the window, called out, 'No, leave him alone; there is no harm in it.' The young man turned back. 'Oh! how kind you are,' he said. The sound of his voice dissipated my fears: he came near me, and sat down on the bank. 'I have suffered much,' he said, 'since the last time I came here; my illness has made terrible progress. I know it too well; your father would not believe me. All is over for me: I have a horror of life, such as Providence has destined me to. I do not know how I dare appear before you; I am ashamed of my state. Can you conceive it, madam—it was necessary to bind me, and I tried to kill them? Oh! they were too harsh to me; that straight waistcoat—my arms bound—their threats and violent language. Your father does not know all.' He became excited by these painful recollections: I looked at him—he became quiet. 'My father thinks you really much better,' I answered; 'he says that you will recover from these attacks, and this fever.' 'Call things by their right names,' he exclaimed: 'do not spare me. I have still sense to understand your precautions; they wound me. Openly compassionate the poor madman.' 'You do yourself much harm, sir. If you would not give way to your melancholy, and to your exaggerated ideas, you would not be so ill as you are. I am sure that it is only affliction, and that you have been unhappy.' 'Yes, I have been unhappy; I have been forsaken and betrayed. I found myself alone in the world, with no one to pity or to understand me: my reason gave way. It is here, in this asylum for madmen, that, for the first time, I have found pity and sympathy. Thanks to you and to your father, who speak so gently to me, and whose looks are a balm to my heart, that calms me, and makes me think that I am like other

people. Without being afraid, I felt uneasy as soon as he began to talk. He excited himself; his speech became short and abrupt; the tone of his voice became elevated. Something vague and confused seemed to take possession of his thoughts. My father came and joined us. His presence laid a restraint on him; he became like a child before a master that he respects. 'I am very glad that you have paid us a visit; you may come and see us from time to time, but you must be quiet and well-behaved—understand me—or I shall not allow you to be with my daughter.' He came from time to time; his attacks did not return, and, by degrees, he left off speaking of his madness. More connected remembrances of his childhood and his youth returned to his mind; his father had died insane, and this thought had always haunted him, dreading that the malady was hereditary. He related his solitary life in the country; his melancholy disposition; the time passed at college, where the raillery of his companions made him wretched; the little taste that he had for the amusements of youth, and the life of the world; how he always thought that he was considered disagreeable and ridiculous; how every one conspired against him; how he became a prey to sorrow, by indulging ideas of which at times he recognised the falseness. In short, the history of a timid, distrustful, unhealthy mind; predestined, one may say, to lose reason.

"I did him good; I felt it, even more than he said it, and it was a source of great happiness to me. I listened to him, without ever contradicting him, taking interest naturally in all that he told me. I took care to interrupt him carelessly, when his conversation showed too much excitement; and I never allowed him to confuse or hurry his ideas. Often, to amuse him, and to break the thread of some melancholy discourse, I took my guitar and sang. This was a great pleasure to him, and a certain way of calming him. The poor young man compared himself to Saul, furious, composed by the song of David. He wept at the thought, and I wept also. My father thought him well enough to give him a room in our wing. He became every day more attached to him, and flattered himself with the hope of effecting a complete cure. From that time he joined our family circle, and grew very tranquil. He was of a very gentle disposition; his manners were pleasing and retiring. He passed many hours of the day with us, especially with me, on account of my father's occupations. He did not like to be much alone; in fact it did him harm: solitude heated his imagination, and affected his head. He took to some studies, but he was not able to give continued attention to reading; the train of his ideas, at all times confused, perplexed him, and threw him into a state of agitation. He confided to me all that he felt; he liked to talk of himself and his impressions. The activity of his mind was never employed on any other subject; he appeared kind and affectionate, and yet it was always himself that he was thinking of, not egotistically, but it seemed that his mind had not strength enough to carry him beyond that. Even when there was no sign of insanity about him, there was no discernment in his observations on himself.

"He took pleasure in talking of his melancholy, his distrust, his discouragements, his wounded self-love, his disappointments in life; but I never perceived in him any energy to conquer this unsatisfied disposition. I was especially on my guard not to let him talk too much; my father had particularly recommended this, and I should have been aware of its danger myself. Neither animated discussions nor long discourses were good for him. I tried to amuse him; I played to him; I let him join in my occupations. We attended to the flowers in the garden. The exertion of digging and watering was of service to him. Sometimes, when my father had time, we went into the country, and took rather long walks. This mode of life removed, by degrees, every symptom of his malady. His language and his mind became daily calmer; his countenance

acquired a happy and frank expression. I rejoiced in observing his progress. Without being aware of it myself, he occupied all my thoughts; whether from uneasiness or interest, I was kept in a state of constant excitement. Every word, every action, every look, every movement, was influenced by the desire of not doing him harm, or by the pleasure of doing him good. I could not seek in him what a woman seeks in a man that she loves; he was far from affording me an idea of protection, of support and superiority. It was something of what one feels for a weak and suffering being—a sort of maternal love; my tenderness did not go beyond this. We had lived for nearly two months in this manner, and he had been going on well, steadily, when I perceived a change in his manners. There had never been the slightest familiarity between us. I am naturally reserved; besides, there existed between him and me a thought which never admitted of intimacy; whatever my affection might be, there was always a little fear remaining. As for him, he was still more afraid of himself than I could be of him; but he could not do without me. If he went up stairs for a quarter of an hour, he came down again, as if uneasy at finding himself away from me. About this time he began to avoid me, as much as his irresolution would permit. I perceived that he constrained himself to leave me; he sought to be alone, and I was often obliged to go and seek him myself. I made my father remark this; he appeared not so much struck by it as I was; and, after some days, said to me, 'Our patient is decidedly restored to health; his cure is complete; he must return to his home.' These words troubled me; the thought that he would have to leave us had never occurred to me; my days had passed, and my mind had been engrossed, in occupations of an exciting nature; entirely absorbed in the present. I had not dreamt of the future—I had never calculated the time that was passing, nor the events likely to ensue.

"On the following morning, my father spoke to him; I was not present; he must have done so with gentleness and affection, for he was much attached to the poor young man. After my father's conversation with him, he remained some time alone; when he felt secure of finding me by myself in the drawing-room, he came down and took a seat by me. I perceived that he was struggling for self-command, and that he was determined to be calm, and he succeeded in appearing so. 'Madam,' said he, 'you know your father's wish; he says that I can and ought to go, and leave this home, where more than life has been restored to me, where I feel so well, so happy, so rational.' (He said the last word in a tone that touched my heart.) 'Do you think this very prudent? Is not this exposing me to a relapse? Here, near you, with your attentions, nothing fatal can happen to me. It is you who have cured me, you are my good angel, the guardian angel of my infirm reason. Far from you there is only trouble and sorrow. Your father is so kind; why has he changed towards me? does he wish to destroy me? Oh! I feel assured that he will succeed.' 'Do not speak thus,' I answered: 'have I not often said the same to you? You have never been out of your mind—my father had no cure to effect—we have dissipated your melancholy fancies; you have been with friends who love you, and that has removed your distrust, and overcome your exaggerations. It is your character and mind that want discipline. Is not this true? You must not take delight in making yourself unhappy. Promise me not to do so—promise me, your nurse and your friend. You must often come to see us; I shall scold you if you are not tranquil and contented.' 'Yes, I will come often, every day; but that is not the same thing as living under the same roof, and seeing each other every hour in the day. If a sad thought occurred to me, if I was attacked by a fit of melancholy, I immediately went to you; your aspect, your looks, the sound of your voice, diffused calm and consolation. Now I shall sink into my gloomy reflections; they will prey on my heart, as formerly; they will be stronger than

my will or my reason. All security is at an end; I shall tremble for myself, and this fear will alone suffice to throw me back into my former state.' 'But you cannot remain all your life in this house. You must be no longer our patient, but our friend,—an esteemed friend, who will have a distinguished course to pursue, regular occupations, and a solid mind to cultivate. What has hitherto injured you is idleness, and indolent solitude. Exert yourself; no longer allow yourself to be tormented by groundless imaginations and melancholy, which proceeds only from *ennui*.' 'Always rational! always kind! always what suffices to reassure and cure me! Yes,' he said, rising, 'I am utterly unworthy, I only deserve the contempt of the indifferent, and the pity of the compassionate. I am a despicable being. The world regards me as a wretched madman. Who can I ask for esteem and affection? I will escape from my shameful condition! I will deserve happiness! Who would now have anything to do with me? who would connect themselves with the fate of an unhappy lunatic? Yes, I have still sense enough to know that I can pretend to nothing but compassion. Adieu! I go,—you wish it, as well as your father, and nothing can be more reasonable. It must be so.' I took his hand, I made him sit down by me, he grew calm; and when he was better, I let him go, without saying a word.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HISTORY OF SIR JOHN FASTOLF.

In chivalrous times, such as were those of our King Henry V., less pains were taken to record the lives of great men than is now thought necessary, because, being less scarce, they were the less marvelled at, though not the less esteemed. For this reason many, both laymen and ecclesiastics, who were men of unstained sanctity or unfailing valour, are little known to us. Among these, not the least distinguished in his day was Sir John Fastolf; and it is because, in many points at least, we have fallen from the virtues of his class, and because we stand in need of such examples, that the following notices of his life are offered to the reader.

Sir John Fastolf was born at Great Yarmouth in Norfolk in the year 1380, of honourable parents. He was not yet of age when his father died; and was buried in St. Nicholas' Chapel, in the Priory Church of Yarmouth. It was an usual method of education in those days to place youths, especially such as aspired to knighthood or any military rank, as wards in the family of some nobleman, or man of rank and consequence. In most instances their morals and conduct were made the especial guidance of the master of the family. Thus Leopold, archduke of Austria, used to examine his pages respecting their manners; and regarded more their innocence and piety than the nobility of their birth. Each castle was peopled with a crowd of pages and esquires, who were sent there as to a school of chivalry, and were trained under the first masters, kept expressly for that purpose.¹ According to this custom, John Fastolf became a ward in the family of the duke of Norfolk, and was there trained up in such exercises both of mind and body as probably stood him in good stead in after life. To this course of education he was subject probably only so long as he remained a minor; for it appears that he was in attend-

(1) *Mores Catholici*, No. IV.

ance on Thomas of Lancaster, afterwards duke of Clarence, in Ireland, in 1405 and 1406. And he is supposed to have accompanied that nobleman when he was sent thither as lord-lieutenant four years before, in Fastolf's twenty-first year. While he was yet in Ireland, two years after this period, he married Millicentia Lady Castlecombe, a lady of great beauty and fortune, daughter of Sir Robert Tibetot, lord-deputy of Ireland, and widow of Sir Stephen Scrope. This event does not seem to have abated the activity or success of his political life; for soon afterwards he was appointed to some considerable posts of trust in Gascony, and went to reside there.

From this time Sir John Fastolf's life seems to have been for some years a series of brilliant and well-merited successes. That the honours which were heaped upon him were deserved by his military prowess and skill, is sufficiently attested by his victories; and there is every reason to believe, from the scanty records of his actions, especially towards the close of his life, that he was no less distinguished for the milder virtues. In 1415, Sir John, in conjunction with the earl of Dorset, was entrusted with the government of Harfleur. The same year was rendered memorable by that brilliant victory which was the crowning triumph of the English arms in France. The great battle of Agincourt, fought on the 25th of October, 1415, is so well known, that it is needless to describe it; but there are some circumstances connected with it which it is well to dwell upon, as pointing out the probable source of a victory so wonderful, that it can hardly be accounted for by human causes—a victory in which the vanquished were to the victors in the proportion of five to one, and the former, moreover, fresh and vigorous. "God's arm, strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds," is the pious prayer put by Shakspeare in the mouth of the earl of Salisbury, the victor in thirteen battles, and "mirror of all martial men;" and God's arm did strike with them, for that spirit of faith and piety, of which Sir John Fastolf was a bright example, seems to have been common to the whole English army. The night before the battle, which the French spent in festivity, was passed by the English in prayer; and at daybreak the king himself summoned his soldiers to mass, that the holy rite might consecrate their actions in the field. The English fought with a bravery such as can only be inspired by a firm trust in Him whom they had not forgotten to serve in the hour of danger; and Sir John Fastolf is said to have been among the bravest. An ancient manuscript states that the duke of Alençon was taken prisoner by him, and agreed, by way of ransom, to build a castle at Caistor in Norfolk, of which we shall have occasion to speak again.

Upon the death of King Henry V., the duke of Bedford was appointed regent during the minority of the young king. The favour which Sir John had met with at Court was founded on real merit, and was not, therefore, affected by the change of sovereigns. The new regent made him grand master of his household, and seneschal of Normandy, and in 1423 he was constituted lieutenant for the king and regent in that province, in the jurisdiction of Rouen, Evreux, Alençon, and the countries beyond the river Seine; and also governor of Anjou and Maine. Besides other castles, he captured in 1425 that of Sinesingle, from which he was dignified with the title of baron; and in the same year, (the

forty-sixth of his age,) took S. Ouen D'Estrais, near Laval, the Castle of Gravelle, and other places of strength. About this time, his great merits and indefatigable services in France having gained him much reputation, he was elected in England a Knight of the Garter. He was invested with the order while yet in France, and a commission was issued to the earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk, to receive his oath.

Perhaps the most distinguished exploit of his life, was his victory in the memorable battle of Herrings, in 1428. It happened that the English army was encamped before Orleans, during the time of Lent, and stood in need of provisions. A convoy of herrings, and other similar food, was despatched for their use, but attacked by the French on the road, when Sir John Fastolf, at the head of about two thousand five hundred men, totally defeated four thousand; or, as some even of the French historians say, nine thousand of the enemy, and succeeded in conducting the convoy in triumph to the English camp.

In the following year, an event occurred which seems, for a time, to have sullied the hitherto brilliant career of this illustrious knight. Most of the English had been seized with a panic, on witnessing the military achievements of Joan of Arc, the enthusiastic Maid of Orleans; and, indeed, she was a formidable enemy to those who gave credit to her pretensions, and believed that her opponents were fighting against heaven. Shakspeare makes her set forth these pretensions in language of the highest enthusiasm:—

"Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And the sun's parching heats displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Willed me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity." (2)

She further asserted, that the beauty which she was allowed to possess was conferred on her in this vision by the Blessed Virgin; and displayed a sword, "decked with five flower-de-luces on each side," which she declared she had taken from S. Katharine's churchyard, at Touraine. It was no wonder, then, that many were little disposed to conflict with such powers; and Sir John Fastolf, whose mind, to judge from his actions in later life, was singularly open to religious impressions, seems not to have escaped the dispiriting panic. In the battle of Pataie, the enemies of "La Pucelle" felt that she was, as she herself asserted, "assigned to be the English scourge," and Fastolf was among those who fled. For his share in the disasters of this day he was deprived of the honours with which he had been invested but four years before. "For doubt of miscalculating at this brunt," says Hollinshed, "the duke of Bedford tooke from him the innage of S. George, and his garter."

But it was not one disaster that could overthrow a reputation such as Sir John Fastolf had acquired in England and abroad. There were many, perhaps, who were in no wise affected, like him, by the supposed divine mission of the Maid of Orleans; but even these did not venture to attribute a want of personal courage to one who had sufficiently proved his prowess, when earthly powers were all he had to contend with. The regent himself soon repented of his severity, restored him the garter, and in 1430 preferred him to the

(1) Shakspeare. Henry V.

(2) Shakspeare. Henry VI.

lieutenancy of Caen, in Normandy. Nor was this the only mark of favour and confidence which showed how entirely the disasters of Pataie, or at least his share of them, were obliterated by his other services. Two years afterwards, he was sent ambassador to the Council of Basil, was subsequently appointed to negotiate a peace with the French, and, in the same year, shared with Lord Willoughby the command of an army sent to assist the duke of Brittany against the duke of Alençon. Soon after this he visited England for a short time, but was again with the regent in France in 1435; and, in the same year, was appointed one of the ambassadors for concluding the peace with the French. In this year the duke of Bedford died; having first given a final and satisfactory proof of his esteem for Sir John, by constituting him one of his executors. Richard, duke of York, succeeded to the regency, and imitated his predecessor in his regard for the knight, granting him an annuity of 20*l.*, out of his own estate, in return for his good services in the field and in council. With these honours and rewards he reposed, for about four years, at his government in Normandy.

It was in 1440 that he finally retired from Normandy to his native country, from a life of active warfare to one of tranquil piety. Two accounts are given of the foundation of his "sumptuous castellated mansion" at Caistor, near Great Yarmouth: according to one already mentioned, the duke of Alençon built it as his ransom, after the victory of Agincourt; another states that King Henry V. granted his license to Sir John himself, to build it "as strong as himself could devise." A manuscript, still extant, by William de Worcester, Sir John's officer-of-arms, or herald, states the dimensions of the great hall, which was forty-nine feet in length, and twenty-eight in breadth; and the existing remains of the Castle bear witness to its ancient splendour. This residence, which after his death withstood two hot sieges, through the quarrels of his executors,¹ seems, during his lifetime, to have been the seat of peace and hospitality alone. The piety of its owner was displayed in his benefactions to St. Nicholas Priory Church, to the two universities, and to other similar institutions. To Cambridge he bequeathed a considerable legacy, for rebuilding the schools of philosophy and civil law, and was especially liberal to St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford, from the affectionate regard he had for Bishop Waynflete, its pious founder.² He died very rich; possessed of large estates in Norfolk, Suffolk, Yorkshire and Wiltshire; but bequeathed most of them to charitable purposes. In November, 1459, (his eightieth year,) his body was interred in a chapel erected by himself, in the abbey of St. Benet in the Holme. His pious life, attended by almost unvaried prosperity, looks like a fulfilment of the promise set forth in the Psalter:—"He walked not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners: his delight was in the law of the Lord." Therefore he was "like a tree planted by the water-side: his leaf withered not, and whatever he did, it prospered."

(1) Penn's Collection of Letters.
(2) Chandler's Life of Waynflete.

NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN TRADITION OF THE DELUGE.

THE following tradition was related to the writer by the chief of one of the tribes of Chippeway Indians, a very intelligent man, who spoke English with ease, having long resided in British Canada.

Once upon a time Aniúna Boojóo, who was a very famous hunter, and is the principal object of admiration and worship among the Indians, from whom they learnt to hunt, and who taught their conjurers and medicine (or mystery) men all their arts, was out in the woods seeking game. After some time he reached the borders of a lake, on the opposite side of which was a large flat rock, upon which were many red lions, basking in the sun. He observed in the midst of the herd a very fine white lion. He had often seen red lions before, but this was the first time that he had seen a white one; and he was very desirous of obtaining its skin, for the purpose of making a tobacco pouch. Now, an Indian generally is contented with a musk-rat's skin for a pouch: but Aniúna Boojóo was so proud, that nothing would satisfy him but the hide of this white lion. He crept through the woods with the utmost care, in order to avoid alarming the herd; but he could not succeed in coming near enough to them to shoot the lion: and when evening arrived they left the rock and retired into the wood, and he was very greatly disappointed. He would not, however, relinquish his object; but began to think how he might be more successful the next day. At length he said to himself, "I see I shall never get that white lion's skin unless I can be upon the rock without frightening the herd;" so he determined to change himself into an old tree, and stand upon the middle of the rock, which he did before it was light in the morning. As soon as the day was hot the lions returned to bask in the sun, as before, and the white lion was amongst them. But one of the old ones, who was more cunning than the others, said, "I do not remember that old stump of a tree upon this rock; it must be Aniúna Boojóo, who has changed himself into it." To which another replied, "Oh, nonsense! If it is he, he cannot bear to be squeezed." Upon which he went up to him, and squeezed him so severely, that Aniúna Boojóo could scarcely refrain from crying out. "You see I was right; it is only an old stump;" and the herd, being satisfied, lay down in the sun. He then watched his opportunity, and raising his bow and arrow shot the white lion, but did not kill him; and the red lions, escaping into the lake, carried their chief off with them, to his great mortification. He now began to roam through the wood in hopes of finding him, when at length he heard an old woman's voice singing and wailing most mournfully. He went to her, and addressed her, "Well, Granny, what is the matter?"

"Oh, my son! have you not heard what Aniúna Boojóo has done?"

"No, Granny; what has he done?"

"He has shot our chief, the white lion; and I am going to cure him."

"But, Granny, what are you doing with those four strings?"

"Oh, I am tying one to the north, and one to the south, and one to the east, and one to the west; and then, whichever way Aniúna Boojóo goes, we shall catch him and kill him."

"And how are you going to cure the white lion?"

"I am going to sing certain songs, and to give him what I am gathering."

He then learnt the songs which she was going to sing, and the direction for finding the "lodge" in which the sick lion lay; and having done this, he killed the old woman, cut off her head, and skinned her; and then getting into the skin, and putting on her head and clothes, he went to the lodge, singing the songs which

she had taught him; and the lions, being deceived by his appearance, and feigned voice, admitted him without suspicion. He then raised his bow and arrow, and shot the lion through the heart, and killed him, and immediately took off the skin, and escaped. But the lions had power to make the water of the lake rise, and it soon rose to the place on which he was standing. He went to some high ground, but the water still rose and pursued him. He climbed into a high tree, and the water continued to rise, until he was standing on its very summit, and it had reached to his chin. He began to fear that he should be drowned; when, at length, he perceived that the water rose no higher. But all the world was drowned, and he knew not what to do, until he saw a beaver, to which he called—"Come here, good beaver, and dive, and bring up some earth, if you can, and I will make a new world, upon which you shall live, and be much happier than in the old one." So the beaver complied; but he dived so deep and long, that he was suffocated, and rose again, dead. He then saw a sea otter, to which he made the same request; and he also complied, and with the same result. He began almost to despair, when he saw a musk-rat, (musquash,) which is a very quick and good diver; and he made the same request and promise to it. The rat dived, and was long down, and at length rose, apparently dead; but Aníña Boojdo shook it, and rolled it in his hands, and blew upon it, and breathed into its mouth; and, after a while, it began to breathe again, and opened its eyes. Then he examined its claws with great care, and found a very small portion of earth sticking to them, which he took and rolled in the palm of his hand, frequently breathing upon it. And as he did so it increased until it was the size of his hand; when he laid it upon the water, and drew his finger round the edge, until it was large enough to bear the rat, which he then placed upon it. This walked continually round and round, until it increased, so as to bear the weight of an otter; and so on, until it would support all large animals: and thus Aníña Boojdo made the world again.

(One of the Islands in Lake Superior is thought by the Indians to be the commencement of this new world.)

Reading for the Young.

RIVER STEAMERS.¹

PLEASANT it is, after the labours of a sultry day passed in London's vast city, or in traversing her bustling streets, to take refuge in one of the many little steam-boats which now almost crowd her silent highway, the river Thames. The bell rings—let us hasten on board. Gently we glide towards the Surrey shore, threading our way among other steam-boats, huge cumbrous barges, and smaller craft. We pass under the vast centre arch of the Southwark Iron Bridge. On we go. Blackfriars Bridge appears, with its rows of heads. We lower our chimney to pass under. Another beautiful bridge meets our admiring gaze. This is the Waterloo, or Strand Bridge. Old Somerset House, with its massive stone-work close to the water's edge, is passed, and we are at Hungerford Wharf. Hungerford Suspension Bridge, now completed, arrests our attention. We glide through West-

minster Bridge, with the turrets and pinnacles of the old abbey in view; the new houses of parliament, seeming as if they rose out of the water, call forth passing observations; and still we paddle on, to Vauxhall, or, it may be, to the green fields of Chelsea, before we quit the boat. We have still time to ramble round the old hospital, and talk to some of its inmates. But daylight is departing; another steam-boat takes us on board. She carries a lantern at her prow, as do all the others; looking like glaucous meteors on the dark water. Again a short voyage, and we are, once more, in narrow Thames Street. Nor have I told you one quarter of what we have seen.

Another fine evening tempts us on the water. This time we are going to visit Greenwich. Unmooring from the wharf, our vessel swings round into the middle of the stream, and we have a complete view of London Bridge, with its five noble arches, spanning the river. Now, fairly on our way, we glide past the Custom House on our left, with its esplanade in front, dotted over with citizens and merry children. A little further on is the far-famed Tower of London. The crowd of shipping thickens as we proceed, looking like a very forest of masts; and, every now and then, the order shouted to the engineer below, "Ease her!" "Stop her!" tells that some heavy barge, drifting slowly past, or sailing vessel, clearing out of the river, has come athwart our track. And now we are above the famous Thames Tunnel, that wonder of the world! This is Wapping, with its thickly clustered houses, on our left, and on the opposite shore is Rotherhithe. Now we pass the western entrance to the West India Docks, communicating by a canal, more than a mile in length, with the eastern entrance. To the left of this canal, stretching into the form of a crescent, is the Isle of Dogs, so called, from one of our kings having kept his hounds there. Those large buildings on the right belong to the Government Victualling Office at Deptford. But see! the domes of Greenwich Hospital are in view, with the noble old trees of the park in the back ground; we rapidly approach the quay, and have but just time to notice, in passing, the hulk of an immense man-of-war, called the Dreadnought, now used as a refuge for sick and disabled seamen of all nations. We step on shore, and are surprised at the great extent of the buildings comprising the Government hospital; admiring, as we view them more closely, its domes, its colonnades, and rich architectural ornaments; the naval school finely closes in the view, crowned by the trees and observatory in the park. The right wing of the hospital, (looking at it from the river,) was built by Charles the First; subsequent monarchs added the remainder. Nearly five thousand individuals, including the children at the naval school, officers, and nurses, find a comfortable asylum within these walls; and, wherever we turn, the pensioners, in their grotesque dress, meet the eye. But we must spend a day here, if we would view the interior arrangements of the hospital and other objects of interest.

THE WOODMAN AND THE FOREST.

A FABLE.—See Engraving p. 128.

A COUNTRY fellow came one day into the forest, and looked about him with some anxiety; upon which, it is said, that the trees, with a curiosity natural to some other creatures, asked him what it

(1) This and the Fable which follows are extracted from the Juvenile Museum of Entertainment, published by Harvey and Darton, Gracechurch Street; a very pretty and tastefully got up book, containing, in a series of short articles, much useful and interesting information for young people. To each of these is attached an excellent illustration, of which the engraving in page 128, (which has been obligingly lent us by the Publishers,) is a specimen.

was he was in want of. The woodman replied, that he only desired a small piece of wood, in order to make a handle to his hatchet. This seemed so modest a request, that the trees unanimously decided that he should have a piece of good, sound, tough ash. But the woodman, as soon as he had received it and fitted it to his purpose, began to lay about him most unmercifully; hacking and hewing, and laying prostrate some of the noblest trees in the forest: upon which the oak is said to have spoken thus to the beech, in a low whisper: "Brothers, we must take our fate for our pains."

MORAL.—Though we are commanded to forgive and love our enemies, yet we are not foolishly or inadvertently to put the means of injuring us into their power.

THE CID AND HIS CREDITORS.¹

THIS little incident in the life of the Cid Ruy Dias of Bivar is taken from the well-known Spanish Metrical Chronicle of the great hero. Muller's Ed. § 39.

"What a pleasure it is," said the poet Shenstone, "to pay one's debts!" And he gives seven good reasons for the pleasure; which reasons it is of less consequence to transcribe, because they are best discovered by making the experiment.

It will be seen by the gallant Cid's own candid confession, that he did not think his conduct in this transaction altogether fit for imitation; he seems to have somewhat too confidently also taken money for the hide, before he had killed the bear. But he seems to have been in no danger of forgetting, what some great men have forgotten in later times, that a reputation, however brilliant, is worth nothing to a man who does not pay his debts.

Would you hear of brave Rodrigo,
The good Cid Campeador,
How he strove with envious Fortune,
When he rode against the Moor?

Banish'd, lost, despoil'd, heart-wounded,
By his King cast off, he stood:
But to bear without repining,
Is the test of gentle blood.

One sole doubt it was that vex'd him,—
That one doubt, it vex'd him sore,—
How he might supply his charges
For his road against the Moor.

Would the wealthy Jews of Burgos
Aid him from their golden hoard?
Thus bespoke them brave Rodrigo
Seated at his friendly board:

"Lend me, sirs, a thousand florins,
For a twelvemonth and a day:
Listen to my good assurance,
Ere your prudence answers nay.

"Lo, I give to your fair keeping
Coffers twain:—the wealth they hold,
If it once were spread before you,
Ye would count it worth your gold.

"If I send you not more florins
Ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Break these precious coffers open,
Loan and interest they will pay."

Honest Riquel and Menezes
Each away their coffers bore,
And they bring the thousand florins
For the road against the Moor.

Out, alas! that soul of honour,
So shall stoop to Fortune's hand!
For the noble Spaniard's coffers,
They were fill'd with shifting sand.

(1) From *Lays of Faith and Loyalty*; or, *Narratives in Verse*, selected from History, by Edward Churton, M. A. Cambridge, Walters. 1845. A volume of poems of very considerable merit, founded upon historical incidents illustrative of the virtues of faith and loyalty. They are intended chiefly for the young.

Days and months pass on unheeded,
And Rodrigo, brave as bold,
Banish'd, wrong'd, despoil'd, heart-wounded,—
Needs him still both steel and gold.

But when once Valencia's city
Fell to his victorious sword,
Little reck'd he then of Fortune,
Nobly he redeem'd his word.

"Haste," he said, "good Alvar Fanez,
News of my success to bring
To my loving wife Ximena,
And to my most gracious King.

"Take two hundred Moorish horses
All in glittering harness bright,
To my King a kingly present
From a true and constant knight.

"And to my right-honour'd masters,
Riquel and Menezes old,
Bear two hundred marks of silver,
And two hundred marks of gold;

"And entreat their gracious pardon
For the small deceit I plann'd;
With a heavy heart I did it,
Bow'd beneath Misfortune's hand.

"Though it seem'd that in those coffers
Nought but shifting sand was stor'd,
Yet within that sand was buried
Good Rodrigo's golden word."

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

NEAR the beginning of the last century, an eminent German oboist, named Kaitch, came to England, where his performance was for a long time in great request; but, being of improvident habits, he died in great poverty, leaving his family destitute. Soon afterwards, Festing, the famous violinist of that day, with Weidemann the flute-player, and Vincent the oboist, happened to observe two interesting little boys, who had an appearance above their condition, driving milk-asses down the Haymarket; and found, on inquiry, that they were the orphan sons of poor Kaitch. Struck with pity for the children of their brother professor, these musicians instantly raised a subscription for their relief; and it was to the consideration suggested by this circumstance, of the necessity of establishing a fund for the benefit of the families of indigent musicians, that the profession owes the existence of "The Royal Society of Musicians," which excellent and most useful institution was founded in the year 1738.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

DURING the American war, Captain Gregg, and a brother officer, returning from hunting, were fired upon by an ambush of Indians. Both fell, and the Indians coming up, struck them on the forehead with the tomahawk, and scalped them. Captain Gregg, in describing the operation, said, he felt as if molten lead were poured on his head; yet he had the hardihood to lie still, suppressing his breath, to make them suppose he was dead. When they had left him, he felt as if something cooling were applied to his burning head; this was caused by the coldness of the tongue of his dog, which was licking it. The dog, after fawning upon him, left him, and disappeared in the woods. Captain Gregg, in attempting to rise, found he was wounded in the back by a musket-shot, and severely bruised on the forehead by



The Woodman and the Forest.

See page 126.

the stroke of a tomahawk, which would most probably have knocked out his brains, had not its force been broken by his hat. He crawled to his brother officer, who lay dead near him, and opening his waistcoat, laid his throbbing head upon his warm bosom; for the sticks and stones among which he lay were torture to him. Here he expected death to put an end to his sufferings. In the mean time, the dog hastened home to the captain's friends, and by his manner showed that some accident had befallen his master. They followed the dog, which guided them to the scene described, where they arrived just in time to save the life of Captain Gregg, who, under the care of a skilful surgeon, ultimately recovered.

BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

THE baths and wash-houses for the labouring classes in the parish of St. Pancras, now in course of erection around the base of the extensive reservoir belonging to the New River Company, in the Hampstead-road, have been thrown open for the inspection of the public. The site for this building, occupying about 7,000 square feet, has been handsomely presented to the Committee by the New River Company, at the nominal rent of 5s. per year, and the sum raised by voluntary contributions for the purpose of the erection amounts to about 600*l*. The building (the entrance to which is in George-street, Hampstead-road) extends around the east, south, and northern sides of the reservoir, and the arrangements made, and rapidly progressing towards completion, will provide thirty single baths, twenty for men and ten for women, five vapour baths, and two large plunging baths. In the washing department, accommodation is provided for sixty-four washing compartments, &c. The

whole of these compartments are exceedingly commodious, having steam-pipes, and all other necessities for boiling and cold water, as occasion may require. The plunging baths are very capacious, the larger being sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, and the smaller forty feet by twenty. To a poor man or woman, the charge for a separate cold bath, containing sixty gallons of water, will be one penny, and a warm bath twopence, fresh water and clean towels being provided for each bather. There are a few higher priced baths, differing only from the others in having more expensive fittings. The charge for the use of a double washing-tub, with an ample supply of hot and cold water, of the coppers, drying-room, and ironing apparatus, will be at the rate of one penny for three hours. There is but little doubt the establishment, when completed, will prove of great benefit to the poor of the neighbourhood. The establishment is expected to be got into operation in the course of a few weeks, although it is stated that 300*l*. more is required to effect its completion.—*From a Newspaper.*

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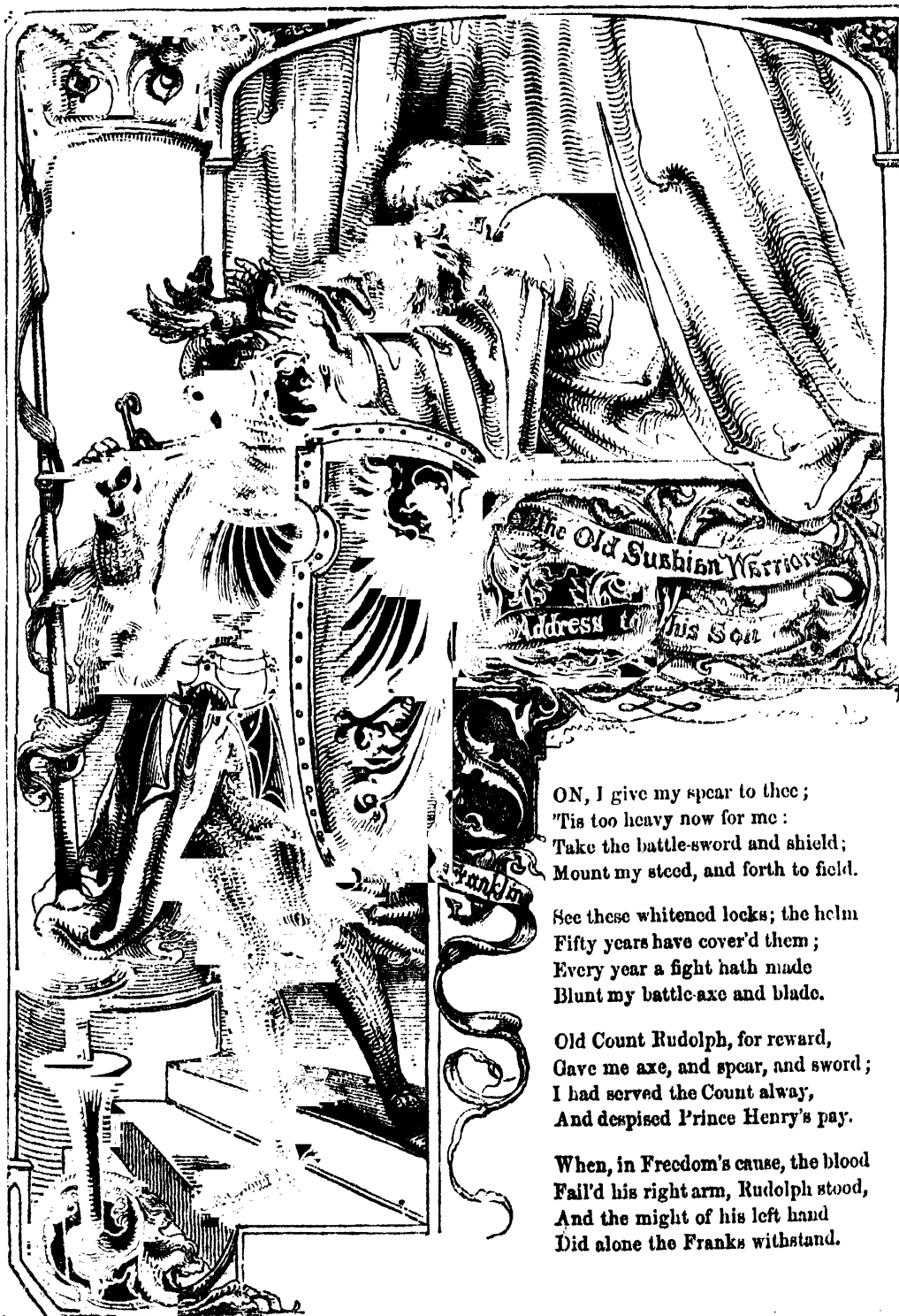
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ON, I give my spear to thee ;
'Tis too heavy now for me :
Take the battle-sword and shield ;
Mount my steed, and forth to field.

See these whiten'd locks ; the helm
Fifty years have cover'd them ;
Every year a fight hath made
Blunt my battle-axe and blade.

Old Count Rudolph, for reward,
Gave me axe, and spear, and sword ;
I had served the Count alway,
And despis'd Prince Henry's pay.

When, in Freedom's cause, the blood
Fall'd his right arm, Rudolph stood,
And the might of his left hand
Did alone the Franks withstand.

Gird thee now to meet the fray;
Conrad comes in stern array:
O my son, thy arm must be
Strength and solace now to me!

Never draw this sword in vain
For thy sires on battle-plain;
Watch and dart with eagle's might;
Be a thunderbolt in fight.

Seek the battle's heaviest shock;
Meet it firm as ocean rock;
Spare the suppliant, lying low;
Hew in twain the stubborn foe.

When thy banner floats in vain
O'er thy faint and staggering train,
Then do thou, a steadfast tower,
Brave the gather'd foemen's power.

By the sword thy brothers died,—
Seven sons,—their country's pride;
Sunk in grief, thy mother lay,
Dumb and stiff, and pass'd away.

I am feeble now, and lone;
Yet would thy disgrace, my son,
On thy father's heart-strings fall
Seven times heavier than all.

Fear not, then, though death be nigh,
On thy God in faith rely;
So thou bravely fight, my boy,
Thy old father dies with joy.

A Song of the Thirteenth Century.

DETACHED THOUGHTS

FROM

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Of differing themes the veering song was mixed."

WHO has followed and examined reality, even to its deepest valleys, like the twin stars of poesy, Homer and Shakspeare? As art ever labours in the school of nature, so were the richest poets of old her most attached and industrious children, transmitting her portrait to succeeding generations. If we would picture to ourselves a truly great poet, we must grant to genius a metempsychosis through all nations, times, and circumstances, and send him to circumnavigate the world. What higher and bolder representations of its infinite form would he not project? The poets of the ancients were men of business and warriors, before they were bards; and the epic poets in particular steered the helm through the waves of life, before they took up the pencil to describe the voyage. It is with the children of the mind, as the Romans thought of the children of the body—they must touch the earth, if they would learn to speak.

The prayers about the happy consciousness that rewards good actions, have themselves performed none; else they would have experienced, that, in proportion to the cultivation of the moral taste, it becomes more delicately susceptible of falling

below its high standard; and, therefore, the best men reproach themselves more than the worst.

When the heart is made the altar of God, then the head—the mental faculties, are the lights on that altar.

He who, when calm and cool, presses his rights to the utmost, will, when actuated by passion, over-step them.

The good man feels no injustice so strongly, as that done to others; that committed against himself, he sees not so clearly; the bad man feels only injury to himself.

This deep and irrepressible craving, this singular pining of the soul for yet untrodden lands, comes upon us, not as we might expect, in times of suffering, (for then the soul has no power to expand—it only asks removal of present pressure,) but in joy, and that only in joy of a certain kind. The enjoyment of food, of drink, of warmth, and refreshing coolness, of motion, of rest, call for nothing beyond the highest degree of that enjoyment—it asks no ascending into the infinite; on the contrary, rather a falling back into contraction. But, in the enjoyment of the sun's noon-tide radiance—of the crimson splendours of its setting, and of the moon's silver beams—in the contemplation of the sublime in nature, and the sublime in art—in the giving way to tender sensibility—in the sweet tears of happy emotion—in all, and through all this, is to be traced the yearning after something higher; and the overflowing heart overflows, and yet is not filled. The heart in joy resembles those birds of passage, which, though caged in warm apartments, still, at the season when their fellows migrate, pine for, and pant to wing their flight to the distant land of genial warmth and radiant beauty.

This indefinable feeling in human nature is especially developed by the power of an art, the peculiar properties of which, and superiority to all other arts, we know not rightly yet. I speak not of poetry, or of painting, but of music. Why do we forget, while acknowledging that music heightens joyous and sad emotions—yea, itself produces them—that the soul loses itself in the magic of its sweet sounds, as in a labyrinth—that more mightily, more powerfully, than any other art, it makes us experience, momentarily, rapid transitions from joy to sorrow—why, while conscious of all this, do we forget its still higher property—its power of making us pine for some other land, and of drawing from the soul a sigh, full of yearnings for the future, which yet do but seem yearnings for some familiar long-loved home of the spirit?

Why music should thus, above all other arts, thrill upon the inner man, is beyond my power to explain. Singularly do its material movements erect themselves into certain regular forms of sounds, which are carried forward to the finely-fashioned nerves; but from these, to the soul's depths which music stirs so powerfully, we have still a vast interval.

But to what end is it that man, while growing at the root which draws him down, and is fully satisfied in the earth, must also be growing at the stalk, which presses upwards to heaven's air and light? To what end serves this double direction in man? Manifestly not merely to his earthly happiness. Would Heaven do that which is forbidden to us, subject the higher to the service of

the lower, and plant flowers only to strew them upon the dunghill? Can the instinct which we feel so strongly within after a higher world, a deeper love—can the idea of the divine, of the moral, be implanted within us, only to enhance the pleasures of earthly life, and, like tropic fruits and spices, to give more relish to the joys of sense? But no, it is exactly the contrary. The sharpest and deepest sorrows are the lot of the nobler spirits; and the finely-fashioned nerve that most quickly thrills to the breath of heaven, is most alive to the touch of pain.

But surely these indistinct and undefinable apprehensions of a more noble birth-right were not given us in vain; and yet, if disappointed hereafter, they avail us little here below. What instinct of the millions of different animals has been suffered by Infinite Goodness to fall short of its promise, even to the unconscious and unexpected? and shall the Divine instinct of the soul be suffered to be objectless and aimless by Him who shapeth all things to their uses? Then, too, what a distinction is there between the mere instinct of the animal, and that plan of a future world that is drawn upon the soul of man! The animal instinct has more feelers, the human more antennae. Animal instinct utters its prophetic promises, and its requisitions, with a dim vagueness, and draws and impels to the end it has in view, in the dark, with an invisible hand: as, for instance, in the secret powerful impulse to build the nest, and lay up a store for the insect brood, for unknown and totally dissimilar offspring. In man, on the contrary, the instinct of immortality has its fulfilment, even here below, for what we call hope of it, and desire after it, is but the development of that immortality. Our pure joys are but the commencement of that happiness for which we pant; and, though the heart lie low upon this earth's horizon, like the mass of cloud that, with its varied colouring, does but portend rain, and gives no presage of fine earthly days, yet is this very cloud the beginning of the rainbow which spreads itself over the dark earth, and the glowing tints of which are the bright beams of that very sun, of whose future undimmed glories it is the promise.

More truths than we look for are to be found in the old comparison between the development of the soul and that of the butterfly; for, in the caterpillar, instinct finds the plan of the future fabric which it has to work out. In the caterpillar lies hid, according to Swammerdam, the chrysalis; and this, again, contains the butterfly, with its folded wings, and antennae. And this pale imprisoned form goes through its successive labours, casting its skin, spinning for itself new bonds, and immuring itself in the cocoon, only that it may, at length, break forth to freedom, and, leaving behind it its slough, and renouncing for ever its coarse diet of leaves, sport henceforth amid the flowers; feed upon honey, and live for love. Oh! how do these similitudes speak the desires of the soul! How gladly would it, in its pupa state, be permitted to burst the chrysalis, and widely, fully expand those soft tender wings, that are bruised in its dungeon-tenement! For is not this the consummation for which it bears a thousand sufferings—for which it undergoes privation and pain? Surely, it were a waste of energies, a harsh contradiction, if the butterfly, after its long imprisonment in the unsightly larva, after all its

painful casting off of its skin, its narrow swathing-bands, the dark dungeon of an almost torpid pupa, should come forth—nothing; or come forth in corruption, with its foul slough hanging around it as a shroud.

But men can believe all this—ready to believe all against God, but slow of heart to receive all that would speak of His infinite wisdom and infinite goodness! One cloudy day is sufficient to obscure from our view a whole life full of divine sunshine; and the short, dark hour of death shuts out from us the long, bright future. We do, indeed, live in a wonderful night of existence; and these anticipations, these presentiments are our moonlight. But does not this pre-suppose a Sun!

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created, and who provides for the joys even of insects, as carefully as if He were their little father!

No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

Every one has in his youth something of a poetic genius—its folly and its enthusiasm. The poetic genius itself lives in an eternal youth.

I have never had such a peculiar feeling of the narrowness of the human heart, as when, in one afternoon, I have had to write six friendly letters to six different persons.

It does not follow that he who deceives us, considers us, therefore, as fools. He ascribes his success rather to his resistless powers.

There are comforters by profession, to whom nothing worse could happen than that others should be consoled: they could then talk the less.

If self-knowledge be a path to virtue, virtue is a much better one to self-knowledge. The more pure the soul becomes, it will, like certain precious stones that are sensible to the contact of poison, shrink from the fetid vapours of evil impressions.

The pursuit of pleasure makes us as earthly-minded as engrossment in business.

We would rather discover truth than hear it.

Domestic life is the most delightful, because it repeats our childhood.

In order not to be made servile by the great, let us place before our minds a still greater.

Man despises the man most with whom he is most frequently brought into contact; for instance, the publisher the author, &c.

A single odour awakens a whole host of old associations; it has more influence than even the eye upon the imagination.

We have a certain complacency in witnessing an air of defiance in a criminal before his judges, because he thereby lessens our consciousness of subjection to authority.

We sympathize more readily with excess of sorrow than with exuberance of joy. Sympathy increases with the former, not with the latter.

Our dislike to the sight of our faults we vent upon the way in which our friend has discovered them to us. If he have done it boldly, we cry out against his abruptness, his roughness; if delicately,

gently, we exclaim at his duplicity, his dissimulation.

The face only expresses talent and habit of thought and feeling. The eye indicates the present; of the whole man this alone is transparent.

Moral science, no less than the other sciences, is subject to the limitations of our finite capacities; but as no one endeavours to reach the highest point, we are kept in ignorance of where its boundary lies.

To say, "Man may seek truth not so much in order to find it as to exercise his faculties in the search, and to strengthen his mental powers," is to say, "Take food, not that you may be nourished thereby, but that your teeth may be sharpened."

It is a matter of indifference to us what little minds think of our understandings, but not what they think of our dress.

Admiration profits not the object so much as the subject of it. While rejoicing that a man is great, we have also reason to rejoice that we are able to appreciate his worth.

The death of our beloved gives us our first love again. By death we are taught truly to love: the dear one, no longer subject to our caprice or his own, remains a spotless, glorious object of love; and time, instead of taking away from his attractions, gives to him additional charms. Thus the heart is always a gainer, give it but free room and full liberty to love.

LUCY COOPER.

(An Australian Tale.)

CHAP. II.

THE ill-managed household were now engaged in various directions and several occupations. The master mounted his gig, and, attended by Pug Mischief on horseback, drove away to his Chambers in Sydney. A sort of pause took place in the bustle which had reigned over the house, which, if it could not be called peace, owing to the occasional gusts of Mrs. Caveat's temper, was yet much more like it than before; and the newcomer set earnestly to work to accomplish the labour appointed for her morning's exercise, which was to scour the verandah that adorned three sides of the house, now crusted with the tenacious clay and dirt of the previous rain. The poor girl was well disposed, and indeed anxious, to cultivate the goodwill of her mistress, but her strength and patience were severely tried at first starting. She had collected her pail and scrubbing-brush, her sand and flannel, from all quarters, after no small demur; she had drawn the water from a well hardly less than thirty feet deep, in a tin can attached to a frayed and knotted rope, losing from the leaky vessel at every haul a full half of its contents; the remains of a windlass were scattered about, in evidence that there had once existed such a contrivance for drawing water, but now serving no other purpose than to litter the yard, and embarrass the movements of all who had occasion to visit the well. In England, there would have stood a pump over the closed aperture, with a stone sink or cistern, or, at least, a large tub to receive the waste water; but it was not so here, where shiftiness and contrivance in the moral and phy-

sical concerns of life hasten the deterioration of character already on the decline. All these preliminary difficulties were now overcome, and Lucy was upon her knees intent upon her task. The first interruption was from Mrs. Caveat, who rebuked her extravagance for going about in shoes and stockings, which were at once rejected, in compliance with her commands. Ere she had well resumed the labours of the scrubbing-brush, the old Irishwoman, with savage violence, swept away her pail, declaring she had been looking for it every where, and that she wondered how she dared make free with any thing belonging to her. To renew her search for another pail,—to return to the deep well and leaking can, and again to fill it, wore fresh hindrances and fresh trials of her temper; but Lucy reflected that she was helpless, and that her situation was none other than she had brought upon herself, and, however distressing, not to be compared to the sufferings of some whom she had left at home, broken-hearted by her conduct. She wiped away a tear, and once more essayed her formidable task; and when it was at length accomplished, she felt the full effects of the morning sun, and the steaming breathless atmosphere, in a state of weakness and dejection which she had never before experienced. But, although she was quite exhausted, the day was far from spent, and, whilst the day lasted, she could expect no intermission of her toil. What might have been the next employment of her strength, it is impossible to say, for the arrival of Mrs. Caveat's sister in her carriage put an end to all the settled labours of the day, without affording the slightest relief to the servants. Mrs. Batboat had come to spend the day with Mrs. Caveat; and, from her open carriage, which was stained with yesterday's mud, and drawn by two greys, whose coats and caparisons might have looked better had they been cleaner, there issued the said Mrs. Batboat, in a silk gown, streaked a little with butter and gravy, but, as it was almost new, there was still plenty of room left for future impressions; two shoes which never had been pairs, whereof one had been green, but had turned yellow in the course of her slatternly nursery, and the other was burst at every seam. And after Mrs. Batboat, there descended Miss Jemima Batboat, whose dumpy resemblance to her dumpy mamma, at eleven years of age, was very singular; Master Freddy and Master Percy Batboat came next, in new blouses and red belts, and, finally, Master Johnny Batboat, borne in the arms of a red-headed Irish wet nurse.

Such were the visitors whose invasion put all the household to the rout. Whilst preparations were being made for luncheon, on a large scale; whilst the sisters overwhelmed each other with incessant questions, which, as they had met but two days before, could not have been very various or very important; whilst the boys and girl hurried over the house, seeking what they could devour or destroy, and the red-haired Kitty was recruiting her strength with a glass of bottled porter, which the anxious mother had demanded, first of all for herself, and then for her adjutant; Master Johnny Batboat was transferred to Lucy, to be promenaded in the verandah before the drawing-room windows.

"Don't set him down, young woman; mind his dear legs," said his mamma. Master Johnny was eighteen months old, and could not walk.

"Here," continued Mrs. Batboat, "give him this piece of cake, and see you don't choke him."

But Master Johnny, who could neither talk nor walk, had set his heart upon something else, and refusing all Lucy's offers of plum-cake, made Feversham re-bellow with his cries.

Meantime the three interesting children inside, who had run against every chair, and overthrown the fire-irons, and trod upon the dogs, came rushing into the drawing-room with shouts of admiration, each with a kitten in hand, and followed by the old cat, with anxious cries. As they had left every door open, the fowls had got possession of bed-rooms, breakfast-parlour, and the

Doctor's study; from which they were not expelled without considerable loss—one old French cock having retreated through a pane of glass, and a white hen having consumed the wafers and spilt the ink in the Doctor's standish.

The uproar and demolition now took a different turn; for, whilst Mrs. Caveat and Mrs. Batboat, with soothing words, would fain have moderated the eagerness of the young people, whole plates of biscuit and plum-cake shrunk beneath their attacks, in which Kitty Anderson also was encouraged to take her share, under the rational persuasion that she was only consuming Master Johnny's ration, for whose special behoof the said Kitty had been procured from the factory at Parramatta, and duly fed with all nourishing viands.

The visit being at length concluded, when the two ladies thought it time to prepare for Dr. Caveat and Mr. Batboat's return from business; and having previously arranged and appointed a grand picnic for that day week, the carriage was ordered round to the door, the party once more resumed their seats, and disappeared among the loquat trees.

Since this tale of Australian manners is not altogether intended to amuse the reader at the antipodes, but aims also at the higher object of furnishing him with accurate information on a subject much misrepresented and little known, I give a statement of the rations as they are supplied to a government woman, which is the proper phrase for a female prisoner; the word *convict* being always applied and accepted in bad part, and as a term of reproach.

The rations for a week, therefore, are as follows:—12lbs. of wheat, or 9lbs. of wheat and 3½lbs. of maize meal, 7lbs. of beef or mutton, or 4½lbs. of salt pork, 2 ounces of salt, and 2 ounces of soap.

In addition to which the master is bound to keep his assigned women sufficiently clothed, and in return has a full right to all the services which he can exact from them, backed by the severities of the police. Much, therefore, of the convict's condition depends upon the character of the family into which he is assigned; his personal comfort materially depends upon it; his moral amendment, and the gradual rekindling of religious and devotional feelings, after they have lain apparently extinct for many years, are oftentimes the precious fruits of a wholesome and humane treatment, not less beneficial to the master than to the servant. Such instances have fallen under my observation repeatedly; and I have been delighted to see obdurate sinners give way to gentleness and mercy, assisted, I firmly believe, by the soothing effects of a bland and genial climate. The great temptation here is drunkenness; whoever has escaped from the fascinations of this vice has almost achieved the victory; a return to decency and order is henceforth easy; after a few years, the prisoner becomes entitled to a "ticket of leave," which is the proper phrase for a permission granted to him by the Governor to hire himself to a master for the wages he may be able to obtain, and, in short, under certain restrictions, to put him exactly on the footing of a free man, during his good behaviour. A conditional pardon, by which he is restored to all his civil rights within the colony, but which prevents his ever leaving it, and a free pardon, by which even this latter restraint is removed, are both in the gift of the Governor. The great high-way to freedom being thus opened, the instances of individuals who have raised themselves to great wealth, and unquestionable respectability, are of constant occurrence. But there is a reverse to this picture, so revolting to humanity, that a sense of duty alone compels me to refer to it. Thousands upon thousands never rise from their degraded and stupified condition. Totally lost to every sensation of goodness, to all emotions of religion, they toil on until death overtakes them, with all its consequences.

If Lucy Cooper escaped further degradation in the house of Dr. Caveat, it was not owing to any direct principles of virtue and religion, but rather to the sug-

gestions of a strong natural understanding, guided by a light no longer acknowledged indeed, but which still exerted a powerful influence upon her mind. Temptations of all kinds beset her; some from her fellow-servants, which were deprived of much of their effect by their very coarseness; some from the character of the circumstances by which she was surrounded; and some from the bitter recollection that she had no longer any character to sustain, and that her restoration to her former state was impossible: but chiefly from the solicitations of Dr. Caveat, whose selfishness was to be gratified by her acquiescence, and who was not accustomed to lay any restraint upon his self-indulgence, nor to experience any opposition to his desires. The Doctor was a man who wholly disbelieved in the existence of anything that was good in itself; the attributes and being of a God were far above out of his sight; he felt that his own motives were all selfish, and he concluded that there was no higher principle in the world. In short, if he ever thought at all of the existence of a Superior Being, he thought wickedly that that Being was such an one as himself.

With these persuasions, he addressed himself with a peculiar plausibility to all the popular notions of the day; and whilst he declaimed against the tyranny of Government, and the oppressions of the rich, he was, as we have already seen, cruel and unfeeling to his dependents; upholding every pretence of humanity and benevolence, he turned the abuses of the law to his own advantage, at the expense of every broken-hearted wretch who fell into his power. Yet this same Dr. Caveat, who despised all the obligations, and violated all the duties of society, was generally received and caressed; whilst those few, whose instinctive horror of his principles and actions led them to avoid his conversation; could not venture to cut him altogether, and treat him according to his demerits.

To complete his portrait, there was a coarseness of exterior, well marked in his features and person, which suited entirely with the inner man.

Lucy Cooper was beginning to be sensible that her master had turned his designs towards her, during the first week of her services at Feversham; and, much in the same way, she had been molested by several of the male prisoners of the establishment, all of whom she had repulsed; besides being unceasingly tormented by the boyish pretensions of Pug Mischief, whose pertinacity and craftiness were perpetually in operation.

A week of extreme toil and suffering was now hastening rapidly to a close, to be wound up by the grand picnic, for which due preparation had been made. In this country, disappointment in the weather, although not quite so constant as at home, does sometimes take place. But, on this occasion, the day was splendid in the extreme, refreshed by a gentle, cooling breeze, such as we sometimes read of in our English poets, but seldom enjoy in reality.

The first of the party who had arrived upon the ground, were that same Mrs. Batboat and her children whom we have already noticed. Some hampers were secured within and about the carriage, which was cleaned up and polished with great diligence. Mr. Batboat did not arrive until an hour after; but we may as well describe him, with his generation. He was a heavy, good-natured man; and, although not wholly uneducated, he was altogether dumb in society, and made no other use of his mouth than to eat and drink to the uttermost. His great fat face was fringed with a full-set beard, continued under his chin, after that fashion which is called a Newgate frill; and he wore a grey serge coat, and waistcoat and trowsers of the same, made large and comfortable, and surmounted by a beaverless brown felt hat, low in the crown and large in the brim. Whilst Mrs. Caveat and Mrs. Batboat were spreading a sort of awning, composed of carpets and counterpanes, hung from the branches of the trees, and continued with stout cords, as occasion required, and were proceeding to

unpack the several delicacies that had been provided, assisted by Pug Mischief, as a matter of course, and by Lucy Cooper at the Doctor's special orders; Mrs. Whytlog and her two daughters, all on horseback, rode up the ascent, under the escort of her nephew, Captain Lappitt; and as these were bustling bodies, who were used to marshal pic-nics, great satisfaction was expressed at their arrival; although, I am quite sure, Mrs. Batboat whispered to Mrs. Caveat, that she knew very well Mrs. Whytlog would spoil everything. Turkeys and hams, roasted fowls and tongues, pickled salmon and ducks, a huge sirloin of beef, pigeon pies and oyster patties; a profusion of pound cake, tarts and jellies; piles of oranges, and loquats; port and sherry, champagne and claret, Dunbar's porter and ale in bottles, were successively produced, together with a large segment of a Cheshire cheese, in a leaden case, and a profusion of American cracknels. At a little distance, under a huge tree, Pug Mischief was diligently engaged heaping fuel round a cauldron of potatoes, which were to be produced *pro re nata*, as the doctors say, in the course of the entertainment. The company now began to arrive: Mrs. Barnett's family came in a four-wheeled carriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnett in a gig; Colonel Dinnit, Major Macnab, and Captains Pewter, Snatch, and Griggle, came in the regimental omnibus, from which also emerged certain subalterns, whose names are not recorded. The ladies of the regiment followed in a phaeton; and the band, which had arrived some time before, were stationed in the bush, which was close at hand.

Next came, in long array, the whole generation of the Fatherleys, not forgetting Mr. Fatherley's sire, a green old man of eighty-three; the tribe consisted of seventeen, of whom fourteen were under age, and Mrs. Fatherley looked hardly less young and sprightly than her daughters. In truth, they were "a sight to be seen;" all comely, graceful, and handsome, all endowed with a due portion of common sense, and all free from personal blemish or moral reproach. They were well-behaved, orderly, and unobtrusive; and, if pleasure is to be gleaned at pic-nics, it is probable that they came in for considerably more than their full contingent. There were several childless couples there; to wit, Mr. and Mrs. Cross; Mr. Flank and his little Lady; and Mr. and Mrs. Crowdy; and these all came in gigs. There were a baker's dozen of young men, unmatched, of all ages and complexions; but all expert at something. There was young Mr. Peppercorn, in the costume of his youth; which readers of his own standing will recognise as drab smalls, and gaiters to match; for thirty years he had rejoiced in this exploded fashion, and still flourished amongst the unfading flowers: he could carve a fowl, and blow the flute. Eight more of the young men could blow the flute, but could not carve a fowl. Three of them had long exhibited a favourite *pas de trois* in that interval between the dances, which is devoted to the supper table; these were Messieurs Parry, Perry, and Pirie, and no party was thought to be perfect without the Messieurs P—. Other people dropped in during the festival, whose wealth entitled them to take liberties, or whose impudence bore them out in doing things differently from the rest.

But it is time to tell the reader what sort of a place had been selected for the pic-nic. It was the very summit of a ridge of cleared land, on which a few trees had been left, with more than usual taste, as being themselves handsome, and peculiarly becoming to the spot. The country lay open to the view, in one unbroken circle; the chief grace of which were the unbroken waters of Botany Bay, and the projecting heads of Cape Banks and Solander, stretching far away to the southward.

In the same direction, but considerably nearer, lay Newtown, not then, as now, distinguished by the white tower and spire springing from the midst of interminable forests of gum-trees, the sweetest spot in New South Wales. From this high ground also might be perceived the spire of St. James's Church, in Sydney; the road to

Parramatta appeared at intervals, to the north and west, where the horizon was bounded by Mount Tomah, and the distant range of the Blue Mountains.

Here, then, the numerous party assembled to do honour to the ample entertainment provided by Mrs. Caveat and Mrs. Batboat; and right merrily did the guests eat and drink, and enjoy themselves, whilst the servants, in spite of Mrs. Caveat's vigilance, made free with dainty and wine, as their luck served. Pug Mischief was particularly fortunate; many of the best tarts fell to his share, and he contrived to taste of nearly every bottle. The Doctor's arrival, in the course of the feast, served for some check upon his voracity; but, after a while, his thirst got the better of his caution, to that degree, that Lucy had no small difficulty in leading him away from observation, and depositing him in a shady thicket, where he was soon plunged in total forgetfulness. He was occasionally asked for, it is true; but some reason was assigned for his absence, which, for the present at any rate, passed current. Meanwhile the course of affairs among the leading people went on very gaily. There was abundance of laughter, provoked doubtless by sallies of the choicest wit, and jokes of the most approved performance: nothing could exceed the pleasantness of the young men, and the complaisance of the young ladies, except the goodness of the wines, and the cookery of the viands. Toasts were proposed, and speeches were made, according to the genuine formulary which, time out of mind, has been employed to set forth the unworthiness, gratitude, and thankfulness of the speakers; and when, at length, the setting sun reminded the founders of the feast that it was time to adjourn to Mrs. Caveat's drawing-room, certain of those who had come from far, thoughtful, it may be, that the following day was Sunday, took their leave of their host and hostess, and went their way. But a brilliant scene was waiting those that remained, in the lighted apartments of FEVERSHAM, to which Dr. and Mrs. Caveat led the way, while Mrs. Batboat kindly undertook to superintend the business of collecting plate and glasses, and all the other scattered remnants of the feast. The servants, however, were not quite sober, and made mistakes; much of the property was conveyed away, and, in colonial language, *planted*: some of the neighbouring denizens of the bush had gathered round to see what was to be seen, and to take what might be safely appropriated. But Mrs. Batboat was versed in all such matters, and fought her way through her arduous task with great perseverance.

The company within doors were now busily intent upon quadrilles and whist; the great drawing-room at FEVERSHAM, with its pretty columns, and hired chandeliers, could hardly contain its numerous guests, when Dr. Caveat determined upon putting into execution a little project of his own, which had occupied his leisure thoughts throughout the week. Encountering Lucy, as though by accident, he bade her go up to assist Mrs. Batboat in her employment. The shades of evening were now rapidly gathering, and Lucy hurried her pace, as she perceived that she was followed. Her purser hurried likewise, and was fast gaining ground, when lo! a horrid oath was heard to proceed from the Doctor's mouth, as he stumbled over the body of some one stretched upon the ground, and falling headlong, found himself side by side with Pug Mischief, whose pink jacket was only just discernible in the gloom.

Whilst Lucy regained the house, terrified and breathless, a scene ensued between Dr. Caveat and the drunken orphan from the Male Asylum, which, as it consisted of a tremendous beating, and the most offensive epithets, on the one side, and the helpless entreaties of Pug Mischief on the other, whom pain and peril rapidly restored to his senses, we shall follow the Doctor home, and observe how, with Mr. Batboat, and a few more worthies of the same stamp, this night, which the reader will soon perceive to have been a most memorable one, was lengthened even till the morning, in deep gambling, deep drinking, and sabbath-breaking. Long after the

company had begun to disperse, and carriage after carriage had taken its way down the Lequat avenue—when light after light had become extinguished, and Mrs. Caveat had retired to bed—the Doctor's study still resounded with drunken hilarity, till, by degrees, it reached the climax of madness and blasphemy, and gradually died away as the sun rose over Anandale.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

(Concluded from page 123.)

"I HAD understood for some time what was passing in his mind. I did not like to dwell on it. Did I know what I felt myself? All my feelings were confused; I had given myself up to them without examination; reflection had not enlightened me. On the morrow he was no longer with us; the house appeared to me deserted, and the day very long. My hourly interest was gone; a tedious vacuum succeeded to constant excitement. Perhaps it was not happiness that I regretted, but I found my mind unemployed; I did not know what to do with my time and thoughts. He came to see us. My father had named an hour in the day in which, being usually at liberty, he could be with us. His presence did not embarrass me; I had nothing that I wished to hide, and yet I felt constrained. Our friend was much more so: I saw that he was distressed, and struggling with some great inward uneasiness,—agitated by thoughts that he wished to conceal and conquer. We could not keep up the conversation; his countenance resumed its sad and alarming expression; I could no longer divert him, or relax the springs of his dis-tempered imagination.

"My father said to me one day, 'These visits do him more harm than good. If we do not take care, he will have a relapse. I will tell him not to come here for some time.'—'I think that you will wound him deeply,' I answered. 'Do you not fear that this emotion will injure him?'—'We must, for this reason, seek some excuse for forbidding him. You shall go and pass some weeks at my sister's in the country: on your return, we shall see what is to be done.'

"My father went in the evening to tell him this unwelcome news. The following day, a letter was brought to me; the address was in his handwriting; I opened it, and read—'The resolution that you have taken,—a resolution so cruel and unexpected,—overthrows all my wise determinations, and precipitates me into measures which will, I know, endanger my life. I summon all the resolution of which I am capable to lay open to you a heart which ought to remain closed to every human being,—closed to you, I see plainly. I will only say what is needful: my words must be circumspect and prudent. If I do not show calmness and reason; if I do not appear like others, all is at an end with me. Margaret, I owe you everything, and I do not dare remind you of it. Your kindness, your care, are perhaps connected in your mind with ideas of alarm and repugnance. The moment when I saw you for the first time; the time that I have passed with you; those hours of a happiness so new, so improbable,—I must chase them from my remembrance. What I was then must never be recalled by us; forget the past, it alarms me; I have a horror of thinking of it. Let us, then, be ignorant of how I knew you, why I love you more than any person in the world could love. Still you have often told me, that I was only unhappy; yes, you alone have consoled me. And why should there be repugnance to him whose tears you have dried?—to him whom you saved from despair? Ought it not, on the contrary, to be a tie between two beings,—to have understood and sympathized with each other? As to me, I feel it, I cannot live without you; without you, there is no peace or happiness for me. I was going to say, reason; but such a word, pronounced by me, has too

frightful a meaning. No, Margaret, I am sane—master of myself: I shall always be so. I have strength to support the trials of life; there is, however, one not to be risked. I implore you, do not injure me more than you have benefited me. It is impossible for you not to have some regard for me; pity alone could not be so charming, so tender. The wretched are taken care of, but not cured, if they are not loved. Your sympathy saved me from an abyss: do not plunge me into it again. Love me—after the good that you have done me, you have no right to abandon me: it would be a refinement of cruelty, of which you are not capable. I conclude; my head burns:—no, Margaret, that is a mistake: I am cool and tranquil; it is with deliberation, and with all the calculation of prudence, with the knowledge of the present, and the examination of the future, that I beg to consecrate my life to you, and to take charge of your welfare. This proposal that I make to you is a perfectly reasonable one. It is such as any one would make, who had read in your eyes, and touching looks, all the angelic feelings of your soul. I write a letter to your father, and give you the charge of it.'

"I delivered it to him. It was as follows:—'I hope, sir, that the request that I am about to make will not surprise you. I owe you much; if you will, give me your attention, I shall owe you a thousand times more. I love your daughter. It was impossible for me to have resided so long in your family, and that my heart should not be affected by the deepest feelings towards her. Till this day, she has been ignorant of my sentiments. It is right that you should be informed of them at the same time. My fortune is considerable; you are aware that I am of an honourable family; as to my character and sentiments, you are acquainted with them. I have been a member of your family: shall I be so for ever?'

"After having read this letter and mine, which I had also given to him, my father did not speak for a few minutes. He then looked at me earnestly and tenderly. 'What shall we do,' he said, 'to spare him? This is what I feared.' I made no answer. 'How, my child,' he continued, 'can there be a moment's hesitation? I do not know what your tenderness of heart may dictate or suggest, but my duty as a father cannot admit of a doubt. Entrust the life of my beloved child to a wretched being, whom, with all my efforts, I have not been able to recover from his melancholy condition—who is on the verge of relapsing into complete lunacy! The thought fills me with horror. I should be more mad than himself, if such an idea could for an instant occur to me.' I remained mute and dejected—nothing could have made me utter a word. I do not know what instinct, what inward conviction, gave me a sort of certainty, that I should have run no risk in uniting myself to him; that our lives would be peaceful and happy; that I had something in me which could sustain tranquillity and reason in his poor mind; that he was lost if this only chance of happiness was refused to him. But how could I say all this—against probability, against common sense, and all appearances? How could I say it to my father, so prudent, so wise, so kind and good to me? He was right, I knew it. I could not deny it; at the bottom of my heart, a voice told me the contrary. I ought to have had the courage to resist him. Now I am full of remorse for not having entreated, implored my father; for not having extracted a consent, which could only have endangered myself; and I did not even see that danger . . . He went to see him, and tried to persuade him that other engagements had been contracted, that his word had long been pledged to another family. These precautions did not in the least soften his refusal. The scene was violent; my father confessed this to me, without entering into particulars. He was very miserable, very much absorbed by this fatality; in accordance with his character, he did not speak of it to me. I lived in constant wretchedness. Soon after, I learnt that fresh attacks of frenzy had occurred. I asked my father what he knew on the subject.

'It is too true,' he said; 'and I expected it. I am so much accustomed to this malady, that I had no doubt it would recur. I cannot see him, my presence would agitate him. I cannot either think of having him back among the other patients; all that he would see would recall impressions of which the effect would be injurious. But I inform myself most carefully of his state. His attendants acquaint me with everything. I prescribe what is to be done; and if his madness continues, as I fear, I shall see to having him taken to an asylum, fifty miles hence. I know the principal doctor there very well; he will be well taken care of.' This prudence of my father's, which was not harshness, this calm kindness, made me feel timid and silent. I dared not give way to my feelings. What could I say? What could I ask? Calm reflection told me that there was no disputing the will of Providence. I prayed to God, —I implored a miracle; I dreamt that it was granted. I hovered between resignation and hope,—I agitated myself painfully when I gave myself up to my own thoughts—I became calm, when I sought for comfort in prayer.

"One day I went out of doors, and walked sadly away from the town, when suddenly I perceived our friend, who had been taken out for air, during an interval of calmness and reason. His hair was long and in disorder, and his eyes were wide open and dull. His mouth had an expression that would have been convulsive, had it not betokened exhaustion. He looked towards me. A feeling of shame became evident in his face. He was humbled to appear thus before my eyes; however, he took courage, and revived at the sound of my voice. I was much agitated; I did not know what words to address to him. I was more afraid of wounding his feelings than of injuring him; the idea of his madness did not even occur to me. After some sentences painfully uttered, he appeared to overcome the feeling of our mutual embarrassment and constraint. 'Well,' he said, 'you condemned me; indeed, how could I have such a hope—such presumption! It is too true, I could not have been cured when I conceived so strange a project—marry a madman!' and he began laughing in a frightful manner. 'Have I deserved that you should speak thus to me?' I answered. 'Have you not seen my affection and regard?' 'Yes, your kindness, your compassion, your charity—but affection—Ah! there *could* be none for me. I am taken care of—the duties of humanity and religion are fulfilled towards me—but this is all; and even this wearies people. I have been driven away—banished: you, so good, so pious, you have shut your doors on an unhappy man; his misfortunes make him revolting to you. If I have relapsed into this dreadful state, who is the cause of it? Tell me.' These words were too cutting; I was not mistress of my feelings; I melted into tears, and sobbed aloud. As for him, he seemed renovated; he raised his head—his eye sparkled. 'I am unjust and cruel,' continued he. 'No, you have not refused me; no, you did not wish my death. It is not you who have thrown me back into this horrible state; no, *you* could not have been so harsh. I had divined feelings in you, which assured me that I might seek my well-being at your hands. It is your father who kills me; it is *he* who is without compassion; it is his cruel prudence which has inflicted this blow. Margaret, I implore you, tell me that you would have consented; say that the refusal did not come from you. Give me this assurance; it is the only way to calm me. This thought will appease my sufferings, and soothe my mind; if I can say, She loves me, it will be sufficient to render all my life calm and happy. Say only the words, *It was my father!*' A feeling of alarm tightens my heart, when I think of the answer that I might have uttered. O my God! it was thy goodness that saved me from so fearful a remembrance! What danger I incurred! How dreadful might I have become to myself! I regained my strength a little. I reproached

him, but with gentleness, for his ingratitude towards my father. I essayed to give him a glimpse of hope for the future; I endeavoured to bring him to himself. His keepers entreated me to go; they saw some violent crisis coming on. The woman who accompanied me led me hastily away. In effect he had a fit of frenzy more violent than ever. From this day lucid intervals almost ceased. They told me that he had neither reason nor consciousness. How shall I terminate my recital! how approach the horrible catastrophe! My father continued his care of him; almost every day he went to his house, to inform himself of his symptoms, and give directions to his attendants; but he took care never to be seen by him. Once, through the grate of his window, he perceived my father, who was come to pay his usual visit. They had forgotten to fasten his door; he darted out exclaiming, 'It is he, my enemy, my murderer!' He leapt down the staircase before any one had time to reach him. The unhappy man had seized a knife; he threw himself on my father, and stretched him at his feet. . . . My father was brought home, bathed in blood; the steel had reached his heart. He had only a few moments to live; he could hardly speak. 'My beloved child! my poor Margaret!' he uttered. And I read in his eye that his last thought was one of satisfaction—that he had not exposed me to the blow, by which he had perished. There is no language for the grief I suffered; it will end only with my existence. God willed it; He sent me this trial; may He soon reunite me to my father! By repenting these words, by dwelling on this thought, by a total self-denial, I have been able to nerve my heart against despair, and at times to dry my tears: I find a strength and peace, which come from Heaven, for which I do not reproach myself. I lean on the idea of fate, which is not that of chance, but of Providence. Sometimes, I am in a kind of stupor, which seems like insensibility: to such a state of mind exertion is necessary. I will devote myself to the service of the poor and the sick; God will not condemn that. It shall be especially to the care of this fatal malady, the only image that exists in my mind.

"I informed myself of the fate of the unhappy and blind instrument of this dreadful misfortune. He had not had a glimpse of reason or intelligence from that time. He never knew any one. It seemed to me that I ought to thank God for this. At other times, I reproached myself for this thought. He was transported to the asylum, where my father had wished to send him. It is there that I wish to be employed by the Superiors of the order into which I hope to be admitted; I shall obey them without murmuring. Will it be wrong to feel that I have a duty to him, whom my father attended with so much affection? I know that I can neither wait upon him, nor see him, but I shall be near him. I shall be acquainted with his sufferings. I shall watch over this human being, whose mind is already gone; and see that he has everything that can soften his physical sufferings. If he gets well, I beg that I may be sent from the place where he is."

I gave back to the Superior the manuscript of the Sister of Charity. She told me that none of her pious companions was more devoted, more regular, in their zealous and pious office. "But," she said, "her endeavours are beyond her strength; she tries to stifle the grief that preys upon her; there is not a minute in the day that she does not think of it, but she never speaks of it." Six months after I received the following letter:—

"SIR,—You took so much interest in Sister Margaret, that I must tell you that her sad existence is ended. God has taken her to himself. The poor young man who was confined in the asylum, grew more and more violent. About a fortnight since a brain fever came on. It was necessary to acquaint Sister Margaret of this. She begged me to dispense with her services; she had not strength for them. She went to chapel, and

remained in prayer all day, and almost all night. The young man died on the following day. The body was taken to the church. When we came there to sprinkle the holy water, she wished to take her turn; in passing by the bier, she fainted. Two days after, she died like a saint, in my arms."

LORD HILL.¹

APART from the great military operations in which Lord Hill played a conspicuous, though not the chief part, his life cannot be said to have been an eventful one, in the ordinary sense of the word. It presents no surprising changes—no ups and downs—no sudden reverses, or starts of prosperity; none, in short, of the usual elements of a romantic career. Neither do we find in it to atone for poverty of external incident, much of a diversified history of the inner man. There is no remarkable development of passion, sentiment, or even intellectual power, to be traced out in it; little from which we can draw new illustrations of the working of the human mind, or from which we can derive much help in untwisting the mazes of the heart. For interest of the former kind his course was too uniformly prosperous and too gradual in its progression; and for the latter his character was too simple, and, it may be, the range of his faculties too limited.

It does not by any means follow from this that the life of Lord Hill is one which need not have been written. There is something in human life to interest us beyond variety of adventure, intensity of passion, or restless activity of intellect; something from the contemplation of which we may derive as much benefit as from the highest gratification of curiosity, or even from the deepening of our insight into the springs of human action. As there are roads which appear dull and unromantic only because they are smooth and level, but which are on that account all the more delightful to travel on; so there are men whose lives seem to lack interest only because they are not diversified by deviations into error; and whose character appears to possess nothing to repay the trouble of penetrating into its depths, only because the road thither is perfectly direct and open.

The leading idea which runs through the life of Lord Hill is that of "duty," duty performed unaffectedly, unostentatiously—almost unconsciously—without the slightest parade of heroism, doing all, and more than all, to which the ambition of being reckoned heroes prompts vainer men. He appears to have done his duty simply because there it was before him, the work which he had to do; not because of the praise which he should gain even from his own approving conscience, or from any persuasion that it would be a noble achievement. They are, in every respect, a lower order of men who must be stimulated to patriotic exertion by such reflections as "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Such as he was care little for the pleasure, and are at the time unconscious of the honour.

A few words which fell from him, on the subject of his religious feelings, shortly before his death, appear to us strongly to illustrate the whole of his character, on other points as well as on that of religion. "With regard to my religious feelings, I have not power to express much, and never had; but I do trust I am sin-

cere; and I hope for mercy." This want of power "to express much" on matters of deep and serious concernment, like the "tardiness in nature" which froze the words of affection on the lips of Cordelia, is very far from being an evidence that much is not felt; it rather proves that that which is felt is accompanied by a severe truthfulness of character which shrinks from the slightest approach to the simulation even of what it most approves; by a sensitive delicacy of mind which revolts at exposing the sacred feelings of the heart, as at a profanation; by the habit of fixing the mind's eye directly and exclusively upon that which has to be done, and not encouraging it to turn about and contemplate itself in the doing of it. Such men will not speak of their own feelings; and indeed, were they willing, have little to say about them, because they have paid little attention to them. They may be heroes, but they cannot speak heroics. They may be religious, but they cannot express religious feelings. A man of such a stamp was Lord Hill. His character was simple, unaffected, undemonstrative; a man of action rather than of reflection; and of either rather than of words.

Lord Hill was born at Prees, in Shropshire, 11th August, 1772, of an ancient and most respectable family, of which several members had attained considerable eminence. He was a nephew of the celebrated and eccentric Rowland Hill, minister of Surrey Chapel. Not this excellent man only, but several other members of the family, were marked by a depth of religious feeling which verged, in some degree, upon enthusiasm.

Hill's disposition, as a boy, was singularly amiable. His delicate health frequently prevented him from joining in the athletic exercises of his more robust companions; and all his spare time was devoted to his garden, and his pet animals. His garden was most productive; and he constantly won the best prizes at the Salop Horticultural shows. His fondness for tame animals of all descriptions, and his delight in exhibiting and watching them, were very remarkable.

When very young, his sensibility was so excessive, that he fainted at the sight of a cut finger. When reminded of this in after life, by a friend, who expressed some wonder how he could have acted with the coolness and vigour he displayed as a soldier, in the midst of the dreadful scenes of carnage surrounding him, "I have still," he replied, "the same feelings; but in the excitement of battle all individual sensation is lost sight of." "Just before he joined his regiment for the first time," says his biographer, "he sickened at the sight of a human heart preserved in spirits, shown him by his medical attendant: and after he had entered on his military duties, he was unable to look at a prize-fight, between Humphries and Mendoza, near the windows of his lodging, and was taken out fainting from the room. No common observer would have imagined for an instant that the army could have been his choice; yet, as every one knows that bully and coward may be almost placed in the list of synonymes, so gentleness and bravery, sensibility and courage, and, we may add, humility and piety, are capable of a similar classification."

His parents were desirous that he should adopt the law as a profession; but the army was his own choice. He was appointed to an ensigncy in the 38th regiment, in 1790, in his eighteenth year, and was made lieutenant in the 53d, in March 1791. His character at this time is thus described by the officer under whom he served, in a letter to his uncle, Sir Richard Hill:—"It will be satisfactory to you, and to Mr. Hill, his father, to learn from me, that, as an officer, his talents, disposition, and assiduity, are of the most promising nature; and that his amiable manners, sweetness of temper, and uncommon propriety of conduct, have not only endeared him to the regiment, but procured him the most flattering

(1) *The Life of Lord Hill.* By the Rev. Edwin Sydney, A.M., Chaplain to Viscount Hill. London: Murray, 1845.

attentions from an extensive circle of the first fashion in this country."

In 1793, Lieutenant Hill raised an independent company in his native county of Shropshire, and, in consequence, obtained his commission as captain. Soon afterwards he proceeded to Toulon, and was employed as aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, General O'Hara, and Sir David Dundas. The impression he made on these officers, while on the staff of each, in succession, was of the most favourable kind; and General O'Hara emphatically predicted his future distinction in the service. While at Toulon he had an opportunity of greatly distinguishing himself, and was highly commended by his superior officer for his intelligence, activity, and courage. There he formed an acquaintance with the late Lord Lynedoch, then Mr. Graham, and serving as a volunteer. When this gentleman raised the 90th regiment, in 1794, he offered Hill the majority of it, on his raising a certain quota of men, which he did. The regiment was afterwards augmented to a thousand strong, and Hill became its lieutenant-colonel.

In 1800, Colonel Hill accompanied his regiment to Egypt, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby. He was wounded in a skirmish, which took place on the 13th of March, 1801, by a musket-ball, which struck the peak of his helmet, and was, in consequence, not present at the action of the 21st, in which Abercromby was killed. The wound was not very serious, and he recovered in time to bear a distinguished part in all the subsequent operations of the British army in Egypt.

In August 1803, Colonel Hill was appointed brigadier-general on the staff in Ireland, and was stationed at Loughrea, having under his immediate command some light infantry corps formed from the militia of Ireland; also having charge of the whole western part of the country. Ireland at this period was threatened with the invasion of the French, and was much disturbed by disaffection in the country. Several reports of the appearance of the French kept the people in a state of constant excitement. He established with some difficulty, and in the face of considerable opposition, a system of signals throughout the country, by which, in the case of a descent, the alarm might be carried with certainty and speed to head-quarters. He maintained a constant watchfulness over the motions of the disaffected; while his own kind and conciliatory deportment contributed greatly to the preservation of peace. It is little to the credit of the government of the day, that he had much difficulty in obtaining repayment of the money he expended in these operations.

In 1805 General Hill was sent in command of the British force which was despatched that year to the Weser; which, however, speedily returned without finding any opportunity of acting with effect in cooperation with the allies. It was at this time he formed the acquaintance of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley.

In 1808 General Hill accompanied Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal. The events of the campaigns in the Peninsula belong to the history of the country rather than to the life of any individual; and we shall not follow General Hill's biographer through them further than to say, that we everywhere find him advancing with the same unpretending steadiness in the path of duty. One achievement in particular gained him the highest honour, and led to his receiving the decoration of the Bath in the beginning of 1812. It is thus detailed:—

"Towards the middle of October (1811) Girard's division crossed the Guadiana at Merida, and inflicted the greatest annoyances on the northern district of Estremadura, in consequence of which, General Hill proposed to operate against him in conjunction with the Spaniards under Castanos. His principal objects were, first, to drive the enemy from Caceres; secondly, to force him to recross the Guadiana; and thirdly, to endeavour to cut off the retreat of the whole, or part, of

the hostile forces posted at Caceres, before they could be augmented or supported. As no ulterior advantage could be derived from the first object without the accomplishment of the second, this became the chief consideration in the general's disposition of his troops. Lord Wellington fully approved his design, if it could be undertaken 'without risking the safety of Campo Mayor and Orguela,' which he was assured might be done, as both these places were considered secure from assault; but the general was instructed not to pass Caceres with his head-quarters, and main body; and when he had driven off Girard, he was to replace the Comte de Penne Villaur at Caceres, and bring back his troops, who had endured the greatest sufferings from the weather, towards the frontier. The French retired from Caceres on the 26th; but their pursuers had no certain tidings as to the direction they had taken, and therefore the suffering British and Portuguese soldiers were halted by their considerate leader for that night at Malpartida, while he himself used efforts to discover the route of the retreating enemy. His information rendered it certain that they were gone to Torremocha; and he endeavoured, by taking a shorter road than theirs, to intercept and bring them to action. While on his march, General Hill discovered that Girard was at Arroyos de Molinos, and not aware of his movements; which at once induced him to decide on overtaking and surprising the whole force of the French, or at all events, compelling them to an action.

"The weather was wretched in the extreme; but the soldiers did not fail, in a long forced march, instantly undertaken in the most perfect quietude, that no symptom of their approach might alarm the enemy. By the evening of the 27th they were at Alcuéscar, within four miles of their unconscious foes. Every conceivable precaution was resorted to. The light companies were thrown into the villages, to prevent the natives from alarming the enemy; and the cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were disposed of in the neighbouring fields, with the strictest orders not to cheer the cold and gloomy night with a single fire; the flickering of which might give indication that they were near. The wind blew furiously; the rain fell in torrents; and the patient soldiery had no protection from the storm, except the drenched coverings of their tents, which the gale had thrown down; but their patience and confidence in the leader they loved deserted them not. They were warmed by the flush of expectation that the morning would recompense them for all their toils; and the first streaks of dawn had not appeared in the horizon, when the various columns fell in, without a single note of a bugle, or the beat even of one solitary drum. The ground was admirably chosen, with a view to concealment; they filed quietly through the village, and having crossed an intervening mountain, found themselves, just as the day began to break, within half a mile of Arroyos, where Girard was yet in security, ignorant of their presence and his own danger. At this instant, a violent hail-storm, pouring on the rear of the allies, caused the faces of the French piquets to be turned from them; but, just as they were ready to make the decisive movement, the clouds cleared away, the sky became serene, and the hostile corps was preparing for their march, in expectation of a propitious day. The decisive moment had arrived. General Hill was himself inspired, as was every brave man he commanded, with the enthusiasm of the scene. The usual calmness of his demeanour, rendered even more than commonly striking by the precautions he had taken for silence, became suddenly converted into an animation that cheered, and almost amused, every witness of his ardour. It seemed kindled in an instant. He drew his sword,—gave a loud hurra,—spurred his horse,—and led the charge on the astonished ranks of the French, then forming, without a thought that he was so near at hand. The first brigade, headed thus vigorously by himself, moved at once on the village of Arroyos; and the Highlanders, catching up the humour

of the hour, were heard playing on their bag-pipes, 'Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin' yet?' The second brigade, under General Howard, moved quietly round to the other side of the place, to intercept the troops which the first should drive out. In the centre came the cavalry, ready to act in whatever way might be deemed expedient. Presently the 71st and 92d regiments dashed into Arroyo, and came upon the French just as they were filing out, with the exception of one brigade, which had marched for Medellin before daylight. This charge first announced to them the snare into which they had fallen. And, with only a feeble effort on the part of their cavalry, they were driven before the bayonets of the British. The French infantry, nevertheless, having emerged from the town, tried to form into two squares, with cavalry on their left; but the 71st, lining the garden-walls of the town, poured into them an awful fire, which was soon succeeded by that of artillery. They fled in utter confusion, and the capture of the prisoners, cannon, and baggage, rapidly followed. Then came the memorable pursuit of that extraordinary day. Just behind the routed forces of Girard, rose the rocky and steep Sierra de Montanches, up which they clambered, in a state of utter confusion, throwing away their arms, ammunition, and knapsacks, and yielding their persons as prisoners to their pursuers at every step. In the excitement of such a chase, the British, the Portuguese, and the Spaniards, seemed all to forget that they had been without rest, and soaked with rain and mist all the night before. They laughed, shouted, jumped in their heavy accoutrements, or caught the scrambling horses of the fugitives, who could not ride them over the mountain, and came down mounted in triumph, till fatigue caused some to desist, and the rest, being too much scattered, were judiciously stopped on the summit of the Sierra, by General Howard. Nearly fifteen hundred prisoners were taken, and some of them of high rank. Lieutenant Blakeney, of the 28th, leaped over a wall, and seized the Prince d'Arenberg, in the midst of a group of officers. General Brun was also taken, with a colonel of cavalry, an aide-de-camp of Girard, two lieutenant-colonels, a commissaire de guerre, and no less than thirty captains and inferior officers. Girard himself, with a handful of men, escaped by the bridge of Medellin, declaring he would rather die than surrender. It was altogether a most brilliant achievement; and is thus eloquently adverted to by Major Sherer, in his recollections of the day:—"One thing in our success at Arroyo de Molinos gratified our division highly; it was a triumph for our General—a triumph *all his own*. He gained great credit for his well-conducted enterprise; and he gained what, to one of his mild, kind, and humane character, was still more valuable—a solid and bloodless victory; for it is certainly the truest maxim in war, 'That conquest is twice achieved, where the achiever brings home full numbers.' Indeed, the loss in his division was most trifling, while a deep blow was inflicted on the enemy. Girard was wounded before he escaped, and Soult afterwards arrested him, and reported him to Buonaparte, who, knowing that he was, notwithstanding this misadventure, a thoroughly brave soldier, pardoned him, in the expectation of future services."

It is strikingly illustrative of the retiring modesty of Hill's character, that it was some time before he could become reconciled to the new title he had won. "When he was knighted," says an officer on his personal staff, "there was not one of us dared, for nearly six months, to call him Sir Rowland." He was quite distressed at being called anything but General; and it was only very gradually that he could be driven to bear his honour.

The next important achievement of General, now Sir Rowland Hill, was the surprise of Almaraz, undertaken in May 1812, to destroy the means possessed by the French of effecting the passage of the Tagus, which was effected with equal skill, and obtained from his military superiors, and the country, equal commendation. But we

must not pause upon military operations, the details of which, however important as illustrating the character of the individual, are rather out of place in a notice of this kind. To the end of the campaign, Hill maintained the same high character which he had won for himself from the outset. When it was brought to a close by the abdication of Buonaparte, he was raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Hill, of Almaraz and Hawkstone.

On Lord Hill's return to England, he came in for a large share of the marks of public gratitude which were showered upon the heroes of the war. The city of London voted him a sword. "His visit to Shrewsbury," remarks his biographer, "was a triumph. The streets were filled with thousands, who came pouring in from every quarter. The trees on the road by which he entered, were adorned with flowers, and the very road itself actually strewed with them. A splendid dinner was given at the Guildhall, where the venerable father of Lord Hill was an object of universal interest. He appeared fresh, vigorous, and animated, as the youngest of the guests at that festive board, until he rose amid the plaudits of the company, to return thanks for the honours of that day. Then the tears rolled down his aged cheeks; but, at length, his manly spirit conquered all emotions, and he expressed, in a few brief words, his sense of the reception of his name by the Salopians."

In September of this year, Lord Hill was offered the command in Scotland, but declined it.

After the return of Buonaparte from Elba, he was again called into active service. The following circumstance, narrated by himself, is not generally known:—"When Buonaparte came back from Elba, I was in London. One day I was sent for, suddenly, to the Cabinet. They told me there was a fear of an action being risked on the frontier of the Netherlands, that might prove disastrous. 'We think,' they said, 'your influence would operate to prevent it;—will you go?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'When?—To-night?' 'No, not to-night; to-morrow morning.' I went home, got ready, and set off, and was able to keep all right till the arrival of the Duke of Wellington." He was actively engaged in the battle of Waterloo, and accompanied the army to Paris.

On Lord Anglesey's appointment to the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland in 1827, Lord Hill was offered the master-generalship of the Ordnance by Lord Godorich; but declined the appointment as unsuited to his habits and health. Subsequently, on the Duke of Wellington's acceptance of the premiership, he offered to Lord Hill the appointment of general commanding-in-chief, which he did not think it right to refuse. "This office he held till the state of his health obliged him to resign it, in 1842. For a considerable part of that time it was a matter of considerable delicacy for him to hold office, as his political sentiments were opposed to those of the government of the day. In these circumstances he equally consulted his duty and his comfort by refusing to take any active part in politics. The following anecdote, while it strongly shows the kindness and urbanity of Lord Hill's disposition, furnishes a useful hint for persons similarly circumstanced."

"Lord Hill took possession of the Horse Guards without any ostentation; and the transaction of his delicate and important duties was marked by equal courtesy and justice. Officers' widows received from him the kindest attention; but not unfrequently the length and urgency of their claims were quite embarrassing. On being asked how he managed to prevent their taking up more time than he could spare, he replied, smiling, 'Why, in the room where I receive them there is only one chair. I ask them to sit down; then they are sorry to see me standing; so they do not stay very long.'"

The state of his health compelled Lord Hill to resign the command of his army on the 9th August, 1842, on which occasion he was honoured by an autograph letter from Her Majesty, expressive of much esteem and regret

for the loss of his services. He immediately retired to Shropshire, where he soon after received accounts of his elevation to the rank of viscount. He did not long survive this fresh honour; but died on the 10th December in the same year, at the age of seventy, leaving behind him a name, which, if not the most brilliant in the annals of the country, is as little tarnished by the blemishes and inconsistencies too often attaching to great names, as that of any one who has ever filled situations of equal importance.

PALM LEAVES.

Select Oriental Tales.

III. BOSSALDAB'S VISION.

BOSSALDAB, the Sultan of Egypt, had an only son, named Aboram. He loved this son as an old man loves the life in which he still hopes to enjoy the fruit of his youthful labours. He collected great treasures, conquered many neighbouring countries, and toiled day and night to provide a rich inheritance, and a glorious throne, for this his much-loved son. He had almost attained the highest pinnacle of power and grandeur, when the youth who was to have inherited them, was killed in the chase by a random arrow.

Bossaldab was inconsolable. He tore his beard, he beat his face, and covered the dead body with his tears. His loud cries of sorrow re-echoed from the distant rocks, but they could not recall the youth to life. His servants approached, and spoke words of comfort, but he heard them not. He cursed his palace, his kingdom, and himself, and hid himself in a dark cave of the forest. Here he lay in the dust, loudly lamenting the injustice of fortune. "Why am I become the possessor of so many kingdoms, so great riches," he exclaimed, "if my only son was to be thus taken from me in the bloom of life?" Thus he passed two days in senseless despair. His strength failed him, and he lay exhausted on the ground, looking forward with anxiety to death, which he thought would end his misery, when suddenly a bright light surrounded him. He lifted up his eyes, and saw before him a youth, in a sky-blue garment, with a wreath of lilies on his temples. He touched the Sultan's forehead with a green bough he held in his hand. New life ran through his veins; his heart was strengthened; he arose, and looked in silence upon the heavenly visitant. "Bossaldab," said he, "I am Kaloe, the Angel of Peace, sent to instruct thee: come, follow me."

He took the Sultan by the hand, and led him to a high mountain; then he placed him upon the summit, and said: "Look down into the valley." Bossaldab did so, and beheld a barren, waste island. The waves of the sea rolled around it, and at that moment cast a shipwrecked man upon its shore. The unfortunate held in one hand a casket, full of diamonds, and with the other he strove to mount the rocky cliffs. He had nearly reached the summit; his joyful demeanour bespoke the hope he felt of reaching an inhabited country; but when he at length reached the top, and saw only a desert, sandy waste before him, he seemed overcome with dismay. He threw his jewels on the earth, wrung his hands, uttering loud cries, and then traversed the plain in search of food; but there grew neither tree nor bush upon it; and he saw the sun rise and

set four times without finding a berry or a leaf with which to appease his hunger. Pale and exhausted, he at last threw himself down on a rock by the sea-shore, pulled some dry grass from its crevices, and awaited his death.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bossaldab, turning towards the Angel, "be gracious, and suffer not yonder poor wretch to perish so miserably." "Be silent," rejoined he, "and attend to that which thine eyes behold." Bossaldab looked again, and discovered a ship drawing near to the shore. The sufferer perceived it, and the sight gave him fresh strength; he sprang on his feet, stretched out his arms, and beckoned to the sailors. When they saw him upon the rock, they heaved to; he fell down before the captain of the ship, told him of his sufferings, and offered the half of his treasure if he would rescue him. When the captain saw the precious stones, he made a sign to his crew, who approached, bound the wretched man hand and foot, seized his jewels, and departed, rejoicing in their plunder, and leaving him upon the shore, half dead.

"O merciful God!" mournfully exclaimed Bossaldab, "canst thou behold this wickedness, and suffer it? Behold, the wretches sail away, leaving him they have robbed, to perish with hunger." "Look yet once again," returned the Angel, "the ship of these sinners is wrecked on yonder rocks: hearest thou not their cries? None may escape; the weight of their sins will sink them all. And wouldst thou have placed the forsaken one on board this ship, which was sailing towards destruction? Remember, henceforth, that thou blame not the ways of Providence. The man whom thou dost commiserate shall be saved, though not in the way thou didst anticipate. God, in his providence, hath more than one way of deliverance. This man was covetous and hard-hearted towards the needy; he possessed more than he required, and his love of gain led him to seek riches on the sea. Therefore he was led into this wilderness, that his hard heart may be softened, and moved to open his closed hand. Blessed is the man who learns wisdom from adversity! But now, turn and behold another vision."

Bossaldab did so, and looked down from the rock. The sea had disappeared, and the deep was changed into a blooming plain. The Sultan's eyes rested upon fertile fields, when a tall palace of marble rose before his eyes; the ivory doors opened, and showed a royal throne, decked with gold and precious stones. Unnumbered riches lay in great heaps on either side of the throne, which was surrounded by servile groups of the princes of the country, and ambassadors from foreign nations, who all took the oath of allegiance to the young king who sat upon the throne. And this young king was Aboram, the son of Bossaldab.

"Gracious Allah! it is my son!" said the Sultan. "Oh, suffer me to embrace him!" "Remain where thou art," said the Angel, "it is an empty form, by which I show thee the vanity of thy life and the sinfulness of thy despair. Observe and mark it well."

The oath of fealty taken, a banquet followed, after which the young king divided his treasures amongst the guests. In a short time, the riches which a most niggardly economy had been years in amassing, were thus distributed. The princes had no sooner decked themselves with the king's diamonds, than they proudly and arrogantly exalted

themselves against him. Four new thrones arose upon the ruins of the former one, and upon them were seated new kings; they bound Bossaldab's son, who had become intoxicated at the banquet, and cast him into a dungeon, where, after much suffering, he was murdered by the hand of a slave.

The Sultan turned his eyes away. "Ah, it is enough!" said he, "it is enough!" "Humility and patience," said the Angel, "would have spared thee this sight." "I have sinned," answered Bossaldab, "in murmuring so bitterly at the stroke which removed my son in his innocence, and thus preserved him from so much evil to come." "Yes," replied the Angel, "he is happy whom an early death saves from destruction. Depart, Bossaldab, and bear thy affliction in patience. The earthly works of man are transient; his proud edifices sink beneath the burden of a few years. The name of the niggard and of the oppressor is mentioned with contempt; while the memory of the beneficent man is blessed by succeeding generations."

Thus spoke the Angel of Peace. He stretched his wings, and rose into the air; the rustling of his pinions resembled the sound of a waterfall, and then gradually subsided into a soft and gentle murmur.

The Sultan awoke. He was lying in the cave of the forest, with his face to the earth. He arose, returned to his palace, and sought, throughout a long reign of justice and kindly wisdom, to heal the wounds he had inflicted on his people by his former avarice and oppression.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

(From the French.)

DURING one severe season,—a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigour throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and people were seen to fall dead with cold,—in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from a severe indisposition; but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced that he was betrothed to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and, at length, no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier, nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet, owing to the intenseness of the frost. She earnestly con-

jured him to hasten, though only for a little while, to revive himself at her house; when, having taken some refreshment, he might return; but aware of the consequences of such a step, this he kindly, though resolutely, refused to do.

"But only for a few minutes," she continued, "while you melt the horrid frost, which has almost congealed you alive."

"Not an instant," returned the soldier; "it were certain death even to stir from the spot."

"Surely not!" cried the affectionate girl! "it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will be still more certain. You have at least a chance; and it is your duty, if possible, to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, Heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some way for our preservation."

"Yes," said the soldier, "but that is not the question; for suppose I can do it with impunity, is it noble or honourable thus vilely to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?"

"But there will be some one; if you consent to go, I will remain here until you return. I am not in the least afraid; so be quick, and give me your arms."

This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment, was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kindhearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and cap, together with the watchword; and such was her delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather. But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who, as she forgot, in her confusion, to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep, or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot, to find a young girl, overpowered with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears!

Being instantly conducted to the guard-house, and restored to some degree of confidence, the poor girl confessed the whole truth; soliciting, with the anguish of doubt and distraction, a pardon for her betrothed husband. He was instantly summoned from her house, but was found in such a state of weakness, from the sufferings he had undergone, as to leave little prospect of his surviving them. It was with much difficulty, with the assistance of medical advice, that he was restored sufficiently to give an intelligible account of himself, after which he was placed in close custody, to await the period of his trial.

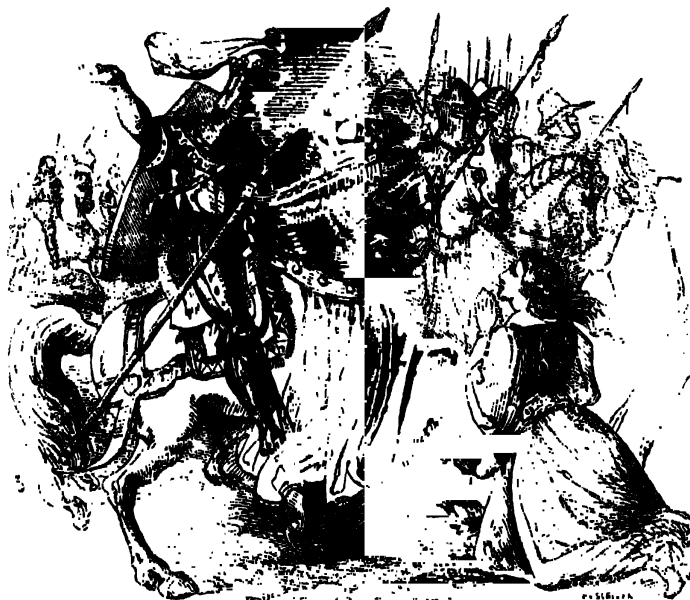
"Far happier had it been for me," he exclaimed, on being restored to consciousness, "far happier to have died at my post, than to be thus reserved for a cruel and ignominious death." And the day of his trial coming on, such was the politic severity of martial law, as he had well foreseen, that he was condemned to be executed within a few days after his sentence. Great as was his affliction on hearing these tidings, it was little in comparison with the remorse and terror that distracted the breast of his beloved girl, who, in addition to the grief of losing him in so public and ignominious a manner, accused herself as the cause of the whole calamity.

He, to whom she had been so long and tenderly attached, was now to fall, as it were, by the hand of his betrothed bride! Such was the strangeness and suddenness of the event, that her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and terror, her very despair seemed to give her strength; and casting all fear of consequences aside, she made a vow to save him, or to perish in the attempt. Bitterly weeping, and with dishevelled hair, she ran wildly through the city, beseeching pity and compassion from all her friends and acquaintance, and soliciting everybody of rank and influence to unite in petitioning for a pardon for her lover, or that her life, she being the sole author of the fault, might be accepted in the place of his.

The circumstances being made known, such was

the tenderness and compassion excited in her behalf, and such the admiration of her conduct, at once so affectionate and spirited, that persons of the highest rank became interested for her, and used the most laudable efforts to obtain a free pardon for the poor soldier. The ladies of the place also exerting their influence, the governor, no longer proof against this torrent of public feeling, granted him forgiveness, on the condition of his being immediately united to the heroic and noble-hearted girl, and accepting with her a small donation,—an example which was speedily followed by people of every rank; so that the young bride had the additional pleasure of presenting her beloved with a handsome dower, which satisfied their moderate wishes, and crowned their humble happiness.

Reading for the Young.



KING ROBERT BRUCE.

"Ye trumpets, sound your loudest notes,
A warlike chase announcing;
For Scotland's golden crown is mine,
All servile claims renouncing."

Thus spake the Bruce, his gleaming sword
Above him proudly waving;
And quickly summon'd to his side
True hearts, all danger braving.

When Edward heard from Windsor's towers
The Bruce so proudly vaunting,
He vow'd the Scots' best blood should flow
For such vain-glorious ranting.

With many a horseman, Edward now,
Like wintry blast, proceeded;
O'er hill and dale, on vengeance bent,
His wrathful minions speeded.

And when they saw King Robert's band,
With scornful laugh they shouted,—
How changed their note when all their host
By Robert's arm was routed!

For see! the might of England's king,
With rank on rank so swarming—
No force can stand, the Scottish band
With utter rout alarming.

"Oh, stop, King Robert, stop, I pray!
Oh, stop, and yield protection!
Save, save my child from murderous hands,
And Heaven be your direction!"

Thus, wildly shrieking, to the king
A feeble woman pleaded
Before him with her infant child;
Nor was her plea unheeded.

His steed up-reining, "Halt!" he cried,
"Your onward course delaying;
'Twill ne'er be said a Scottish heart
Was dead to woman's praying."

Then crowding thickly rank-on rank,
Their spears towards the foeman,
The Scots succeed with pious care
To save the child and woman.

And see, a wonder! Edward's host
To meet in fight refraining;
They deem'd the crowded Scottish ranks
Fresh patriot bands were gaining.

Then sound your trumpets, loudly sound,
And Scotland's cause speed brightly;
For child and woman both were saved
By Bruce, the brave and knightly.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

PAVING OF TOWNS.

BEFORE the eleventh century none of the great cities of the present day were paved, except Rome and Cordova. Paris did not enjoy this advantage, according to Rigord, physician and historian to Philippe-Auguste, who relates that the king, being at the window of his palace which commanded a view of the Seine, perceived that the carriages passing in the mire diffused a most offensive odour, which induced him to issue an order for the paving of the streets, notwithstanding the expense of it; the dread of incurring which, he was aware, had hitherto deterred his predecessors. Since that period the city took the name of Paris, instead of Lutetia, which originated in the number of its sloughs. Even London was not paved at that time; many of its principal streets were not thus improved till the fifteenth century. Holborn was done in 1417.

Dijon commenced the paving of the streets in 1391. In 1285 an order from Philippe-le-Hardi commanded the citizens of Paris to pave and sweep the street before their houses at their own expense; but this mandate was so badly executed, that, in 1309, the city was swept at the public cost, under the inspection of the police. Till the fourteenth century the inhabitants of Paris were suffered to throw every nuisance from their windows, provided they cried out three times, "*Take care!*" This license was interdicted in 1372; and still more strictly in 1395. An order was also issued to prevent pigs running through the streets, in consequence of the accident which happened to the young king Philippe. That prince, returning from Rheims, where he went to be crowned, while passing Saint-Gervais, a pig dashed between his horse's legs, and threw him down. The king fell backwards; and, in a few days, died of the injuries he had sustained in the fall.

It is rather remarkable, that the monks of the Abbaye de Saint-Antoine, having pretended that they could not—without failing in the respect due to their patron saint—keep their pigs from running about the streets, it was decided that these animals should continue to wallow in the mire, provided they had each a little bell round their necks!

It appears that cleansing the streets was regarded as the most degrading occupation. It was generally poor Jews, or attendants on the public executioner, who had the care of them.

INFLUENCE OF PECUNIARY CIRCUMSTANCES UPON CHARACTER.

IN the higher and middle classes of society, it is a melancholy and distressing sight to observe, not unfrequently, a man of a noble and ingenuous disposition, once feelingly alive to a sense of honour and integrity, gradually sinking under the pressure of his circumstances, making his excuses, at first, with a blush of conscious shame; afraid to see the faces of his friends from whom he may have borrowed money; reduced to the meanest tricks and subterfuges to delay, or avoid, the payment of his just debts; till, ultimately grown familiar with falsehood, and at enmity with the world, he loses all the grace and dignity of man.—*Malthus*.

There was a time when he would not have stooped to such a course; but then he was rich—rich in the world's wealth, and the honour such affluence suggests; for, alas! humbling as the avowal may seem, the noble traits so often admired in prosperity, are but the promptings of a spirit revelling in its own enjoyment; open-handed and generous, because these qualities are luxuries; free to give, because the giving involves gratitude;

and gratitude is the incense of weakness to power—of poverty to wealth. How often are the warm affections, nurtured by happy circumstances, mistaken for the evidence of right principles! How frequently are the pleasurable impulses of the heart confounded with the well-directed judgments of the mind! This man was less changed than he knew of; the world of his circumstances was, indeed, different, but he was little altered; the same selfishness that once made him munificent, now made him mean; but, whether conferring or accepting favours, the spirit was one.—*Lever*.

THE IMPERFECTION OF HISTORY.

NOTHING is more delusive, or at least more woefully imperfect, than the suggestions of authentic history, as it is generally, or rather universally, written. And nothing more exaggerated than the impressions it conveys of the actual state and condition of those who live in its most agitated periods. The great public events of which alone it takes cognizance, have but little direct influence upon the body of the people; and do not, in general, form the principal business or happiness or misery even of those who are in some measure concerned in them. Even in the worst and most disastrous times—in periods of civil war and revolution, and public discord and oppression, a great part of the time of a great part of the people is spent in making love and money—in social amusement or professional industry—in schemes for worldly advancement or personal distinction, just as in periods of general peace and prosperity. Men court and marry very nearly as much in the one season as in the other; and are as merry at weddings and christenings—as gallant at balls and races—as busy in their studies and counting-houses—as heartily, in short, and sleep as sound—prattle with their children as pleasantly—and thin their plantations and scold their servants as zealously, as if their contemporaries were not furnishing materials thus abundantly for the tragic muse of history. The quiet under current of life, in short, keeps its deep and steady course in its eternal channels, unaffected, or but slightly disturbed, by the storms that agitate its surface; and while long tracts of time, in the history of every country, seem to the distant student of its annals, to be darkened over with one thick and oppressive cloud of unbroken misery, the greater part of those who have lived through the whole acts of the tragedy, will be found to have enjoyed a fair average share of felicity, and to have been much less affected by the shocking events of their day, than those who know nothing else of it than that such events took place in its course.—*Jeffrey*.

Few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt: there is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.—*Clarendon*.

THE honest and just bounds of observation by one person upon another, extend no further but to understand him sufficiently, whereby not to give him offence, or whereby to be able to give him faithful counsel, or whereby to stand upon reasonable guard and caution in respect of a man's self; but to be speculative into another man, to the end to know how to work him, or wind him, or govern him, proceedeth from a heart that is double and cloven, and not entire and ingenuous.—*Bacon*.

EVERY man is not a proper champion for the truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many, from an inconsiderate zeal unto the truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies to the enemies of truth.—*Sir Thomas Brown*.

A Christmas Carol.

A song, a song, keep singing,
Of heaven-attemper'd strain !
Of Him who balm is bringing
To cleanse our deadly stain !
Of princes, gold, and gifts, O sing,
And shepherds waiting on their King !

A star in east hath risen,
Behold by sages' eyes ;
Long groped they, as in prison,
Until they saw it rise :
When first they mark'd its radiant light,
They wept for joy, and blest the sight.

With thanks to God low bending,
They saw night's horrors fade,
And watch'd the sign ascending,
For which so long they pray'd,—
That light of lights, whose rising ray,
Gave promise of eternal day.

Wake up ! wake up ! they shouted,
And call'd a royal train ;
They never fear'd, or doubted,

That hope was but in vain :—
The star before them beaming went,
Until before their Lord they bent.

O'er many a hill and valley,
And stream renown'd, they pass'd ;
Until their train they rally,
By Bethlehem's gates at last :
With hymn and song they cheer'd the way,
Still guided by the orient ray.

O'er many a palace towering,
In pomp it journey'd on ;
O'er castles, darkly lowering,
And cities vast, it shone :
Where pride and prosperous sin abound,
The humble babe can ne'er be found.

O Bethlehem, thou lowly
Yet highly-favour'd place !
As told by prophets holy,
The star now stays its pace,
And rests o'er thee, for to the cry
Of poverty the Lord is nigh.

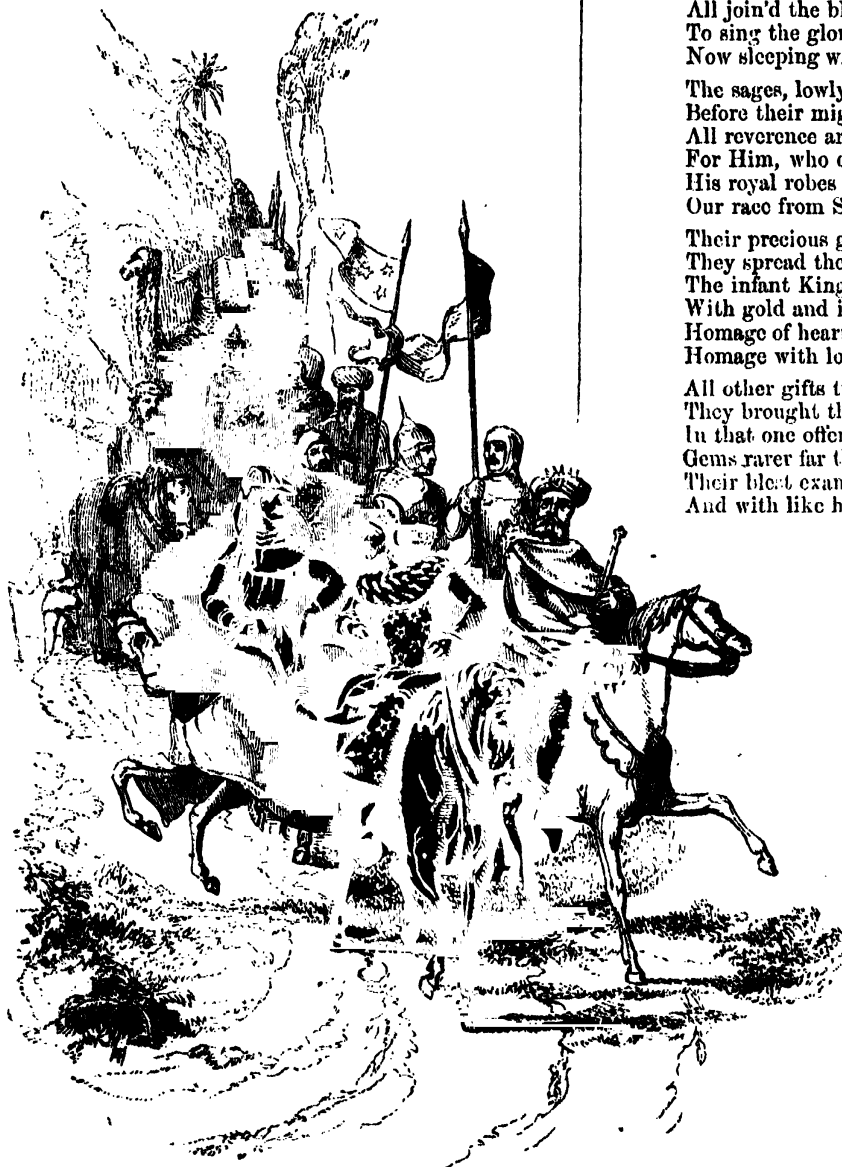
'Twas o'er a manger's dwelling,
Arose a heavenly strain ;
From earth and heaven swelling,
All join'd the blest refrain,
To sing the glories of the Child,
Now sleeping with His mother mild.

The sages, lowly bowing
Before their mighty King,
All reverence are showing
For Him, who deign'd to fling
His royal robes aside, to save
Our race from Satan and the grave.

Their precious gifts outpouring,
They spread them at His feet,
The infant King adoring,
With gold and incense meet,—
Homage of hearts that were His own,
Homage with lowly worship shown.

All other gifts transcending,
They brought their best—the heart ;
In that one offering blending
Gems rarer far than art :—
Their blest example let us feel,
And with like holy homage kneel.

From the German Fest-Kalender.



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He pass'd unquestion'd through the camp,
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begg'd
A blessing as he went;
And so the hermit pass'd along,
And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sat in his tent alone,
The map before him lay;
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For the holy man was old;
His look was gentle as a saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

"Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land!
O king, repent in time; for know
The judgment is at hand.

"I have past forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise;
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days!

"I used to see along the stream
The white sail sailing down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

"Henry! I never now behold
The white sail sailing down;
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou,
Destroy that wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveller's voice
As here he pass'd along,
Or maiden as she loiter'd home,
Singing her even-song.

"No traveller's voice may now be heard,
In fear he hastens by;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succour cry.

"I used to see the youths row down,
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came soften'd to the shore.

"King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
I now see floating down!
Thou bloody man! repent in time,
And leave this leaguer'd town."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land;
Seest thou not, hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand?"

The hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily look'd down;
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

"What if no miracle from Heav'n
The murderer's arm control,
Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul?"

"Thou conqueror king, repent in time,
Or dread the coming woe!
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow!"

King Henry forc'd a careless smile,
As the hermit went his way;
But Henry soon remember'd him
Upon his dying day.¹—*Southey*.

(1) While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest hermit, unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought on Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France. In all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; therefore, in His holy name, he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment if he desisted not from his enterprise. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for, within some few months after, he was smitten with a strange and incurable disease.—*MZZERAT*.

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

THE remains of Brougham Castle stand upon the banks of the river Eamont, about two miles south of Penrith, and upon the site of the Roman station Brovacum. Many altars, coins, and other antiquities, have been discovered here at various times; and traces of the camp, which enclosed an area of 120 paces square, may yet be seen. The name of the builder of this edifice has not come down to us; its earliest recorded owners were Veteriponts. Its architecture was of the strongest description; indeed, its local position in the troubled Border country, required that this should be the case. From the Veteriponts, it passed, by a female heir, into the hands of the Cliffords, one of whom, having made large additions to it, placed the words, "This made Roger," over the principal gateway, leaving it an enigma for posterity, whether the castle had been the making of Roger, or that baron had made the gateway.

"Wherever the mountains receded," says Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the English Borders, "arose chains of castles, of magnificent structure, great extent, and fortified with all the art of the age belonging to those powerful barons, whose names hold so high a rank in English history. The great house of Clifford alone possessed, exclusive of inferior strongholds, the great and extensive Castles of Appleby, Brough, Pendragon, and Skipton, each of which formed a lordly residence, as may yet be seen, from their majestic ruins. All these, and many others that might be mentioned, are so superior to edifices of the same kind in Scotland, as to verify the boast, that there was many a dog-kennel in England to which the tower of a Scottish borderer was not to be compared."

About the end of the fourteenth century, it was attacked by the Scots, and terribly devastated, inso-much that an inquisition, made in 1403, returned the value of the demesne and buildings, as nothing; "because it lieth altogether waste, by reason of the destruction of the country by the Scots." It was soon, however, re-built on a greater scale than before. The people of the neighbourhood have a superstition that the castle is sinking into the ground gradually.

On the side next the river, it was defended by three square towers. The main entrance was from the east; and the great central tower, which exceeded in height all other parts of the structure, had to be passed through before the interior chambers could be reached. The principal buildings were disposed in three masses, around an extensive court-yard, but the whole are now entirely in ruins. The grand tower is laid open from top to bottom, and three staircases, with many ornamented windows and fire-places, are exposed to view. The highest turret, however, may yet be reached by a steady head, and he who makes the ascent will not only be astonished at the number of passages winding from loophole to loophole in the thickness of the wall, but be rewarded with a very extensive view from the summit. That view embraces, in one direction, a large extent of champaign country; and in the other, the principal mountains of the lake district, including Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and Saddleback. Between these hills and the spectator, Lowther Castle is concealed amongst its fine woods; whilst, yet nearer, and within a short distance, Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham and Vaux, is conspicuous. Penrith Castle, once the residence of the "subtle, false, and treacherous" Richard III., is to the north. Clifton Moor, the scene of an engagement, in 1745, between the retreating forces of the Pretender, and the troops of the Duke of Cumber-

land, is not far distant. This skirmish is one of the incidents in Waverley. Descending from this giddy height, the stranger may decypher this inscription over the great gateway—"This Brougham Castle was repaired by the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. Baroness Clifford, Westmerland, and Vescie, Lady of the Honour of Skipton in Craven, and High Sheriffsess, by inheritance of the Countie of Westmerland, in the yeares 1651 and 1652, after it had layen ruinous ever since about August, 1617, when King James lay in it for a time, in his journey out of Scotland, towards London, until this time. Isa. c. lviii. v. 12. God's name be praised." The noble lady, whose titles are thus minutely set forth, was one of "the most celebrated women of her time. She had the poet Daniel for her tutor, whom, living, she revered, and being dead, she erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. It is stated, that she performed the like honourable office to the memory of Edmund Spencer, and Michael Drayton. Horace Walpole has placed her in his list of noble authors, principally for the sake of transcribing the letter which, it is reported, she returned to a ministerial application respecting the borough of Appleby. "I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand." She never forgave Cromwell for having placed a garrison of foot soldiers in Brougham Castle, in 1659. Having survived two bad husbands, who, according to her own account, too frequently made the marble pillars of Knowle, in Kent, and Wilton, in Wiltshire, but the gay arbours of anguish, she employed herself in rebuilding her dilapidated castles; and in this reparation of the old waste places, she expended large sums. Another favourite occupation of the good Countess, was to compile a history of her family, (for she indulged a pardonable pride in tracing her descent through a long line of illustrious nobles,) and she has left, in more than one of her mansions, several folio volumes, in manuscript, containing the details both of her pedigree, and her biography. There are portraits of her ladyship in several of the mansions of our nobility, but the best is at Knoll, Lord Amherst's seat. Amongst her ancestry, she could reckon a Lord High Admiral, in the reign of Edward II., who, having command also in that monarch's army, fell on the field of Bannockburn. Other Cliffords were engaged in the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, Wakefield, St. Albans, and Towton,

"The bloodiest field between the White Rose and the Red."

When the chief of the Cliffords became earl of Cumberland, she could mention one, born in this castle, who engaged in several naval expeditions, chiefly at his own cost, and contributed, in no slight degree, to earn for our island its proud title of the "Ocean Queen." Sir Walter Raleigh was one of his Captains; and, in the memorable year of the Armada, the earl highly distinguished himself in the Elizabeth Bonaventure off Calais. He was a favourite of the queen, who loved and patronized his gallantry; and amongst other tokens of her favour he was invested with the garter. At an audience, after his return from a foreign expedition, the queen dropped her glove, and on Clifford presenting her with it, on his knees, she bade him keep it for her sake. He had it richly set with diamonds, and wore it ever after, on ceremonial occasions, in the front of his hat. Finally he was appointed her majesty's peculiar champion at all tournaments. This nobleman feasted James I. at Brougham, when he returned from paying a visit, in 1617, to his Scottish dominions.

"High in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,
And Eamont's murmur mingled with the song."

There is a volume, containing the "Ayres that were sung and played" upon that festive occasion, sleeping

peacefully enough on the shelves of some of our book collectors.

A few years after the Countess's death, her grandson, the Earl of Thanet, had actually the barbarism to strip several of the castles, in the repairing of which she had spent so much money, of all available materials. Brougham was one of them; but we will hope, that when his order to devastate it was issued, he had not consulted the text of Scripture referred to by the Countess in her inscription: "And they that shall be of thee, shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." Mrs. Radcliffe says, that Brougham Castle was the occasional residence of Sir Philip Sidney, the "glory of the field, and glory of the muses," and that the greatest part of his "Arcadia," was composed here. This seems to have been written with the careless pen of a tourist. We believe that Sir Philip never even saw the fortress; and the "Arcadia" was composed long before there was any connexion between the families of Sidney and Herbert. The Countess of Pembroke, to whom that prose poem is dedicated, was the author's sister, and Lady Anne Clifford married her son.

We have stated that Lord Brougham's seat is in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle. His lordship is the representative of a very ancient line, who held the manor and village of Brougham as a fief, under the Veteriponts. There was a Walter de Burgham here as early as Edward the Confessor's reign. The manor became alienated from the Broughams for some time, but it was subsequently restored, and belongs, we believe, at present, to the family. The castle, however, was never their property, having passed, in succession, from the Veteriponts to the Cliffords and Tuftons; the Earl of Thanet, its present owner, being a member of the last-named family.

LUCY COOPER.

An Australian Tale.

CHAP. III.

THAT sun rose with cloudless majesty upon the Christian sabbath! The scene which the house and grounds of Feversham displayed on that morning, baffles all description. Within the house, the painful remains of last night's dissipation lay scattered up and down, disgraceful in the eye of day, and proffering the severest rebuke which pride and folly can receive. Out of doors, disorder and confusion were paramount. The gates stood open, the ground was cut up by wheels; property of all sorts lay upon the lawn, broken and confused. The lane and the paddocks were littered with shreds and fragments; and, in a deep water-hole, lay a cart, overthrown, that had been laden with the dishes, glasses, and other adjuncts of the feast. The horse was still in the shafts, but suffocated with mud and water; whilst the drunken man, by whose intemperance the accident had happened, had disappeared, and, as it afterwards turned out, had taken to the outlawry of the bush.

To extricate the cart, and drag the dead horse from the water-hole, to clear up the multitudinous wreck, and obliterate the scandalous marks of waste and extravagance, was a long trespass on the Sabbath; more especially as almost every member of the household had contrived to render himself unfit for any employment. Pug Mischief, whose head was racked with the consequences of inebriety, and whose bones ached with the beating bestowed upon him by his master, so far from being able to render any assistance, had not as yet even quitted his bed.

Towards noon, the master of the house, sick almost to death, pale and unsteady, and habited in his morning gown, paced up and down the verandah; in vain he

tried to take his coffee, and attempted to stimulate his appetite with a slice of German sausage. He sat down to table, and rose again immediately; but he sought in vain to compose his uneasy stomach. It was perfectly clear that the trespass he had committed would visit him with its usual penalties; and he almost resolved that the price was greater than the pleasure, and such a bargain as, irrespective of higher considerations, no sensible man would make.

But these thoughts, which were urged upon him only by immediate suffering, were of that nature, that, with the cause, they would immediately pass away, and leave the sufferer an easy prey to the next temptation. Indeed, he was in the very act of tossing down a glass of raw brandy—"a hair," he said, "of the dog that bit him"—when a man rode rapidly down the lane, from the direction of the huts, and, seeing the Doctor, reined in his horse abruptly, and declared he had just fallen in with a party of bush-rangers.

"Bush-rangers!" said the Doctor, "where?"

"Close by Dawson's hut," said the man, "by the three ponds."

"Nonsense," said the Doctor; "they will be in my bedroom next."

"Well, sir," rejoined the fellow, "there they are, at any rate. I am going to Sydney, and should have reported them at the nearest watchhouse on the road, if I had not seen your worship. Good morning, sir." So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and promptly disappeared.

"Tom Collins—Tom!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Does no one hear? Saddle my horse immediately! Run up to the huts, Lucy," he continued, "and bid the first man you see saddle Baron instantly, and bring him to me." Whilst Lucy hastened on this commission, and the Doctor was engaged in drawing on his boots, Mrs. Caveat came into the room.

"Reach me my whip, Mrs. C.," said the Doctor, "and be quick. There are bush-rangers within a mile of us! Their daring is quite outrageous!"

"What do you mean to do?" exclaimed Mrs. Caveat; "surely, you will not expose yourself to such a horrid set."

"I surely will," replied the Doctor; "I am not in the commission for nothing; and I will let them see whose fault it is, when scoundrels set them at defiance. There is neither spirit nor honour in the colony, or those desperadoes would not be allowed to set everybody at defiance."

Whilst Mrs. Caveat sank upon her chair, and was preparing to throw herself into hysterics, and the Doctor, without paying her any attention, filled his glass with another measure of brandy, one of the men passed the window, leading Baron ready saddled and bridled, and stopped at the door. The Doctor snatched up his hat and whip, and, without saying another word, galloped up the lane, and, reaching the scene of last night's entertainment, descended with all speed across the sloping pasture, and plunged into the surrounding thicket. In a few minutes he passed Dawson's hut, and was making for the ponds, when he perceived three men gathered round a fire which they had kindled, and preparing to cook their dinner in a cauldron, which was suspended over the flames from a rude triangle. To rein in his horse, and draw up in front of the party, was the work of an instant.

"Halloo," said the Doctor, "who are you?"

"Go your way," said one of the men, "whilst you are well. If you do not know me, I know you, Dr. Caveat."

"Villains!" continued the Doctor, "surrender yourselves. I am a magistrate."

"You are a dead man," replied the outlaw, "if you do not withdraw this moment!" So saying, he took his gun, which was leaning against a tree, and bringing it across his breast, the sound of cocking it was heard with deadly emphasis.

"You know," interposed the Doctor, "you dare not fire. It will cost you all your lives! Surrender—surrender, I say."

"Once more," said the man, "I warn you. Let us alone, if you value your life."

"Is that you, Joe?" said the Doctor, addressing a man who had hitherto concealed his face. "Tell these fellows who I am, and surrender yourselves."

"Dr. Caveat," interposed the first speaker, bringing his gun to his shoulder, "I know you well. Turn your horse's head, and begone whilst you may."

The Doctor was regardless of warning; he made a movement, as though he would have advanced upon the men; the bush-ranger fired his piece, and the Doctor instantly fell.

The three men lost no time in retreating; they made for the thickest of the forest, and waited the approach of darkness to break from their concealment, and remove to some distant quarter of the colony. Baron slowly trotted homeward with his empty saddle, bearing the stains of his master's blood upon his flanks; and, when he reached the stable door, a general alarm was raised, and the most gloomy anticipations of the horrid tragedy quickly spread through the household. A search was commenced in all directions; but, as no one had heard the few words which had passed at the verandah between the horseman and the Doctor, the scrutiny was for a long time unsuccessful.

By this time, many of the neighbouring gentry had come together, the mounted policemen arrived, and the search was renewed in a wider circuit. At length, a shouting was heard in the direction of Dawson's hut, the party gradually contracted, and there they found the remains of the bush-ranger's encampment, and the body of their victim yet alive, but evidently in the agony of death, past speaking, and, I hope, past suffering. Whilst the assembled party were preparing a kind of litter from the saplings, for the easier removal of the body, Mrs. Caveat rushed in, and, with a piercing cry, threw herself upon the dying man, who even at that instant breathed his last. The miserable pair were slowly removed, and Pug Mischief, who had come among the last to the fatal spot, followed his master, bearing in his hand a bough of flowering Acacia, steeped in his blood!

When affliction visited the house at Feversham, it fell, as usual, upon people wholly unprepared. The moment the Coroner's inquest had pronounced a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown, several of the gentlemen, who had continued in the house, instituted an investigation of the papers, in search of a will. This scrutiny ended in the full conviction that the Doctor had died intestate. Another discovery, which, indeed, gave no surprise, was the unlawful cohabitation of the deceased with the woman who bore his name; and, finally, it was ascertained that some distant relations in England, who were living in great poverty, were the immediate heirs to all the Doctor's property. What justice was done them, I have been unable to ascertain; but it is perfectly well remembered, that, however the atrocious deed might have excited horror, there was but one person who made the least shew of regretting the deceased, and that person, for many months, suspended the Acacia bough that received his blood from the tester of his bed.

Among the very first duties to the deceased, was the dispatching of a trusty messenger to Sydney, to procure the immediate attendance of the undertaker; a functionary whose ministrations admit of no delay in a climate like that of New South Wales. Few hours, therefore, elapsed before the mortal remains of Dr. Caveat were cased in lead, and again inclosed in a magnificent coffin of cedar; and the interment, which was appointed for Tuesday morning, was advertised in the Sydney newspapers, and notified also to the neighbouring gentry, and other friends of the deceased, in circulars, with copper-plate emblems of pompous sepulture, which the taste of the undertaker has inflicted upon the long-

suffering patience of our age, for his own peculiar gratification and emolument. In that apartment, therefore, which had been heretofore his library, lay the confined dust. The windows were closed; all sounds and noises were suppressed; gloom and silence prevailed where there was not even the semblance of grief, except in one sequestered spot where the terror-stricken and astonished mistress sat absorbed in silent, tearless, motionless agony. Short and bitter transition! To-day, intervening between the health and life of yesterday, and the grave of to-morrow! Very early in the morning of Tuesday, the great drawing-room, with its numerous columns, hardly dismantled of the withered flowers suspended to adorn the picnic party of Saturday, was again set out for the reception of company. Many wine-glasses, carefully dusted,—many tumblers for bottled ale and porter, with decanters filled with port and sherry,—a basket of pound cake, cut into formal wedges,—and an assortment of biscuits, round, oval, and oblong,—made up the “funeral baked meats” on this occasion. One by one, nearly the same string of equipages arrived. The gentlemen were received at the door by the chief of the undertakers, relieved of their hats, and announced, with heraldic precision, to their old acquaintances within. The conversation was carried on in whispers, chiefly touching the age, the property, and the talents of the deceased. A few remarks were ventured upon the connexion already referred to; a few inquiries were made into the expectations and prospects of the surviving partner; the topics grew more general; the company was cast in groups; the confusion of tongues was gaining ground, checked only by a fresh arrival and a fresh announcement; and subdued into silence once more by the marshal of the dead, who, in conformity to old customs, himself proffered the solemn refreshments to the assembly. This done, a confused and stifled movement followed, which required no explanation, and called for no remark. Everybody felt that the late owner of the house was being removed for the last time from his threshold, to be taken whence “no traveller returns.” A loud report announced that the hearse was shut upon the dead; and the drawing-room door being opened, the gentlemen were called out in order; their hats, adorned with crape, or silk bands, and containing each a pair of kid gloves, were restored to them without error or mistake; and the carriages were drawn up in the same succession. Slowly the dismal train wound down the avenue, preceded by the splendid hearse, hung with nodding plumes of ostrich feathers. The velvet housings covered the four black horses that moved with funeral pride; but, long ere they arrived in Sydney, the clouds of sand, which were raised by this lengthened concourse, smothered all the grandeur of the show with kindred dust.

On arriving at the ground, which is on the sloping side of a field once remote from Sydney, but now in its immediate vicinity, and now, too, cumbered with its thronged inhabitants, the funeral procession was received at the gates by an aged clergyman, whose venerable figure and grey hairs announced the senior chaplain of the colony. As they slowly threaded the difficult ascent, the sandy hillocks crumbled beneath their feet—the rose-bush and the geranium, flourishing on the mansions of the dead, were rudely thrust aside, until at length, at the summit of the field, they found the tomb prepared for Doctor Caveat. Those who had placed themselves at the edge of the grave gradually retreated, whilst the solemn service of the Church, dismembered of its most impressive psalms and awful lessons, was rehearsed; for the rank and crowded earth gave forth a stench, which the humbling scene of death could hardly tolerate. One burial ground in Sydney has been long disused; it is now in the very heart of the city, where the cathedral is slowly rising, the episcopal throne of the southern hemisphere. A new cemetery is required to receive the present generation, when their little day is over, and they shall rest among the dead.

This was the end of Dr. Caveat. Feversham House now sank into neglect and ruin; and, in the course of a very few years, was but the wreck and phantom of its former consequence. The establishment was immediately scattered; the men and women servants were returned to government, and Feversham was left to the care of an old woman, until a tenant could be found to rent it. Mrs. Webster requested that Lucy Cooper might be allowed to remain with her, which was permitted, during her good behaviour; and, in the course of a few days, profound tranquillity reigned throughout the dismantled chambers of Feversham, but recently the scene of riot and mismanagement.

It was among the direct interpositions of an overruling Providence, in behalf of the unhappy girl, that an interval of repose occurred at this very moment. The ceaseless labours of the last few weeks, following the privations and miseries of a prison-ship, and the period of agony preceding her embarkation, had reduced the young woman to that critical point, at which every change of health would have been for the worse, until confirmed disease must inevitably have put an end to her probation. Her state of mind, too, was equally distressing. The susceptibility of youth was deadened, and a gradual indifference, amounting almost to callousness, was assuming its place; the only shelter, possibly, against the unceasing vexations with which she was beset. A sort of stupidity, or deadness to spiritual interests, manifested how entirely her external annoyances occupied her thoughts. For Lucy had been carefully brought up. True, she had fallen into the commission of a great crime; she had brought shame upon a respectable family, and a reproach upon her religious education. Yet there were circumstances of extenuation, which, if duly insisted upon, might have altered her sentence, had it not been deemed more expedient, upon the whole, to remove her at once from the land of her birth. These circumstances were a subject of consolation and support to her own mind, and gave consistency to the resolutions she had formed, that she would not willingly continue her downward course; but resist, with all her might, the inroads and injuries of future evil. In the absence of higher motives, she found here a rallying place; and, until the renewal of her faith, which taught her how little she could do for herself, it was from this source, under Providence, that she seemed to derive the feeble spark and principle of good, in which she found her safety.

It was still more providential that Mrs. Webster's character was formed upon correct views of religion, gathered and fostered by a mind of extraordinary powers. When the distresses of the working community in England, upon the termination of the war, had produced those shocking scenes of insubordination and demolition in the midland counties, which are still remembered and deplored at home; amongst those whom it was necessary to visit with the terrors of the law, was Mrs. Webster. She had, however, long been free from the sentence passed upon her; and now, in a state of widowhood, was living upon the humble savings of former years. To a woman so situated, the appointment at Feversham was as desirable, as it was advantageous to those who required her services: whilst for Lucy, it was at once a healing to her wearied body, and a health-giving medicine to her wounded spirit. The first act of kindness she experienced at her hands, was her obtaining from the administrator of Doctor Caveat's estate, a decent mourning dress; and Lucy accordingly felt an early sense of grateful kindness to one who had shewn so much interest in her welfare.

The little addition which Mrs. Webster's private resources enabled her to make to the usual ration provided for them, materially contributed to the comfort of their humble housekeeping. The quiet duties of the place were exactly suited to their combined powers, and these were so judiciously directed, that an immediate improvement became manifest in Lucy's appearance,

which was of a very interesting and modest character. A degree of contentment, a sort of melancholy acquiescence in her condition, stamped a character upon her brow of peculiar comeliness; her morning and evening devotions were renewed, encouraged by Mrs. Webster's example.

Here very long the murderers of Doctor Caveat were apprehended, and lodged in Sydney gaol. One of them was admitted to be king's evidence. From him was obtained a narrative of what had occurred in the fatal meeting by Dawson's hut. It did not appear that the man who fired the fatal shot, entertained any animosity against, or even had any previous personal knowledge of his victim; although the general character of the deceased seems to have had its influence on the mind of the murderer. The man Joe, who was thus involved in a crime which he had not premeditated, nor, indeed, participated in, except by his presence, was sentenced to death with the actual perpetrator; and both of the criminals underwent the punishment awarded by the law.

Little occurred to break the peaceful tenor of this tranquil period; and little to interrupt the smooth current of the time. Every Sunday morning Mrs. Webster and Lucy joined the church, at that time, and for a long period afterwards, assembled in the house of a respectable family, at a distance of two miles from Feversham. The church service was there solemnized by a faithful and zealous clergyman. And this weekly return of our holy rites greatly strengthened and confirmed the impressions of piety, and resolutions of devotion, which the study of the holy scriptures, and earnest prayer, had given birth to.

To reach this temporary church, a short cut through the bush was greatly preferable to the road; it was not only much nearer, but it was cooler, and more free from dust. The narrow path, which wound through the forest, was bordered by the native shrubs. Young trees grew thickly in every direction; whilst the aged monarchs of the wood, with tall straight stems, white and smooth as if they had been plastered, rose to the height of sixty or eighty feet before the branches started from their parent stems, with a uniformity of size, character, and colour, by no means admirable. Occasionally, a huge trunk, charred and burnt, and fractured by the fall, crossed the winding path: sometimes the least imaginative eye would be struck by the resemblance which these vegetable monsters bore to serpents, dragons, and other uncouth shapes, crouching amidst the tangled foliage; and, not unfrequently, images grotesque of men and women—

"Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
With long and ghostly shanks;—forms which once seen
Could never be forgotten!"—Wordsworth.

The wood-cutter's bark huts, unseen until closely approached, shewed that the bush was not quite a desert; but, humble as were these abodes of men, one human habitation lay in their path, to which their attention was drawn by the circumstances of its wretched inmates. This abode was a hollow tree, of immense proportions, and apparently yet vigorous of growth; the lower part was regularly hollow, and the entry arched with a graceful curve that would have adorned a gothic doorway. A few sloping saplings, dry bushes, and sheets of bark extended this natural alcove. Within, and upon a kind of shelf, was placed a miserable mattress, and the other furniture of a bed, not less scanty than impure. A woman, not greatly advanced beyond her fiftieth year, yet burdened with many infirmities, the just results of her own evil habits, lay upon this uneasy couch, awaiting the slow but evident hour of her dissolution. Her complicated disorders, although not painful, filled her with fretful uneasiness; and it was evident that her faculties were obscured and weakened by a long and uninterrupted course of vice. Her husband picked up a precarious living by making and selling a sort of broom,

not much unlike the birch brooms of England. His chief want was ardent spirits; and his chief attention to his wretched wife, for such, in truth, she was, was sharing with her so much of the poisonous drink as he could bring home, the pitiful remains of what he had procured in Sydney, left over and above the frequent draughts he made upon it in his way. Beyond an uncertain supply of tea of the worst description, and a little of the coarsest sugar, Bet Kerby's wants were wholly neglected. He was away for many hours at a time, leaving this helpless being in perfect solitude, deep in the recesses of the bush, and far away from all sympathy or succour. Thus time rolled heavily away in a kind of delirious stupor, which was neither sleep nor wakefulness; at intervals she groaned continuously; then she lay in perfect silence; but the longer periods were filled with blasphemies which would make your flesh creep to hear them.

At such a time as this, Mrs. Webster and Lucy passed by Kerby's hut. The sounds of impiety were too distinct to escape attention, and the voice was clearly the voice of a female. Lucy's first impulse would have hurried them away; but Mrs. Webster, whose strength of mind has been already noticed, suffered no fears to influence her, which she did not distinctly understand, and she therefore approached the tree without hesitation. Bet Kerby ceased her wicked ejaculations at the sight of her visitor, and lay perfectly still, whilst Mrs. Webster threw a hasty glance about her strange abode. She soon learned, from the incoherent replies of the wretched woman, in how perilous a state she lay; and when, in the course of the interview, she raised her hand from beneath the blanket, and extended her fore finger in wild vehemence, the swollen state of her extremities betrayed the nature of her disease, and the nearness of her dissolution. Struck by the fearful condition of the dying wretch, she inquired what were her more urgent wants; and, having promised to return in the afternoon, with such relief as she could procure for her, she asked her whether she was aware that her death was impending. Bet Kerby told her she could not expect to live many days, and she added, "the fewer the better: I can have no peace till I am dead."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Webster, "have you no uneasiness, no apprehension of punishment for your evil deeds?"

This inquiry, although made in the kindest tone, threw the guilty creature into a second paroxysm of satanic imprecation, which no attempts of Mrs. Webster's could interrupt. She therefore retired from the place, hoping that she might find a more favourable opportunity, when she returned with the necessary relief, to make some impression upon her mind. Wondering at the apparently revolting character of her temptation, the two women pursued their way, and returned to Feversham, filled with anxious forebodings of the issue of their adventure.

Towards evening, Mrs. Webster returned to Kerby's hut, accompanied by Lucy, and bearing a little tea and sugar, some flour, and some meat, for their patient, if such a word is applicable to a woman, who, waking up from a dose, and becoming sensible of their presence, reproached them for their delay in visiting her. She showed little thankfulness for what they had brought for her use and comfort; and when, after rendering her some of those acts of charity which women alone can perform for the sick, Mrs. Webster anxiously renewed her inquiries about her religious state, she found that she was acquainted with the leading doctrines of the faith, but that she neither believed nor disbelieved them, and was wholly careless about futurity. It was equally vain to endeavour to arouse her hopes, or awaken her fears. Bet Kerby was entirely engrossed by her immediate condition, and there was no mind to work upon, no remains of intellect to address, upon the most momentous topic which can excite our interest. At the end of a week, when Mrs. Webster had procured the

attendance of one of the officers of the Benevolent Asylum, by whom the unhappy woman was immediately removed into that institution, the progress of her disease was steady and observable, but no awakening of her faculties could be perceived. Kerby himself baffled every attempt on the part of Mrs. Webster to speak to him, and still continues to occupy the hollow tree in Feversham Bush. Such as I have described this wretched couple, such, unhappily, are very many more in this colony, where the original depravity of its inhabitants, and the long neglect of all religious instruction, have left our English outcasts in a condition more deplorable than any other people upon the earth.

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

January.

THIS month derives its name from JANUS, one of the divinities of the Romans, and held by them in the deepest veneration. He was said to preside over the gates of heaven, and selected by Numa Pompilius (when he added January and February to the months of his immediate predecessor, Romulus) as a deity possessed of qualifications peculiarly adapted for presiding over the year, not only on account of the knowledge he was thought to possess of the past, but more especially from his presumed power of foresight. Janus was often represented with two faces, turned from each other; the one *old*, representing his experience in reference to bygone events; the other *young*, and typical of his looking forward into futurity. Sometimes he was portrayed with four faces, as emblems of the four seasons, over which he was adjudged to have control: frequently with a key in his right hand and a rod in his left, to symbolize his opening and ruling the year. He was also, in some instances, depicted seated in the centre of twelve altars, in token of Numa's division of the months, with figures on his hands to the amount of the number of days to which the year was augmented by that wise sovereign.

January was called by the Saxons *Wolf-monat*, or *Wolf-month*, because the wolves, at this season, failing (in consequence of the cold and snow) to meet with the inferior animals, their usual food, were accustomed to attack man himself. Later, when the Saxons had been converted to the true Faith, they termed this month, *Aester-yula*, i.e. after Christmas. In the fine illuminated Kalendars of the Middle Ages, January was frequently represented as an old man clothed in white, with a billet of wood under his left arm, shivering and blowing his fingers. The sign *Aquarius*, or the Water-bearer, into which emblem of the zodiac the sun enters on the 19th of this month, was sometimes painted in the background.

There is usually more frost and snow in this month than any other. The snow prevents the roots of plants and vegetables from being injured by the cold. The weasel, polecat, and fox, impelled by hunger, often assail the hen-roost and the farm-yard. Hares and rabbits do much harm in gardens and wheat-fields. They feed on the tender shoots,

and the latter sometimes nibble off the bark from the young trees . . . Dormice and marmots are torpid in their holes, while squirrels and field-mice feast on their hoarded stores. Birds are often compelled by the severity of the weather to quit their retreats in quest of food. The thrush is seen under sunny hedges and southern walls in pursuit of snails, which he destroys in abundance. The robin-redbreast ventures into the house, and rewards its entertainer with a song, which not even the storms or cold of the season can silence. Chaffinches, yellow-hammers, and sparrows, flock about barn-doors and farm-houses, to pick up grains and crumbs. The nut-hatch is heard, and larks, linnets, and other small birds congregate and fly to the warm stubble for shelter. Skylarks, redwings, fieldfares, and titlarks, find gnats and other food in wet meadows. The titmouse seeks nourishment in the thatched coverings of houses; and gray and pied wagtails fly round cows in search of insects. Rooks seek their nest-trees, and jackdaws repair to the church towers. The ring-dove subsists on ivy-berries. Herons, snipes, and other water-fowl are driven from the frozen marshes, to the neighbourhood of rapid streams. Sea-birds leave the shore, and frequent the larger rivers. Blackbirds, wrens, skylarks, thrushes, titlarks, and chaffinches begin to sing. Few insects, beside snails and slugs, are visible. About the close of January the leaves of the honeysuckle appear, the crocus peeps above ground, and groundsel, rosemary, snowdrop, daisy, &c., are in flower.

January 1.—Feast of the Circumcision.

This Festival is observed throughout the Western Church; and became solemn in the sixth century, when, and as early as 487, it was called the *Octave of Christmas*. The Council of Tours, in 566, ordains that the chant of litanies should on the 1st of January be opposed to the superstitions of the Pagans, and that the Mass or Eucharist of the Circumcision should be celebrated.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

The first of January is known as *NEW-YEAR'S DAY*. It was devoted by the Romans to making presents, feasting, dancing, and rejoicing; and therefore the Primitive Christians, to express their detestation of the orgies of Paganism, solemnized it as a fast. The necessity for this marked distinction having gradually ceased, and the more gross abuses of the calends been abolished, the Church, in the eighth century, abrogated the fast, and allowed, under certain restrictions, the resumption of the elder and jovial custom; which was joyfully observed by our ancestors. The author of the "*Popish Kingdom*" (a Latin Poem, written in 1553, and translated by one Barnabe Googe) writes—

"The next to this is New-year's day, whereto to every friend
They costly presents in do bring, and new-year's gifts do send,
These gifts the husband gives his wife, and father eke the child,
And master on his men bestows the like, with favour mild;
And good beginning of the year they wish and wish again,
According to the ancient guise of heathen people vain.
These eight days no man doth require his debts of any man,
Their tables do they furnish out with all the meat they can: [eyes,
With marchpanes, tarts and custards great, they drink with staring
They rout and reel, feed and feast, as merry all as pyes."

Such was the practice in England, among all ranks, before the "*Reformation*," nor was it discontinued afterwards. The ushering in of the

(1) It is proposed that the parts of the popular "Year Book," inserted in each number, shall be applicable to the week in which the Number is published. Should it, therefore, appear to occupy too much space of any one Number, this will be compensated by its occupying a very small space, or sometimes none at all, in others.

New-year with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was celebrated during the sixteenth century, as cordially in the court of the prince as in the cottage of the peasant. Our kings, and the nobility especially, interchanged new-year's gifts or *tokens*. Latimer sent to Henry VIII. a New Testament richly illuminated, with a leaf conspicuously doubled down at Hebrews xiii. 4, of the intended application of which text the royal sensualist was but too conscious. It is supposed that the wardrobe and jewellery of Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions. Lists of these presents from the original rolls are published in her "Progresses," by Mr. Nichols; and "from these it appears," says Mr. Hone, in his "Every Day Book," "that the greatest part, if not all, the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, and sergeant of the pastry, &c., gave new-year's gifts to her majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c. The largest sum given by any of the temporal lords was twenty pounds; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave forty pounds; the Archbishop of York thirty pounds; and the other spiritual lords twenty pounds, and ten pounds; many of the temporal lords and great officers, and most of the peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweet-bags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly trinkets." Elizabeth's gifts in return were, it seems, always of less value than those she received.

Elizabeth's successors till the reign of James II. gave and received new-year's presents. The only remnant of this custom at Court now is, that the two chaplains in waiting on New-year's day have each a crown piece laid under their plates at dinner. Before we quit the subject of new-year's gifts to royalty, we may observe that a journalist, about twenty years ago, stated that such presents are always given to each other by the members of the royal family of France.

In 1560, the Eton boys used on this day to play for little new-year's gifts, before and after supper; and also to make verses, which they presented to the provost, the masters, and to each other.

An orange stuck with cloves, metal pins (when introduced about the beginning of the sixteenth century, instead of the wooden skewers before in use), and gloves, were popular new-year's gifts. From the second of the above donations, *pin-money* became a favourite term for small presents in general. Money was sometimes tendered instead of the last, and called *glove-silver*. When Sir Thomas More was chancellor, he was presented by a Mrs. Croker (who had obtained a decree in Chancery against Lord Arundel) with a pair of gloves, containing 40*l.* in angels. "It would be against good manners," said the knight, "to refuse a gentlewoman's new-year's gift, and I accept the gloves; their lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere."

These presents were given, as the verses above cited intimate, with the mutual expression of kind wishes, and particularly that of a happy new year. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors, in the form of a song; but more

generally, especially in the north of England and in Scotland, the house was entered, very early in the morning, by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and offered the congratulations of the season. It was also formerly the custom in Scotland, to send gifts on New-year's eve, and on New-year's day to wish each other a happy new year, and ask for a present in return. Servant-maids, likewise, received presents from their masters.

The good old practice of making new-year's gifts is not nearly so common amongst us as it once was. A writer, in 1815, observes, that such presents are scarcely known, except in some trifling instances, when such marks of affection are offered to children emerging from the nursery. We have received authentic information that the practice is retained by a family of some consequence in the neighbourhood of Southampton, in relation to their connexions, friends, and dependents. It is a sad pity that the custom is not revived.—In every point of view, it is amiable and praiseworthy. "If I send a new-year's gift," says an old author, "to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactors, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and to give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts." "These customs," observes Mr. Brady, in his "Clavis Calendaria," "so nearly obsolete, must certainly have had their good effect; the interchange of civilities and kind offices among friends and acquaintances, naturally created the most pleasant sensations, and led to that hilarity and good humour so conspicuous in the character of our ancestors, and so necessary to keep up the spirits and resolution in this gloomy season of the year; and notwithstanding their now almost total abandonment, they will still be held in esteem by those, read in the usages of antiquity, who can trace their origin from the remotest periods." The same author justly laments that the ancient friendly and benevolent custom of wishing a *happy new year*, and even the *compliments of the season*, is so generally exploded.

In France, it appears, the practice of giving new-year's presents still prevails. As early in the morning as persons can possibly dress themselves in proper attire, they set out on a round of visits to relations and friends (beginning with those nearest in affinity, and ending with acquaintances) to wish them a happy new year, and present them with *bon-bons*. A communication in an English journal for January, 1824, relates, that in Paris, on New-year's day, which is called *le jour d'étrennes*, parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands on their wives. Carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of *bon-bons*, *souvenirs*, &c.; and pastrycooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and playhouses, made of flour and sugar. It is by no means uncommon for a man of 8,000 or 10,000 francs a-year to make presents which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give, must, on this day, pay a visit empty-handed. Everybody accepts, and every one (females only excepted) gives according to his means. The morning of the first of January is passed in visits, and in gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge on the occasion; a dinner is given by some member

of the family to all the rest; and the evening concludes, like Christmas-day, with cards, dancing, or any other amusements that may be preferred.

The only open demonstration of joy in London, on this day, consists in the welcoming the new year with merry peals from the belfries of the numerous churches; and this practice prevails throughout the country.

A few local observances, in various parts of the kingdom, remain to be described. In Westmoreland and Cumberland, early in the morning, people assemble with baskets and *stangs* (stout poles, on which the baskets are suspended); and whoever refuses to join them, is immediately mounted across the "stang," and carried, "shoulder height," to the next hostelry, where the payment of sixpence immediately liberates the prisoner. So says a writer in 1791, and we believe that the custom yet continues, not only in the counties above mentioned, but also in other parts of England. Women, if seized, are carried in baskets; and no one, however industriously inclined, is allowed to work on this day.

In a "Statistical Account of Scotland," Edinb. 1793, we read, "There is a large stone, about nine or ten feet high, and four broad, placed upright in a plain, in the isle of North Ronaldshay . . . The writer of this has seen fifty of the inhabitants assembled there, on the first day of the year, and dancing with moonlight, with no other music than their own singing."

"In the Highlands," says Mr. Chambers in his "Traditions of Edinburgh," the first night of the year is marked by a curious custom, of which no trace exists in the Lowlands. Young and old having collected, probably at some substantial farmer's house, one of the stoutest of the party gets a dried cow's-hide, which he drags behind him. The rest follow, beating the hide with sticks, and singing—

'Hug man a',	Carlin ben at the fire,
Yellow bag,	Spit in her two eyes,
Beat the skin,	Spit in her stomach,
Carlin in neuk,	Hug man a'.
Carlin in kirk,	

"After going round the house three times, they all halt at the door, and each person utters an extempore rhyme, extolling the hospitality of the landlord and landlady; after which they are plentifully regaled with bread, butter, cheese, and whisky. Before leaving the house, one of the party burns the breast part of the skin of a sheep, and puts it to the nose of every one, that all may smell it, as a charm against witchcraft and every infection."

The same amusing writer informs us that the doings of the *guizards*, or maskers, form a conspicuous feature in the new year's proceedings throughout Scotland. The evenings upon which these worthies appear, are those of Christmas-day, Hogmanay (the last day of the year), *New-year's day*, and the first Monday in January. Such of the boys as can sing, dress themselves in old shirts belonging to their fathers, and each wears a mitre-shaped helmet of brown paper, attached to which is a sheet of the same material, which, falling down in front, covers the whole face, except where holes are made to let through the tip of the nose, and to afford space for seeing and breathing. Each master is attended by a kind of humble squire, in the garb of a girl, with an old woman's cap and a

broomstick, and called Bessie, who shares in the proceeds of the enterprise. She goes before her principal; opens all the doors at which he chooses to sing; and, during the song, sweeps the floor with her broomstick, and makes other antics. The common reward of this entertainment is a half-penny.

The more important feats of the *guizards* are of a theatrical character. There is one *rude* and grotesque drama which they are accustomed to perform on the nights above mentioned, and which, in various fragments or versions, exists in every part of Lowland Scotland. The performers, who are never less than three, but sometimes as many as six, having dressed themselves, proceed from house to house, "generally contenting themselves with the kitchen for an arena, whither, in mansions presided over by the spirit of good humour, the whole family will resort to witness the spectacle." The play is called *GALATIAN*, and the *dramatis personæ* are two fighting men, or knights, one of whom (attired in a tartan and old cavalry cap) is called the *black knight*, the other (arrayed in a good shirt, wooden sword, and large cocked-hat), *Galatian*, and alternatively, *John*; a doctor, in faded black clothes; a fourth personage, who acts the same talking and demonstrating part with the chorus in the Greek dramas; a young man who is little more than a bystander; and *Judas*, the purse-bearer. Our space will not allow of our inserting the dialogue of these characters. It is given at length in "Popular Rhymes, Fireside Stories, and Amusements of Scotland." The actors fight, dance, and sing, and the *finale*, chanted by the whole party, is as follows:—

'Blessed be the master o' this house, and the mistress also,
And all the little babies that round the table grow;
Their pockets full of money, the bottles full of beer—
A merry Christmas, guizards, and a happy new year.'

Mr. Sandys, in his volume of "Christmas Carols," 1833, transcribes a play called "S. George," which is still acted in Cornwall at the beginning of the year, exactly after the manner of "Galatian," which it closely resembles. The principal characters, besides S. George and the dragon, who is twice slain, are a Turkish Knight and the King of Egypt. We learn elsewhere, that other personages, as *Father Christmas*, the *Doctor*, and the *Hobby-horse*, are sometimes introduced. S. George and the other tragic performers appear in their shirt sleeves, and white trousers, much decorated with ribands and handkerchiefs, and each carries a drawn sword or a cudgel in his hand. They wear high caps of pasteboard, ornamented with small pieces of looking-glass, coloured paper, beads, &c.; and several long strips of pith, having small fragments of coloured cloth strung on them, usually hang down from the top of these head-dresses. *Father Christmas* is disguised as an old man. He wears a large mask and wig, and brandishes a club, with which he preserves order among the spectators: the *Doctor*, who is generally the merry-andrew of the piece, has a wig, three-cornered hat, and painted face: the *Hobby-horse* wears a representation of a horse's hide; and the other comic characters are attired according to fancy. Some imagine that the play of S. George has reference to the time of the Crusades, and was invented by the warriors of the cross on their return from Palestine, in memory of

their conflicts. The following is one of the versions of this venerable drama :—

BATTLE OF S. GEORGE.

One of the party steps in, crying out—

Room, room, brave gallants, room :
Within this court
I do resort,
To show some sport
And pastime,
Gentlemen and ladies, in the Christmas time.

After this prologue, old CHRISTMAS frisks into the room, singing—

Here comes I, old Father Christmas ;
Welcome, or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.

I was born in a rocky country, where there was no wood to make me a cradle ; I was rocked in a stouring bowl, which made me round-shouldered then, and I am round-shouldered still.

He then capers about for a short time, and then departs with this speech :—

Who went to the orchard, to steal apples to make gooseberry pies against Christmas ?

Enter TURKISH KNIGHT, saying—

Here comes I, a Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight ;
And if S. George do meet me here,
I'll try his courage without fear.

Enter S. GEORGE, saying—

Here comes I, S. George,
That worthy champion bold,
And, with my sword and spear,
I won three crowns of gold.
I fought the dragon bold,
And brought him to the slaughter ;
By that I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt's daughter.

TURKISH KNIGHT.

Saint George, I pray be not too bold—
If thy blood is hot, I'll soon make it cold.

S. GEORGE.

Thou Turkish Knight, I pray forbear,
I'll make thee dread my sword and spear.
[*They fight until the TURKISH KNIGHT falls.*]

S. GEORGE.

I have a little bottle, which goes by the name of
Elicumpane.

If the man is alive, let him rise and fight again.

The KNIGHT here rises on one knee, and endeavours to continue the conflict, but is again stricken down, and says—

Oh ! pardon me, S. George ; oh ! pardon me, I crave :
Oh ! pardon me this once, and I will be thy slave.

S. GEORGE.

I never will pardon a Turkish Knight,
Therefore, arise and try thy might.

The KNIGHT rises, and they again fight, till the KNIGHT receives a heavy blow, and then drops on the ground as dead : upon which S. GEORGE inquires,

Is there a doctor to be found
To cure a deep and deadly wound ?

Enter DOCTOR, saying,

Oh ! yes, there is a doctor to be found
To cure a deep and deadly wound.

S. GEORGE.

What can you cure ?

DOCTOR.

I can cure the itch, the palsy, and gout ;
If the devil's in him, I'll pull him out.

The DOCTOR then performs the cure, with sundry grimaces, and S. GEORGE and the KNIGHT again encounter, when the latter is knocked down and left for dead. Then another performer enters, and on seeing the dead body, says,

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
If uncle Tom Pearce won't have him, aunt Molly must.
[*The hobby-horse here prances in and carries off the body.*]

Enter OLD SQUIRE, saying,

Here comes I, old old Squire,
As black as any Friar,
As ragged as a colt,
To leave fine clothes for malt.

Enter HUBBUB, saying—

Here comes I, old Hub-bub-bub-bub,
Upon my shoulders I carries a club,
And in my hand a frying-pan ;
So, am I not a valiant man ?

Enter the BOX-HOLDER, who says,

Here comes I, great head and little wit,
Put your hand in your pocket and give what you think fit.

Gentlemen and ladies, sitting down at your ease,
Put your hands in your pockets and give what you please.

S. GEORGE.

Gentlemen and ladies, the sport is almost ended,
Come, pay to the box, it is highly commended ;
The box it would speak if it had but a tongue ;
Come, throw in your money, and think it no wrong.

The characters generally finish with a dance, or sometimes a song or two is introduced. In some of the performances two or three other tragic heroes take a part.

New-year's day is observed throughout Scotland with much festivity. "Till a recent period," says a writer above cited, "this festivity approached to license ; and, from the frantic merriment which reigned in most minds, the time was called the *Daft* (i.e. mad) *Days*. But now these follies are much corrected." The Scotch also festively celebrate the first Monday in the new year, and call it *Hundsel Monday*.

The first of January is kept in Germany as a complete holiday. There is service at the churches ; business is at a stand ; and, like Christmas-day, it is far more observed than Sunday.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE ORGAN.

I was still but a child, a child of sixteen—[it is a German musician who speaks]—when I believed myself master of the art. I was young ; and, as my violin yielded a thousand pleasing sounds to the touch of my bow, I thought I had little more to learn. Happy presumption of youth ! My violin was dear to me as my life ; and I the more willingly gave myself up to this passion for music, that I, in my ignorance, believed that I was every day approaching perfection.

However, I was not the only one infatuated with the same musical ardour in our little German town. Many lads of my own age abandoned themselves to this mania ; and we soon formed a band among ourselves. All our neighbours came three or four times a week to

my father's house to listen to our concerts; for we gave them more music than they could attend to in one evening. They listened, praised, and admired us to our heart's content.

One evening in autumn the air was calm and serene, the sky was clear, time appeared to fly slower than usual, and even our violins seemed to share the balmy sweetness that reigned around; when suddenly a man of most singular appearance entered my father's hall, in which we were all assembled. He wore an old-fashioned pair of purple-velvet trousers, which were almost threadbare; his woollen stockings were cross-barred blue; his shoes, which could scarcely be seen, were ornamented with silver buckles. This fantastic costume was completed by a light green coat, with large glittering brass buttons; above which was an immense black cravat; and above the cravat a most melancholy face, round which hung a profusion of long curly hair. His countenance was particularly grave; but his eyes were sparkling and intelligent. He entered my father's house without being announced; and, observing a vacant place in the corner of the hall, beside my pretty cousin Nanrel, he seated himself; after which he assumed an attentive air, to listen to the concert. But the presence of this stranger struck us all with unutterable and indescribable fear. He was hardly seated beside my pretty Nanrel, when we all played out of tune. In vain my father, who was a clever musician, hastened to our assistance: he could do nothing. Then the stranger advanced towards me; and, with rather a stern air, said, 'Young man, your ardour leads you too far; you are attached to a bow which is too brilliant for you; it is an instrument which the inexperienced should not touch, lest they burn their fingers.' However, the stranger picked up the bow, which had fallen from me in my confusion, and taking the violin from my hands, began to play. Then, indeed, I felt myself more humbled than ever; but I also felt enraptured at the delightful music. Such exquisite, admirable harmony, which seemed to descend from Heaven! and oh, what plaintive, melodious notes the violin yielded to the stranger's touch! It was as if an invisible soul, concealed in that echoing wood, was suddenly awakened by a ray from on high. When the stranger had laid down the instrument, we all still appeared to listen to him. My father was the first who took his hand; and, in the most kind and respectful terms, bade him welcome. Nevertheless, he resumed his natural modesty, and blushed for the praises bestowed upon him. At length the crowd took leave; and my father, the stranger, and I, were alone.

We knew that there was to be, in our little town, in that very month of September, a meeting of all the great German masters, who wished to form in it a good and useful musical association; and, we naturally concluded that the stranger was a new master, who had just arrived to be present at the meeting; and, as my father was prejudiced in his favour, he offered him the hospitality of his house; which he gratefully accepted. Behold then our guest; behold him seated at our table, and at our fire-side, as if he were my father's brother. Simple, good, and wise he certainly was; and, whenever the conversation turned on that great and inexhaustible topic, the manufacture of musical instruments, their improvements, their intricacies, and all the ingenious contrivances necessary to attain the desired end, the stranger was almost unable to restrain himself.

Such was the life we led for about a fortnight; lavishing on our esteemed guest all the care and kindness he merited. We paid strict attention to his instructions, and blessed him from our hearts for all his counsels. Often would he say to us, "Young men, love music; it is the food of the soul: it can teach us the end of life: it is the immortality of this world." Thus he used to speak; but if, accidentally, he saw a stranger coming to the house, he would fly into the garden: he liked to be alone, or at least, alone with us.

One day, however, it happened that a friend of my

father's, named Kurtz, arrived. He was a rich timber-merchant, in the environs. To tell the truth, this good man, Kurtz, was no favourite of mine; he was rich, and generous; knew how to sell his goods at a high price, and to purchase at the very cheapest rate:—in short, he was a man of the world, and quite out of my line, as the son of an artist, and one who liked the society of artists only. At the sight of the timber-merchant, our guest hastened into the garden; but Kurtz had already seen and recognised him, and followed him with his eye.

"Who is this you have staying with you?" said he to my father:—"you have a singular guest, upon my word; and, indeed, I should rather know that he was at the bottom of the sea, than in your house."

"You know him, then," exclaimed my father, with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Yes, I do know him!" said Mr. Kurtz: "he resided a long time in my village; his name is Beze; he is a carpenter, an odd sort of man, who thinks but little of the things of this life. Some time ago, when the organ of our church lost its sound, the committee resolved to get a new one. Your guest, Beze, soon came and offered his services; he undertook to construct the organ alone, at his own expense; he demanded only the materials: his air was that of one who perfectly understood his business; and his offer being, on the whole, very reasonable, it was accepted. He then set to work; made and re-made many things; exerted all the powers of his mind and body, night and day: he neglected his meals, so ardently did he apply himself to his task. At length it was finished. The organ resounded throughout the church. No one had ever heard anything half so beautiful. People came from all parts to admire this master-piece of art; every person of rank in the neighbourhood hastened to see it; and the villagers were all in anxious expectation. Beze, in the mean time, explained to us the mechanism of his instrument; he entered into the most minute details, and clearly proved all his propositions. Soon, however, the old organist of the parish, who was quite beside himself with joy, rushed from the crowd, impatient to show us what he could do on the beautiful new instrument; but the instrument, alas! refused to sound! Then, a thousand bitter sarcasms were showered on the unfortunate artificer; and, with one voice, his organ was condemned. There was a great tumult in the church. Beze, however, was not intimidated by it. He went out, casting an ironical look around, as if he had produced a master-piece of art, whose merits we were too ignorant to appreciate. Such, my dear friend, is the illustrious guest whom you have received into your house."

Thus spoke Mr. Kurtz. I know not what more he might have said, for I could not stay any longer to hear my friend spoken of in that manner. I went to seek him in the garden, and found him sitting on the grass, in his usual place, under the shade of an old apple-tree.

When he saw me, he beckoned me towards him. "Look," said he, with a voice of deep emotion, "look at the sun, setting in all his splendour; the least cloud may obscure the brightness of his glory: so it is with the man of genius; the prejudices of an ignoramus may, for awhile, tarnish his fame, but the first breeze dispels the cloud."

I was much struck with these melancholy words, and strove to cheer my friend. "Oh!" said he to me, "I fear nothing; my mind can no longer be distracted by the vulgar. I know very well that it is no easy matter to succeed all at once; and that anticipation is everything in this world: all attempts at perfection are sure to be repulsed by men at first; but I am convinced that, under God, time sets all to rights. That beautiful organ which I built, that great work of my hands, possesses a soul; but a man must be found who can awake that sleeping spirit: it is but the story of Alexander's horse, which no one could mount but Alexander."—And when it grew dark, "Come," said he, "come, my son, let us to our violin."

By degrees, however, our town was enlivened by many strangers. The time for the meeting of the musical association being arrived, masters hastened thither in crowds from all parts of the world; and the inhabitants of the country vied with each other in hospitalities worthy of such great names. Music constitutes the pride and happiness of our beloved Germany! Every celebrated musician who arrived was received as if he were a king; the entrance of each was a triumphal procession, formed by ardent admirers, who eagerly crowded to behold and to applaud them. We hastened to the spot by which these great masters were to pass, that we might see them, and add our voices to the general shout of welcome. We saw all the celebrated professors arrive, one after the other: Grawn, that inexhaustible genius, whose productions were original, because from the heart; Fursch and Hass, his two faithful companions; the young Gassman, whose future glory Germany already anticipated; and then a courier from Gluck, whose involuntary absence from this reunion of the arts, was deplored by him in a letter to his pupils, breathing the most ardent wishes for the success of German art.

These great professors had all the simplicity which ever marks true genius; their meetings were held in public, and were open to all. I, timid as I was, could not absent myself; I glided between the tables, and seated myself in an obscure corner, and there, for whole hours, I listened, as, alternately, they spoke of the art to which their lives were devoted, with my eyes fixed on their nobly intellectual countenances. Occasionally, these great men interrupted their conversation, to pass around some old German wine, which made glad their hearts.

One evening, when they were all assembled, and I was at my usual post, listening to them, their conversation happened to turn on the stranger. Each told what he knew of this musician, who so mysteriously endeavoured to escape notice.

"It shall never be said," exclaimed Grawn, "that we did not recognise a man of genius, who shrinks from notice. My friends, we will insist on his coming to make one amongst us; he shall take his glass with us, and partake of all our social pleasures."

Then I quietly advanced into the middle of the group. "My masters," said I, meekly, "the man of whom you speak, is indeed a true genius; but vain will be your invitation, he will not come."

All repeated in astonishment, "he will not come!" then overwhelmed me with questions, and listened attentively to my answers. I related to them the history of the organ in the neighbouring village; how no person was able to play it; and how unutterably this failure affected my poor friend.

When the masters heard this account, they were seized with intense interest. "My friends," said Grawn, "as to-morrow will be Sunday, let us go early in the morning to examine this organ, which refuses to sound; that will be a strange instrument that will resist the united efforts of so many professors!"

At these words, Hass and Fursch rapturously applauded them. Léléman added, that he would consider on the means of inducing the mysterious workman to meet them in the organ-loft; but the young Gassman exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "My friends, there is one man in the world who could produce sounds from stones. Oh! where art thou, *Emmanuel Bach*, our divine master?"

On retiring, the party renewed their promises of meeting in the organ-loft the next day.

The following morning dawned in full beauty; the sun was rising over the little church that contained the organ, when two pedestrians entered the building by the door of the cemetery. One of these men was in the prime of life; his high forehead denoted deep thoughtfulness, and his large blue eyes shone forth with radiance; his companion was a gay, good-humoured looking man, with a very jovial face.

"Master," said he, "why do you thus stop on your route? the meeting of the great professors will be over before you arrive."

"Let us go in, my child," replied he; "do you not remember that a traveller told us yesterday of a mysterious organ in this little church, that cannot be played? that traveller called the organ the work of a madman; perhaps Heaven has sent me to prove it to be the production of a genius. You offer up your morning prayer; it may be I shall accompany it on this organ; implore a blessing on it, and on all here below."

The master seated himself before the organ; soon the little church was crowded by the pious worshippers, who came to early service. The great masters, faithful to the appointment they had made the previous evening, entered the building, and, as the priest ascended the altar, they knelt in prayer. Suddenly, a sound, as if from heaven, made the little church re-echo; the most divine, the most harmonious melody was produced from the hitherto silent organ. Had the worshippers heard an angel, they could not have been more amazed. Each of the masters raised his head, anxious to discover which one among them had gone to play the organ, and were confounded at seeing all kneeling in their places. The priest himself was seized with secret fear. Meanwhile the organ, touched by an inspired genius, was alternately grave, sublime, melancholy, impassioned, and plaintive; now flute-like; now thunder itself; now praises to God; now terror to man. All listened, admired, and remained prostrate.

In that crowd, one man alone stood erect; it was the stranger. He was near the altar, leaning against a pillar; he looked up at the organ, his now living work; or, rather, he looked up to heaven. At last, then, his great thought was given to the world; at last there was full revelation. He wept not, he prayed not; he believed himself the sport of a dream; he was the happiest of all that happy excited throng. When he saw that all eyes were fixed on him with admiration; he went out of the church with hasty steps, and the service continued.

When service was over, the masters pressed towards the organ, to ascertain who the angel was that had called it into life. The door opened, and with one voice they exclaimed, "*Emmanuel Bach!*—*Emmanuel Bach!*"

It was indeed *Emmanuel Bach*. "Good morning, my friends," said he; "you see your brother arrived; but where is the man of genius who has made this organ? Where is he, that I may embrace him, or, rather, that I may throw myself at his feet?"

The professors answered, "that he was some invisible being. But come, dear master," said they, "come and breakfast with us at the sign of *St. Cecilia*."

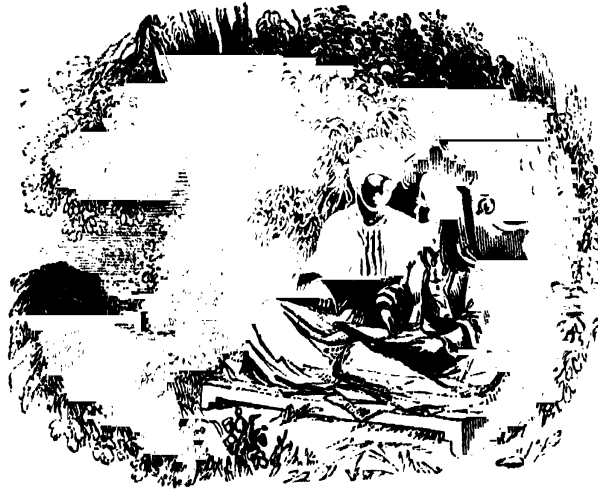
In the evening, *Emmanuel Bach*, and Grawn, walked in my father's garden. Eagerly did they seek the stranger. At length they found him under his favourite tree; but, oh heavens! in what a state! My poor friend's head was reclining against the tree; his eyes were still open, vaguely seeking the last rays of the setting sun; his hands were extended on his knees, and his fingers moved, as if about to play the organ; and the palpitation of his heart alone announced that he yet lived.

I flung myself on my knees before my friend; *Emmanuel Bach* did the same, while Grawn supported his head. We called him; he opened his eyes, and perceiving the strangers, exclaimed, "Ah! you are here, my masters! . . . Ah! you are here, *Emmanuel Bach!* . . . You! . . . this morning . . . Oh! pardon me, if I do not treat you with all due respect; . . . it is all over . . . this sudden happiness has killed me . . . the sound of my beautiful organ was my death-knell—I am dying!"

The two masters placed themselves at each side of the poor mechanic. "Yes," said he, "I can die now, with Grawn at my left, *Emmanuel Bach* at my right." Then

turning towards me, he extended his hand—"Adieu, my son," said he; "you, my masters, bless me!"
With the last ray of the setting sun, the soul of my friend departed. The sweet twilight cast a silvery shade

over that noble countenance! It seemed as if all around were hushed into silence, to listen to the few strains of a simple melody, in which was exhaled the last breath of the stranger.



PALM LEAVES.

IV.—ABDALLAH AND BALSORAH.

THE name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was one of the greatest tyrants that ever reigned. He was of a suspicious and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, many of his queens and his sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: "Helim," said he, "I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I will now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive."

"The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvement under him, that by the age of one-and-twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah.

Helim had an only child, who was a girl of an excellent disposition and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah especially grew, by degrees, so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who, going to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora his fair daughter. The king was so struck with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim knew too well the fate of those who had been thus advanced before, and could not but be aware of the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter.

"Far be it," says he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician."

The king, however, would hear of no excuses; and immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think that she had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

Upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept; and, after having recovered her out of the trance into which she had fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too

great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim, finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, gave her a certain potion, which laid her fast asleep, so that she was to all appearance dead. The king, when he was told that Balsora was dead, told the father that, since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the meantime Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. But Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the bodies. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are perpetually burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night, by a hundred slaves, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care, some time after, to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirement of the blest, and that the spirit of Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was, how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb them. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full-moon, of the month Tizpa, was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family who are in a state of bliss do, on the first full-moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the Gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim, therefore, having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms

of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle; and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the Gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of slaves, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the spirits of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on Mount Khacan. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual an affection for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living and the situation of the place; insomuch, that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations, or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son, Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim had no sooner mounted the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him which he knew would be very agreeable to so generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king, Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of Mount Khacan; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, asked for some refreshment. Helim was at home; and, after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come; upon which

he opened to him the whole history of what had past. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation; and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!" Having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept.

The whole company for some time remained silent, shedding tears of joy. At length the king, after kindly reproaching Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her, she should now be a queen indeed; for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of the two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request, therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of Mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the Garden of Persia. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that King Abdallah who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon Mount Khacan, which long continued the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

TABLE ETIQUETTE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE following *Bill of Fare* for the new year, quoted from a scarce book entitled "The Second Part of Youth's Behaviour, or Decency in Conversation amongst Women," 12mo, 1664, shows the kind of viands under which the tables of our ancestors groaned at this festive season.

"1. Brawn. 2. A boiled capon with oysters and sausages. 3. A sirloin, or ribs of roasted beef. 4. A roasted goose. 5. Minced pies. 6. A roasted turkey. 7. A marrow pie. 8. A made dish of bread pudding. 9. A roasted capon. 10. Larks, partridges, or woodcocks, which may be best provided. 11. Lamb. 12. A tart of wardens or quinces. 13. Tame pigeons. 14. A dried neat's tongue. 15. Anchovies."

In connexion with the above subject, and as illustrative of the progress of civilization and etiquette since the seventeenth century, we extract from the first part of the "Youth's Behaviour," &c., certain amusing rules concerning

"CARRIAGE AT THE TABLE.

"1. Being set at the table, scratch not thyself, and take thou heed as much as thou canst [not] to spit, cough, and to blow thy nose; but if it be needful, do it dexterously without much noise, turning thy face sidelong.

"2. Take not thy repast like a glutton.

"3. Break not bread with thy hands, but cut it with a knife, if it be not very little, and very new, and that all the others did the same, or the major part.

"4. Cast not thyself upon the table with thine arms stretched even to thy elbows. And lean not thy shoulders, or thine arms, on their chair undecently.

"5. Eat not with cheeks full, and with full mouth.

"6. Sop not in wine, if thou be'st not the master of the house, or hast some indisposition or other....

"8. Taking salt, beware that thy knife be not greasy when it ought to be wiped, or the fork; one may do it neatly with a little piece of bread, or, as in certain places, with a napkin, but never with a whole loaf....

"10. Blow not upon thy meat, but if it be hot, stay until it be cold....

"11. Smell not to thy meat, and if thou holdest thy nose to it, set it not afterwards before another.

"12. Besmear not any bread round about with thy fingers, but when thou wilt cut some bread, wipe them first if they be greasy; therefore take heed, as nigh as thou canst, of fouling thy hands, or of greasing thy fingers, and, having a spoon or fork, make use of it, it becometh thee, according to the custom of the best bred....

"14. One ought not to cast under the table, or on the ground, bones, parings, wine or such like things; notwithstanding, if one be constrained to spit something which was hard to chew, or which causeth irksomeness, then may one throw it dexterously forth upon the ground, taking it decently with two fingers, or with the left hand half shut, so that it be not a liquid thing; in such case one may more freely spit it on the ground, turning oneself, if it be possible, somewhat aside, as hath been said here above....

"12. It is undecent to soil the table cloth, and that which is worse, to clean one's face, or wipe away one's sweat with the napkin, or with the same clean one's nose, one's trencher, or the dish....

"26. Suck no bones, at least in such wise that one may hear it; take them not with two hands, but with one solely and properly. Gnaw them not, nor tear the flesh with thy teeth, as dogs do; but make use of thy knife, holding them with one hand, or rather with two fingers, as nigh as thou canst. Knock no bones upon thy bread, thy trencher, to get out the marrow of them, but get out the marrow with a knife....

"34. Cleanse not thy teeth with a table cloth or napkin, or with thy finger, fork, or knife; much worse would it be to do so with thy nails, but use thy toothpick...."

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

MY RUSSET GOWN.

BY JANE.

My russet gown is dear to me,
Though years have passed away
Since my young heart beat joyously
Beneath its folds of grey;
No jewels hung around my neck,
Or glitter'd in my hair,
With lightsome step I tripp'd along,
My spirit knew no care;

The roses near my window crept,
And shed their sweets around;
Hard was the bed on which I slept,
But yet my sleep was sound.

My russet gown I laid aside,
For one of rich brocade;
I thought, in my simplicity,
Its charm could never fade;
I left the cot where I had pass'd
My happy childhood years,
I left my aged father sad,
My mother was in tears;
I left them for a wealthy home,
To be a rich man's bride,
And thought that splendour would atone
For loss of all beside.

My russet gown, when next I gazed
Upon its sombre hue,
It brought a lesson to my heart
As sad as it was true;
Its simple meekness seemed to mock
My silks and jewels gay,
And bore my wandering thoughts to those
Dear friends so far away.

I felt how fleeting were the joys
That wealth alone can buy,
And for my humble cottage home
My bosom heav'd a sigh.

My russet gown I still have kept
To check my growing pride,
A true, though silent monitor,
My folly to deride.

And when I met with faithless friends
Among the giddy throng,
Whom vice and pleasure in their train
Drag heedlessly along.

I feel how gladly I would give
My coach and bed of down,
Once more in sweet content to live,
And wear my russet gown.

EMIGRANT'S SONG.

ONCE more let it sparkle and gladden the heart!
Adieu, loves and friendships! and now we must part;
Farewell, then, ye mountains, ye scenes of my home;
A power resistless impels me to roam.

The sun in the heavenly fields knows no stay;
O'er land and o'er ocean he rides far away;
The waves linger not as they roll on the sand,
And the storms in their fury sweep over the land.

The bird on the light fleecy cloud sails along,
And sings in the distance his dear native song;
Through woodland and pasture the youth must go forth,
And roam, like his mother, the wandering earth.

The birds he once knew in the fields of his home
Come flying to greet him o'er ocean's white foam;
And the flowers of his childhood salute him once more,
In the breezes that breathe from his far native shore.

The songsters of home still around him to charm,
The flowers love planted still breathing their balm,
Early loves and old friendships still pressing his hand,
His home is around him, though far be the land.

From the German of Körner.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—Montaigne.

AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

A CORPORAL of the rifle brigade, for robbing a Spaniard of some bread, was tried by a drum-head court-martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy corporal, who, till then, bore an excellent character, was

placed in the centre of the square, close to the triangle,—the general said, in a stern voice, "Strip, sir." The corporal never uttered a word till actually tied up, when, turning his head round, as far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said in a firm and respectful voice, "General Crawford, spare me." The general replied, "It cannot be; your crime is too great." The unhappy man, who was sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive two hundred lashes, then added, "Oh, general! do you recollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres? We were confined with others in a sort of pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you—on that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness—it is now in your power. You know that when I committed the act for which I am now made so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been short of rations for some time." Not only the general, but the whole square was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the corporal, then, on a nod from the bugle-major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The general started, and turning hastily round, said, "Who ordered that bugler to flog? Send him to drill! send him to drill! take him down! take him down! I remember it well!" all the time pacing up and down the square, wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions that were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feeling, the gallant general uttered, with a broken accent, "Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?" Then beckoning to his orderly for his horse, he mounted and galloped off. In a few days the corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him a year afterwards a respected sergeant. Had the poor fellow's sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.

A SMALL PRESENT.

"I WILL give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true." "I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

EVERY mile of railway takes eight acres of good land. The 1,800 miles already existing, and 20,000 miles impending, will require the snug quantity of 114,000 acres, without reclaiming any from other roads or canals.

LET not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.—Locke.

NATURE has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is only his image.—Pascal.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—Johnson.

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See page 105.

RAILWAYS.

"God made the country, and man made the town;" and man, in pursuance of his vocation, is now making Railways, whereby, if we go on as we have been doing, we shall very soon be all town together, and the country, God's work, be fairly driven off the field—abolished—blotted out from our sight and knowledge, as an object of affection and enjoyment. Physically, no doubt, it will still remain in its coarser utilitarian elements, as a necessary appendage to towns—a place in which to rear fat cattle for the shambles, and grow wheat for the bakers' shops; there will still be grass and turnips and timber, fields and farm-steadings, hedgerows and haystacks; and men must live there to look after those things, so that the breed of bumpkins and clod-hoppers will not altogether die out. But *the country*!—that glorious temple of God—so profusely strewed with the loveliest of His works—from which the eye drinks in such abundant draughts of beauty, steeping the senses in delight, and filling the soul with love, gratitude, and peace—will be as much lost to the greater number of us, as if a thick cloud had settled down upon it, shrouding it in darkness for ever.

It used to be our delight to feel that the country—not that which produces crops, and pays rent—but that which

is beautiful to look upon, and whose air fills the lungs with health, and the heart with the sense of enjoyment, was still an unappropriated possession, from which no grudging owner could shut out the very poorest of us. He might forbid our feet to tread upon his soil, but he could not forbid our eyes to look upon the beautiful objects with which it was covered; he could not shut our ears to the song of the birds, or to the murmur of the brook, nor imprison the sweet scent which the breeze bore upon its wings. These were ours as much as his; for the king's high-way, at least, was open to us, where we could loiter as long as we pleased, or as our convenience served, and where, from many a commanding point of view, we might copy, not on canvass or paper, but on our memory and heart, all the loveliness of the scene, and carry it away with us as an imperishable possession. Such was the enjoyment of Milton, in that delightful morning ramble of his:—

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Who shall say that the various features of this landscape, the lawns and fallows, the flocks, the mountains with the clouds resting on their breasts, the meadows, the brooks, the rivers, the embattled towers, were not, at that moment, in so far as they ministered to the sense of beauty, (one of our richest sources of enjoyment,) as much a property to him whose eye they filled, as to the nominal owner, then, perhaps, prisoned to a sick chamber, or, if looking on them at all, viewing them with the cold unloving eye of familiar indifference? They who are commonly called owners, have sometimes the least share of what is really worth having in their possessions. We have heard of a Highland minister, whose *manse* was situated in one of the loveliest glens of which Scotland can boast, and who used to be utterly bewildered by the admiration with which his little paradise filled its frequent visitors. "What is it," he would say, in reply to their exclamations of delight; "Och! what is it, but wood and water?" True, it was wood and water to him, and nothing more, like Peter Bell's primrose; wood which would not fetch much in the market, and water which lay between him and his walk to the parish church; that was all he had of it, though he lived there all the year, resembling in this not a few owners, we rather suspect, of many a lovely patch of God's earth, whose ownership is confined to its mere husk, its carcase, its dirty acres,—leaving its ethereal part—its soul—that with which the spirit of a man can hold communion, to the chance occupation of each passer by, to whom nature has given the faculty to seize upon and enjoy it.

This is the property—the only property, alas! we can boast of—of which we complain, that the present rage for connecting all towns with each other by railroads, is fast depriving us. For what is a railroad, with all its furniture of engines and trains? If it were merely a contrivance for enabling us to pass more swiftly than before from any one spot to any other,—for empowering us, if we pleased, and when we pleased, to do in one hour that which formerly consumed three or four, then it would be all right; it would be an important saving of time, and no loss of anything else. For, in that case, if we might travel fast, we might also, if we pleased, travel slow; and, at all events, fast or slow, we might stop when we pleased, and be set down at what point we thought proper. We should still preserve our liberty; nor be compelled, because some dozen or two of men, whom we have nothing to do with, are impatient to reach Liverpool or Edinburgh next morning, to suffer ourselves to be whisked from station to station, like Lapland witches driving through the scud, that we may be landed in a few hours, dead or alive, as the case may be—it is an equal chance—at a place which we should have been quite well content not to have reached for a week. In a railroad, the stations are everything; all that is intermediate is nothing. Its object is to realize the extravagant prayer of the two lovers,—

"Ye gods! annihilate but time and space!"

Time it is, if not annihilating, at least attenuating to a mere shadow of its former dimension; and space it is doing all it can to reduce to a series of stations, so as to make it resemble the dotted lines of which we read, as drawn in the plans deposited with the clerks of parliament. Between each dot, for all we can henceforth hope to know of the matter, there is a mere vacuity; as much so to us as if we were transported from point to point in a moment of time by an Eastern genie. What can a man know or enjoy of a country, part of which he passes under ground, part through cuttings which limit his view to a few feet on each side of him; and, on which, where he might see something, the attempt to look throws him back upon his seat with a sensation, as

if myriads of burning thread had been drawn across his eyeballs? And, as for the world on either side of the line, that will be a mere *terra incognita*—an unexplored central Australia, of which some traditional memory may survive for a few years, and then will be lost for ever. For what can we know of it? How can we ever see it? We dare never diverge, for the hundredth part of an inch, from the one immovable line through which we are propelled like a bullet through a gun-barrel.

When all the communications throughout the country are railroads, which is what we are now driving at, all modes of travelling, except one, will be utterly exploded. Walking will be a forgotten pastime; riding an impossible achievement; and driving, whether in gig, chariot, or coach, an unattainable luxury; for none of these are possible on a railroad. There will be no such thing known as taking it easy, or stopping to look about one. How can he do so, who travels as if he carried in his pocket an express, indorsed—"Haste, haste, post haste—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life!" For his life, indeed; for should he make one half-minute's pause, crash comes the up or down train thundering into him, and he is dashed off, to use Carlyle's pet phrase, into infinite space.

We shall still be able to walk, ride, and drive on the old roads, however, and to loiter along them as much as we please. Shall we? Where will the old roads be when every petty town is connected with its next neighbour by a rail? or whence will come the money which is to keep them up? The great traffic, to which we are indebted for our noble roads—once the pride and boast of the land—will all be absorbed by those leviathan wheel tracks, intersecting the country in every direction, like so many unsightly gashes in a beautiful countenance; and all that will remain for other means of conveyance, will be utterly insufficient to preserve our old friends from decay and ruin. The advantage of our good old roads was, that they served every purpose; that they were good for all paces, from ten miles an hour to a mile a day—for all modes of travelling, from the mail-coach to the donkey's back. They were not the less fitted to answer the great purposes of commerce, and to carry our busy merchants and dealers, and the products of our mines and looms, with speed and safety, to their several destinations, that they furnished accommodation to less important wayfarers, and suffered them to trudge along slowly, but in comfort, to their journey's end. The same expense which was necessary for the purposes of the former enabled them to answer all the purposes of the latter. Good roads were required for business and commerce; and these were able to maintain them; other travellers followed in their wake, reposed under their shadow, and shared, at a comparatively trifling cost, in that luxurious accommodation, of which one of the greatest charms was, that no limit could be assigned to the extent to which it might be used, and that those for whose use chiefly it was prepared and maintained suffered no diminution of their enjoyment of it, by its being used to the fullest extent by others. Thus, the business of money-making went hand in hand with, and lent its powerful aid to, the supply of wants of a less exigent character, as well as to the pursuits of a refined and cultivated taste. But in railroads this alliance is broken up. Business and commerce travel sulkily by themselves, on roads which are fit for no use but theirs. In the language of the Scotch proverb, they "keep their own fishguts for their own sea-maws." They must "go a-head;" and whose, in travelling, has other objects in view than going a-head, or cannot afford to travel at the "go a-head" price, must go elsewhere, and find or make roads which will answer his purpose. The old roads were like the old times, when the liberal expenditure of the manor-house furnished, without any sensible increase of cost, food and shelter to scores of hangers on and dependents; and when the relations between the wealthier and poorer classes of the community, regulated according to a less exact standard of

value given and received than now, admitted of more feeling and sentiment—more kindness on the one hand, more gratitude on the other, and more attachment on both. It is not mere fancy to ascribe an analogous influence to roads. The superabundance of one class of travellers overflowed for the benefit of others; and the poorer, or merely occasional users of the roads, got more than their money's worth, while its great supporters had none of theirs taken away. The new roads—the rails—resemble the modern times, in which servants are kept on board wages, the beggar is excluded from the kitchen as scrupulously as a housebreaker, and all charity is administered in the workhouse. Each man gets exactly what he can pay for, neither more nor less; and as speed is an inseparable attribute of the system, he who cannot pay for speed, or with whose plans speedy travelling is inconsistent, is excluded altogether, not from them only, but, which is the kindest cut of all, from all use of roads; for neither his means, nor the extent to which he is to use them, will enable him to keep up roads for himself. Railroads are a selfish, utilitarian, unpoetical, unsentimental device, which exclude from travelling every idea but that of mere locomotion.

We may be permitted to grumble at that, the progress of which we are utterly powerless to impede, even supposing we seriously desired to do so. The advance of railroad communication, now that the means of effecting it have been developed, is a necessity, which no human power can overrule:—

"Its course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in our impediment,"

or in that of any man whatever. All interests must necessarily seek for the best way of accomplishing their own ends; and we cannot expect that any one should forego an important improvement for the sake of another; far less that the world should renounce a material possession, bringing in a tangible revenue, for the sake of an ideal one, existing only in the world of sentiment, and whose returns are not "palpable to feeling." There never yet was an improvement in any of the great commanding interests of society, which did not disturb and destroy numberless dependent and parasitical interests—the swallows' nests in the caves—which, however regarded with affection for the sake of their associations, we cannot consider of sufficient importance to warrant us in rejecting or retarding the improvement. Our object must be to preserve unhurt, as far as possible, amid all changes, the sympathies which the old modes of living and acting tended to cherish and keep alive. These possibly must seek for new objects, adopt new forms of expression, clothe themselves in a new garb; but in their essential being they may still remain unchanged. The power of investing external objects with the robe of beauty, which is woven and preserved in the inmost recesses of the soul, cannot be taken away from us by any change in the material forms of our existence. It may be depressed and cramped in its action, for a time, but it cannot be destroyed, by external circumstances. It depends for its preservation upon the mind itself. Against the assault of outward enemies it,

"All incorruptible, will on its throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, will soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious."

It can only be permanently injured by the decay of the feeling and love of beauty itself in the soul. Let that be preserved, (and to do so is, under every change of circumstances, in our own power,) and place it where we please, it will find out objects for its exercise.

AMERICA AND HER SLAVE STATES.

No. III.

MR. FEATHERSTONHAUGH not only visited the pigmy locality, but opened an untouched grave himself.

"The skeleton was there, with an extremely thin cranium, without teeth; the bones were surprisingly small, and it was evident the body had been laid on its right side, and packed in earth. A small pot was under the neck, which crumbled in pieces on being touched; and I found a rib of a deer, with a snail shell, that had also been put in the grave." Vol. i. p. 180.

Whether pigmies or not, it is impossible for us to determine; and if Mr. F. did not favour the defender of the pigmy theory with more facts and arguments than he has the readers of his volumes, we do not wonder that he told our traveller, "that he had just got the wrong notion, and that when he got to Nashville, he'd better talk about something else." Any antecedent improbability in a pigmy race we cannot see, and it is by no means such a wonder of creation as the troglodyte race now admitted to exist in Africa, that last link between men and brutes; a race scouted at when described by the father of history, and now allowed to have the knowledge and the power of erecting huts such as the negro lives in, and to possess a mutilated speech, as a means of communicating with each other.

Professor Troost, of Nashville, the geologist and ophiologist, the great gun of the State of Tennessee, who has led the way in the patronage of physical science, is too good a sketch to be omitted. He reminds us much of an old school and college friend, in whose rooms you never felt perfectly sure that a green snake would not crawl up your leg, after wine, or a pet toad nestle itself in your cap. Our friend's pockets were generally the nests of three or four glow-worms, and his hat, not unfrequently, the cage of a bird. But to Professor Troost.

"His private room, at his house, is full of snakes, fossils, turtles, birds, fishes, Indian relics, &c. &c., all thrown together in the greatest confusion. It makes no matter what it is, the doctor is such a confirmed virtuoso, that everything is fish that comes to his net. Everything of the serpent kind he has a particular fancy for, and has always a number of them, that he has tamed, in his pockets or under his waistcoat. To loll back in his rocking chair, to talk about geology, and pat the head of a large snake when twining itself about his neck, is, to him, supreme felicity." Vol. i. pp. 194, 195.

As may be conjectured, the professor considers every one as little afraid of his crawling pets as himself. One day he mounted the top of a coach, with a hamper not over well secured, which he placed near a Baptist preacher. The latter was just about falling asleep, when a slight rustling woke him: he turned, and lo! beside him, two rattlesnakes raised their crests from the basket. Over went the preacher on to the driver, who jumped from the box immediately as he caught sight of the cause of the reverend gentleman's alarm. Out too turned the insides, as soon as the origin of the *émeute* was known; whilst the professor, all alone in his glory on the roof, quietly stripped off his great coat, and tied it down over the basket; with this consolatory advice to the startled passengers, "Gentlemen, only don't let dese poor things pite you, and dey wont hoort you."

The life and adventures of old Mr. Ridley, the

Tennessee patriarch, is a most interesting account of the dangers and difficulties the early settlers had to encounter, at the time when the red man was in his vigour, and small-pox and rum had not broken down the old lords of the new world. The homestead was then a fort, every settler was a tried warrior; and the females of a family were the armourers of the fort, like Mrs. Ridley, casting the bullets at the kitchen fire, while her husband and his co-defenders were pouring on the Indians from every available part of the block-house. Such a life as Mr. Ridley's proves that the apparently highly coloured narratives of the novelist, Cooper, are but too true tales. In those days, the hunting grounds of the Indian were reclaimed to cultivation by tillers of the ground who worked with their rifle at their back, and their bright axe by their side.

The late presidential election renders the following account of Kentucky and its great man peculiarly interesting, when we consider how far even so democratic a country as the states, follows the heels of its leader.

"The Kentuckians are an enterprising, industrious, and united people; they inhabit a beautiful country, and cultivate a generous soil. With a magnificent river on their frontier, that can convey their tobacco, pork, corn, and other various productions, to every part of the earth; they seem to have all the elements within themselves of permanent prosperity. The people, too, do not appear to have been demoralized by low demagogues to the extent that they have in some of the other states; and hence are not so much under their influence, but rather listen to the precepts and emulate the examples of their superiors. Of these, the acknowledged leader is Henry Clay; his name, which is so very well known in the United States, operates as a talisman in Kentucky. There is not a man in the state but is proud of Mr. Clay as a Kentuckian. Indeed, identified as all his interests are with the state, being the most extensive farmer, the most spirited improver of all the breeds of cattle, horses, and mules, the most affable of men to all classes, and having an established reputation for undaunted personal courage, and never having been known to do a mean action, either in his public or private capacity, whilst, during his long political career, he has been conspicuous, above almost all his fellow citizens, for active and shining talents; it is not surprising that his character should have made an impression on the people, and that they should, by their conduct, acknowledge the advantages they derive from their relation to so eminent a person. What a blessing would it be to this republic, if its people, turning a deaf ear to selfish demagogues, would but consent to receive, even if it were but for one presidential term, so much permanent benefit as they would derive from his great experience, his manly virtues, his honourable consistency!" Vol. i. pp. 233, 235.

Few expressions are more common in the speeches of anti-Americans than Lynch-law. How many among the speakers could give an account of the origin of the expression? Lynch was a rude, but, at the same time, shrewd judge in Arkansas, originally a Virginian, inheriting from his ancestors the judicial talent for which he became so celebrated. The practice of his court was summary: if the evidence was sufficient to warrant the sending the culprit up to the legislature, off he went, with a good prospect of punishment; if otherwise, Judge Lynch took him in hand himself. With him the cowskin whip was as effective in eliciting a confession as the iron boot, or the scavenger's daughter, of olden time. Stripped, and tied to a tree, the culprit heard the order given

for twenty lashes; down they came, twenty on the shoulders, and the same number lower down, to make all parts alike. "How many more would you like to have before you've made up your mind?" asked the judge; "for there's a heap more a coming, I tell you." If no confession was elicited, Lynch ordered ten more lashes; in practice, twenty. Sooner or later this kind of cross-examination had its effect—the culprit gave in; and with three "*more leetel wales to help it out of the hopper*," a confession was elicited, and the culprit packed off for further punishment. Lynch-law, or the cross-examination of the cowskin, was seldom without its beneficial results.

Arkansas presents nearly the worst specimen of society within the vast boundaries of the United States. As the sanctuary of the States—the refuge for the thief, the swindler, and the murderer—it boasts of a fearful race of people; and the six hundred souls that fill the town of Little Rock, and devour the three cheap newspapers that are printed there, are as pretty a set of rogues and vagabonds as can be found out of the Newgate of any civilized country. This is, in an especial manner, the country of the bowie-knife, and the atrocious duels with which every account of America teems. The Legislative Assembly is here interrupted not only by quarrels and personal sparring between *honourable* members, but the floor of the house has, ere now, been the scene of murder;—the sufferer, an unoffending member; the murderer, the speaker of the Assembly. This speaker of this honourable house called upon a member to explain an allusion, apparently personal to himself. The explanation was hardly commenced, when he thundered forth his command to sit down. The member refused, on the score of continuing his explanation. The speaker drew his knife, and descended to the floor of the house. Anthony, the member, did the same. Then the combat began before the whole, who looked on whilst the speaker and his opponent cut each other, and who seemed in no way disconcerted when Anthony fell dead from a direct thrust; and the speaker, coolly wiping his knife, returned to his presidential chair. The house adjourned; and for three days no notice was taken of the deed. At length a relative of the murdered man took out a warrant against the speaker. He was, therefore, arrested, and *bailed*, in the teeth of the direct words of the law. The trial came on in another county, whither it had been moved; because, as the affidavit said, "from the repeated occurrence of similar acts, within the last four or five years, in this county, the people would be inclined to act rigidly; and, therefore, it would not be safe for Wilson to be tried there." Day after day the culprit dined with his judge, and feasted the people of the place where he was to be tried. A mob prevented the reply of the prosecuting counsel from being heard. The jury retired; and returned a verdict of *not guilty*. "Sheriff," exclaimed Wilson, on the return of the verdict, "take the jury to a dram shop: I will pay for all that is drunk by them, and everybody else." Numbers shook hands with the acquitted culprit; and amid a riot and a noise too disgraceful to describe, he left the court, where the judge had never dared to repress, during the entire trial, any one act of insubordination. Such are honour and justice in Arkansas; *such*, remember, not according to the highly-wrought narrative of any book-making tra-

veller, but *such*, according to the cotemporary account of their own local journal. It is all very well for the better class of citizens to refer to the nature of the settlement of this frontier state, and to claim a less rigid censure for the manners of the half-reclaimed hunter and the desperate outlaw, than for the more civilized inhabitants of older states of the Union; but this will not account either for the slowness of the onward progress of society in Arkansas, or for the utter absence of feeling with which crimes of the greatest enormity are daily regarded by the inhabitants of the state. The fault lies deeper; it is in their political institutions. Almost every office in the territory is elective. "Candidates, if they will not wink at the vicious habits of the people, have little chance of success. At present, therefore, a great deal must be tolerated by the magistrates; for the truth is, they are only tolerated themselves upon that condition." Take another instance of the effect of the political institutions of America—REPUDIATION. Thus says Sam Slick:—

"Squire, that is a painful subject either to contemplate or talk upon. What they ought to do as honest men, there can be no doubt, what they will do, is less certain. I have read the correspondence between one of our citizens and Sydney Smith. Those letters of Mr. Smith—or rather, Smith, I should say, for he is too celebrated a man for the appellation of 'Mr.'—will do more good in America than a fleet, or an ambassador, or reprisals. We cannot stand ridicule: we are sensitively alive to European opinion; and these letters admit of but one answer—that is, *payment*. Repudiation cannot be justified; no, not even palliated. It is not insolvency, or misfortune, or temporary embarrassment, that is pleaded; it is a refusal to pay: and a refusal to pay a just debt, in public or private life, is—mince it as you will—*dishonest*. Every honest and right-minded person in our country deplores and condemns this act, as much as every person of the same description does in Europe. When we speak of American, or English, honour, we speak of the same thing; but when we speak of the honour of the English people, and of the American people, we speak of two different things, because the word *people* is not used in the same sense: in one case it is understood in a restricted form, and in the other, in its most extensive signification. When we speak of the honour of an European, we do not mean the honour of a chimney-sweeper, or a street scraper, or cabman, or coalheaver, or hodman, or such persons; but of those that are responsible for the acts of the people, as a government. When we speak of the honour of an American citizen, we speak of every individual, high or low, rich or poor; because, as all have the franchise, all are responsible for public acts. Take the same class with us that the word is applied to in England; and if the honour of that class is not equal to its corresponding one in great Britain, I think I may say it will at least bear a very favourable comparison with it. *The question of payment or non-payment, in the repudiating states, has been put to every male in those states over the age of twenty-one years; and repudiation has been the result.*"—*The Attaché*, second series, vol. ii. p. 83-5.

But let us turn to our traveller's records, and cull one or two more amusing extracts from his pages. And first, of the names and nature of forks at a tavern in Saline county, Arkansas, somewhat less than thirty miles from the capital of the territory, where the she Caliban of the wretched roadside hut endeavoured to get her negro deputy to back her lies about what she had not got at that time.

"Upon the broken table around which we were to sit, Nesby had placed certain plates and coffee cups and

sauces, most of which had gone through a great many hardships; and having used her talent for display to the best advantage, went into the kitchen, where her missus was occupied in baking some heavy dough cakes, and frying a quantity of little bits of fat pork. By and by, in came missus, to take a survey before the fresh *entrée* came in; and affecting a most distressing surprise, commenced the following dialogue with her *aide-de-cuisine*, at the top of their voices:—"Why, how this gal has laid the table! Nisby!" "What's a wanting, missus?" "You hant laid the table no how, you kroetur, you!" "I reckon I couldn't do it no better." "Why, where on earth is all the forks?" "Why, the forks is on the table there." "If you don't beat all!—I mean the new forks." "I never seen no new forks, you know that, missus." "Where has the kroetur put the forks, I say?" No answer. "Wahl, if you don't find the forks, I allow I'll give it you!" *Enter Nisby, agitated. (Sotto voce è staccato.)* "I h'aunt put no forks no whar. I never seen no forks, but them as whats on the table. Thars five on 'em, and thars not no more; thar's *stump-handle*, *crooky-prong*, *horny*, *big pewter*, and *little pickey*—that's just what thar is; and I expect they arq all thar to speak for 'emselves."

Right well did the five forks deserve their sobriquets; *stump-handle* appeared as a single prong stuck in a stumpy piece of wood; *crooky-prongs* was turned up like a fish-hook; *horny* imitated in cow's horn, a fork; *big pewter* was the handle of a spoon, without the bowl; and *little pickey*, a cobbler's awl, in a wooden handle. Cleanliness was not this good hostess's qualification; dirt and slovenliness were natural to her, and Judge Dooley's quick application of the old story of "Waiter!—'Yezzir!—Next time bring the meat in one plate, and the dirt in another, and then I can mix them as I like"—was a home thrust at this Arkansas road-side inn. The next story gives not a bad hint to Old Bailey practitioners. Three murderers, and a horse-stealer, were to be tried. The court was a solitary house in the wilderness, the then representative of the future county-town; and it was with great trouble that twelve jurymen were gathered together. When the case came on, one of the twelve was not forthcoming; why, or wherefore, the prisoners' counsel best knew. What was to be done? the prisoners were as anxious to be tried, as the prosecutor to try them. Take a jurymen from the "circumstances," was the suggestion of the prisoners' counsel. Now, the only circumstances, other than witnesses, were the prisoners. So they put one of the murderers on the jury to try the horse-stealer, and acquitted him; and then transferred the horse-stealer from the dock to the jury-box, to try and acquit the murderers.

THE PRIORY OF LANERCOST.

THE county of Cumberland is remarkable for the small number of its monasteries. Speed, writing on Cumberland, says:—"This county, as it stood in the front of assaults [from the Scots], so was it strengthened with twenty-five castles, and preserved by the prayers (as was then thought) of the votaries in religious houses at Carlisle, Lanercost, Wetheral, Holme [Cultrane], Dacre, and St. Bees."¹

(1) There were others, of less importance, omitted by Speed. Of the above, the Priory of St. Mary, Carlisle, is now the cathedral church; the ruined priory of Wetheral was pulled down during the last century, the gate-house tower, however, yet remains; the abbey of Holme-Cultrane, in like manner, is all destroyed, excepting

The Priory of St. Mary Magdalene, Lanercost,¹ is beautifully situated near the banks of the river Irthing, in the picturesque vale of St. Mary Holme, about eleven miles north-east of Carlisle, and within one mile of the blackened ruins of Naworth Castle, on the one hand, and of the Roman wall of Severus, on the other. This Priory is remarkable, not only for the picturesque appearance of its ivy-mantled ruins, but also as having frequently been the temporary residence of Edward I.; and here, with his queen Margaret, that martial and politic monarch spent the last winter of his life.

Lanercost Priory was founded A.D. 1116, by Robert de Vallibus or Vanx, who, having no children to portion,² wisely resolved on spending a part of his wealth in honour of Him by whose providence he enjoyed it. It was erected for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, and was dedicated A.D. 1169, in honour of St. Mary Magdalene. The troubled state of the Borders, and of the whole kingdom, at that period, may account for the long period which elapsed between the foundation and the dedication. The choir appears to have been first erected, and the other buildings to have gradually proceeded from the east to the west.

Seated amid the western marches of the Borders of Scotland, the Priory of Lanercost was much exposed to bands of straggling marauders, whose violence kept its peaceful inmates in fear. And when Edward I., ambitious of conquering the Scots, declared war against their country, the poor canons were necessarily exposed to greater evils. In 1296, John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, with six other earls, at the head of a large army, after making a fruitless attack on Carlisle, came to Lanercost, secured some of the church treasures, and fired a part of the buildings. Strange, indeed, that neither the poverty nor the piety of the secluded canons of Lanercost should preserve them from the hostile attacks of their northern neighbours!

In 1280, however, the Priory of Lanercost was honoured by more distinguished and welcome visitors. On the 10th of September, Edward I., and his good and noble-minded queen, Eleanor of Castile, came to this Priory, and offered at the high altar a cloth of silk. To her pious memory were reared the glorious crosses of Northampton, Waltham, and Charing, and of other places, where her remains rested on their way to Westminster Abbey. No other king has given such importance to the local annals of Cumberland as Edward I. In this county did he occasionally reside, both at Carlisle and Lanercost, and he visited Rose Castle, Linstock Castle, and the Abbey of Holme-Cultram:³ hither he came to hunt in the adjoining forest of Ingelwood;⁴ and hither he again came on his way to subdue Scotland—*malles Scotorum*, as he is entitled in his monumental epitaph; but he sickened and died within sight of that northern kingdom, into which he was not to enter. But we are anticipating.

In the year 1300, Edward, having appointed an army to rendezvous on the western Border, again honoured

the canons of Lanercost with a royal visit. In 1306, that monarch marched another army to the frontiers of Scotland; but, falling sick, he came again to the Priory (October 1st), attended by his queen, Margaret. The stout-hearted warrior king—borne upon a litter—now entered Lanercost on his last visit; committing himself to the attention, the medical skill,⁵ and the intercessory prayers of the kind canons, whose hospitality he had so often enjoyed. Here he remained until February,—unable, from the weak state of his health, to meet his parliament, which had been summoned to assemble at Carlisle in January. Edward left Lanercost in February 1307, yet weak and sickly, and visited John Halton, Bishop of Carlisle, at Linstock Castle. He afterwards remained some time in Carlisle, and then set out towards Scotland; but, being seized by a dysentery, he proceeded no further than Brough-upon-Sands, where he died, July 7th.

Although it was the dying request of Edward that his son and successor should prosecute the war against Scotland, and that his body should remain unburied, and be borne with the army until that kingdom was subdued,—yet that weak and effeminate prince, although he crossed the Border, had his father's remains interred in Westminster Abbey, and returned to Carlisle on his progress southwards. This was an evil time for Lanercost. Robert Bruce came hither, and remained three days; quartering part of his army on the canons and the tenants of the priory, and imprisoning some of the former, but setting them at liberty on his departure. Again, in 1340, David Bruce, son of the above, plundered the church of its treasures, and committed other depredations in the neighbourhood.

The monks of Lanercost yielded something to the literature of the country, and which has been of service in illustrating the local annals of Cumberland: thus, in the Chronicle of Lanercost,⁶ which, with some other historical MSS. said to have been written by them, is preserved in the British Museum.

But the time approached when this Priory was to share the fate of the other monasteries. Vain were the irrefragable proofs adduced of the regularities and innocence of some, and of the exemplary piety, worthy of all praise, in others. Of no avail were the literary and scientific pursuits, and the historical researches of their inmates.⁷

The poverty of the Priory of Lanercost might have pleaded for its salvation, as Dugdale estimates its income at only 77*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* at the time of the suppression. There were then in this house a prior and seven canons. The Priory, buildings, and estate having been promised by Henry VIII., were granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Dacre, Knt. (and his heirs male), known in history as the Bastard Dacre, and supposed to have been a son of Thomas Lord Dacre, K.G. In this grant, however, "there was a reservation of the parish church of Lanercost,"⁸ the church-yard, and a dwelling-place for the poor parish priest, who, in many cases, was left to starve on a pittance less than the wages of a common labourer, by the tender mercies of Henry and his rapacious courtiers. Sir Thomas's name, however, became extinct (so far as his own descendants were concerned) in a few generations. Upon the death of James Dacre, Esq., the seventh lineal possessor, in 1716, without issue male, the

a portion of the nave, which now serves as the parish church, the parishioners having petitioned to have their abbey-church spared (see Ellis's Orig. Lett. ii. p. 89); the monastery of Dacre—so ancient as to have been mentioned by the Venerable Bede—exists only in history; the nave of the priory-church of St. Bees is now the parish church, and the choir—formerly a roofless ruin—was fitted up as a lecture-room, by the late Earl of Lonsdale, for the college of St. Bees, which institution has furnished Wordsworth with the subject of a noble poem.

(1) The Charters of Lanercost, in the handwriting of Lord William Howard of Naworth Castle, is preserved in the library of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle.

(2) It has been stated, however, to have been built "as an expiation" of the crime of murder—Robert de Vallibus having slain Gilles-al-Bueth, the son of him who had been deprived of the barony by the Norman Conqueror. But at this period we can know nothing whatever of his motives.

(3) See *Liber Garderobe*, 1299, 1300; Rymer's *Fœdera*, &c.

(4) In the Chronicle of Lanercost, it is stated, that he there killed two hundred bucks and does. This, we may suppose, was the royal *baggage* which has furnished the idea of similar slaughter to modern sportsmen.

(5) In like manner, King John went, in his last sickness, to Leicester Abbey.

(6) *Chronicon de Lanercost*, 1201—1346, 4to. Edinb. 1839; a codice Cottoniano nunc typis mandatum, with Appendix of valuable original letters and papers, published for the Maitland Club, and edited by Joseph Stevenson, Esq. "One of the most important volumes printed by this club. The reputation of the History itself is praised by Tyrrell, Wanley, Nicolson, and Haller. The first-named writer, in his History, regrets that part of it had not been published with the '*Decem Scriptores*.'"

(7) Fuller says, in his Church History, that monks were "the sole historians."

(8) This probably meant a part, if not the whole, of the conventual church.

Priory estate reverted to the crown, and is now held on lease by the earl of Carlisle,—the patron of the church-living. The arms of the Priory, as given by Tanner, were,—Gules, a fiasque, or.¹ The living is a perpetual curacy, and was certified to the governors of Queen Ann's Bounty at 141. 6s.

The priory of Lanercost was small,² yet its ruins are interesting from their architectural details, and from the remains of its various conventual buildings. From the number of inscribed stones and altars built up in the walls, it appears to have been erected in part with materials from the Roman wall we have before mentioned as crossing this neighbourhood. The gate-house, of which, however, only the archway remains, bearing a profusion of ivy and hanging shrubs, was nearly opposite to the western front. About half way between this and the western entrance is part of the old cross, such as were formerly erected in all church-yards. The ground plan of the church is cruciform. It consists of a choir, without aisles; north and south transepts, a nave with a north aisle; and a low embattled square tower at the intersection of the cross. There are chapels on the eastern side of the transepts, and on the north and south sides of the choir.

The choir (including the transept) is seventy-six feet in length. Its eastern end is lighted by six lancet windows, placed in two rows. Beneath them is an ambrie, or locker, formerly used to contain the sacred vessels of the high altar; and in the wall on the south side of the altar is a tomb—most probably that of the founder, under an arch in whose mouldings occurs the tooth ornament. On each side of the choir towards the east, where the chapels do not extend, are two long lancet windows, having above them an arcade, where a gallery runs round the choir and transepts. In the two compartments nearer the tower, are the chapels, separated from the choir by two lofty pointed arches, springing from circular piers. Of the altar tombs, in and near the choir, there are two, which, for the richness of their sculpture, and the illustrious persons whose memory they commemorate, are deserving of particular notice. That on the north side, filling up the space between the piers of one of the chapels, where the roof remains, was erected to Humphrey, Lord Dacre, Lord Warden of the west marches, *temp.* Richard II., who died in 1485. That on the south, is yet more elaborately sculptured, and commemorates Thomas, Lord Dacre, K. G. who had a principal command at Flodden Field, and died in 1525.³ Both these have their sides enriched by the armorial bearings of the Dacres and their alliances, with niches, and angels bearing shields. They are in tolerable preservation, and one of them is protected from the weather by a stone canopy, erected by the late earl of Carlisle.

The roofs of the choir, the tower, the transept, and the southern chapels, are gone. That of the northern chapels remains, consisting of a plainly groined vaulting; it supports sufficient soil to afford nourishment to several trees, which, with the shrubs springing in other parts, from crevices in the walls, where vegetation could scarcely be supposed to exist, add much to the picturesque effect of the grey ruins. The tower is supported by four piers, of which three are octagonal, and the remaining one is clustered.

The nave is 98 feet in length; and, including the north aisle, 39½ feet in breadth. It has no south aisle, as the cloister abutted on this side, from which, by a doorway at each end, were outlets to the cloister. In place of a triforium, are four lancet windows, placed at unequal distances from each other. Above these is an arcade, or range of small pointed arches, springing from

clustered shafts, which extends round nearly the whole of the nave. The tooth ornament occurs in the moulding of those arches. The nave is characterised by great simplicity and plainness.

The aisle on the north side is separated from the nave by four obtuse-angled arches, springing from octagonal piers. The mouldings of the arches are flat; one of them springs from a beautiful corbel or bracket, which may be particularly noticed, as it is the only attempt at sculpture in foliage exhibited in the whole building. This aisle alone was used, at the commencement of the last century, as the parish church, when the nave itself was roofless and ruinous. The parishioners, however, requiring more ample accommodation, the nave has since been repaired, and, with the aisle, has continued to be used for Divine service.

Near the altar-table, at the east end of the nave, is a mural tablet, bearing this inscription:—

Robertus de Vallibus filius Huberti, Dominus de Gilsland, fundator Priorat. de Lanercost, Anno Domini 1116. Adargan uxor ejus sine prole.

In the window over the altar, was the following inscription, said to have been removed from the window of the hall, which is now used as a barn:—

Mille et quingentos ad quinquaginta novemq.
Adjice, et hoc anno, condidit istud opus;
Thomas Daker, Eques, sedem qui prim. in istam,
venerat, extincta religione loci.
Hæc Edvardus ei dederat, devoverat ante
Henricus longæ plerumque militiæ.
Anno Domini 1550.

The western front is evidently the latest portion of the church, though from its style (early-English) it does not appear to have been built long after the more eastern parts. The elevation of this front consists of three divisions; in the lower one is the principal entrance to the church—a noble doorway, with a series of shafts and deep mouldings.⁴ Immediately above this is a range of niches, forming an arcade, which fills up the entire width between the lateral buttresses, and having trefoil heads, with detached shafts. Two or three of the central niches have been destroyed, to make way for the insertion of a small window, now walled up; for what purpose it was intended it is impossible to determine, as there is sufficient light in the church without it. Most probably there were originally thirteen of these niches, which may have been filled with images of our Lord and the twelve Apostles. There are now ten niches, and, judging from the space occupied by the inserted window, there were three others of the same breadth as those now remaining. Immediately above this arcade, are three lofty lancet windows, the central one higher and broader than the others. The exterior of these has been enriched by detached shafts, which are now destroyed. At each angle of this west front of the nave is a buttress, carried up to the height of the windows. In the gable, above the middle light, are figures of the Virgin and Child, with a diminutive monk in the attitude of devotion. This façade, which measures 64 feet from the ground to the apex of the gable, (which was formerly decorated by a cross,) is justly regarded as a very fine composition.

Having now described the Priory church, we may pass on to the other conventual buildings. Some of these have been destroyed; but several now remain, although much of their ancient character and appropriation have been lost by modern alterations. The chapter house no longer exists. The prior's residence and the guest house are supposed to have been contained in a long range of buildings extending westward from the nave, with which it unites at the southern angle. In the centre is a square tower, one of whose rooms still retains the name of *the king's chamber*. Most probably this was occupied by Edward I. on his frequent visits, and by other distinguished guests. The interior of these buildings has been

(1) Some heraldic writers say, fiasques were "given as a reward for virtue and learning." This is complimentary for the Priory of Lanercost.

(2) The church, including choir, transept, and nave, extended only 174 feet from east to west.

(3) He was supposed to be the father of Sir Thomas Dacre, Knt. the grantee of the Priory.

(4) The soil appears to have accumulated very much about this part of the church; the height to the springing of the arches is less than it is from the spring to the top of the arch.

entirely altered, to adapt them to modern notions of convenience.

The only remaining portion of the cloister is at a little distance from the south side of the nave. It measures 98 feet by 23, and is divided into two walks by a series of eight short massive piers, extending along the centre, for the spring of the groined arches. Above this was probably the dormitory, which is now deeply covered with soil, and used as a garden. Within the cloister are preserved a number of Roman altars, probably found in one of the Roman stations in the neighbourhood.

The refectory is situated between the cloister and the west end of the nave; it measures about 50 feet by 18, and is now used as a barn; its fire-place is 12 feet in width.

On the south of the refectory is a ruinous tower, said to have been built by Sir Thomas Dacre, subsequent to the dissolution, when he came to reside here.

In one of the out-buildings, a little west of the Priory, are the remains of a very ancient and curious cross, (said to have been dug up in the cemetery,) when it was more perfect than it is at present. The Lord William Howard, of Naworth, copied the inscription into the Chartulary of Lanercost: it is as follows:—

Anno ab incarnatione MCCXIII. et VII anno interdict.
optinente sedem Apocam Innocent III. Imperante in
Alemania Othon. Regnante in Franc. Philippo Johanne
in Anglia. Willmo. in Scotia facta h. crux.

During the last century, one of the sepulchral vaults fell in, by which "several bodies" are said to have been exposed to view: one of them had a grey beard "down to his waist:" but the air, in a few days, reduced them to dust. In 1775 the leaden coffin of William, Lord Dacre, K. G. was sacrilegiously stolen from its vault.

At the time of the Conquest, the vale of St. Mary's Holme was "a great forest and waste ground; in Henry II.'s time, this tract of land was given by Robert, son of Robert de Vaux, to the prior and convent."¹ The agricultural skill and industry of the canons of Lanercost soon effected a change in the appearance of the vale. It was they who

"Thin'd the rank woods; and for the cheerful grange
Made room where wolf and boar were wont to range."⁽²⁾

The rich crops of corn, and the fruitful meadows and pasture lands, in a short time made this once barren wilderness to rejoice. Nor was this all. The canons gave a moral beauty to this district, by reclaiming their neighbours from much of their rudeness and barbarity; by educating the children, and by taking care that they grew not up in ignorance, in idleness, and in irreverence. The sick poor blessed them for their medicine and their surgical skill; and to this day we are indebted to them for the industry as annalists and historians, in writing "The Chronicle of Lanercost."

Fables from the German.

THE DYING SWAN.

"MUST I alone be silent and songless?" spake, sighingly, the quiet Swan to himself, while he bathed in the radiance of the setting sun; "almost I alone in the whole realm of the feathered kind? Certainly, as for the cackling goose, the clacking hen, and the screeching peacock, I envy not their sounds; but thee, O soft Philomela, I envy thee, when I, as if enchained by thy song, move slowly along in my wavy undulations, and linger, as if intoxicated, in the resplendence of the heavens. How would I sing of thee, thou golden evening sun—sing of thy beautiful light and my own bliss; plunge myself in the bright mirror of thy rosy bosom, and die!"

Transported, the Swan dived down, and scarcely had he raised himself up again out of the waters, when a shining form, who stood on the shore, beckoned him to

(1) Denton's MS. Account of Cumberland. (2) Wordsworth.

come to him. It was the god of the evening and morning sun—the beautiful Phœbus.

"Sweet, lovely creature," said he, "the desire is fulfilled to thee, which thou hast so often cherished in thy silent breast, and which could not before be granted."

Scarcely had he spoken the words, when he touched the Swan with his lyre, and sounded upon it the note of the immortals. The sound thrilled ravishingly through the bird of Apollo, and he poured forth his song on the strings of the god of beauty. Gratefully and joyfully he sang of the beautiful sun, the resplendent sea, and his own innocent, peaceful life. Soft as his own soft form was the melodious song; he drew long waves of sound in sweet, languishing tones, until at last he found himself in Elysium at the feet of Apollo, in all his true celestial beauty. The song which was denied to him in his life-time had become his death-song, which was softly to unloose his limbs and dissolve him in death; for he had heard the tone of the immortals, and seen the countenance of a god. Gratefully he bowed himself before the feet of Apollo, and listened to his divine tones; and now, too, his faithful spouse arrived, who had mourned his departure in a sweet song, and after his death had followed him to paradise. The goddess of innocence chose both of them as her favourites;—as the beautiful team of her pearly chariot when she bathes in the sea of youth.

Have patience, oh quiet, hoping heart! What is denied to thee in life, because thou couldst not bear it, the happy moment of death bestows.—*Herder.*

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A COUNTRYMAN one day went to the mansion of a wealthy lord. Here he heard the singing of a bird in a gilt cage. On approaching it, he saw it was a Nightingale. With a feeling of melancholy, he stood and leant upon his staff, and listened to the song.

Then the servants of the rich man came to him, and said, "Wherefore art thou amazed, that thou standest thus musing there?"

"I am amazed," answered the countryman, "that your master can bear the sad notes of the imprisoned bird in your splendid mansion."

"Thou fool," replied one of the servants, "does the song of the Nightingale seem sad to thee in thy fields and woods?"

"No," rejoined the farmer; "there its song fills me with delight and admiration."

"Are its notes, then, different there?" asked the man, with a contemptuous smile.

"Certainly," said the countryman. "Our Nightingales, amidst sprays covered with leaves and blossom, chant the praises of renewed Nature; they sing under the open canopy of heaven the song of liberty, and over their brooding mates the notes of love."

At this, the servants raised a loud laugh, and called the countryman a simple clown. But he held his peace, and returned quietly to his cottage and his fields.—*Krummacher.*

THE PRESENT OF THE FAIRIES.

By the cradle of a young prince, who afterwards became one of the greatest kings of his country, stood two benevolent Fairies.

"I present to this, my favourite," said the first, "the penetrating glance of the eagle, who does not fail to see the slightest fault that is committed throughout his wide kingdom."

"The present is a beautiful one," interrupted the second Fairy. "The prince will be a sensible monarch; but the eagle not only possesses the penetration to remark the least faults, but he possesses, also, a noble contempt for the habit of seeking them out;—and this will I give to the prince, for my present."

"I thank you, sister, for this wise provision," returned the first Fairy; "many kings would have been far greater, if they had not lowered themselves by too great a prying into small matters."—*Lessing.*

Hassan, or the Camel-Driver.*Scene—The Desert. Time—Mid-day.*

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past ;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree and not a herb was nigh ;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
Bethink thee, Hassan ! where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage !
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delight to know,
Which plains more bless'd or verdant vales bestow ;
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,

And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

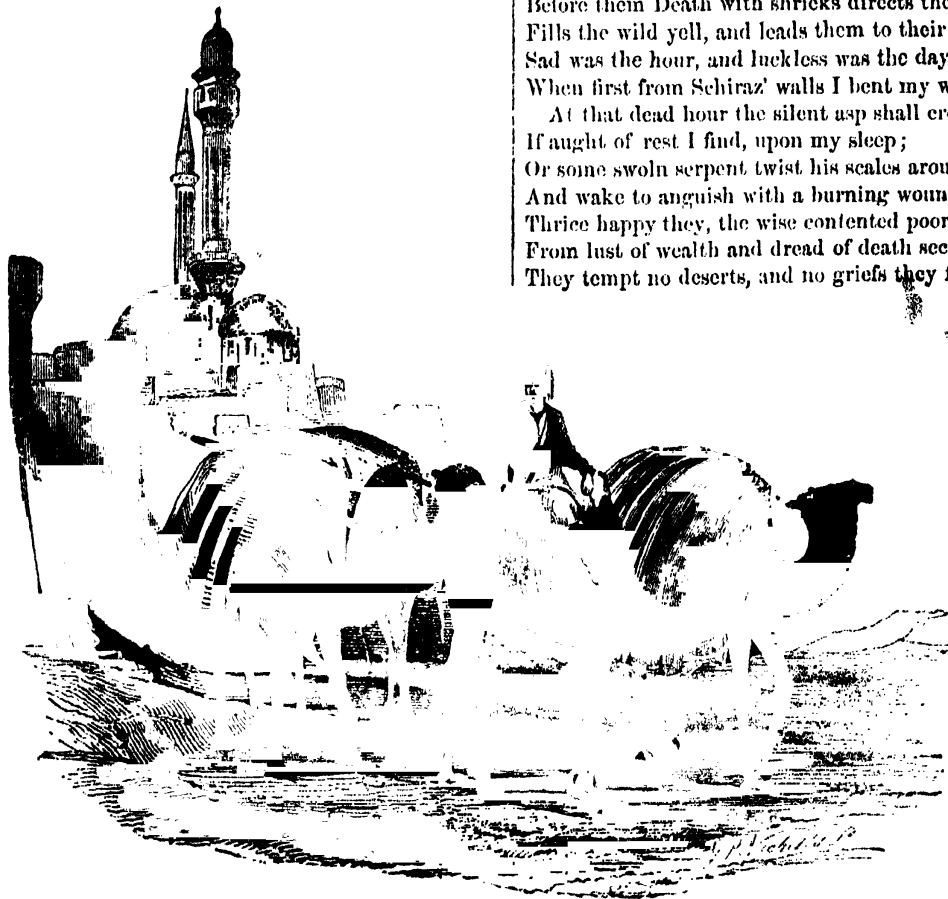
Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !

The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore ;
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
And are we only yet repaid by thee ?

Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd !
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride ;
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

O cease, my fears ! All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet !
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet ;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep ;
Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;



Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara ! will be most undone.
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said :
' Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain !
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as those rejected sighs ;
Safe o'er the wild no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth ! like me.'
Oh ! let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
Oh ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by wisdom's voice and Zara's tears."
He said, and call'd on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

Collins.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

January 5, is the *Eve or Vigil of the Epiphany*, and is not without its peculiar festive observances. It was formerly the custom on this day for wandering minstrels to carry a "wassail-bowl" of spiced wine to the houses of the gentry from whom they expected an hospitable reception, and drink wassail to their entertainers.¹ We are told by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1791, that, in the South-hams of Devonshire, the farmer, attended by his workmen with a large pitcher of cyder, goes to the orchard, and there, encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three times :—

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree,
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou may'st blow,
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow !
Hats full ! caps full !
Bushel—bushel—sacks full !
And my pockets full too ! huzza !"

This done, they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them till some one has guessed at what is on the spit, which is generally some nice little thing, difficult to be hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open, and the lucky clodpole

¹ *Was-hails* and *drinc-hail* were the usual ancient phrases of quaffing among the English. The first (of Anglo-Saxon origin) signifies, *be in health*. The *wassail-bowl* was a large goblet, like a punch-bowl, with handles, out of which each reveller drank in turn. Its contents were usually ale, sugar, yeast, and roasted crab or apples. *Wassail-bowls*, or cups, of many silver, very frequently appear at Cambridge entertainments, both in the college halls and the private apartments of the Cantabrigians. The most perfect fragments of "wassail," says Mr. Hone, "exists in the songs of certain corporation festivals. The person presiding stands up, at the close of the dinner, and drinks from a flagon, usually of silver, having a handle on each side, by which he holds it with each hand, and the toast-master announces him as drinking 'the health of his brethren out of the loving cup.' The *loving cup* is then passed to the guest on his left hand, and by him to his left hand neighbour; and, as it finds its way round the room to each guest in his turn, so each stands up and drinks to the president out of the 'loving cup.' The last time the writer of this note saw the *wassail-bowl* in use was on Ascension Day, 1845, at the fellows' table, in the noble hall of Trinity College, Cambridge. Immediately afterwards, a long napkin was laid, with some ceremony, down the middle of the table, and a huge silver salver of rose-water placed upon it, and passed to each of the company.

receives the tit-bit as his recompense. Some are so superstitious as to believe that, if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year.

Brand, the antiquary, relates, on the authority of a statement made to him in 1790, "that it is the custom for the Devonshire people, in some places, to go, after supper, into the orchard with a large milk-pan full of cyder, having roasted apples pressed into it. Out of this each person in company takes what is called a clayen cup, (*i. e.*) an earthenware cup full of liquor, and, standing under each of the more fruitful apple-trees, passing by those which are not good bearers, he addresses it in the following words :—

'Health to thee, good apple-tree,
Well to bear pocket-fulls, hat-fulls,
Pack-fulls, bushel-bag-fulls.'

And then, quaffing part of the contents, he throws the rest, with the fragments of the roasted apples, at the tree. At each cup the company set up a shout."

In Herefordshire, as the same writer informs us, at the approach of the evening, on the Vigil of Twelfth-day, the farmers, with their friends and servants, meet together, and, about six o'clock, walk out to a field where wheat is growing. In the highest part of the ground, twelve small fires and one large one are lighted up. The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cyder, which circulates freely on these occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when a general shout and hallooing takes place, which you hear answered from all the adjacent villages and fields. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may be all seen at once. This being finished, the company return home, where the housewife and her maids are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided, with a hole in the middle. After supper, the company all attend the bailiff (or head of the oxen) to the wain-house, where the following particulars are observed :—The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup (generally of strong ale), and stands opposite the first, or finest, of the oxen. He then pledges him in a curious toast: the company follow his example with all the other oxen, addressing each by his name. This being finished, the large cake is produced, and, with much ceremony, put on the horn of the first ox, through the hole above mentioned. The ox is then tickled, to make him toss his head: if he throw the cake behind, then it is the mistress's perquisite; if before (in what is termed the boosy), the bailiff himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked; nor will they be opened till some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admittance, a scene of mirth and jollity ensues, which lasts the greatest part of the night.

A custom, in some respects very like that just described, prevails at Pannikley, Gloucestershire. On the eve of Twelfth-day, all the servants of every farmer assemble in one of the fields that has been sown with wheat. At the end of twelve lands, they make twelve fires in a row, with straw; around one of which, made larger than the rest, they drink a cheerful glass of cyder to their master's health, and success to the future harvest; then, returning home, they feast on cakes made of caraways, &c. soaked in cyder, which they claim as a reward for their past labours in sowing the grain.

At Brough, in Westmoreland, a singular and

ancient usage (the origin of which is entirely lost) is still retained. On the Eve of Twelfth-day, the "holly tree" is carried in stately procession. Formerly the "holly tree" was really "holly," but ash being abundant, the latter is now substituted. There are two head inns in the town which provide for the ceremony alternately, though the townspeople mostly help in preparing the tree, to every branch of which is fastened a torch. About eight o'clock, P.M., it is taken to a convenient part of the town, where the torches are lighted, the town band accompanying and playing till all is completed, when, amid the shouts and salutes of the spectators, it is carried up and down. The band march behind it, playing their instruments, and pausing every time they reach the town bridge, and the cross, where the "holly" is again greeted with huzzas. Many of the inhabitants carry lighted branches and torches; and rockets and other fireworks illumine the sky. After a while, the tree is placed in the middle of the town, when it is again cheered by the numerous bystanders, and then thrown among them. They eagerly watch for this opportunity; and, seizing each end of the blazing "holly," endeavour to bear it off to the inn they are contending for, where they are allowed a copious supply of ale and spirits, and pass a "merry-night," which seldom breaks up before two in the morning.

There is some account of this usage in Hone's "Year Book" (pp 26, 27), where it is said to be observed on the night of Twelfth-day. A very courteous communication, which we have received from the vicar of Brough, the Rev. L. Jefferson, authorizes us in stating that this is a mistake; the procession, &c., taking place on the Eve of Twelfth-day, as above mentioned. Our reverend informant observes: "If the custom took its rise from, or was any way connected with a religious ceremony, I regret to say that it is now sadly degenerated. There is generally a tumultuous assemblage at the procession, and that is followed, too frequently, by scenes of intemperance and debauchery."

January 6.—The Epiphany.

This festival is celebrated by the whole Western Church. Pope Julius I., in the fourth century, is said to have directed the Nativity, and Epiphany, or Manifestation of Christ to the Magi, to be celebrated on distinct days. The Greeks still keep Epiphany with the Birth of CHRIST, on Christmas-day. From the circumstance of this festival being held twelve days after Christmas, it is called TWELFTH-DAY. It was formerly also styled *The Feast of Kings* (in reference to the supposed regal dignity of the Wise Men), a name which, in Spain, it still retains.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

The customs of this day, though various in different countries, yet agree in the same end, to do honour to the Eastern Magi. In France, one of the courtiers was formerly chosen king, and waited upon by the real sovereign, and his nobles, at a grand entertainment. In Germany they observed nearly the same custom in cities and academies. At our own universities, not many years ago, and in private entertainments, it was usual to give the name of king to one of the company, and to honour him with mock homage. "In every family," says an eloquent writer, alluding to the Twelfth-day of the olden time, "a king was

chosen, who ruled for the day." This choice was usually made by means of a bean found in a piece of divided cake. Mr. Horace Smith thinks this mode of perpetuating the remembrance of the Wise Men may have been partly borrowed from the Roman Saturnalia, when the masters made a banquet for their servants, and waited upon them; and partly from the Roman custom of drawing lots, or beans, for the title of king, when the fortunate party was declared a monarch of the festive circle, over which he exercised full authority until they separated. Allusion has been made to the Twelfth-night cake, in connexion with the ancient usual way of choosing the Twelfth-night sovereign. The ancient cake was composed of flower, honey, ginger, and pepper. Mr. Fosbroke says that it "was full of plums, with a bean in it for the king, and a pea for the queen, so as to determine them by the slices. Sometimes a penny was put in the cake, and the person who obtained it, becoming king, crossed all the beams and rafters of the house against devils." The custom of choosing a king and queen on Twelfth-night has never been wholly left off in England. A writer in 1774 says: "After tea yesterday, a noble cake was produced, and two bowls, containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. Our host filled up the tickets, the whole company, except the king and queen, were to be ministers of state, maids of honour, or ladies of the bed-chamber. Our kind host and hostess, whether by design or accident, became king and queen. According to Twelfth-day law, each party is to support their character till midnight." "At present," writes Mr. Brady, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, "the honours of king and queen, and others of a festive nature, introduced to heighten the jollity, are determined by the drawing of folded slips of paper, on which are inscribed these ephemeral distinctions, though the practice of drawing beans is yet preserved in some few districts." Every one knows that the custom of eating Twelfth-cake, and drawing "characters," is still retained in London and some of the provinces.

In France the Twelfth-cake is plain, with a bean, and the drawer of the slice containing the bean is king or queen. There is no other drawing, and consequently the sovereign is the only distinguished personage. In Normandy they place a child under the table, which is covered in such a manner with the cloth that he cannot see what is doing; and when the cake is divided, one of the company, taking up the first piece, cries out, "Fabe Domini pour qui?" The child answers, "Pour le bon Dieu;" and in this manner the pieces are allotted to the company. If the bean be found in the piece for the "bon Dieu," the king is chosen by drawing long or short straws. Whoever gets the bean chooses the king or queen, according as it happens to be a man or woman. At the close of 1792, in the French Revolution, the Council General of the Commons at Paris ordained that "La Fête de Rois" (Twelfth-day) was thenceforth to be called "La Fête de Sans-Culottes." To this nominal change the French consented, but they would not resign the festival. "While the statue of Marat," says Chateaubriand, "usurped the place of the image of St. Vincent de Paul, while people celebrated all those festivals the anniversaries of which are marked in our calendars as days of eternal grief, many a pious family secretly kept a

Christian holiday, and religion still mingled a small proportion of joy with a sea of affliction. Simple hearts cannot recollect, without emotion, the happy hours when whole families assembled round their cakes, which recalled to mind the presents of the Magi. The infirm grandfather, confined all the rest of the year to his room, made his appearance on this festive occasion. His grandchildren, who had long anticipated the expected feast, surrounded his knees, and made him young again with their affectionate vivacity. Joy beamed from each face, and every heart swelled with transport; the festive apartment was unusually decorated, and each individual appeared in his best clothes. Amid loud bursts of merriment, the happy company drew lots for those royalties which cost neither sighs nor tears; and oftentimes an artifice, which heightened the mirth of the subject, and drew complaints from the queen alone, transferred the highest dignities to the daughter of the house and the son of some neighbour, lately arrived from the army. The young people blushed, embarrassed as they were with their crowns; the mothers smiled; the fathers made signs to one another, and the grandfather drank his glass to the prosperity of the new queen.

"The pastor, who was present at the festival, received the first portion, styled the portion of the poor, to be distributed among them, with other gifts. Diversions handed down from days of yore; a ball, at which some aged domestic performed the part of first musician, prolonged the pleasures of the festival till late at night; and the whole company, nurses and children, farmers, servants and masters, joined all together in the sprightly dance.

"These scenes were formerly repeated throughout all Christendom, from the palace to the cottage. And what a succession of happy days! Christmas, New-year's day, and Twelfth-day. At that time, the farmers renewed their leases, the tradesman was paid his bills; it was the time of marriages, of presents, and of charity; the companies, fraternities, courts of justice, universities, corporations assembled according to the ancient Gallic custom; the infirm and the indigent were relieved. The obligation you were under to receive your neighbour at this season, made you live on good terms with him all the rest of the year."

In the times of chivalry, and as late as the reign of James I., Twelfth-day was celebrated in the English Court by grand feasts and tournaments.

Barnabe Googe, in the "Popish Kingdom," gives the following account of a custom (now obsolete) which was prevalent in England before the Reformation:

"Twice six nights then from Christmas they do count with diligence,
Wherein each master in his house doth burn up frankincense;
And on the table sets a loaf when night approacheth near,
Before the coals, and frankincense to be perfumed there:
First bowing down his head, he stands, and nose, and ears, and eyes,
He smokes, and with his mouth receives the fume that doth arise;
Whom followeth straight his wife, and doth the same full solemnly;
And of their children every one, and all their family;
Which doth preserve, they say, their teeth, and nose, and eyes,
and ear,
From every kind of malady and sickness all the year
When every one received hath this odour great and small,
Then one takes up the pan with coals, and frankincense, and all,
And other takes the loaf, whom all the rest do follow here,
And round about the house they go, with torch or taper clear,

That neither bread nor meat do want, nor witch with dreadful charm

Have power to hurt their children, or to do their cattle harm.
There are that three nights only do perform this foolish gear,
To this intent, and think themselves in safety all the year."

The same author says, that on Twelfth-day, also,
"The youth in every place do flock, and all apparelled fine,
With pipers, through the streets they run and sing at every door.

* * * * *
There cities are, where boys and girls together still do run
About the street with like, as soon as night begins to come,
And bring abroad their wassail-bowls, who well rewarded be
With cakes and cheese, and great good cheer, and money
plenteously."

OBSERVANCES.

Upon the Epiphany was anciently performed the "Office of the Three Kings; or, Feast of the Star." Three priests, clothed as kings, with their servants carrying offerings, met from different directions before the altar. The middle one, who came from the East, pointed with his staff to a star. A dialogue then ensued; and, after kissing each other, they began to sing, "Let us go and enquire," after which the Precentor began a responsory, "Let the Magi come." A procession then commenced; and as soon as it began to enter the nave, a crown, like a star, hanging before the cross, was lighted up, and pointed out to the Magi, with, "Behold the Star in the East." This being concluded, two priests, standing at each side of the altar, answered meekly, "We are those whom you seek;" and drawing a curtain, showed them a child, whom, falling down, they worshipped. Then the servants made the offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, which were divided among the priests. The Magi, in the mean while, continued praying till they dropped asleep; when a boy, clothed in an alb, like an angel, addressed them with—"All things which the prophets said are fulfilled." The festival concluded with chanting, services, &c. The above account is cited from Fosbrooke's "British Monachism," p. 47, royal 8vo, 1843. There can be little doubt that this and similar sacred dramas of the Middle Ages, as well as the ceremonies peculiar to the solemn festivals, acted upon the minds of men with the force of reality, and excited emotions corresponding, in some degree, to those which would have been caused by witnessing the events they commemorated; and thus was Religion, its facts, its doctrines, and duties fastened upon the minds, thoughts, and affections of the people.

To resume our relation of the pious observances allied to the Feast of the Epiphany.—The Knights of the Order of the Star, (founded by King John of France, in the year 1351,) used to assemble every year at S. Ouen, between Paris and S. Denis, in a castle, called the Noble House, on this festival, at the hour of prime; and they were required to remain there till after vespers the following day. Kings and great men made their offerings on the altar, in imitation of the star-led monarchs of the East. A MS. of the time of Henry VII. directs—"And he [the king] must offer that day gold, myrrh, and sense [frankincense]; then must the dean of the chapel send unto the Archb shop of Canterbury, by clerk or priest, the king's offering that day; and then must the archbishop give the next benefice that falleth in his gift to the same messenger." The custom of making offerings on the Epiphany is still observed by our English sovereigns. On Twelfth-day, 1620-1, James I. offered gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and touched

"eighty of the evil;" so lately as Twelfth-day, 1731, "The king and prince, at the Chapel Royal, S. James's, offered at the altar, gold, frankincense, and myrrh." These royal offerings continue to be annually made by proxy. In 1842, they were placed on the altar at S. James's, after the offertory, by the Lord Bishop of London.

January 7.—This was formerly called *S. Distaff's-day*, because the Christmas holidays having ended, good housewives resumed the distaff and other laborious occupations. It was sometimes termed *Rock-day*, in honour of the rock, which, says Hone, is a distaff held in the hand, from whence wool is spun by twirling a ball below. It appears that the burning of the flax and tow was the men's diversion on the evening of this, their first day of labour after the Christmas festivities, and that the females returned the compliment by soaking their mischievous assailants. Thus Herrick sings in his "*Hesperides*:"—

"Partly work and partly play,
You must on *S. Distaff's-day*:
From the plough soon free your team;
Then come home and fother them:
If the maids a spinning go,
Burn the flax, and fire the tow;
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden hair.
Bring in pails of water then,
Let the maids bewash the men.
Give *S. Distaff* all the right;
Then give Christmas-sport good night,
And next morrow, every one
To his own vocation."

THE LADY OF STAVOREN.

A GERMAN BALLAD.¹

THE incident of the ring, in the following poem, is evidently taken from the story of "*The Ring of Polycrates*," in Herodotus, of which we here give Beloe's translation:

"Whilst Cambyses was engaged in his Egyptian expedition, the Lacedæmonians were prosecuting a war against Polycrates, the son of *Æaces*, who had forcibly possessed himself of *Samos*. He had divided it into three parts, assigning one severally to his brothers, *Pantagnotus* and *Syloson*. He afterwards, having killed *Pantagnotus*, and banished *Syloson*, who was the youngest, seized the whole. Whilst he was thus circumstanced, he made a treaty of alliance with *Amasis*, King of Egypt, which was cemented by various presents on both sides. His fame had so increased that he was celebrated through *Ionia* and the rest of Greece. Success attended all his military undertakings; he had a hundred and fifty oared vessels, and a thousand archers. He made no discrimination in the objects of his attacks, thinking that he conferred a greater favour even on a friend, by restoring what he had violently taken, than by not molesting him at all. He took a great number of islands, and became master of several cities on the continent. The *Lesbians*, who, with all their forces, were proceeding to assist the *Milesians*, he attacked and conquered in a great sea-fight. Those whom he made prisoners he put in chains, and compelled to sink the trench which surrounds the walls of *Samos*.

The great prosperity of Polycrates excited both the

attention and anxiety of *Amasis*. As his success continually increased, he was induced to write and send this letter to *Samos*:—

'AMASIS TO POLYCRATES.

'The success of a friend and an ally fills me with particular satisfaction; but, as I know the invidiousness of fortune, your extraordinary prosperity excites my apprehensions. If I might determine for myself, and for those whom I regard, I would rather have my affairs sometimes flattering and sometimes perverse. I would wish to pass through life with the alternate experience of good and evil, rather than with uninterrupted good fortune. I do not remember to have heard of any man remarkable for a constant succession of prosperous events, whose end has not been finally calamitous. If, therefore, you value my counsel, you will provide this remedy against the excess of your prosperity—examine well what thing it is which you deem of the highest consequence to your happiness, and the loss of which would most afflict you. When you shall have ascertained this, banish it from you, so that there may be no possibility of its return. If, after this, your good fortune still continue without diminution or change, you will do well to repeat the remedy I propose.'

Polycrates received this letter, and seriously deliberated on its contents. The advice of *Amasis* appeared sagacious, and he resolved to follow it. He accordingly searched among his treasures for something, the loss of which would most afflict him. He conceived this to be a seal ring which he occasionally wore; it was an emerald, set in gold, and the workmanship of *Theodorus* the *Samian*, the son of *Telecles*. Of this determining to deprive himself, he embarked in a fifty oared vessel, with orders to be carried into the open sea. When he was at some distance from the island, in the presence of all his attendants, he took the ring from his finger, and cast it into the sea; this done, he sailed back again.

Returning home, he regretted his loss; but, in the course of five or six days this accident occurred:—a fisherman caught a fish of such size and beauty, that he deemed it a proper present for *Polycrates*. He went, therefore, to the palace, and demanded an audience. Being admitted, he presented his fish to *Polycrates*, with these words: "Although, sir, I live by the produce of my industry, I could not think of exposing this fish, which I have taken, to sale in the market-place, believing it worthy of you to accept, which I hope you will." The king was much gratified, and made him this reply: "My good friend, your present and your speech are equally acceptable to me; and I beg that I may see you at supper." The fisherman, delighted with his reception, returned to his house. The servants, proceeding to open the fish, found in its paunch the ring of *Polycrates*. With great eagerness and joy they hastened to carry it to the king, telling him where they had met with it. *Polycrates* concluded that this incident bore evident marks of divine interposition; he therefore wrote down every particular of what had happened, and transmitted it to Egypt.

Amasis, after perusing the letter of his friend, was convinced that it was impossible for one mortal to deliver another from the destiny which awaited him: he was satisfied that *Polycrates* could not terminate his days in tranquillity, whose good fortune had never suffered interruption, and who had even recovered what

(1) From Merivale's excellent translation of the *Minor Poems* of Schiller. London: Pickering. 1845.

he had taken pains to lose. He sent, therefore, a herald to Samos, to disclaim all future connexion; his motive for doing which, was the apprehension that, in any future calamity which might befall Polycrates, he, as a friend and ally, might be obliged to bear a part."

On the Zuyder Zee Stavoren—who hath the city found?—
With turrets and with gates full proudly girdled round;
And palaces of state thou still mayst there behold,
Albe the boundless ocean have long time o'er them roll'd.

When thy bark is softly cradled, and all the winds asleep,
The mariner will show thee where she lies beneath the deep;

Thou look'st o'er street and market, where voiceless echoes dwell,
And the pike darts forth, awaken'd by the sound of the muffled bell.

Of old time in Stavoren did Pride and Plenty reign—
Then feasted they in gladness, and dream'd of pleasures vain,

While proud o'er every sea their galleons stout did ride,
For the children of Stavoren rich treasures to provide.

Spoil'd children were they truly—their fortune all too kind—
Their entrance halls and gates with gold profusely lin'd;

Their banquet rooms and courts with ducats pav'd throughout,
And o'er passages and stairs bright dollars strew'd about.

As store was heap'd on store, so grew proud Surquedry,
As though by worldly riches high Heav'n might purchas'd be;

But when the cup ran over, came the city to the ground;
And whom the sea had prosper'd well, the sea now clos'd around.

The first in all Stavoren a wealthy maid did dwell,
No king might hope to mate her, so far she did excell;
And so she wax'd withall in arrogance and pride;
She worshipp'd gold, and own'd no other God beside.

And thus to her Ship's Captain bespoke that haughty fair—
"Go heave thine anchor straight—for a twelvemonths' cruise prepare!

Return not to Stavoren without thou laden be
With the noblest and the best thou canst on earth—ball see."

Then spake that ancient Captain—a prudent man was he—
"I bring whate'er thou biddest; but more plainly tell to me,
What is the best and noblest? In the world is much to choose,
And I full fain would know what wares to take and what refuse.

"Let but thy lips pronounce—and, be it corn or wine,
Or amber, silk, or spice, or gold, or jewel-shine,
Or emerald, or pearl—'tis but thy speech's worth
To freight my ship with all that's best and noblest on the earth."

"Nay," said she, "if thou guess not, why art thou held for wise?
Whoe'er would choose my service, him must a wink suffice.

Wherewith shalt thou be freighted? now, by my wrath, to sea!
And bring the noblest and the best—I'll say no more to thee."

Now he must fain obey; yet stands he on the brink,
Like one who ponders much, scarce knowing what to think.

That Lady's pride unbending 'twas his full well to know,
And how to do her pleasure best he ponders to and fro.

At length he thus resolv'd him to meet her haughty scorn—

"The best of things on earth—the noblest too is corn.
'Tis corn man honours most—the noblest and the best;
Therewith will I my vessel freight, and do her high behest."

With that he sails for Dantzic, his cargo to provide—
Ten thousand loads of wheat from Poland far and wide—
The choicest wheat of all that land did ever grow;
Such wheat, as whoso tasted, 'twould give him strength enow.

Then homeward to Stavoren with favouring gale he sped,
And reach'd the harbour safely ere six months were fled.

Straight stepp'd he to the Lady, at table where she sat,
And look'd as if she marvell'd much what could the fool be at?

"What ho, my noble Captain! full soon thou art come back—
No doubt, the whole world's treasure is hidden in your sack:

Your ship must be an eagle, and every sail a wing,
So swift its precious cargo home from Guinea's coast to bring."

Then spake the valliant sailor—he from the Lady's scowl Perceiv'd,
As well experienced, the weather something foul—

"I bring the best of wheat, dread Lady, unto thee—
The best and noblest ever grown on earth or shipp'd by sea."

Quoth she—"What's this I hear? I surely must mistake:
What! wretched vulgar wheat, whereof men simmels make?

Think'st thou to cheat me thus? Thou canst not serious be—
The noblest and the best of wares I bade thee bring to me."

"If it so wretched be, whence comes"—the old man said—
"Our daily prayer we make, God, give us daily bread?"

"Soon shalt thou prove," said she, "how I such prating scorn—
Say, from what point of Heav'n above didst ship this filthy corn?"

"Far hence unto the larboard the ship was laden."—"Good!
Then turn thee to the starboard, and fling it in the flood.

Aye—the whole cargo, mark me!—and be it instant done—
I come myself to see it well perform'd ere set of sun."

The Sailor went, but did not the thing the Lady bade—
Such sin against high Heaven to commit he was afraid;
So he gather'd all the poor and half-starv'd people round,
To try if aught of pity might in that hard heart be found.

She came as she had spoken—"My bidding hast thou done?"
Then fall they at her feet, those poor people, one by one—

"Give us the wheat," they begg'd her, "nor cast it in the sea!
That we our hunger may appease"—but nothing answer'd she.

A nod alone for mandate to the standers-by she gave,
And they whelm'd God's blessed gift, remorseless, in the wave.

The famish'd crowd stood wringing of their hands in speechless grief—
Till at last the brave old Captain for his anger found relief.

Full loud before the people in the Lady's face he cried—
"Nay, verily, unpunish'd such sin will ne'er abide;
As God the good rewardeth, and the wicked bringeth low,
So will he one day make thee this crime's just judgment know."

"So shall the hour arrive, when thou mayst yet be fain
From the streets this noble corn to pick up grain by
grain,

Thine hunger to appease, since none will give it thee."—
She, loudly laughing, answer'd, "Friend, that day will
never be.

"Stavoren's richest heiress will never want for food.
Look! this ring, this golden ring, I cast into the flood!
Not till it back returneth may this thing hap to me."
—That it will back return ere night—full little weeneth
she.

Lo! in a fish's belly, the cook that ring hath found;
And ere she laid her down to rest the fatal news came
round,

How all the Argosies she to the East had sent,
Had foundered been, and those no less that to the West-
ward went.

How that the Moors and Turks, to work her sore annoy,
Their forces join'd—and, more, her fortunes to destroy,
A princely house had fail'd—thus follow'd post on post,
Till she was doom'd to starve or ere a year had pass'd at
most.

From door to door she hied her, to beg her daily bread,
And thus it was fulfill'd as that valiant Captain said.
By none was she lamented—by many held in scorn—
So she moan'd her wretched life away, unpitied and
forlorn.

Yet Stavoren on it revell'd, in sinful idle pride,
While riches still her navies brought in with every tide.
The warning no man heeded—so grew the penance-seed,
For all the godless city from that maiden's cruel deed.

There where the noble wheat was sunk by her command,
Arose a fearful sandbank, they call *The Frauen-sand*;
And thereout through the waves a meagre plant did
shoot,
Like wheat it show'd in stalk and head, save that it bore
no fruit.

Yet higher rose the sandbank, and higher o'er the tide—
The Harbour barr'd, no ships therein might longer ride.
The springs of wealth throughout that gluttonous city
died;

Yet still they revell'd on in their wantonness and pride;

Until one day, a shoal of herrings came to light
From forth the deep draw-well; and on the self-same
night

The sea another channel chose, and with a fearful swell
The flood o'erwhelm'd the streets, and the market-place
as well.

On the Zuyder Zee Stavoren—who hath the city
found?—

With turrets and with gates, full proudly girdled round,
And palaces of state thou still mayst there behold,
Albe' the boundless ocean have for ages o'er it roll'd.

THE WILL.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE old lady who related the outline of the
following singular story, heard it told, in her
youth, by no means as a fiction, but as a real oc-
currence. She even once knew the name of the
old northern family concerned in it, but that, with
the exact dates, she has now forgotten, if she ever
knew the latter; and having never written down
the story, she has no means of recovering them.
However, from her express mention of a tight wig,
worn by the benevolent old hero of the tale, we
have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier than
the last century.

Towards the end of a gusty October day, about

the year 1730, a barrister of the Temple was sitting
reading, when the opening of the door, and his
servant's announcement of "a gentleman," inter-
rupted him. He rose to receive his visitor, who
proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very
gentlemanly, but extremely old fashioned, appear-
ance. He was dressed in a grave-coloured suit, of
antique cut; a neat, tight grey wig surrounded his
serious, and even solemn, physiognomy; silk stock-
ings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe buckles
of gold; a cane, headed with the same metal, and
a broad-brimmed and uncocked hat, completed his
equipment; which was in the fashion of the last
years of William the Third, or the first of his suc-
cessor. Having stiffly bowed, in the exact way
prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he
seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair
offered to him by his host; and, after a preparatory
hem, thus began, in a slow and serious manner:
"I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by the
S—— family, whose property in Yorkshire, you
are, therefore, aware is about to be sold."

"I have, sir," answered the barrister, "full in-
structions and powers to complete the disposal of
it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be
performed."

"It is a duty you may dispense with," said the
visitor, waving his hand; "the property need not
be sold."

"May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are
any relation to the family? If so, you must be
acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling
it, in consequence of the claim of another branch
of the family, just returned from beyond sea, who,
as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate,
in default of a will to the contrary; and who
desires its value in money, instead of the land.
The present possessor is unable to buy it; and,
must, therefore, depart."

"You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman,
rather testily; "you seem not to know of the will
of Mr. S——'s great grandfather, by which he not
only left that, his estate, to his favourite grandson,
this gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his
great great grandson."

"Such a will, sir," said the barrister, "was, in-
deed, supposed, for many years, to exist; and, in
virtue of it, Mr. S—— has, until now, peaceably
enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's appli-
cation, a renewed search having been made for it,
either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has
been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every
room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ran-
sacked in vain. Mr. S—— has now given up all
hope of finding it; the sale is to be completed in
the course of the next week; and the fine old place
must pass into the hands of strangers."

"You are mistaken once again, young man,"
said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor,
"I say, sir, the will exists. Go, immediately,"
continued he, in an authoritative tone; "travel
night and day. You may save an old family from
disgrace and ruin. In the end room of the left
wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall."

"We have looked there," interrupted the bar-
rister.

"Silence, sir; there is a closet, I say. In that
closet is a large chest; that chest has a false
bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am
certain of what I say. I saw the paper deposited
there; no matter when, or by whom. Go; you

will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S——. I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S—— Hall; but I am his relation, and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice." So saying, the old gentleman arose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat, in a fashion which would have enchanted an *élégant* of Queen Anne's day; and sliding the silken string of his cane on the little finger of his right hand, on which the lawyer had remarked a very fine brilliant ring, he descended the stairs, and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax; then again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house, to be able to describe the room so exactly in which the chest was, he could not but believe him to be sincere.

At length, after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure; and arrived, on the evening of the fourth day, at S—— Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through, within twenty miles of his destination; and much and loudly was it lamented, that the squire should be leaving his house for ever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his *rights*; as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On his entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal everywhere met his eye. Packages filled the hall; servants, with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about; and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their regretted home.

Mr. S—— greeted his friend with a surprise, which changed to incredulity when the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance. "It cannot be," said he. "Is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention. Depend upon it, you have been deceived, my dear friend; I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble, to so little purpose." The barrister mentioned the name of his visitor. "Hugh——!" exclaimed the gentleman, laughing. "I have not a relation in the world of that name."

"It is worth the trying, however," said the lawyer; "and since I have come so far, I will finish the adventure."

Mr. S——, seeing his friend so determined, at length consented to satisfy him, and accompanied him towards the apartment he specified. As they crossed one of the rooms in their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full-length picture. "For heaven's sake," cried he, "who is this?"

"My granduncle," returned Mr. S——. "A good old fellow as ever lived. I wish, with all my heart, he were alive now; but he has been dead these thirty years."

"What was his name?"

"Hugh——. The only one of our family of that name."

"That is the man who called upon me. His dress, his hat, his very ring, are there."

They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, and—found the deed.

The kind old uncle was never seen again.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

A WORKMAN employed in one of the mining shafts of the Scottish Central Railway lately had a most miraculous escape. He had lighted the fuses connected with the charges of powder for the purpose of blasting, and gave the signal to be drawn up, but the rope slipping, the poor fellow was suspended a few feet above where the explosion was to take place, with no other prospect before him but instant death. With great fortitude and presence of mind he called out to lower him, which was immediately done, and, advancing cautiously to the burning fuses, he extinguished them. On examination they were found to have burned within half an inch of the powder.

UMBRELLAS.

It is curious to observe the slender thanks given to those who endeavour to increase the comforts and conveniences of the human race. When Jonas Hanway, though a very popular character, first appeared in the streets of London with an umbrella, he was looked upon with a feeling similar to that with which the ancient prophet of that name was regarded. The novel example of such effeminacy was ridiculed as quite insufferable; and preferring the rays of the sun to the shower of missiles with which he was assailed, he quietly put it down, and took shelter in a cutler's shop, from the back door of which he retreated into an adjoining street, and without further molestation got safe home. It was some time before he again ventured to defend himself publicly against the sun's rays; but being deemed an eccentric, his singularity was overlooked, and he was permitted quietly to walk under cover. At length so many began to avail themselves of the like accommodation, that the common eye grew familiar to it. A few rurals stopped now and then to gaze and wonder, but felt rather amused than offended. The imitation at length spread from the Bond-street men of fashion to the men of smock frocks and aprons; and in our day there is scarcely any one, however poor, that has not an umbrella. They are become as common as shoes and stockings.

WHAT we call good sense in the conduct of life, consists chiefly in that temper of mind which enables its possessor to view at all times, with perfect coolness and accuracy, all the various circumstances of his situation: so that each of them may produce its due impression on him, without any exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits. But to a man of an ill-regulated imagination, external circumstances only serve as hints to excite his own thoughts, and the conduct he pursues has in general far less reference to his real situation, than to some imaginary one, in which he conceives himself to be placed: in consequence of which, while he appears to himself to be acting with the most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may frequently exhibit to others all the appearances of folly.—*Stewart*.

TRUE humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the low, but deep and firm foundation of all real virtue.—*Burke*.

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THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.¹

On the road from Berlin to Hamburg, nearly at the entrance of the rich and fertile principality of Mecklenburg, lies a small town, the appearance of which surprises and charms the traveller; it is Ludwigslust, one of the prettiest and most attractive towns in Germany. In the middle of the last century, Ludwigslust was a mere *rendezvous de chasse*. In 1756 the Grand Duke Frederick established himself there with his court. He built a palace, a church, an enclosure of houses for his officers, and several wide and handsome streets. The Grand Duke Frederic Francis continued the work of his predecessor. He ornamented the palace and embellished the park; and, having a taste for natural sciences and the arts, he, by degrees, made such a collection of pictures, minerals, and shells, as well deserves the visit of the traveller. Thus patronized by two sovereigns, Ludwigslust soon became a place of note. What can be gayer than the aspect of its Dutch-built houses, of its paved streets, shaded by double rows of lime-trees? What more charming than the view of the palace, the limpid cascade playing beneath the windows, and the cheerful green surrounded with habitations, and terminated by the church? In this delightful residence of the princes and nobility of Mecklenburg, was born the Princess Helena, Duchess of Orleans. She is daughter of the hereditary Grand Duke Louis Frederick—a man of affectionate and generous disposition, and an exalted and upright character. Her mother, the young Duchess Caroline of Saxe Weimar, whose picture I lately saw in the hereditary palace of her ancestors, had a countenance of extreme beauty and intelligence.

Educated at Weimar during the period of its greatest literary fame, in the interior of that poetical court, which the names of Goethe and Schiller have immortalised,—surrounded by those men whom Germany and all other European countries delighted to honour, who gladly assembled under the kind protection of her parents,—Caroline was remarkable for the excellence of her heart, and the superiority of her talents. The inhabitants of Weimar called her their tutelary angel: and a German writer, who had watched her progress from infancy to womanhood, remarked, when speaking of her. "Her's was a heavenly character."

The Duchess of Orleans thus inherits, from either parent, those qualities which insure to the prince the hearts of his subjects, and endear his memory to men of talent; and, through them is connected with the oldest and most powerful families of Northern Europe. One prince of Mecklenburg reigned in Sweden; another, the valiant Ruric, conquered and subdued a part of that vast empire which is at present under the absolute dominion of the Russians. Genealogists carry back the

history of the princes of Mecklenburg to the most remote ages, and have spread the collateral branches of the family over the entire north. The learned Funo Magnussen has very lately proved, by an affiliation of several centuries, their relationship with Regnar Lodbrok, the wonderful hero of Scandinavian tradition. But misfortune, alas! hovered over the cradle which was surrounded with so much lustre and virtue. The Princess Helena was only two years old when she lost her mother. Her father re-married, on the 3d of April, 1818, the Princess Augusta of Hesse Homberg, eighteen months after which this excellent prince was taken from his country and his children. The Princess Helena had already lost one young brother; one other yet remained to her fond affection; but, at the very age when his family and his country were indulging in the fondest hopes of him, at that age when he was preparing to continue the fatherly government of his ancestors, she beheld him languish and fade, and in 1834 she received his last sigh.

In the middle of a grove of beeches, in the park of Ludwigslust, stands a chapel of a simple, yet striking, appearance. It is there that these interesting victims of premature death repose, under a dimly lighted dome. Hope mingles with our grief as we contemplate their tombs. The blue vault, bespangled with stars of gold, is like the cloudless night of summer; and the inscription over the entrance tells of the happiness of those, who, though separated in this life, will be re-united in that which is to come. This chapel is a sort of pilgrimage to the good people of Mecklenburg. On the day that I visited it, I was followed by a poor old peasant woman; her hands were joined, her head hung down, concealing her features. She was praying; and in her prayer she associated the past with the present, and the names of those who were not, with those of their surviving relations. But Providence, which had blighted the sweetest and holiest ties, gave to the princess Helena, in the person of her father's second wife, a sympathising supporter, and a mother capable of the fondest attachment and the most untiring devotion, whose noble and enlarged heart, elevated and fortified by the love of virtue and the sentiment of duty, had learnt, from her own early experience of sorrow, to feel for another's misfortunes. Admirable woman! Condemned, in the flower of her age, to the widow's melancholy garb, she was accustomed betimes to seek, in the practice of her religion, for support in the calamities of life; and, in the charms of literature, for more true and lasting joys than fortune and power can bestow. She it was who, assisted by a few chosen masters and an excellent governess, brought up the subject of our present memoir; she it was who, by her incessant care, her boundless affection, and her judicious advice, developed those precious gifts which heaven had been pleased to bestow on her; she it

(1) From "*Les Illustrations*."

was who, guiding her step by step on her entrance into life, in her studies and her observations, profited by every opportunity of giving a right direction to her talents, and a pious inclination to her soul; and she it was who, on the day of that royal and splendid marriage, alas, so quickly clouded in mourning! accompanied her to France, and who hastened from the other end of Germany to afford her the support of her piety and tenderness under her cruel bereavement.

The dowager grand duchess passed, with her adopted daughter at Ludwigslust, twenty years of retirement, of improvement in the performance of good works, and in the indulgence of generous reflections. She inhabited one of the houses that Prince Frederic had built, by the side of the green lawn which extended to within a short distance of the church. She was acquainted with most of the inhabitants of the ducal residence, the poor as well as the rich; and she identified herself with their interests and wishes. She became their protectress, adviser, and supporter; and she taught her daughter the sweet feelings of humanity and sympathy. A part of every day was spent in providing for the necessities of those who surrounded her, and the rest of her time was devoted to choice society, useful reading, the study of art, history, and general literature, and to improving walks in a botanical garden, instituted by the duchess herself, and in which she had collected the most beautiful and rarest plants and flowers. Sometimes, on the return of summer, the two princesses, quitting for a space their loved retirement, would visit some of the most beautiful scenery and remarkable towns in Germany. At Berlin, at Leipsic, and at Weimar, they viewed the modern and ancient monuments of art, and conversed with the most distinguished persons of each place that they visited. One may easily imagine the effect of such an education, and that the hopes of her who had so ardently undertaken, and so fondly continued it, have not been disappointed, nor her lessons of love failed of an ample reward. One must have been in Germany, have stayed in Mecklenburg, fully to understand the depth of respect and affection which the Duchess of Orleans has left in the heart of all those who knew her. From the moment of her quitting Ludwigslust, France has been the point of attraction to all her compatriots. The Paris journals are subscribed to, and all news from France impatiently waited for; and the first sheet unfolded, the first column sought for, is that in which they hope to find the name of the youthful duchess. The most tender solicitude attends her steps, and she is spoken of as a dear absent child whom they long to see again.

Such love as this, unweakened by time, unaltered by absence, extends itself to her adopted country. They desire its prosperity, power, and peace; for the good people of Ludwigslust associate the destiny of France with that of their young princess; and the arrival and departure of a courier from that country, is a matter of the greatest interest to them. Among the lower ranks, the same feeling prevails; their respect and devotion for her, who was brought up under their eyes, exceeds all idea. Ignorant as they are, they cannot trace her destiny like those who are versed in the histories of nations, and the reports of the daily papers; but they still see her in imagination, in light-hearted happiness, with a look or word of kindness for every one crossing the streets and park of Ludwigslust. I one day hired a carriage, to take me from Ludwigslust to Schwerin, and, during the drive, I conversed with the honest old driver, whose open countenance, and quaint recitals, interested me. After speaking of the popular traditions of his country, of the palace of Schwerin, and the dykes of Doberan, I asked him if he had ever known the duchess of Orleans. At this question, he held down his head, and was, for some moments, silent, like a person who, struck by the unusual sound of a word, tries to arrange his confused ideas; then suddenly recollecting himself, and look-

ing at me with an expression of joy, he exclaimed, "Oh, our Helena! (*Unser Helena*); did I know her! I should think I did. I, who have seen her pass our house so often, as a little child! My wife and children also know her well, and could tell you how she is beloved; but, you see, the new title that you gave her puzzled me. We know that she is a French duchess, but we never can give her another name than that she bore while with us; she is our Helena of Mecklenburg, happen what may."

Upon this the good old fellow began to relate all that he knew of the infant years of the princess, of the acts of kindness and commiseration which had so endeared her to her country; and his recital lasted until we drove under the gothic arches of the old castle of Sewherin.

At Weimar, where the duchess of Orleans had, at different periods, passed many months, every one, from the dweller in the ducal palace, to the inmate of the meanest abode, praise and bless her. The affection which the inhabitants of this town had borne to the mother, reflects on her noble child; and at the sound of her name, there arises on all sides a murmur of love and gratitude. "Our guardian angel has not left us," said one of Goethe's old friends to me; "our Princess Caroline lives again in our Helena, who belongs as much to us, as to Mecklenburg."

The duchess of Orleans justifies the constancy of this affection, by her remembrance of her old and valued friends. She gave herself, heart and soul, to France, but her native land lives in her memory. She is interested in its improvement and welfare, and she watches over the fate of those she loved. She shares their happiness, and compassionates their misfortunes, and conveys to them, with the promptitude of true generosity, from time to time, tokens of sympathy, and words of encouragement, or consolation. During my sojourn at Weimar, an artist of eminence died; and the first letter of condolence received by his weeping widow, was from the duchess of Orleans. Another female, being obliged to seek, under the milder sky of Italy, for that health which her native climate denied her, found that the orders of the Duchess of Orleans had preceded her on her route, and that, wherever she went, she was received with the most marked attention. Need I say what feelings the august princess has inspired throughout that country, which is become her second home? Ah! France knows it well; and those who have watched her progress through some of our provinces, or who daily, at Paris, discover those noble actions which her modesty would conceal, but which gratitude betrays, have not now to learn her worth.

From her childhood, the history and literature of France has been her study. She spoke its language, while she learned her own; and when she first placed her foot on the soil of France, amidst joyous and admiring crowds, she came not as a stranger; she had long known its joys and sorrows, its riches and embellishments; and she arrived in it like a long-expected daughter. She made its interests her own; and France, in return, has devoted itself to her. Who can have forgotten those splendid fêtes at Fontainebleau, where her charming dignity caused a minister of state to exclaim, on seeing her, "We were prepared for a princess, but this is a queen." Who can have forgotten those evenings at the Pavillon Marsan, where she, and her august husband, so graciously welcomed all who were distinguished for birth, character, or talent—the functionaries of the kingdom, the poets, the deputies, and the artists. Alas! a dreadful misfortune,—a misfortune which resounded like a clap of thunder throughout Europe,—put an end to those brilliant entertainments, those intellectual reunions! But God watches over those whom he has so severely wounded, and France contemplates, with the deepest pity, the young princess, whose high sense of duty supports her in her conjugal grief, by her powerful maternal hope and consolation; and her regret for the past, is brightened by the promise of the future.

LUCY COOPER.

An Australian Tale.

CHAP. IV.

BUT those days of profound tranquillity were soon terminated; and bitter were the regrets with which Lucy Cooper contemplated her approaching separation from Mrs. Webster, that she might be transferred into the family of a Sydney attorney, to take charge of three infant children. Mrs. Kately had seen Lucy on several occasions, and, with the instinctive readiness of her sex, had prized her at her due value; not that she set any further store on religion, temperance, and honesty, than as they might be made available to her own comfort and convenience. Mrs. Kately was exceedingly beautiful; her education had been completed in London and Paris, whither her doting parents had sent her from this land of her nativity; and a more accomplished person probably never set foot on the shores of Australia. Her father, who had flourished under the protection of a conditional pardon, accumulated immense wealth, which the growing prosperity of Sydney had increased in a tenfold degree; and it so happened, that, very shortly after Mrs. Kately's marriage, her only brother had been thrown from his horse, on his return from a prize-fight, in which his man had been victorious, and he had somewhat exceeded his usual measure of intemperance; thus in a few days Mrs. Kately became the sole representative of her father's honours and exceeding wealth. In addition to this, Mr. Kately was indefatigable in the practice of his profession of the law, which in Sydney is lucrative beyond belief: he was unbounded in his expenses, careful only that his lavish expenditure should be limited by his income; and he maintained a household constructed on a scale of princely magnificence, and in a style of etiquette and observance seldom seen, except in the mother country. In one of the loveliest spots of the transcendently beautiful bay of Port Jackson, Mr. Kately was rearing his mansion: it was designed with exquisite taste, and executed with costly and elaborate care. The colonial marbles, which yield to none in beauty of colour and polished surface, were plentifully employed: a lawn, gradually gained from the solid rock at a large expense of gunpowder, lay sloping to the beach, and bounded by a wide terrace and noble balustrade. The verdure was perpetual in all seasons; tropical and European plants and shrubs were intermingled with complete success; whilst a screen of native trees, diligently reduced to the picturesque, overhung the house and grounds. The whole bay was Mrs. Kately's property, and every point was made subservient to the beauty of the scene. A little island, where they had erected a bath-house, and formed a private garden, inaccessible to all eyes but their own, bore the classic name of Salamis, and the bay itself was called the gulf of *Ægina*. Although much of this undertaking remained to be accomplished, so much was already finished, that Mr. and Mrs. Kately had for some time past resided at *Ægina*; and hence, with professional punctuality, Mr. Kately daily drove in to Sydney alone, in his gig, meditating the most lucrative practice of his profession. On his return, his solitary ride afforded him leisure to direct his thoughts upon his sumptuous home, saying, "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease,—eat, drink, and be merry."

If there was any drawback to all this splendour, it arose from the mortifying recollection that the neighbouring gentry refused all intimacy with Mr. Kately, because he was not only connected by marriage with emancipated people, but because he also was similarly descended. To be the possessor of so much magnificence, without the power of raising envy and admi-

ration in others, seemed to take away the principal enjoyment of wealth; but, as all overtures towards the interchange of civilities were rejected, Mrs. Kately had long since adopted the consolatory reflection that *she could buy them all up*, and that their condescensions were by no means essential to her happiness.

It was, however, in her power to drive to the Homebush races, more splendidly dressed, and in a more dashing equipage, than any other woman in the colony, and to excite more admiration of her person than all the rest could. No public occasion of display was ever lost, nor was she ever seen twice in the same dress; but her dress and equipage were inferior to her dazzling beauty, sustained by an elegance of manner truly fascinating. That Mr. Kately perfectly adored his lovely wife hardly needs the statement; and he doted upon his children with equal devotion. All that he could do to gratify her lightest wishes was promptly done; and she appeared to return his affection with equal love.

A very stylish carriage, containing Mrs. Kately, her three children, and a nursery-maid, drawn by a pair of Arabian ponies of a milky whiteness, arrived to fetch away the government woman, and convey her to her new place. The fine lady would not descend, and hardly deigned to notice Mrs. Webster, who very earnestly commended Lucy to the care and kindness of her new mistress, using with much modesty the privilege of her advanced age, to commence a conversation with a lady. A few moments sufficed to enable Lucy to gather together her small wardrobe; yet Mrs. Kately showed manifest signs of temper at the delay, and, with petulant impatience, bade her mount beside the coachman, who was immediately ordered to drive home.

In this well-regulated family, for so the master and the mistress designed it should be, the coachman was too well disciplined to address a single word to his fellow-servant by his side. Intent upon his Arabian steeds, and handling the white reins and silver-mounted whip with professional dexterity, he left Lucy at leisure to indulge in the melancholy regrets that she felt at parting with her excellent friend. But the very pretty drive from Faversham to Sydney soon secured her attention. When she had last traversed that road in Dr. Cavendish's dray, the whole country was deluged with rain, and the roads deep in mud. A cloudless sky now canopied them; the sun darted his meridian beams upon the fainting landscape, and, but for the breeze, the heat would have been intolerable. But altogether the drive was exceedingly agreeable. A few huts by the roadside, which have since become villages, and several gentlemen's residences on either hand, diversified the scene. A high hill, which has since been cut in a bold and scientific manner, commands a distant view of the rising metropolis of New South Wales, whose suburbs now extend to its very foot. They passed up George street, thronged with bustling people and equipages, numerous indeed, and varied by every character of vehicle, from each degree of propriety and elegance down to the various orders of vulgar, dirty, and incongruous. Many well-dressed persons passed up and down; crowds of humbler people, faithfully preserving the language, dress, and manners of the mother country, pursued their avocations. If there was any observable difference, it might be seen in the cabbage-tree hats uniformly worn by the men and boys of low degree; and the brown, beaverless felt, with ample brims, worn by the middle ranks. The careful observance of neatness and refinement, manifested by the higher classes of the town, was conspicuous chiefly in the general similitude to the dress and manners of the same class at home; whilst settlers, and young men from the country, in bush-clothing, straw-hats, and lengthened beards, were easily distinguishable from the townsmen. Ere they had reached the middle of the city, they turned from the principal street, and crossed a large and open area, dignified with the name of Hyde Park, a treeless space, but bounded by the Supreme Court, St. James's Church and Parson-

age, the Barracks, for the reception of an ironed gang, St. Mary's Cathedral, and the Sydney College, founded upon the model of the London University, and, like it, remaining unfinished: hence to Darlinghurst, or Woolloomooloo, a lovely spot, overlooking Elizabeth's Bay, and the residence of several distinguished families, at the head of whom is the Lord Bishop of the diocese; and, pursuing a private road of considerable length, undulating over gentle hills, and improving in appearance as they approached its termination, a sudden turn brought them upon the lovely grounds and aspiring turrets of *Egina*. No combination of circumstances can produce a finer effect than here presented itself. The broad expanse of rippling sea, the delicious breeze, a white sail or two of boat or larger vessel always moving, the grandeur of the lawn and terrace, where marble vase and marble statue were mingled with exquisite adjustment amidst the superb vegetation of the Southern hemisphere, made *Egina* hardly less than a paradise. The carriage was drawn up to an unfinished portico; a few solid planks afforded access to a hall and staircase of admirable composition, lighted from its oval dome, and giving a natural and convenient communication to the principal rooms. Mrs. Kately proceeded into the drawing-room, and seating herself upon a sofa, near a marble fireplace richly sculptured with the chariot of the sun and the attendant hours in purest alabaster, Lucy, who had been motioned to follow her, waited her orders just within the door.

"Come nearer to me, young woman," she commenced; "take off your bonnet; let me look at you. I must have scrupulous cleanness; exact compliance with the minutest orders; silence, and a noiseless foot. You will confine yourself to the nursery, except you have my orders to quit it. You must never lose sight of the children; and, if I find you willing, careful, and obliging, I have the means of rewarding you, as I have of inflicting a severe punishment if you disoblige me. Saunders will give you what you need; and let me see you always drest with care. Abdallah, take her to Saunders' room." Abdallah was a young African, wearing a gorgeous suit of green and gold, every button of which was elaborately carved into the form of a pine apple, and pine apples were embroidered on his shoulders and his belt. He made a profound obeisance, and led Lucy to the presence of the major-domo, Mr. Thomas Saunders. This great dignitary, whose honour it was to be cockney-born, and who "had left his country for his country's good," was a genuine specimen of an uneducated low Londoner. He was entirely possessed of his master's confidence, having the disposition of all stores, and the control of all property about the estate, any unnecessary diminution of which he looked upon as a wrong done to himself, to whom alone belonged, according to his doctrine, all that could be safely abstracted and diverted from its lawful use. Such was the circumspection of this peculator, that the most lynx-eyed of his fellow-servants were baffled in every attempt to trace his dealings; indeed, they gave it up at last as hopeless, notwithstanding their anxiety to get a hold upon him, concluding that a private arrangement with the tradesmen rendered any further theft unnecessary. Thomas Saunders was a little man, with a great white face deeply scarred with small-pox, and a great black muzzle, which by clean-shaving wore a blueish complexion, extending over half his expansive countenance. He looked at Lucy with peculiar complacency, and gave her a new page in his account-book, duly headed with her name, under which he proceeded to charge against her such supplies as were necessary to put her into the costume of Mrs. Kately's domestic servants; and, having imparted to her his opinion, that she was a "werry nice young ooman," he enjoined upon her the duty of retiring to the "nussery, and lookin' arter the children;" adding, with unusual condescension, that he should be "werry happy for her to come and cook him a dish of tea in his room sometimes, when the children was safe in bed."

The few dependants, parasites, and toad-eaters who were admitted at *Egina*, paid largely for their participation in the luxurious ostentation of the place, in a flattery at once the most gross and ingenious. Common phrases of assent and current admiration, such as elsewhere are quite acceptable, only exposed the utterer to scornful contempt; whilst any new mode of praise was acknowledged with gracious approbation, and rewarded with offensive condescension. In this traffic, Mr. and Mrs. Kately were equally engaged: taste was an attribute belonging to both; their peculiar empire was, learning and decision in the master, beauty and accomplishments in the mistress. The children were paragons of beauty; capable of learning, decision, and accomplishments. Such were the grounds of an inflation and exuberance of pride, which, as they were not without foundation, so was the boundless vanity they inspired more intoxicating and pernicious. Lucy, who soon learnt her true position in this temple of human presumption, and resolved at once what was her duty, and how she should best discharge it, enjoyed the lovely spot with more true enjoyment than the right owners, in whose unchastised bosoms enjoyment only bred a sense of wearying satiety; and who, whilst they were oppressed with languor, and hurt at the seclusion from society which they affected to despise, found no source of comfort in themselves, or one another; but were loaded with the incurable poverty of those who lay up treasure for themselves, and are not rich towards God.

In this way rolled on the tedious months, diversified by Mrs. Kately's fourth confinement and happy convalescence; the great rejoicing of her husband and household, and some approach towards familiarity on the part of Tommy Saunders towards Lucy Cooper. This grave personage and Lucy were seated in his carpeted apartment, discussing the merits of the coffee on which they were regaling, and Mr. Saunders, tired of single life and self-enjoyment, was meditating the proper phrase and auspicious moment to lay himself and his acquisitions at his visitor's feet; touched by the unobtrusive merits of her conduct, and by no means insensible to her personal attractions. Such had been the unbroken tenour of his success since he had entered upon the procurement of Mr. Kately's affairs, and such the unquestionable authority he held over all subordinate persons and things within that jurisdiction, that he had gradually adopted the intoxicating idea, that he was second, and only second, to the great Jove himself of Australian *Egina*: consequently, that the proposal he was about to make would be looked upon in the light of a great condescension, a most advantageous match, and one in no wise to be rejected. Tommy was hardly less than fifty, and although perfectly conscious of his gains from "Plutus's mine," his oddities and natural deformities had totally escaped his attention. "You may be sure, Lucy," he continued, "I must have had a werry great respect for you before I would a harsked you to tea with me. No, dearest Lucy, I always looked upon you from the werry fust as a werry nice young ooman. You know, dear Lucy,"—and he balanced the tea spoon across the edge of his saucer, in which it floated on the steaming beverage,—balancing probably at the same time in his own mind the absolute wisdom of the disclosure he was about to make; but, perceiving no violent symptoms of trepidation or uneasiness on Lucy's face, he deemed the disclosure essential to the success of his declaration—"You know, Lucy, that mine is a werry nice appointment here, and that, if I was obligated to cut to-morrow, I should not be so bad off; but there is no fear of that; master and me was made for each other—he thrives and I thrive together; and I do think, Lucy, with my money, if you was to have me, you could not do better, and I would set up my own shay, and take you out on Sundays."

Much, doubtless, there was that prudent folks call eligible in this proposal, particularly as a marriage with a freeman would at once have put a period to her sen-

tence, and there could be no difficulty in obtaining the Governor's official consent; yet there were certain conditions essential to the arrangement so repulsive—among the rest, Tommy Saunders's own person, character, and conversation,—that Lucy felt no other perplexity in conducting the treaty than to adopt that line of conduct which is occasionally called temporizing, and occasionally dignified with the name of Fabian. And considering their mutual relation to each other, and the power Mr. Saunders might exert to her prejudice and annoyance, if his *penchant* were rudely resisted, Lucy thought it no derogation to her principles, if she gave him to understand that she thought him “a werry nice young man,” and that at some future period she might not be disinclined to become Mrs. Saunders.

But about this time it happened, that in the course of business it was Mr. Kitley's chance to be concerned with a young gentleman belonging to a distinguished family in England, an officer of the — regiment, then in Sydney, whose criminal indulgence in a profligate and debauched mode of life had involved him in the retribution of the law; that indiscriminate power which treats alike the unfortunate and the unprincipled; involving all in unrelenting extortion. It was in this way, therefore, that Mr. Kitley and the Honourable Claude Mac Catchit became personally known to each other; and upon this occasion Mr. Kitley yielded to a genius superior to his own; for such was the fascination of this young man's manners, such the elegance of his person and address, and, above all, so perfect his acquaintance with Mr. Kitley's character and circumstances, that from an interview, in which Mr. Mac Catchit appeared before the lawyer as a helpless debtor, whose last resources were exhausted, arose an intimacy, which terminated in a promise to stay all further proceedings, and an invitation to dinner at *Ægina*. Although Mr. Kitley always asserted, that his exclusion from society was rather to be desired than not, the eagerness with which he made the Honourable Claude Mac Catchit's acquaintance may satisfy the least suspecting, that an opening towards the acquaintance of the officers of his regiment was a thing greatly desired by one who could purchase anything but good company. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that, by previous arrangement, Mr. Kitley drew up at Mac Catchit's quarters exactly at four o'clock, and, taking that gentleman up, drove off, no longer the solitary occupant of the vehicle, but having by his side, in full uniform, and most elaborately dressed, the Honourable Claude Mac Catchit. Claude was profoundly skilled in the ways of the world; he knew all the worst parts of the human character, and was no less skilful in turning to his own advantage all the peculiarities, the weaknesses, and the vices of his fellow-creatures. He addressed himself, therefore, with an assiduity proportioned to the greatness of the prize which he was aiming to secure, to improve the success he had already obtained; and whilst, by general attentions, he gained an opportunity of ascertaining the exact nature of his task, such was the cleverness of his proceedings, that, ere they reached their destination, the lawyer and the soldier were upon terms of most agreeable and confidential intercourse.

The experienced eye of the visitor caught up with eagerness all the objects of taste and improvement which gradually presented themselves as they approached the house; they served him as so many vehicles of adulation to his new friend, and so many fresh incentives to the exertion of his arts of pleasing. His expectation was much more than realized in this scrutiny; for, although he had heard a tolerably correct estimate of Mr. Kitley's fortune, he was not prepared to see the display of an elegant taste either in the manner or the degree in which it improved upon him. The effect of the sudden opening of the scene when he stood upon the edge of the lawn, and turned first towards the stately bay, spreading beneath the glories of the setting sun, and then to the magnificent house now advancing to-

wards completion, startled even the well-practised and experienced Claude. The silent state with which they were received by footmen in purple and gold liveries, with silk stockings; the coolness and calm obscurity of the hall, exchanged for the brightness and fervour of the evening sun; and the luxurious elegance of the drawing-room, not less beautiful for its architectural proportions, than for the delightful sea-view visible from its windows, and the costly furniture with which it was decorated, made the young man anxious to see the lady whose fortune it was to preside over this combination of delights, and who, he rightly concluded, must have had no small share in their accumulation. But when Mrs. Kitley herself appeared, and welcomed her guest with a satisfaction she had no wish to conceal, equally gratified with his company, and struck with the elegance of his appearance and manners, the designs of the Honourable Claude Mac Catchit assumed new amplitude, and stimulated him to the employment of all the fascinations within his power. That evening was spent delightfully: all three persons had their own motives for self-congratulation, and all were engaged in the pleasing occupation of giving pleasure.

“This lovely bay,” said Claude, “is beautifully named; indeed the spot is at once charming for its natural beauties, and for the gorgeous embellishments of art. One palazzo at Genoa, and one garden there, (I spent two months in unspeakable enjoyment on that coast,) are only worthy to be compared with it.”

“I was disappointed in not visiting Italy,” replied Mrs. Kitley,—for the remark was made in a manner which seemed to ask for her concurrence; “but I have seen the Mediterranean at Marseilles, and lingered a whole winter in the isle of Sainte Marguerite. I prefer *Ægina* to anything I ever saw there.”

“Not without reason,” said Claude. “I profess I would not barter this region of delight for an Italian principality, and the title to boot.”

“I have been casting about,” said Mr. Kitley, “for a name for yonder headland to the north-west, which shall be in keeping with the leading idea of *Ægina*; perhaps you can help me.”

“The other promontory, to the westward, wants a name, I presume,” said Claude.

“It does,” said Mr. Kitley. “And the two points should be associated with one another, and with us.”

“What think you of *Sestos* and *Abydos*?” suggested Claude.

“We have rejected them,” said Mrs. Kitley, “more than once. They are pretty, but remote from the proper scene.”

“Then,” said Claude, “if I do not greatly mistake, yonder point, beneath the setting moon, ought, in topographical propriety, to bear the name of *Colonna*.”

“Cape *Colonna*, Cape *Colonna*,” repeated Mrs. Kitley; “nothing can be better. Falconer, I remember, has celebrated it. I declare it shall be Cape *Colonna*.”

“Here, in the dead of night, by *Lonna's* steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.”

“I forget,” said Claude, “the corresponding name; but we can easily refer to the map.”

“I'll build a ruined temple on the cliff,” observed Mr. Kitley.

“I think a few shattered columns placed upon the head would greatly improve the scene,” interposed Claude.

“It must be done,” replied Mr. Kitley. “I never saw the place to such advantage: the very heavens burn with glory.”

“The skies of this southern hemisphere are as gorgeous as the scene before us. Look at that path of light that blazes over our heads,” exclaimed the lady, with much fervour. “The Magellan clouds, too, torn, as one might believe, from the milky way, where you may see the space from which they have been rent—”

“And that cross, too,” added Claude.

“That marvellous cross,” said Mrs. Kitley, “of which the Florentine mariner exclaimed, ‘*una croce mara-*

vigiliosa, e di tanta bellezza, che non mi pare ad alcuno segno doverla comparare. Thus rendered into English by Samuel Rogers," she continued, delighted with the aptness of the passage, and proud of her own reading and memory—

"The orbs that roll,
Singly or clustering, round the Southern pole!
Not yet the four that glorify the night—
Ah, how forget when to my ravished sight
The Cross shone forth in everlasting light!"

At length it became necessary to separate. An early day was named to renew the visit, and the examination of Mrs. Kitely's portfolio was proposed. Mr. Kitely's carriage took Claude into Sydney, revolving all the way how far he could lay *Ægina* under contribution, to administer to his pleasures as well as his necessities, and pondering the best means to secure the footing he had already gained. The host and hostess were determined to improve the acquaintance, as well for the satisfaction it afforded them, as in the vague expectation that, somehow or other, it would be instrumental in giving them an introduction to society.

For some weeks the progress of this adventure was slow. The refinements of life—poetry, painting, and music—engaged the attention of the host and hostess and their new friend. Gradually Mrs. Kitely's visits to her nursery became less regular, and her interest in her children less engrossing. But we need not detail the progress of the catastrophe. Before many weeks had passed, she had fallen before the seductive arts of the Honourable Claude Mac Catchit, and the suggestions of her own vanity, unchecked by any restraints of religion and virtue.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

January 12.—Plough Monday (1846).

THE first Monday after the Epiphany is thus designated, because it was the first day after the Christmas holidays that husbandmen resumed the plough. The morning was devoted to the examination of their instruments of agriculture; after which they were indulged with a farewell holiday, and a free recurrence to the sports and pastimes of Christmas. Time and the progressive refinement of manners have now nearly worn out this ancient usage. In the north, however, the young peasants yet enjoy dancing on Plough Monday, each clad in the dress of the opposite sex; morris-dancers, with a boy in girl's clothes, still exert their agility in other villages. In several districts, *Mab and his wife* continue to lead the festive throng. In some parts of the country, a plough is drawn in procession to the doors of the townspeople and villagers; ropes are affixed to it, and thirty or forty men, in shirts and trousers, and having their arms, shoulders, and hats ornamented with large bows of gay-coloured ribands, drag it along. An old woman, or a boy disguised to represent one, and gaudily apparelled, usually accompanies the party, and is called *The Bessy*; sometimes she is attended by a rustic in skins, with a lengthy tail, and carrying a box for contributions, who is styled *The Fool*. Music and morris-dancers (when they can be procured) increase the gaiety of the scene. In all cases there is a merry dance, with riband-decorated maidens. The money collected is spent at night in conviviality. This rustic procession appears to have had a pious origin. Before the change of religion, a light, called the *plough-light*, was frequently maintained by old and young husbandmen, before certain images, and on Plough Monday they feasted, and went about with a plough and dancers, to obtain money to support the *plough-light*.

Washington Irving, in his account of Newstead Abbey, makes the following delightful allusion to Plough Monday. "Sherwood Forest," he says, "still retains much of the quaint customs and holiday games of the olden time. A day or two after my arrival at the Abbey, as I was walking in the cloisters, I heard the sound of rustic music, and now and then a burst of merriment, proceeding from the interior of the mansion. Presently the chamberlain came to me, and informed me that a party of country lads were in the servants' hall, performing Plough Monday antics, and invited me to witness their mummery. I gladly assented, for I am somewhat curious about these reliques of popular usages. The servants' hall was a fit place for the exhibition of an old Gothic game. It was a chamber of great extent, which, in monkish times, had been the refectory of the Abbey. A row of massive columns extended lengthwise through the centre, from whence sprang Gothic arches, supporting the low vaulted ceiling. Here was a set of rustics dressed up in something of the style represented in the books concerning popular antiquities. One was in a rough garb of frieze, with his head muffled in bear skin, and a bell dangling behind him, that jingled at every movement. He was the clown or fool of the party, probably a traditional representative of the ancient satyr. The rest were decorated with ribands, and armed with wooden swords. The leader of the troop recited the old ballad of S. George and the Dragon, which has been current among the country people for ages; his companions accompanied the recitation with some rude attempt at acting, while the clown cut all kinds of antics.

"To these succeeded a set of morris dancers, gaily dressed up with ribands and hawks'-bells. In this troop we had Robin Hood and Maid Marian; the latter represented by a smoothfaced boy: also Beelzebub, equipped with a broom, and accompanied by his wife, Bessy, a termagant old beldame.

"These rude pageants are the lingering remains of the old customs of Plough Monday, when bands of rustics, fantastically dressed, and furnished with pipe and tabor, dragged what was called the 'fool plough' from house to house, singing ballads and performing antics, for which they were rewarded with money and good cheer."

Brady says, that the more common mode of passing the holiday, was to drag a plough from door to door, soliciting *plough money*, wherewith to defray the expenses of a feast, and a dance in the evening. We witnessed this practice in Cambridge, as recently as 1836. The writer just mentioned, supposes that it was introduced by degrees after the abolition of the feudal system. Before that event took place, the nobles who held the land employed their dependents, then in a state of villinage, in its cultivation, and fed them in common with their other retainers: at first the vassals commuted with their lords by the payment of a tribute called *plough silver*; and at length, when labour was remunerated by pecuniary wages, it became usual for the poor and recently emancipated labourers, to appeal to the kindness of the wealthy, by showing them the plough, which could not then be used, especially in the north, on account of the inclemency of the season.

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," states, that on this day in the Scilly Islands, a sort of galantry is exercised called "goose-dancing." The

girls are dressed as young men, and the youths as maidens, and, thus attired, they visit their neighbours in companies, where they dance and joke upon what has taken place in the island; and everyone is humorously "told their own" without any offence being taken. By this kind of amusement, according to yearly custom, is a spirit of wit and drollery kept up among the people. The music and dancing over, they are treated with liquor, and then they go to the next house of entertainment.

January 14.—At All Souls' College, Oxford, the evening of this day was formerly called MALLARD NIGHT, and celebrated with much festivity. The custom owed its origin to the tradition, that, when preparing to lay the foundation of the original buildings, the workmen found, in a sewer or drain, a mallard of enormous size. "This observance," says Mr. Wade, in his "Walks in Oxford," "exists no longer; but on one of the College gaudies there is still sung, in memory of the occurrence, 'a merry old song, set to ancient music.'" It is as follows:—

I.

GRIFFIN, bustard, turkey, capon,
Let other hungry mortals gape on,
And on the bones their stomach fall hard,
But let All Souls' men have their MALLARD.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward—
Oh! by the blood of King Edward—
It was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.

II.

The Romans once admired a *gander*
More than they did their chief commander,
Because he sav'd, if some don't fool us,
The place that's called th' head of *Tolus*.
Oh! by the blood, &c.

III.

The poets feign Jove turned a swan,
But let them prove it if they can;
As for our proof 'tis not at all hard,
For it was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.
Oh! by the blood, &c.

IV.

Therefore, let us sing and dance a galliard
To the remembrance of the MALLARD;
And as the MALLARD dives in pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in bowl.
Oh! by the blood, &c.

Fosbrooke states, that on this day the flight into Egypt was anciently represented. A beautiful maiden, seated on an ass elegantly trapped, was led in procession to church, and placed on the gospel side of the altar. Probably, it is partly in allusion to this custom that a modern writer observes: "The Church did not grow angry at the popular dramas attached to some of the high festivals. She allowed even the beast as well as the man to be re-established. The humble witness of our SAVIOUR's birth, the faithful animal whose breath warmed Him, an infant, in the manger, who bore Him, with His mother, into Egypt, who led Him triumphant into Jerusalem, had also part in the joy."

THE OLD BROWN COAT.¹

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

"I RECKON you see nothing very particular in this, do you?" said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb. "I can't say that I do," replied I, "but I presume it has some

secret merit which remains to be explained." "Exactly," replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each syllable of the word apart; "yet the coat, of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty considerable well to do in the world; I guess I'm right, an't I?" continued he, appealing to his wife, a very pretty young woman, who stood by him. "So you seem to think," replied she, smiling, "but I am not convinced, as far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had anything to do with it." "Well, then, I shall just tell my story, and leave you to decide," said he, turning to me. "You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go a-head was the business. I had tried at mercantile speculation, and sunk an immensity of dollars. I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way. I took to farming, no luck there. Went out supercargo; ship went on a reef, and lost cargo. Returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing; didn't lose much, that's certain; but didn't realize. At last, I gave up business, and resolved to amuse myself a little; so I went south, and joined Bolivar. I fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was, but he had one fault as a general, which was, that his army never got paid. I wanted my three years', and finding that there was neither pay nor plunder, I got tired of it, and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the capital with only one extra shirt, and not a cent in my pocket. I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been, when I had money and paid my bills; and he observed that my coat was rather shabby, and that I could not appear in it. I knew that very well, and all that he wanted was an order for another; but as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint. "I think," said I, "that, with a new velvet collar and brass buttons, it might do very well for an evening party." "I see," says he, "that's an old country custom, wearing an old coat at a ball; I guess you're going to Mr. T.'s to-morrow night. A regular flare up, I am told. President there, and everybody else. It's hardly worth it," continued he, touching the thread-bare cuff. "Yes, it is," replied I; "there'll be a regular jam, and a new coat would be spoiled. I'll send it to you to-night, and you must let me have it in the morning, so good bye." Well, the coat came home the next day, not early in the morning, as I expected, but past meridian; and I walked up and down in my bed-room, in my trowsers, thinking what I should do. At three o'clock, I called upon Mrs. T., and left my card; went back again, and waited two hours for the invitation—no invitation. Called again at five, and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again and leave another card, in a very fierce manner, I reckon. Well, I went early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkably gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and the buttons glittered famously; but you could not see that the cloth was not a little the worse for wear. In short, my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself just at that time. Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company coming in, hoping to know somebody; but, I presume, that I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me. But as the company were announced, I heard their names; and if they did not know who I was, at all events I found out who they were. "This won't do," says I, as the rooms became quite full; "I may stick against this wall till day-light, but I shall never go a-head." So, at last, perceiving a young lady speaking to the daughter of the secretary of the navy, after they parted, I went up and bowed to her. Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotten me. As I was very positive, and very bold, she presumed it was the case; and when I gave her my name, which I refused to do

(1) From the "Book of Beauty," 1846.

till we had been talking for some minutes, as it happened to be a very good one, she considered that it was all right, and, in another quarter of an hour, we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E——, the daughter of the secretary of the navy. She replied, that she did; and I requested her to introduce me; and, offering her my arm, we walked up to the young lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going a-head a little. After the introduction, I commenced a conversation with Miss E——, and a gentleman fortunately relieved me of my first acquaintance, whose arm I had dropped. I continued my attentions to Miss E——; exerted myself to the utmost; and, on the strength of my introduction, and my agreeableness, I was soon intimate with her, and she accepted my arm. As I paced her up and down the room, I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S——, who was near us. She replied in the affirmative; and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with; and I offered Miss S—— my other arm, and paraded them both up and down the room, making them laugh not a little. Now I'm going a-head, thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well. "Here is the President coming up," said Miss E——; "do you know him?" "I did once, a little, but he must have forgotten me, since I have been in South America so long." The President came right up to us, and addressed the young ladies. I made a sort of half bow. "You don't recollect Mr. —?" said Miss S——. "I recollect the name well," replied the President. "You are well supported, Mr. —; you have the navy and the army on each side of you." "And the highest officer of the state before me," replied I, with a low bow; "I ought, indeed, to feel proud. It makes amends for all the privation that I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the general and his aide-de-camps fared no better than the meanest soldier." That last was a hit. I did not say that I was aide-de-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to fancy so. The President made me a bow, and, as it appeared, he wanted to have some information from that quarter; and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room were wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President, and many were trying to catch what was said, the President presuming, as Bolivar's aide-de-camp, that I could give him information upon a certain point, and not wishing to have the answer public, said to the young ladies, "I am going to do a very rude thing; I wish to ask a question, which Mr. — would not like to reply to, except in strict confidence; I must take him away from you for a minute or two. I beg your pardon, Mr. —, but I feel, and shall be truly grateful for the great sacrifice you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society." "I fear the loss will only be on my part," said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms, and followed the President to a vacant spot near to the orchestra. The question which the President put to me was one which I could not well answer; but he helped me out of the difficulty by answering it himself according to his own views, and then appealing to me if he was not correct. I replied, "that I certainly was not at liberty, although I had left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all that I knew; fortunately," continued I, bowing, "where such clear-sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered." "You are right, Mr. —; I wish all those about me had your discretion and high sense of honour," replied the President, who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and finger; "and I perceive by your reply, that I was also right in my conjecture. I am much obliged to you, and trust I shall see you at Government House." I bowed, and retired. I am going a-head now, at all events, thought I, as every one was looking at me as I retreated. I had been walking arm-in-arm with the daughters of the two first

officers of the state; I had been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the *elite* of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of clothes; but never will I forget you, my old brown coat. The next day, the tailor came to me; he had heard what had taken place at the ball, and I amended my wardrobe. Everybody came to me for orders, and I ordered everything. Cards were left in showers; I was received everywhere, the President was my friend, and from that moment I went a-head faster and faster every day, till I am, as you now see, well off, well married, and well up in the world. Now I do pertinaciously declare, that it was all owing to the old brown coat; and I have kept this cuff, which I show now and then to my wife, to prove I am grateful; for, had it not been for the old brown coat, I should never have been blessed with her for a companion. "But," said his wife, round whose waist he had gently encircled his arm, "the old brown coat would have done nothing without the velvet collar, and new brass buttons." "Certainly not, my dear." "And they would not have effected much without they had been backed by—" "What?" "*Impudence*," replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the cheek.

Fables from the German.

THE OSTRICH.

"I AM going to fly," cried the gigantic Ostrich; and the whole assembly of birds gathered round in earnest expectation. "I am going to fly," he cried again; and stretching out his immense pinions, he shot, like a ship with outspread sails, away over the ground, without, however, rising an inch above it.

Thus it happens, when a notion of being poetical takes possession of unpoetical brains; in the opening of their monstrous odes they boast of their intention to soar over clouds and stars, but nevertheless remain constant to the dust.—*Lessing*.

THE IMAGE OF ISIS.

An old priest at Memphis had the image of the veiled Isis standing in the hall of his dwelling, ingeniously formed of grey marble. His son, a lively, active boy, stood often before the image, and longed very much to behold the concealed countenance of the goddess. One day he could no longer restrain his curiosity; he took a hammer and chisel, and with a few blows struck off the veil. But, to his great surprise, he now beheld nothing more than a piece of the raw, shapeless stone!

"What dost thou there?" asked the priest, who just came up.

"I wanted to see the face of the goddess."

"Ah!" sighed the priest, "it has happened to thee as it did to me when I was a youth, and fancied to find wisdom in the schools of the sages."—*Schreiber*.

THE CUCKOO.

THE Cuckoo thus addressed a Starling who had flown from town.

"What say they in town of our melodies? What say they of the Nightingale?"

"The whole town praises her song."

"And of the Lark?" cried he again.

"Half the town praises her tuneful throat."

"And of the Blackbird?" continued he.

"Her, too, they praise now and then."

"I must ask yet one more question: what say they of me?"

"That," said the Starling, "I know not; for I have not heard a single person speak of thee."

"Then will I," proceeded he, "revenge myself on the ingratitude of men, and will everlastingly speak of myself."—*Gellert*.

Lady Mary.

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun :
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun :
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue ;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying,
At thine hour of rest :
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone :
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Shone on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the land of rest :
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the Sun that shineth there.



We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel,
In the presence of the throne ;
We shall see thee when the light divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.

Rev. H. Alford.

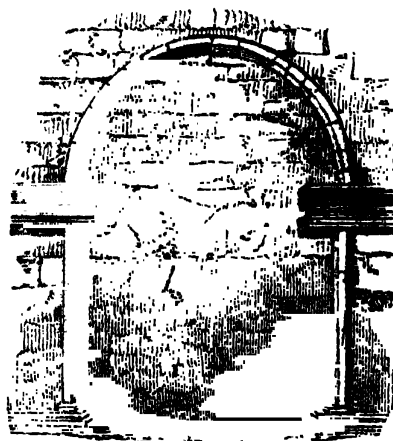
REMARKS ON THE CHURCH ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND.

We purpose in the following remarks to give, first, some account of the different styles of Church Building which have prevailed in this country, with their respective dates; and, secondly, to point out certain definite and appropriate practical rules which those who built our churches used in their construction. We all know how very much difference is to be seen between churches of a different date, and so it seems desirable that, as the difference exists, we should have proper words to express it, in, and thus be able to say in one word what the particular date or style of this or that building may be. We know from an ancient writer (Tacitus), that the Romans, who conquered England in the first century, retained possession of parts of this country for nearly 400 years, and that they instructed the barbarous natives in building as well as in other arts. We also are certain, that Christianity had been established among us before the end of the 1st century, and, though its progress was slow, yet we find in one of our earliest historians (Gildas), that there were buildings dedicated to Christian worship long before the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, which took place at the beginning of the fourth century. This event produced the same result in Britain as it did throughout the Roman empire; the worship of God was generally openly established, and temples, once devoted to the service of demons, now resounded with the prayers and psalms of the Church, while new ones rose on every side. Hence the first Christian Churches in this country were all built after the Roman manner—that is, after the manner used at Rome, but, of course, more plainly and poorly, as the state of a country but newly recovered from the effects of previous barbarism, and the more recent severity of foreign rulers, would render necessary. Of the buildings thus erected, we have, of course, scarcely any remains: we know, however, that the materials of these buildings were small flat bricks, so imbedded in a very hard kind of mortar that they form one compact mass, hardly to be divided, except as one would divide stone; that the arches were universally round, and the piers not shaped as we see them in Gothic churches, but merely, as it were, pieces of the walls in which the arches were made.

In the 5th century the Romans, whose empire was now hastening to its fall, withdrew from England, and the unprotected English became a prey to the frequent invasions of the barbarous nations of northern Europe, so that the country became almost pagan again, and, of course, the churches and ministers of our religion were destroyed and murdered, as Venerable Bede relates. After long endurance of these miseries, the British called over to their assistance the Anglo-Saxons, a warlike nation, who proved at first a greater scourge to our land than those whom they were invited to protect it from; they gradually became complete masters of the land, but continued in heathen darkness, till circumstances, which we will not call chance, threw some captives of our nation under the notice of S. Gregory the Great, then Bishop of Rome. Finding that they were heathen, that holy man was not contented till he had sent S. Augustine and some other monks to England, in hopes that they might revive the drooping Church in

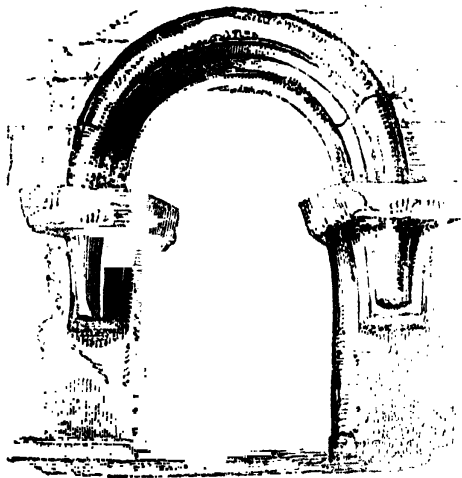
England, for the word of God still had some to preach, and some (though but a few) to hear it, through all these troubled times. S. Augustine and his companions arrived in England, after many fears and some delay upon the way, in the year 597; and from this date till the year 1050, that is, for more than 400 years, the next style of architecture, called the Anglo-Saxon, from those who built in this style, prevailed. As will readily be believed, this style was not very different from the Roman; for the Anglo-Saxons had no buildings of their own to copy from, and moreover Rome, though it had ceased to be the centre and seat of temporal power, was now become that of spiritual supremacy; and so it came to pass that, as the Liturgy and forms of worship, which S. Augustine and his colleagues introduced, came from Rome, so also the style of church building was, at least for the most part, borrowed from Roman models. We have but few remains of Anglo-Saxon buildings, but those that we have exhibit the same appearance as the Roman buildings; the same plain round arches and rectangular piers, and the same brickwork. But now we can speak with certainty of the shape of the churches built in this style, for we have enough left to trace it very distinctly; and, in mentioning this shape, I shall be mentioning the shape of all ancient churches in this country, of whatever style. The general ground plan of a cathedral or conventual church, was in the shape of a cross—the centre being a tower, with transepts running north and south to form the arms of the cross. Westward of the tower is the nave, or main body of the building; on each side of it are the aisles. The west front contained the principal entrance, and generally had towers at each side of it. Eastward of the central tower is the choir, (where the principal service was performed,) forming the head of the cross; and this also had its aisles. The plan also often comprehended additional chapels. Parochial churches usually have a tower, forming the west end, a nave and aisles, and a chancel to the east of them; transepts sometimes are added, but the smaller churches have not even a tower, but consist merely of a nave and chancel, having a turret or an open gable for the bell at the west end.

We have, as I said, but few Anglo-Saxon remains left, which we may ascribe to the fact (as many think) of wood being much employed in those



centuries, or again, to the effects of the Danish invasions, which, as they altered every other insti-

tution of the country, would hardly leave the Church untouched. The examples we know of are the ruined church at Dover Castle, the church of Brixworth, Northamptonshire, and the towers of Earls Barton and Barnack churches, both in the same county; also the church of S. Nicholas, Leicester. One great mark of the masonry of this style is the narrow rib, or square-edged strip of stone, which is often seen running up and standing out from the surface of walls. In the towers of Earls Barton and Barnack churches, these occur so frequently that the surface of the walls appears divided, as it were, into panels. The tower of S. Michael's church, Oxford, is of Anglo-Saxon work: it does not exhibit this feature, but it has the angles formed of ashlar or hewn-stone in alternate long and short courses, a feature also distinctive of the later Anglo-Saxon buildings. Where brick is not used, flat stones are employed in the earlier buildings of this style; and, later, we find hewn stone used for the door-ways and door-posts. The windows were usually semicircular headed, and the doors also, for the most part, though sometimes triangular heads may be found. The bellfry windows were usually of two lights, with round heads and a pillar between them, as at S. Michael's in Oxford. The later buildings of this style exhibit an improvement in the greater use of hewn stone, and the attempt at mouldings, as in the chancel arch of Wittering church, Northamptonshire.



NORMAN.

With the Norman invasion, about the middle of the 11th century, came in the next style of architecture, called the Norman, from those who introduced it. Of this style we are in no want of examples: for nearly 150 years, that is, till nearly the end of the 12th century, this style was used exclusively, and many of our finest cathedral and abbey churches, as well as parish churches, are built in it. It is distinguished from the ruder work of the Anglo-Saxon period, by a display of greater knowledge of construction. The masonry is massive, and, as the style advanced, we find it decorated with a profusion of rich and appropriate mouldings, and with highly wrought details.

The Norman churches much surpassed the Saxon in size; the cathedral and conventual churches being often carried to the height of three tiers or rows of arches, one above the other. The arches, windows, and door-ways, in this style, are usually

round-headed. The cathedral in Oxford, and the parish church of Iffley, near Oxford, were both built rather late in the style, and, therefore, are richly decorated. They are good examples of this style. The door-ways of Iffley afford admirable specimens of the Norman style of door-way. They are composed of a succession of receding semicircular arches, each springing from its own side shafts, and having each a moulding of its own, different from the others. The mouldings of this style are of great variety. The commonest are chevron or zigzag, the indented or toothed, the alternate billet, and the beak head: the doorways and arches of Iffley church afford specimens of many of the Norman mouldings.



DOORWAY IN LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

The windows of this style are generally not very large, round-headed, and surrounded by zigzag or other mouldings. They never have tracery, that is, stone divisions, as we see in later styles; but, when we do see such divisions in Norman windows, we know them to have been put in at a later period, as in the windows at Iffley. Circular or rose-windows, as they are called, are also found in this style; there is one (now filled up) to be seen at the west end of Iffley church.

Early in this style the piers from which the arches spring are very massive and plain, and generally square or cylindrical; they also have rectangular nooks or recesses at the angles. We sometimes, also, see the piers octagonal, and round; or one side round and the other having angles, as in Oxford cathedral. In smaller churches the piers are often more slender, so as to resemble the pillars of the Italian styles, as in St. Peter's church, Northampton. Later in the style we find the piers formed of clustered pillars, but these are generally characteristic of the last period of Norman. The bases of the piers and columns

in this style are usually plain, consisting of a square stone with a round one, having a roll moulding on it, from which springs the shaft or pier. But the capitals, especially late in the style, are much decorated. The shape of the capital is usually square, and, on the faces of it, will be found more or less of elaborate work, representing flowers, figures, and the like. At the top of the capital is a square flat stone, (called the abacus,) from which springs the arch. There are also to be found round capitals of this style, but they are of the later period of it. The chancel arches of churches, (that is, the large arch which separates the nave from the chancel,) in this style, are most richly decorated; one of the best instances we know is that at Iffley, or, again, that of Stoncleigh church, Warwickshire.



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

The Norman vaulting was confined, in large churches, to the aisles, and to the crypt, if there was one. The vaulting being very plain and heavy, it is evident that they had not yet arrived at the skill to vault the nave or the choir, which are roofed with flat timber ceilings divided into compartments. In the small churches (as at S. Peter's in the East, in Oxford) the chancel was vaulted, and a chamber left between the vaulting and the outer roof. In large churches, the same space was left between the vaulting of the aisles and their roofs; and this space often has windows of its own, both from without, to let in light, and also from within, to give a view into the nave; it is called the *triforium*, and forms a sort of gallery, running, sometimes, round the whole church. Over this triforium comes a row of windows, which frequently have another passage from each to each. This story of upper windows is called the *clerestory*. The chief use to which these galleries were put, seems to

have been the accommodation of the people who flocked to witness the great festivals (and, particularly, the processions,) of the Church, at the great feasts of Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, and the like. They are also very useful in repairing or adding to the buildings of the church. On the outside of Norman churches, the thing which denotes their date most readily, is the shape of the buttresses they used. These were usually flat and broad, and not divided into stages advancing outwards nearer the ground, but of the same thickness all the way up. The towers of Norman churches are usually short and massive; in the later times of this style they have arcades of intersecting arches as an ornament near the top; lower down are small round-headed windows. The battlements often seen on towers of this date, are always a later addition; pinnacles were also but little known at this period. I may observe generally, as distinctive marks of this style, that the aisles are narrow; the naves of large churches very long, especially in abbey churches, as at S. Alban's; the chancels often terminated with a round end, (called an *apsis*,) instead of a square one, as usual; and the east end pierced with three narrow, round-headed windows, which, when the east end is round, stand apart, but when it is square, are widely displayed, internally, so as to appear apart outside, but to form one range inside. Often, however, this arrangement has been destroyed, and a large single window of a later date put in instead. We will not go through an account of the gradual increase of decoration which this style assumed, as it became more used. Of course, in a hundred and fifty years, we should expect a great deal of improvement. But we have now to notice, briefly, the semi-Norman, or transition style, which gradually crept in about the middle of the 12th century, and, as it were, paved the way for a very remarkable change in architecture.

In this style are used almost the very same mouldings and other details as in the pure Norman style, but in conjunction with a totally new feature, to which all sorts of origins have been by different people ascribed—we mean, the pointed arch. This kind of arch seems to have had (so to speak) a hard battle to make its way. Thus in Buildwas Abbey-church, Salop, (which was founded about 1140,) we find regular Norman piers, with *pointed* arches on them, and over these *round-headed* windows in the clerestory. So also, in Oxford Cathedral, we see the two arches, east and west, under the tower, are *round*, but the transept arches are *pointed*. Again, on the west front of Croylund Abbey, Lincoln—now in ruins—the date of which is since 1163, we see successive tiers of arcades, some of the arches being round, and others pointed. The details in this period are sometimes found of the early Norman character, as well as of the later sort; so that it seems probable that the fashion (so to speak) of the new pointed arch *came in* in some places sooner than it did in others. The doorway of Rothwell church, Northants, is a beautiful specimen of the semi-Norman style.

We have thus seen how a style of church architecture, borrowed more or less from the classical models of Rome, advanced, from the humble and simple Saxon, through the more rich and gorgeous Norman, till its dominion began to totter and give way (in the 12th century) on the appearance of this new element—the pointed arch.

Reading for the Young.

THE FAITHFUL JOHAN.¹

THERE was once an old king, who was so sick, that he thought he was lying on his death-bed; and he therefore desired his servants to send the faithful Johan to him. Now this Johan was the dearest of all his subjects; and he was called faithful, because he had served him faithfully all his life. As soon as he came to the bed-side, the king said to him, "Faithful Johan, I feel that my end is drawing near, and I have no other care but my only son. He is so young, that he knows not yet how to govern himself; and, unless you promise me to direct him in everything, and to be to him a foster-father, I cannot close my eyes in peace." Then the faithful Johan answered, "I promise you I will never leave him, but will serve him truly, even if it should cost me my life." Then the old king thanked him, and said, "Now I can die in peace and confidence: when I am no more, take him, and show him all the castle, the chambers, the halls, the vaults, and all the treasure which lies in them; but one room you must not show him, the room wherein is concealed the statue of the daughter of the king of the golden roof; for, if he sees it, so deep a love for her will seize him, that he will fall down speechless, and, for her sake, will run very great dangers; and from this must you carefully guard him." And hardly had the faithful Johan given his hand, as a pledge that he would perform his command, than the old king laid his head on his pillow, and died. After he had been carried to his grave, the faithful Johan told his son what he had promised to his father on his death bed; adding, "and this will I certainly perform, and serve you truly, as I served him, even if it should cost me my life." When the mourning was over, he said to the young king, "Now it is time that you should see your inheritance: come, and I will shew you your father's castle." So he led him over it, up and down, and let him behold all the pomp and splendour of the halls and chambers; only, that one forbidden chamber, in which was the statue of the princess, he passed over. Now this statue was so placed, that if the door of the room was opened, it must necessarily be seen, for it stood just opposite to it; and it was so curiously made, that any one would have deemed it was a living figure; indeed, nothing in the world could be more lovely or beautiful. As soon as the young king observed that this door was passed over, he asked why it was not opened, as all the rest had been. "There is something there," said Johan, "that would frighten you." But the king answered, "I have seen the whole castle, and I will also see what is in this chamber." And he went up to the door, and would have forced it open, but the good Johan held him back, and cried, "I have promised your father, on his death bed, you should never see what is in that chamber, for it would bring to both of us very great misfortune."

"No," answered the king, "the misfortune will be, if I do not see what is in there, for I shall have no rest day or night; and, indeed, I will not leave this place, till you have opened that door."

Then the faithful Johan saw there was no help for it, and, with a heavy heart, and many sighs,

sought for the key amongst the great bunches he held in his hand. At last he found it, and slowly unlocked the door, and went in first himself; thinking that the young king, who was behind him, would not, thus, first see the statue: but the youth was so impatient, that he stood on tiptoe, and peeped over his shoulder. As soon as he saw the image, which shone as bright as gold, he fell powerless on the floor, and the faithful Johan, full of sorrow, raised him in his arms, and carried him to his bed.

Then he went and fetched some wine, and gave it him; but, when he came to himself, the first words he spoke were, "Ah, whose is that beautiful statue?" And Johan answered, "It is the daughter of the king of the golden roof." "Alas," said the youth, "my love for her is so great that, if all the leaves of all the trees had tongues, they could not speak it! My life depends on winning her: you are my most faithful Johan, and you must help me."

This good servant thought a long time of the best means of doing this, for he knew it was a very difficult thing, even to see the king's daughter. At last he said one day to the king, "Every thing that the princess has, is of pure gold: tables, chairs, dishes, goblets, cups, and all household furniture. In your treasury lie five tons of gold; now, therefore, call all the goldsmiths in your kingdom together, and order them to make all kinds of golden vessels and toys, all kinds of birds, and all kinds of wild and wonderful beasts; and with these will we go hence, and seek our fortune."

So the king called the goldsmiths together, and they worked day and night, till all these glorious things were finished. As soon as they were ready, Johan ordered a ship to be laden with them, and he bought some merchant's clothes, in which the king dressed himself, that no one might know him; and then they both went on board, and set sail.

They sailed over the sea, a long way, till they came to the town in which the king's daughter dwelt. After they had anchored, Johan begged the king to remain in the ship, and wait for him, whilst he went ashore. "Perhaps," said he, "I shall bring the princess with me; so let everything be in readiness; set out all the gold vessels, and dress the decks with them to the best advantage." Then he took with him a little bag filled with gold toys, and, as soon as he was landed, went straight to the royal palace.

In the yard he saw a beautiful maiden, who was standing by a well, with two golden buckets in her hand; and, when she had filled them with the bright and glancing water, she turned round and saw him, and asked him who he was; and he said that he was a merchant, opened his little bag, and showed her its contents. "Ah!" she cried, "these are, indeed, beautiful!" And she set down her buckets, and looked first at one and then at the other; and, after she had looked at them, she said, "I must shew these to the princess my mistress, for she has such a delight in pure gold vessels, that she buys all she can find." And she took him by the hand, and led him to the king's daughter, who, when she saw the gold toys, was very much delighted; said they were beautifully made, and that she would buy them all. Then the faithful Johan answered, "I am only the servant of a very rich merchant, and what I have here is nothing at all to what my master has in the ship, where, indeed, are the most costly and wonderful things that have

(1) From the German of Grimm.

been ever made of gold." But when she begged that they might be brought for her to look at, he added, "that would lose too many days; and, besides, they are so numerous, that no room in your house would hold them." When she heard this, her desire and curiosity to see them became so strong, that she ordered him to conduct her to his vessel, saying, "I will myself go, and see your master's treasures." Very gladly Johan led her on board; but when the king saw her, and found her yet more beautiful than the statue, he thought his heart would have been torn to pieces by his rapture; and he showed her all the golden furniture in the ship, while Johan remained behind, and helped the sailors to raise the anchor, and spread the sails to the breeze; so that the vessel flew through the waters, like a bird through the air. Many hours went by, whilst she was looking at the birds and the beasts, the cups and the dishes; and, in her joy, she did not perceive the rapid course of the ship: but when, at last, she would have thanked the merchant, and gone home, she looked over the side of the vessel, and saw her own town and castle whitening in the distance. Then her soul fainted within her, and she called out, "Ah me, I am betrayed, I am ruined, and am in the power of this artful merchant. Better had I died." But the king took her by the hand, and said, "I am no merchant, but a king, and of birth as royal as your own. It is my love for you that has urged me to carry you away thus artfully: the first time I saw your statue, I fell, without power, to the ground." When the princess heard that, she was comforted, and her heart melted towards him, so that she quite willingly became his wife.

One day, whilst they were still on the wide sea, and the faithful Johan was sitting in the fore part of the ship, playing on a lute, he saw three ravens, which kept hovering near him; so he stopped, and listened to what they were saying to each other; which he perfectly understood. He heard the first say, "He is leading home the daughter of the king of the golden roof." "Yes," said the second, "but he has not got her safe yet." "But," answered the third, "there she is, sitting beside him, in the ship." Then the first spoke again, and said, "How does that help him? For, when they land, a horse as red as a fox will spring to meet him, and he will jump on him; but, if he does, he will be carried away through the air, and never see his beautiful lady again." "But," asked the second, "is there no way of saving him?" "Oh yes," answered the first, "if another quickly takes the fire arms, which are stuck in his halter, and shoots him dead, then is the young king saved. But he who knows, and does, and tells that, will be turned to stone, from the foot to the knee." Then the second said, "I know yet more than that. If the horse were dead, the young king would not be sure of his bride, for, when they come into the castle, they will see, in a box, a wedding garment, which shines like silver and gold, although it is nothing but sulphur and pitch; and, if he puts it on, it will burn him to the marrow of his bones." "But," said the third, "is there no way of saving him?" "Oh yes," answered the second, "if some one, with gloves on, takes hold of the garment, and throws it into the fire, then is the young king saved: but how does that help him? for he who knows, and does, and tells that, will be turned to stone, from the knee to the heart." "Then," said the third, "I know more than that.

For, even if the wedding garment were burnt, the young king would not be sure of his bride; for if, after the wedding, they begin dancing, and the bride dances, she will suddenly turn pale, and fall to the ground; and, if they do not raise her up immediately, and draw from her neck three drops of blood, she will never again recover: but how does that help him? for he who knows, and does, and tells that, will be turned to stone, from his heart to his head."

After this, they all three flew away, and the faithful Johan remained silent and sorrowful; for he thought to himself, "If I tell not my lord what I have heard, the misfortunes will fall upon him, and, if I do, my own life will be the sacrifice." But, at last, he resolved to keep his promise to the old king, and save his son, without telling him anything, even if it should cost him his life. Everything happened just as the ravens had said; for as soon as they were landed, a horse, as red as a fox, sprang to meet them. "Ah!" cried the king, "this shall carry me to the castle;" and, as he spoke, he laid his hand on his neck; but, before he could jump on his back, Johan rushed forward, drew the weapons from his halter, and shot him dead. When the other servants saw what was done, they murmured loudly, saying, "It was shameful to kill such a beautiful beast, and which would have carried the king so well to the castle." But the king ordered them to be silent, "For he is my faithful Johan, and who knows whether what he has done is not right?"

When they came into the castle, there stood in the hall an open box, in which lay a wedding garment, that shone like gold. The young king went up to it, and would have taken hold of it, but the faithful Johan pushed him away, seized it in his gloved hand, threw it quickly into the fire, and there let it burn. Then the other servants began to murmur again, and said, "See, now, he has burned the king's wedding garment." But the king answered, "Who knows whether it is not right? let him alone, he is my faithful Johan." After they were married, they went back into the hall, the musicians played their merriest tune, and the dancing began. At last, the bride and bridegroom arose, and joined it, and the faithful Johan sat near them, to watch the queen's countenance. All at once, she turned deadly pale, and fell to the ground; then he sprang hastily up, carried her in his arms into the next room, laid her down on a couch, and kneeling beside her, drew three blood drops from her neck. Immediately she began to breathe again, and at last sat upright: but the king, who had seen all that Johan had done, was very angry, and called out, in his rage, that he should be thrown into prison directly; and the other servants hastened to draw him away to the dungeons. The next day, Johan was judged, and condemned to die; but as he stood in the court, before he was taken away to execution, he said, "Every criminal is allowed to speak before he dies: may not I, also, make my defence?" And the king said,—"certainly, he might do so." "Then," Johan continued, "my sentence is an unjust sentence; for I have served you most faithfully:" and he related all that he had heard the ravens say, and showed how all that he had done was necessary, to serve his lord and master. Then the king cried out, "Oh! my most faithful Johan, pardon! pardon!" and threw himself on his neck: but, hardly had this good ser-

vant uttered the last words, than he fell on the floor, a senseless statue of stone.

Very great was the grief of the king and queen; the king, especially, continually lamented him, saying, "Alas, how have I rewarded his faithful services!" And he ordered the statue to be taken up into his chamber, and placed by his bed, and, whenever he looked at it, he wept, and said, "Oh! could I but make you alive again, my beloved Johan." After a time, the queen had two little sons, who, as they grew, day by day became more and more the delight and joy of their parents. Once, when their mother was gone to the church, the children sat and played by the king, who stopped in the midst of his caressings, and looked up at the statue, full of grief, and sighed, "Ah! my beloved Johan, could I but make you alive again, I might, indeed, be happy." Then speech was given to the statue, and the stone spoke, and said, "If you are willing to sacrifice that which is dearest to your heart, you may restore me to life again." And the king answered, "All that I have in the world will I gladly give to free you." "Then," continued the statue, "you must, with your own hand, cut off the heads of your two little sons, and sprinkle me with their blood."

The poor king sat a long time grieving, when he heard that it was only by the death of his two children, that he could restore Johan to life. At last, as he thought of his great truth, and that he had died for him, he drew his sword, cut off their heads, and sprinkled the stone with their blood; and, immediately, life returned into it, and the faithful Johan stood again beside him, fresh and sound, and said to him, "Now will I, also, reward your truth and fidelity." So he took the heads of the two children, put them again upon their shoulders, washed their wounds with their own blood, and, instantly, they jumped and played about again, as if nothing had happened. Then the king was full of joy, and, when he heard the queen coming, he hid Johan and the two children in a great closet, and, as she entered, he asked her if she had been to pray in the church, and she answered, "Yes, but I could not help thinking of the faithful Johan, and how, for our sakes, he had perished miserably; and I prayed, that our great sin of ingratitude might be forgiven us." Then he said, "Dear lady, it will, indeed, be forgiven us, and we can restore him also to life again; but it will cost us both our children, for they must both die." When she heard his words, she turned very pale, and fear crept into her heart; but she said, firmly, "Let us, then, sacrifice them, since only so can we pay the great debt we owe him for his constant truth." Then the king rejoiced, that she thought as he had thought, and he went and opened the closet, and brought out his little sons, and the faithful Johan; and said, "God be praised, he is freed, and our dear ones are restored to us!" and he related to her how it had all happened. Then was the cup of their happiness filled to overflowing, and they all three lived out their days together, in peace and prosperity, and in a perfect trust, that no doubt ever again disturbed.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

AGATHA.

[BY ANNABEL C.]

AGATHA, the daughter of William the Conqueror, was betrothed to Earl Edwin, the Saxon chief, who, with his brother Morcar, made so brave an attempt to preserve the liberties of his countrymen, and whose life was the sacrifice of his devoted gallantry. The remainder of Agatha's history is told in the following ballad:—

"Nay, urge me not, dear father!
Urge me not, I pray;
The sunlight shed o'er my youthful head.
Like a dream hath passed away:
Like a dream whose hues were lovely
In the shady night;
Whose robe of gold grew dim and cold
When dawned the early light:
Like a dew-drop in the morning,
Ere the sun hath shone;
Which, ere that sun its race hath run,
Its flowery-bed hath flown:
Like a bird that carols blythely,
Ere the bow is bent;
Then swiftly falls from the azure halls
Of the shining firmament.
So brightly dawned my morning,
My dream so early past;
And I awoke with a thunder stroke
To find it could not last.
For my lot seemed the fairest,
The highest destiny,
That ever might on maid alight,
Whatever her degree.
The present was all sunshine,
A blessed summer day;
The future spread like sunshine shed,
In the distance far away
On a mist that hid so softly,
With a silvery veil,
Both flower and tree, all things that be
By forest, hill, or dale.
Which, though it veiled their beauty,
Still itself was bright;
And round things beneath would ever wreath
A radiant robe of light.
For my young troth was plighted
To a warrior true;
And my maiden heart in its inmost part
Him as its own lord knew.
For he was good and valliant;
Alas, that he is dead!
Ah me! ah me! oh woe is met!
Alas, for he is dead!
And o'er his grave the wild winds rave
And the cold, cold earth is spread.
Oh, I did love him dearly!
All worldly things above;
And a soul so bright and a heart so right,
Who could not choose but love!
Our souls were knit together,
They were no longer twain;
No single thought but the other caught,
And responded to again.
He was my first love, father!
My first and only one;
And my heart is sore and my soul is drear—
My happiness is done.

Then urge me not, dear father!
Urge me not, I pray;
The sunlight shed o'er my youthful head
Like a dream hath past away.

And force me not, I pray thee,
To wed the Spanish king;
And in foreign land from unknown hand
To take the bridal ring."

"Nay, daughter," stern he answered;
"Nay, it must be so;
I have said the word, and thou hast heard.
Thou must even go."

Then Agatha, all weeping,
To the king replied—
That Conqueror proud, who spake aloud
To the maiden at his side!—

"Then God in heaven have mercy!
And rather let me die.
Let my spirit be free ere I cross the sea;
Oh, let me rather die!
That my soul may sail on a heavenly gale
To my own lord in the sky!"

These words said the maiden;
These, and only these.
They deck her with pride as a royal bride,
And she must cross the seas.

A ship with pennons flying
Waiteth in the bay;
They lead her there with a train so fair:
Lady Agatha must away.

The merry wind is singing
Through the sails so white;
Then bounding away like a child at play;
That ship was a goodly sight.

Thus on the waters bounding,
In truth she was most fair;
But though in pride she swept the tide,
A breaking heart was there.

The vessel rode on gally,
Gaily on she sped;
The sun shone high in the clear blue sky,
And the calm sea round her spread.

But the words of humble prayer
Agatha had said,
Were heard above by the God of love!
Lady Agatha, she was dead!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE EDITOR'S BOX.

THE box at the extreme right of the gallery, is that occupied by the editors-in-chief of the Paris journals; and that box is the true political barometer of the Chamber, though visible only to an initiated few. If the discussion in progress be important—if M. Guizot, M. Thiers, or M. Berryer, be at the tribune, all is earnest attention; the silence is broken only by some exclamation of enthusiasm, or some muttered expression of anger or indignation, mingling with the signs of blame or assent of the legislators below, during the interruptions so frequent in the French Chamber. But if, on the contrary, some honourable member attacks the tribune manuscript in hand, or begins a deliberate paraphrase of the articles of the journals (as happens at times)—or if there be a suspension of the sitting, enabling the speech-making deputies to rush to the tavern—

then do the occupants of this box, seated on the front benches, wheel round, and, turning their backs to the Chamber, get up amongst themselves a counterpart of the debates below. No pen could do justice to this discussion—so original, varied, piquant, and at all times instructive. Cutting words, gibing fancies, witty sallies, sarcastic hits, extravagant eulogies, and outrageous invectives, pass from mouth to mouth, and mingle every tone. Often the friends or protégés of the editors smuggle themselves into this box, with a passionate fondness for the debates of this Chamber on a small scale. It is a sight to see, too, with what a polite and insinuating air some belated deputy, or unfortunate reporter to the Chamber, or orator *incompris* (there is no translating the word), hands in a note to these distributors of praise and blame, defending his representative zeal, giving explanations, or complaining of a mis-report. And then this box has its intimate and private conversations. It is before the opening of the discussion, or during the division, that a small part of its frequenters, disdaining the *Salle des Pas Perdus*, remain here; and, half-reclined on the benches, gaily amuse themselves with the small whims, petty crosses, and private intrigues, of the legislators then crowding around the tribune. They know a hundred adventures and anecdotes—like the malicious chroniclers of the *Ciel de Bauf*—and, for my own part, I have retained more than one of these; but their repetition here would be a bad return for my welcome into that box. I leave them to the ingenious indiscretion of the authors of all sorts of "Mysteries." The box in question is a democratic republic; it has a president, elected at the commencement of each session, to keep its peace, and maintain order, with the title of Syndic. * * But it is about as impossible to introduce order into this box, as to make the thirty journals of Paris harmonize. The editors' box is and ever will be a Babel—but an alluring Babel, and a very instructive one—where I have spent many a happy hour, and whose diversity of opinions and sentiments I greatly prefer to the uniformity of praise uttered by my compatriots in the mines of Siberia, in honour of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.—*From a Journey round the Chamber of Deputies.*

JOURNALISM IN AUSTRIA.

THE number of journals at present published in the Austrian States is 159; which, compared with the population, amounting to 31,500,000, gives one journal for every 198,110 inhabitants. Of these journals, 40 are political, 12 commercial, and 107 literary and scientific. In Austria, properly so called, there are 29; in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, 43; in Hungary, 21; in Bohemia, 17; and in the rest of the Austrian States, 49. Of these journals, 76 are written in German, 53 in Italian, 15 in Slavonian, 1 in French, and 14 in various other dialects.—*Galvani's Messenger.*

JEREMY TAYLOR, in his beautiful sermon on the duties of the tongue, observes: "God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons. This part of our communication does the work of God and of our neighbours, and bears us to heaven in streams made by the overflowing of our brother's comfort."

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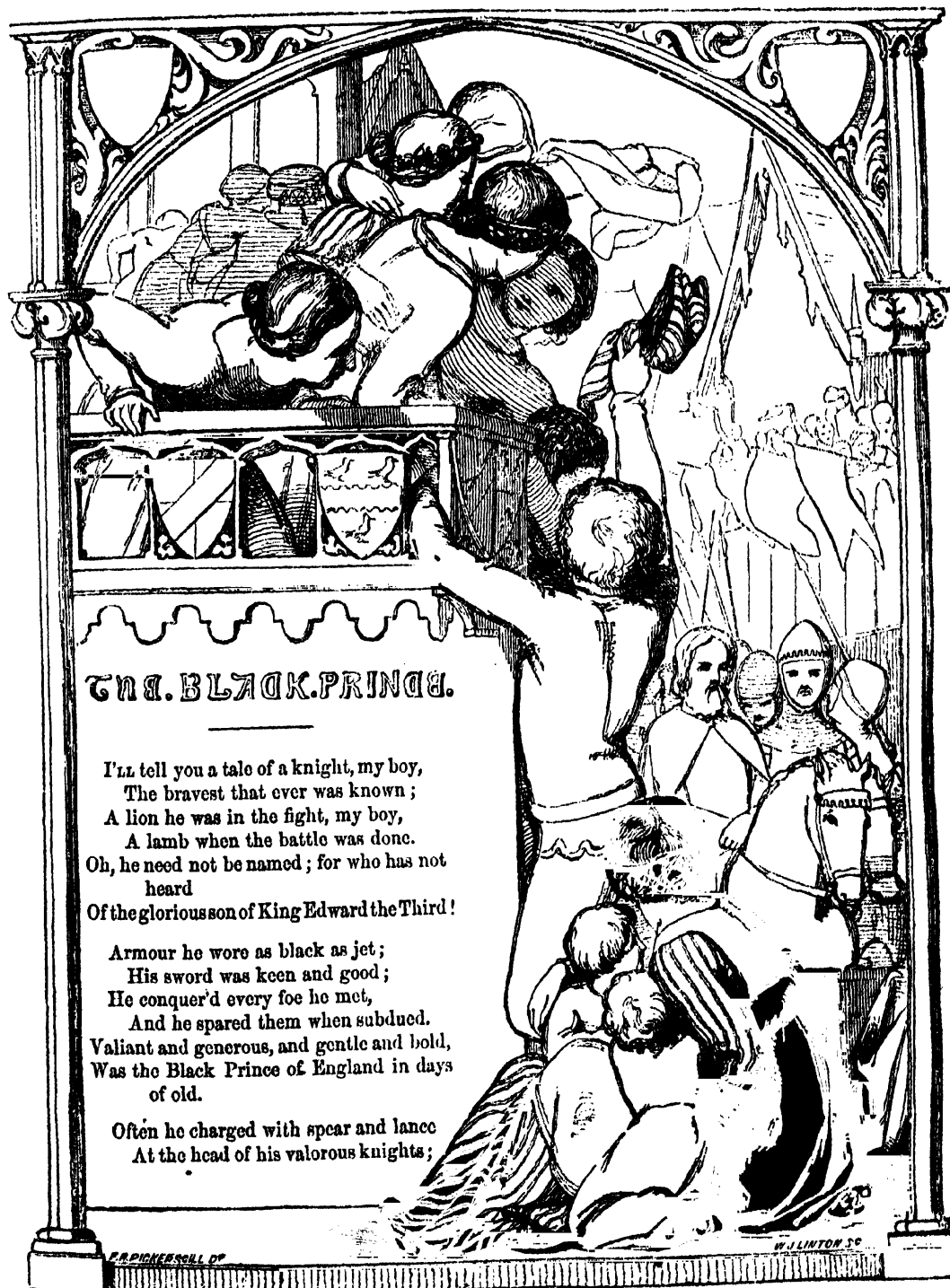
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THE BLACK PRINCE.

I'll tell you a tale of a knight, my boy,
The bravest that ever was known;
A lion he was in the fight, my boy,
A lamb when the battle was done.
Oh, he need not be named; for who has not
heard
Of the glorious son of King Edward the Third!

Armour he wore as black as jet;
His sword was keen and good;
He conquer'd every foe he met,
And he spared them when subdued.
Valiant and generous, and gentle and bold,
Was the Black Prince of England in days
of old.

Often he charged with spear and lance
At the head of his valorous knights;

F. P. DICKERSON DEL.

W. LINTON SC.

But the battle of Poitiers, won in France,
Was the noblest of all his fights;
And every British heart should be
Proud when it thinks of that victory.

The French were many—the English few;
But the Black Prince little heeded:
His knights, he knew, were brave and true;
Their arms were all he needed.

He ask'd not *how many* might be the foe;
Where are they? was all that he sought to know.

So he spurr'd his steed, and he couch'd his lance,
And the battle was won and lost;
Captive he took King John of France,
The chief of that mighty host:
Faint grew the heart of each gallant foe;
Their leader was taken; their hopes were low.

Brave were the French; but at last they yield,
All wearied and worn out:
The prince is conqueror of the field;
And the English soldiers shout,
"God save our prince, our mighty lord!
Victory waiteth on his sword!"

Of all the knights who fought that day,
James Audley was the best;
His wounds were three, won valiantly,
On cheek, and brow, and breast:
And the Black Prince said, when the fight was o'er,
He never had seen such a knight before.

And did they chain King John of France?
Was he in dungeon laid?
Oh, little ye know what a generous foe
Our English Edward made!

A gentle heart, and an arm of might—
These are the things that make a knight.

He set King John on a lofty steed,
White as the driven snow,
And without all pride he rode beside,
On a palfrey slight and low:
He spoke to the king with a reverent mien,
As though the king had *his* captor been.

He treated King John like an honour'd guest:
When at the feast he sate,
With courteous air, and with forehead bare,
The prince did on him wait;
And even when they to England came,
Our generous hero was the same.

But the prisoner's heart it grew not light,
For all the prince could say:
A captive king and a conquer'd knight,
Oh, how could he be gay?
E'en while his courteous words were speaking,
For his own dear France his heart was breaking.

Another lay shall the story tell
Of this valiant king and true:
He loved the Black Prince passing well,
And his worth full well he knew.
Then let us all unite to praise
That hero of the olden days.

The Romans when they won the day
And bore their captives home,
Caused them to march in ~~and~~ array,
Fetter'd and chain'd, through Rome;
And every foe, though good and brave,
They held as victim or as slave.

But ours was a Christian conqueror,
Generous, and true, and kind:—
Though the grave has now closed o'er his brow,
He hath left this rule behind,—
That valour should ever wedded be
To mercy, and not to cruelty.

From Lays and Ballads of English History.

AMERICA AND HER SLAVE STATES.

No. IV.—(*Concluded.*)

THE hot-springs of Washita may fairly rank, for natural curiosities, with those in the volcanic valley of New Zealand. A narrow vale, edged in on either side by lofty ridges of sandstone, where wretched log-cabins afford the sole accommodation for the traveller and visitor, comprises the far-famed watering-place. At the base of the eastern ridge, on a bed of clay slate, runs a shallow little stream, into which the hot-springs flow from the lofty face of the ridge, varying in their sources, from 150 to 300 feet above the bed of the brook. With a mean temperature of 145° Fahrenheit, these copious springs form, in times when the brook is swollen, a continuous upper surface of hot water, over the trickling cold stream below. At times, in the deep pools, fish float merrily in the lower cold stream, and, when tempted by crumbs of bread, trust their noses into the upper run of hot water, and retreat with a celerity proportioned to the warmth of the spring. With thirty-five springs, all flowing into one small stream, the great difficulty is to find cold water. From this curiosity of inanimate nature, let us pass to an example of the more than instinct of animate nature, an act of undoubted reasoning in the savage buffalo. The old hunter had struck, but far from mortally wounded, a huge male buffalo: enraged with the wound, the beast pressed him hard, and unable to reload, the hunter turned and fled:—

"In running down a short hill, some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him, of about eighteen inches in diameter, and everything seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of his thigh, with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter; a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that, perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree, pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of killing him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him more than four hours, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened. In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he, therefore, went round the sapling instead of inside of it. The time thus con-

sumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself. After so many hours fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions. He would now make his short start preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then, he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and considering what he should do. Still continuing his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does credit to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought, when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded; Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on the arm, which was paralyzed for an instant."—Vol. ii. pp. 126—128.

It is hardly to be wondered that the hunter now began to despair of his life, and even thought of leaving his slight defence, and seeking instant death, from his pertinacious enemy. He held on a little longer, and gradually the bull became slower in his attacks, and evidently fainter in his pursuit. Thus encouraged, Percival endured two more hours, and eventually stabbed his enemy till he fell, exhausted and dying, at the foot of the tree. When the hunter returned to his companions, after a separation of forty days, so pale and emaciated was he, that they asked him "if he had been down with a fever." From that eventful day he had never got quiet rest, and the image of his powerful and resolute enemy haunted him for more than three months, whenever he sought to sleep. Seven and twenty years had passed, when our traveller met the bold hunter, and, even then, so great had been the nervous shock, that the least sudden noise troubled him. And yet, these hunters and settlers of the Arkansas are as little troubled with nerves, as their female kind with delicacy. Their happiness is to sleep by a good fire in a cane break, and drive the "bars" about, on whose fat they subsist and grow, and with whose skins, tanned and prepared by their own hands, they are clothed. The old man Davis and his family are specimens of, and not exceptions to, the general hunter-settlers of the wild parts of the states. They never leave their neighbourhood, except to hunt; dislike towns, because there is some pretence at government in them; have an undisguised horror of lawyers, because they sell lands and break up the cane breaks; and, as young Davis said, regard Texas as a paradise, because "there was no such thing as a government there, and not one varmint of a lawyer in the hell place." Miss Davis, or, as she was called in her maiden days, *Old Davis's She-Bar*, before she was elevated to the rank of a neighbouring great pedlar's wife, deserved her sobriquet, and did justice to the family qualifications.

"I have never seen any one," says Mr. F. "as far as manners and exterior went, with less pretensions to be classed with the feminine gender. All her accomplishments seemed to me to have a decided leaning the other way. She chewed tobacco, she smoked a pipe, she drank whisky, and cursed and swore as heartily as any backwoodsman, all at the same time; doing quite as much vulgarity as four male blackguards could do, and with as much ease as if she had been an automaton set to do it with clock-work machinery. She must have been a person of surprising powers in her youth, for I was in-

formed that she was now comparatively refined to what she had been before her marriage."—Vol. ii. pp. 137, 138.

Let it not be thought that there are not bright spots even in such a locality as Arkansas. Our traveller has perpetuated the successful exertions of one settler, to introduce comfort, sobriety, and religion. But the experiment is difficult, the situation of such a settler hazardous, amongst men to whom order, cleanliness, and propriety are unknown; to whom Sunday is merely a memorial of a weekly shave, or weekly visit; who live twenty years and more in one wretched cabin, without discovering that they have a single want. What can a man of higher views expect, but that, instead of endeavouring to raise themselves up to his standard, they will strive their hardest to drag him down to their level?

One look our traveller gave into Texas: a look that gave rise to mixed feelings of pleasure and pain. The wondrous fertility of the soil could not but delight the spectator, whilst the prospect of the flowing of the tide of slavery from the states, over a country until then free from its curse, must harrow the feelings of any thinking man. Every year sees a marked depreciation in the cotton lands in the old states of America, and tends to render the slave more a burden than a benefit to his master. Give the Southern States but the fertile lands of Texas, as yet almost untouched by man, and you destroy the greatest prospect of gradual abolition, and convert the old slave-holding states into slave nurseries, for the supply of the *black crop* to the cotton lords of Texas. The daily decreasing value of slaves was a daily argument for abolition; their sudden increase in value, on the annexation of Texas, would be a stronger argument, not only for the increased production of slaves, but against any attempt at humane legislation for the black people.

The demoralizing effect of slavery, in perpetuating the notion of an actual difference of nature between the white and the black race, is painfully exemplified in the state of the quadroon female population of New Orleans. The utter absence of everything approaching to science and literature from this swampy capital,—the congregation of its inhabitants in a locality so fetid in summer, so miserable in winter, in order to fight with death for gold,—the wide-spread curse of gambling,—the painful absence of religion,—all fail to strike the attention, and to grieve the heart, so much as the miserable condition of the quadroon female.

"The position of this unfortunate race," says our traveller, "is a very anomalous one; for quadroons, who are the daughters of white men by half-blooded mothers, whatever be their private worth or personal charms, are forbidden, by the laws, to contract marriage with white men. A woman may be as fair as any European, and have no symptom of negro blood about her; she may have received a virtuous education, have been brought up with the greatest tenderness, may possess various accomplishments, and may be eminently calculated to act the part of a faithful wife and a tender mother, but, if it can be proved that she has one drop of negro blood in her veins, the laws do not permit her to contract a marriage with a white man: and, as her children would be illegitimate, the men do not contract marriages with them. Such a woman, being over-educated for the males of her own class, is therefore destined from her birth to be a mistress; and great pains are lavished on her education, not to enable her to aspire to be a wife, but to give her those attractions which a keeper requires."—Vol. ii. pp. 267, 268.

The cold-bloodedness of the system is, if possible, more disgusting than the iniquity itself. The quadroon balls are the slave markets of this class. There, shown off to her greatest advantage, the poor girl is bargained for by her admirer; the dollars are placed out as her provision when the man grows tired of his purchase; and she retires to her keeper's house, there to mix in the society of her female friends, to visit their "*bals de société*," "and brings up sons to be rejected by the society where their father finds his equals, and daughters to be educated for quadroon balls, and destined to pursue the same career which their mother has done." There is no excuse of sudden passion, of ungovernable affections, of incautious moments. All is business—cold, calculating trade;—the parent deals in the prostitution of his child; the same ball room sees the *legitimate* son bargaining for his mistress, his *illegitimate* sisters being sold to the highest bidder.

To argue from the worst facts with which every book on the slave states of America teems, that everywhere in the slave-holding states such barbarities are committed on the blacks, is one of the worst forms of generalizing from particular instances. The slave, in his slavery, has, doubtless, a person to whom to look for aid and for sustenance, when age or sickness renders him incapable of work. But is this any set-off against the unlimited power of the master—for his want of freedom of action, aye, and of thought—for his being forbidden knowledge—excluded from religious comforts? To say that the injudicious acts of the abolitionists have given rise to the much-reported barbarities, by their imprudent advice, their unsound lectures to the slaves, is to charge them with producing the state of slavery by which they themselves were called into action. The well-fed, well-cared-for slave, would have found but few to plead for his liberty: the cruel treatment that many of his fellow slaves endured, called into existence the feeling in favour of abolition. A South-Carolinian proprietor furnished our traveller with a rather novel view of the advantages of slavery.

"He observed, that the working of the institution of slavery was not understood out of the slave states; that it elevated the character of the master, by comparison, made him jealous of his own, and the natural friend to public liberty; that the dignity of character that belonged to Southern gentlemen, from Washington down to the present times, was unknown to the men of the northern states, and must always be; as one effect of their laws and customs was, to cause a division of the estate of every head of a family, on his decease, equally among his children, and so compel every one of them to re-construct a fortune as well as he could: that everybody knew this generated a rapacious spirit, and made the accumulation of wealth the sole object of every man's life. This was not the case in South Carolina, where the planter, whatever might be his transactions, was careful not to encroach upon the character of the gentleman: and he adduced Mr. Calhoun, the leader of the nullifying party, as an instance of the justice of what he said. This gentleman, he remarked, was a planter and a slaveholder, who in private life had never been known to be guilty of a mean action, and in public life had never omitted an opportunity of vindicating the constitution from the attempts of sordid persons to pervert its intentions. For these reasons, he said, Mr. Calhoun, independent of his great intellectual powers, was universally honoured in his native state, and was justly looked up to by all, as the vigilant guardian of its rights. All these great principles, he added, were developed and strength-

ened by the institution of slavery; that the slaves were not an unhappy race of men; they were well fed, well clothed; and, if there had been a necessity for it, in the late dispute with the United States government, the slaves would have shown, to a man, their well-known fidelity to their masters."—Vol. ii. pp. 343, 344.

The black, chained full length on the top of the stage that drove up to the door of the tavern, was no bad practical criticism on the just-concluded reasoning of the Carolinian philosopher.

We have written much, and talked more, about negro slavery; have legislated much, and paid more, for abolition; have risked the friendship of powerful nations, and sacrificed the health and lives of our sailors, to abrogate the trade in black slaves; and yet, for years, shut our eyes to our own domestic slavery. The free black, and the slave black, of America, is not inaptly compared to our own colonists, and our own manufacturing population.

"We have two kinds of niggers in the states," says Sam Slick, "free niggers and slaves. In the north they are all free; in the south all in bondage. Now, the free nigger may be a member of Congress, but he can't get there; he may be president, but he guesses he can't; and he reckons right. He may marry Tyler's darter, but she won't have him; he may be an ambassador to the court of St. James, if he could only be appointed; or he may command the army and the navy, if they would only let him;—that's his condition. The slave is a slave—that's his condition. Now the English have two sorts of niggers—American colonists, who are free white niggers; and manufacturers' labourers at home, and they are white slave niggers. A white colonist, like our free black nigger, may be a member of Parliament, but he can't get there; he may be a governor, but he guesses he can't—and he guesses right; he may marry an English nobleman's darter, if she'd only have him; he may be an ambassador to our court at Washington, if he could be only appointed; he may command the army or the fleet, if he had the commission;—and that's his condition. A colonist and a free nigger don't differ in anything but in colour: *both have naked rights, but they have no power given them to clothe those rights;—and that's the naked truth.*"—Vol. ii. pp. 213-14.

The Canadian judge hits hard and straight. There is more practical effect in a short, pithy sentence of caricature than in petitions a mile long, or memorials and remonstrances by the folio. The one comes home by the shortest road; the others lose themselves in getting their unwieldy length through the narrow streets.—But to pass on.

"As to the manufacturing slave, he is different from all the servants in England! all other servants are well off, most too well off, if anything, for they are pampered. But these poor critters! oh, their lot is a hard one! Not from the corn laws, as their radical employers tell them; not because they have not universal suffrage, as demagogues tell 'em; nor because there are bishops that wear lawn sleeves instead of cotton ones, as the dissenters tell 'em; *but because there is a law of nature violated in their case.* The hawk, the shark, and the tiger, the bird, the fish, and the beast, even the reasoning brute, man, each, and all, feed, nurture, and protect those they spawn, hatch, or breed; it is a law written in the works of God. They have it in instinct, and find it in reason; and necessity and affection are its roots and foundation. The manufacturer alone obeys no instinct, won't listen to no reason, don't see no necessity, and hant got no affections. He calls together the poor, and gives them artificial powers, unfits them for all other pursuit,

works them to their utmost, robs all the people of their labour; and when he is too rich and too proud to progress, or when bad speculations ruin him, he deserts these unfortunate wretches whom he has created, used up, and ruined, and leaves them to God and their country to provide for."—Vol. ii. pp. 217-18.

The condition of our manufacturing slaves is indeed heart-rending; but to them alone, unfortunately, this description does not apply. It extends itself to all our labouring population. Can we wonder at discontent, when the workman cannot live by incessant labour, when the poor sewer of the garret feels thankful for ceaseless work, which he knows cannot afford him enough to live on, doled out to him by the contractor, who rolls in wealth? "Ah, sir," said a poor tailor in London, "I do feel thankful that Mr. — has given me this contract of making soldiers' trousers at sixpence a pair, though I know I can't make a living out of it; but when I see him riding about in his carriage, all along of such contracts, it be difficult to be right-minded!"

LUCY COOPER.

An Australian Tale.

CHAP. V.

ABOUT five months after this period, Mr. Kitley, who had given orders to admit no one to his presence, and who had been walking up and down his own room in evident and increasing perturbation, at length rung his bell; and when young Meredith stood before him, awaiting his orders, he suddenly collected himself, and said, "I must go to-night to Bathurst; you will be so good as to accompany me. I start at four o'clock, and travel in my own carriage. If you have any arrangements to make for yourself, you had better see about them at once." Meredith left the room: again Mr. Kitley's bell was rung. "Meredith," said Mr. Kitley, "get me a brace of carriage pistols. Go to Soames or Wilcox; tell them I want a pair that may be relied on. You will oblige me by seeing to the detail yourself."

In the course of an hour, the young man returned with his small portmanteau made up for the expedition, and a case of pistols, of very superior workmanship and formidable appearance. Mr. Kitley and Mr. Meredith examined them with much minuteness; and, having carefully loaded them with ball of which twenty made a pound, they were deposited in the case, and locked up. Mr. Kitley now talked cheerfully to his clerk; and the young man himself was elated with the thoughts of the expedition before him, glad to escape the routine of the dusty office, and honoured by the selection of himself to be his master's companion in travel. At four o'clock the travelling carriage drew up to the door. Mr. Kitley's own man was seated in the dicky behind, with great coats and upper benjamins, to enable him to pass the night in dignified comfort. Meredith had lodged his portmanteau under the seat, and placed his pistols in the carriage, awaiting, with some impatience, Mr. Kitley's return, to start from the tiresome metropolis into the country. In about half-an-hour, Mr. Kitley was seen to turn the corner: he passed through the office, and entered his own room; whence, about five o'clock, he issued forth, and, followed by Meredith, took his seat

in his carriage, and drove down George Street, in the direction of Parramatta. After about an hour's drive, they reached an inn by the road-side, and here Meredith was surprised to hear Mr. Kitley give orders to take the horses out, and to bring tea: a proceeding so wholly out of likelihood for a man hastening on important business to the interior, that Meredith became uneasy and watchful. In spite of every effort to throw off the habitual restraint of business, and to treat his young companion with easy kindness and condescension, Mr. Kitley every now and then became immersed in gloomy abstraction, and, leaving his chair, he paced the room in manifest perturbation. To relieve the embarrassment he felt, young Meredith occasionally quitted the room; he strayed into the garden, and then looked into the stable, and, whilst so employed, he recognised a horse belonging to the Honourable Claude Mac Catchit, which, with three others belonging to the officers of the regiment, was standing there. At this moment Claude entered the stable, and seeing Meredith, whom he knew, he gathered from him the particulars I have related. It required little penetration to find that something more was going on than was given out. And it occurred to Claude, that the journey to Bathurst, which had been announced at *Ægina*, somewhat elaborately, a whole week before, was a mere fiction of Mr. Kitley's, which, for reasons of his own, he had invented, to put him and Mrs. Kitley off their guard. A sensation of uneasiness had been increasing among the three, which, without any apparent diminution of confidence, had been distinctly felt on all sides. Claude's guilty mind, therefore, took immediate alarm, and he called Meredith on one side, and obtained from him a solemn promise that he would not inform Mr. Kitley that he had seen or communicated with him.

His next step was to take leave of his brother officers, who were well acquainted with his intimacy at Kitley's and had long entertained their own opinions of the nature of his proceedings there. When they became acquainted with the fact, therefore, that Kitley was in the house, they were not surprised at Claude's desire to leave them; nor at his wish, to keep from Mr. Kitley's knowledge that he was or had been in the house. Claude and his servant withdrew from the inn, taking a bush-road, and avoiding the public way, and, after riding a hundred yards into the thicket, he left his horse in the charge of his servant, enjoining upon him the necessity of lying close, and remaining where he was, ready to mount at a moment's notice. He now crept stealthily back, and took up such a position behind a tree as enabled him to observe all the movements of the place; resolved to ascertain what were Mr. Kitley's intentions. Here he turned over in his own mind a number of circumstances which had occurred at *Ægina*, and endeavoured to connect them together, with the present suspicious state of things, alarmed at the consequences of a discovery, which he well knew might already have been made, or was possible at any moment. It was now approaching to ten o'clock; all was still and silent about the inn, but candles were burning in Mr. Kitley's room. The shadow of that restless personage was distinctly visible against the wall and ceiling, as he paced backward and forward; and Claude finally resolved that he would continue where he was until he had watched Mr. Kitley to bed, or into his carriage, even though he should remain all night in the bush, and cause the greatest anxiety to Mrs. Kitley by his absence.

After a while, however, he was aware that some change was impending in the proceedings within the inn. The horses were harnessed, brought out, and attached to the carriage, and, in the course of a few minutes, Mr. Kitley stepped into it alone, and drove off with great speed towards Sydney, leaving Meredith and the valet behind him. Claude immediately returned to his

horse, mounted without loss of time, and followed at such a distance as to be quite sure of his object, without exposing himself to the observation of the chase. In this way they returned to town; and great was Claude's astonishment to find that Mr. Kitley, instead of taking the road to Aëgina, continued his way down George Street, until, at Hunter Street, the carriage suddenly stopped, Mr. Kitley alighted, and, wrapped in his cloak, glided silently down the street towards the landing-place in the (intended) Circular Quay. Here he stepped into a boat, and bade the waterman pull away from the shore, and, when they were almost out of hearing, he ordered him to make for Aëgina.

There was something in all this that spoke so directly to the guilty conscience of Claude, who had followed him very cautiously on foot, that, without further consideration, he stepped into another boat that was lying there, and, at such a distance as he considered safe, pursued Mr. Kitley in his clandestine track. The wind and tide were both adverse; the passage was long and fatiguing; so that it was nearly one o'clock before the first boat gained the little island of Salamis. To follow to this spot was too hazardous; besides, Claude well knew that there, at least, no *denouement* could occur either to his own or Mrs. Kitley's prejudice. He hastily determined, therefore, to land upon the rocky shore of Aëgina, and, dismissing his boatman, to conceal himself among the rocks and shrubs that rose precipitously from the sea, and there watch Mr. Kitley's further proceedings. Within a few yards of his concealment was the landing-place, constructed to facilitate the intercourse with this island, plainly within observation. Some time elapsed before Mr. Kitley's boat was again visible. It was clear, that whatever object had excited his jealousy, he had expected to find it in the luxurious bathing-lodge in that place; but it so fell out that his search was wholly ineffectual; nothing was to be found there of which he was in pursuit, nor did any living creature disturb the silence of the night. When he landed, it was manifest that he was prepared for some deed of violence, for in each hand he carried a pistol, and so with stealthy steps, and an air of cool determination, he advanced through the winding plantation, and avoiding the open lawn, upon which the sloping beams of the moon were beginning to pour their feeble rays, he reached a French door, which, from his own study, led to the lawn, and producing a key from his pocket, gained admittance without making the least noise. He now proceeded up the marble stairs with noiseless step, and reaching his own room door, paused a while to listen. The whole house was buried in repose. The lamp was burning feebly in the chimney, and shed a faint and doubtful light upon the bed, closely enveloped in white mosquito curtains. So much he could discern from the key-hole. His agitation was now at the height, and bitterest determinations armed his purpose. He struck a violent blow with the butt-end of his pistol upon the panel of the door, which was heard throughout the house. Mrs. Kitley, evidently awakened from sleep, rang her bell violently, and Mr. Kitley with a loud voice demanded instant admission. No sooner was this order complied with, than the furious husband rushed into the room, prepared, it would appear, for some horrid deed of vengeance, while Mrs. Kitley sank into an arm-chair, and bursting into an hysterical flood of tears, demanded to know the reason of this most outrageous proceeding.

Equally agitated, Mr. Kitley retired from his own room, and returning to his study, threw himself in a state of uncontrollable passion upon a sofa. He had evidently been baffled; yet his information was so precise and circumstantial, that he never hesitated for a moment in his persuasion of his wife's infidelity, and the treachery of the honourable Claude M'Catchit. Rage and indignation drove him almost to frenzy. It had been his full purpose to detect and destroy the guilty couple; and with this intention had he laid the

snare for their detection, which we have recorded. He was now, therefore, by the disclosure of his suspicions, prevented from the fulfilment of this horrible purpose. But he saw with accurate precision that the final ruin of his repose was effected; he had lost his wife, and thrown a fresh and more indelible disgrace upon his poor children. A deed of separation was immediately executed; and Mrs. Kitley left the house of Aëgina, never again to cross its threshold. After a few weeks, she embarked for Hobart Town, whither she was followed by Mr. Claude M'Catchit, who had thought it prudent to keep himself out of Mr. Kitley's way, equally unwilling to incur the lawless violence he was evidently capable of inflicting, or the more usual, though not less formidable, vengeance of the law. Here, on Mr. Kitley's allowance, the unhappy criminals lived for a while, regretting only their detection, and the costly splendour of Aëgina; but they gradually acquired habits of inebriety, and were fast sinking into extreme misery in mutual reproaches, when, one night, in a state of insensibility, they set fire to their curtains, and were burnt to death. Mr. Kitley continued to exercise his profession as heretofore; he came and went daily; he made arrangements for the education of his deserted children; but the canker-worm was at the root of all contentment, and from that unhappy hour never did he know a moment's satisfaction.

In almost any other country, and in any other state of society, Thomas Saunders would not only have been the last person selected to be steward and major-domo in a family so wealthy as Mr. Kitley's, but so far from gradually usurping the offices of housekeeper and governess, he would have been driven far away from all intercourse with the female part of the establishment, and the young ladies. Thomas Saunders, however, was good-natured enough to assume the direction of everything; and as Mr. Kitley had his head and hands full of other things, wholly foreign to our narrative, and little worthy of being recorded, he cared not how things went on, so that he was not troubled on the subject. The consequences were full of mischief to all the persons whose chance it was to be within reach of his influence, and Lucy Cooper was doomed to find that his love was as pernicious as his hatred. She had long felt that her only wisdom was to keep out of his sight, and to discontinue those snug little tea-parties, which we have already recorded. But Tommy was bursting with self-importance, and his successful career had made him believe nothing too difficult, nothing impossible for him. As he still continued to think Lucy Cooper a fit and proper partner for his own merits, and their splendid rewards, he persevered in paying her his elegant and assiduous attentions; occasionally offering to her acceptance valuable and costly trinkets; at other times, articles of female attire, or the captivating gifts of the butler's pantry. At distant intervals, Lucy had had the pleasure and advantage of a visit from Mrs. Webster, to whom she had duly related all these circumstances, together with a number of other points of management in the household, all tending to Mr. Saunders's personal emolument and advantage. Mrs. Webster lamented that she could not interfere to protect her young friend from this distressing condition; for all appeal to Mr. Kitley was rendered impossible, from his inaccessible mode of life; and she was by no means confident that she had sufficient proof to satisfy him of the true character and proceedings of his steward. She could therefore only recommend Lucy to be very guarded and watchful in all her movements; and to look upon Tommy Saunders as a man who would make no scruple about the means, so long as they served him to reach his proposed end. And with these friendly cautions, and their mutual earnest prayers, the young woman was again committed to the unwholesome influence of Mr. Kitley's household.

It was at this period, however, that a new state of things supervened at Aëgina. Among the women con-

stantly assigned and dismissed from Ægina, at length came Betsy Shindles, who was destined to make a material alteration in the fortunes of Mr. Saunders. This person has been mentioned as having shared the smiles of Dr. Caveat, at Feversham. She was a large and powerful woman, with a fresh complexion, and fierce black eyes; and though her features were coarse and vulgar, she could assume a very winning air whenever it suited her immediate interests. She was a native of London, where her father still kept a respectable shop, and brought up a large family with credit and comfort. This girl, however, had been perverse and wicked from the beginning; and after having for some time distressed her parents by her vicious propensities, she had entirely disappeared from her early neighbourhood, and had been transported from a distant town, under a fictitious name, so that her unhappy mother was still ignorant of the fate of this miserable and unfeeling woman. What she had gone through during the three years already spent in captivity, it is not our present purpose to record; everything had tended to confirm her evil propensities, and indulge all her irregular and pernicious habits. After a very few days, therefore, the household slaves of Ægina perceived the usual indications of Mr. Saunders' favour bestowed upon his new acquaintance, who profited by her entire exemption from hard work, and shared in the luxurious privileges of the butler's pantry. Mr. Saunders' morning face, heavier, whiter, and duller than usual, and his blood-shot eyes, betrayed the dissipation of his hours of darkness; and the flushings of intemperance spread over Shindle's brows with distinct colours. Persecution now awaited poor Lucy, of whom it was clear that the new favourite could not but be jealous; and who, notwithstanding her entire detestation of their course of life, was yet an object of concern to both these wicked people. The woman hated her, because she knew, with a full assurance of knowledge, instinctive to the female heart, that Mr. Saunders would have preferred her, if he had received the least encouragement; so she spared no insults, nor disdainful glances, whenever it chanced that they should meet. And this was the more common, as Shindle's indulgences were unlimited; and Mr. Kitley's absence from home left the beautiful grounds and alleys of Ægina entirely at the mercy of his servants, who sometimes manifested the greatness of their interest with the *factotum*, by taking the air among the costly flower-beds and plantations of this lovely spot. Here, therefore, whilst Lucy was waiting upon the children, she was occasionally encountered by Betsy Shindles, whose new bonnet and shawl, and red ribbons, were conspicuous at every corner. But Lucy had learnt to bear all this without murmuring, as a portion of the punishment awarded her—an evil inseparable from her condition; too happy if she could quietly escape, from day to day, from the entanglement of those evils which surrounded her. Indeed, it was part of her occupation to seek the most retired walks, and to shun all intercourse with every one; still the unavoidable commerce with her fellow-servants, the most depraved and unfeeling of mankind, terrified and distressed her; and it was upon these occasions that she felt most acutely the degradation into which she was plunged.

It was nearly a month after Betsy Shindle's arrival in Mr. Kitley's household, that Mr. Saunders, who, probably, had become a little fastidious, and was tiring of "his Elizabeth," as he was wont to call her, met Lucy at the end of a shady walk, terminated by a rustic alcove, which, in the possession of innocence and goodness, would have been a most lovely and delightful retirement from the turmoil of the world, and the fervours of the sun. Mr. Saunders, who had evidently sought this interview, and was attired in his most fascinating suit of brown jacket, with small pearl buttons, in closest proximity to each other; a full white shirt, projecting from his waistband, and fastened by four studs of opal; an ample shirt collar, covering his ears,

and expanded stiffly across each cheek; a loose handkerchief of bright blue silk, contrasting with the leaden blue of his close-shaven muzzle; and the long lock from either temple, greased and trained into symmetry with extreme care; these, with a pair of ducks, bursting at every seam with the grandeur of the wearer, completed the outward person of Mr. Thomas Saunders.

"How d'ye do, dear Lucy?" said this elegant personage. "I came out a' purpose to speak to you. Won't you except my harm?"

"Thank you," said Lucy, very quietly, as she walked by his side, but without taking his arm. "What would you say to me, Mr. Saunders?"

"Lucy, dear Lucy," sighed Mr. Saunders, and his great white jaws rivalled the complexion of his opal-studs; "I have some at werry serious to say to you!"

"O my!" rejoined Lucy, "I hope not!"

"Werry serious, indeed, upon my honour! I have long entertained the most serious thoughts about you. My peace of mind in futer is in your hands; and if you won't have me, I do not know whatever is to become of me."

By this time they had approached the alcove that was at the end of the walk, and as they entered it, Lucy replied to the last pensive thought of poor Tommy Saunders, as to what was to become of him, by saying—

"Betsy Shindles will secure your peace of mind, and take great care of you, never fear."

Lucy had hardly uttered this reference to her rival in Mr. Saunders' affections ere she reproached herself for having condescended to mention her; and at the same time she felt that Saunders would have reason to suppose he was not indifferent to her from the circumstance of her having made the allusion. But there was a still greater cause of regret, of which she was not aware; the said Betsy having, at that very instant, planted herself within earshot of the parties, whom she had followed down the walk, concealed by the thick and umbrageous hedge of monthly roses. Betsy Shindles had heard every syllable of the conversation, and was working up her passions to all their ungovernable violence.

"Lucy, my dear," continued Saunders, "do not mention her. I know my weakness there. But it is only a weakness. Can I approve of Betsy Shindles? Can I think of her vicious sperret, and rampaging tricks, with any satisfaction? O Lucy, Lucy, I want a wife; and it must be you, and not Betsy Shindles. Lucy, dear Lucy, dearest Lucy!"

"And are you sure you are serious, Mr. Saunders!" asked Lucy.

"Sure I am serious," rejoined he; "indeed I am. I never was more serious in all my life."

"Well," said Lucy, "and I am serious too. It is my fixed determination not to marry any man, so long as I am under the sentence of the law."

"Vell," said Saunders, "that need be no obstacle. Vell soon get your ticket, master and me."

"No, Mr. Saunders, until I am perfectly free I will never make any arrangement of the sort."

"Vell," said Saunders, "then I'll wait: that's a settled thing. You are so good, so werry nice a young 'ooman, that I'll wait at any rate."

"Yes, Mr. Saunders; you will wait, and console yourself with Betsy Shindles, or any one else that comes in your way. I am determined, Mr. Saunders; quite determined."

"Oh," said Saunders, "don't say so—dear Lucy—Betsy Shindles; I hate Betsy Shindles; I'll never speak to her again."

At this turn of the interview, when Tommy Saunders was preparing to throw himself on his knees at the feet of Lucy Cooper, after the most approved formulary, as he had seen it in action from the shilling gallery on the stage of Sadler's Wells, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of "his Elizabeth," who, with much ado, had maintained her equilibrium until now; but overcome at length, she rushed upon the scene, and

made at once for Lucy, whom she beat and tore with ungovernable violence, until, with Mr. Saunders' assistance, she contrived to extricate herself, and, with the children, make the best of her way to the house, terrified and bruised by the fists of Betty Shindles.

What passed between Mr. Saunders and "his Elizabeth," when Lucy had effected her escape; what altercation and reconciliation took place, and what projects for the future were arranged, need not be told at present. The amiable pair shortly afterwards left the summer-house in earnest conversation, and the last evening which Lucy spent at *Ægina* gradually melted into night.

In the failing light, whilst she was arranging her nursery, after having put the children to bed, Lucy heard some footsteps at her door; and on looking round she perceived that Mr. Saunders, accompanied by a sturdy man in a blue jacket, a yellow waistcoat, and white trousers, and belted with a black leathern girdle, from which hung a pair of handcuffs, advanced steadily towards her.

"That's the young 'ooman," said Saunders; "take her away."

The constable moved forward, and seized her by the arm; and, brandishing his heavy staff, blazoned with the armorial bearings of the Majesty of England, and the emphatic words "*Dieu et mon Droit*," he bade the terrified and fainting girl make no resistance, but come along with him without "hoppersition."

"Search her fust," said Saunders.

A rude and unmanly search was instituted; but they found nothing to their purpose about her person.

"Where are her clothes?" said the constable.

"Yes, where is her close!" said Mr. Saunders.

By this time, some of the women of the household had gathered together; and great was their triumph to see the poor girl committed to the custody of the ruffian constable. They all hated Lucy, of course. She was good-looking, decent, and well-behaved; and they felt the contrast to be exceedingly reproachful to themselves; and when the tears at length burst from her eyes, and her cheeks and lips recovered some of their natural colour, her beauty and distress drew fresh invectives from these horrid creatures.

"Here," exclaimed one of them, bringing Lucy's canvas bag forward, in which her slender wardrobe was deposited; "here is her kit: untie the strings yourself, and see what is in it." The constable proceeded to the window, and, emptying the bag of its various contents, at last produced from the very bottom a purple morocco case, containing a lady's gold watch, chain, and seals.

At the sight of these glittering objects, which the constable held up on high, full in the gaze of all the assembled household, various were the remarks, and various the effects of the display.

Poor Lucy clasped her hands together in desperate earnestness. "Good God!" she exclaimed, "I am undone."

"Come," said the constable, "it is no use making any fuss about it. You must come along with me." Lucy sobbed.

"It's no manner of use," said the constable.

One of the women brought her bonnet and shawl; and having placed them on the half-conscious Lucy, the officer of justice led her by the arm with his left hand, and with his right brandished the staff of his authority in a manner which the pale and trembling girl had no intention to gainsay; but which had a due effect upon the minds of all beholders. In this manner they set out upon their journey, the shades of evening gathering fast around them, and gradually wrapping their path in deeper obscurity, until a night of darkness, known only in tropical climates, took away from them all power of discerning anything before or around them. Three miles of open country lay before them, unenlivened by a gleam of light. Still, however, they slowly pursued their way, occupied with their own

thoughts, and rarely interrupting each other, except when a stone in the path or a hole threatened to throw them down. Lucy's consternation under the charge of robbery had hardly settled down into any definite terror; and the difficulty of her path, and her want of confidence in her companion, raised so many fresh alarms, that they acted advantageously upon her principal misfortune, by diverting her thoughts to what seemed more imminent and inevitable. But the constable's thoughts,—could she but have inspected the curious mechanism of his cranium, how greatly would she have been relieved from one class of terrors! the constable was full of the dignity of a constable's office, amazed at being no longer the prisoner; for all the New South Wales constables have been convicts. This man revolved the changes and chances of human things, and reflected upon the solemn trust now confided to his honour; this constable permitted his thoughts only to wander from the principal point to the stones and holes aforesaid, occasionally broken by the reminiscence of Mrs. Constable at home, and a certain 12s. 7d. due to the landlord of the Three Cupids for rum and tobacco. Could Lucy have known all this, great would have been her relief: but then she might have concentrated all her thoughts upon what must have given her unmitigated and almost intolerable agony.

At length, on reaching the acclivity of a steep hill, the lights of Sydney suddenly burst upon them, distant about half a mile. They reached the unfinished structure of St. Mary's, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of New South Wales; then they passed the Hyde Park Barracks, for the reception of the men employed upon the government works; St. James's Church; the Court House, whence issues all the law of New South Wales; and, after traversing a few streets of inferior description, they came at length to the Female Watch-house, at the back of the military barracks, and here, in a stone cell of six feet by three, was locked up, on a charge of robbery, Lucy Cooper, the heroine of our narrative, to await the determination of their worships on the following morning. Fatigue, hunger, and a sense of desolation weighed heavily upon this unhappy victim; she sobbed bitterly, and, ere very long, even whilst commending herself to Him who is the friend of the friendless, and a protector to all those who trust in Him, fell into a state of forgetfulness of all her troubles, from which she did not awake until the sun beamed into her cell through the narrow grating. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she was brought into the court for a hearing; and when rudely thrust into the place allotted for prisoners, there was something in her appearance which immediately secured the especial notice of the presiding magistrate, who was then somewhat disadvantageously known for his loose conversation among all ranks of women. His attention, however, was of material value in the investigation which ensued, the witnesses being duly mustered, and the charge announced for which she was now to be questioned. The finding of the watch having been set forth, the prisoner was asked what she had to say upon the subject, and Lucy, entirely bewildered by the danger of her situation, and hopeless of extricating herself from it, answered with considerable composure that she knew nothing whatever about it, had never seen the watch until it was produced from her bag, and that she was wholly innocent. The military magistrate had several young friends about him, for whose amusement he let fall sundry remarks upon Lucy's person, and the few words she had uttered, not forgetting the usual joke, on such occasions, that he saw very distinctly she was a "pretty innocent."

MARCO VISCONTI.¹

THE scene of this interesting tale, from which we are about to present our readers with one or two short extracts, is laid in the Milanese, during the disturbed period when the schism in the Church of Rome, in consequence of the existence of rival claimants for the papal chair, added to those other elements of confusion which were never absent from the turbulent republics of Italy, had reduced the bulk of the people to a most deplorable condition. Our space will not permit us to attempt even a sketch of the narrative, so as to do anything like justice to the author. He professes to be a disciple—and he is a worthy one—of the school of Manzoni: a high recommendation, but one which will at once suggest to those who are acquainted with it, the difficulty of an effective condensation of his narrative.

Marco Visconti is an historical character, possessing a large share of the excellences, and some of the vices, of the nobles of that period. He is brave, generous, and honourable, but ambitious, domineering, and self-willed; and, like most men of energetic passions, sufficiently ready to disregard the feelings and happiness of others, when chancing to stand in the way of any of his ambitious projects. In early life he had suffered a bitter disappointment in love. He had been betrothed to a lady whom he fondly loved, and who loved him with equal fondness in return; but her father desired to marry her to another. Treachery was employed to induce her to break her plight: a letter was forged in his name, renouncing his claim to her hand; and the love-tokens she had given him were stolen from his bedside while he slept, and returned to her in his name. The deceit was effectual; his inconstancy was believed; and she married her father's choice. The daughter of this lady is the heroine of the story. The whole course of Visconti's life was changed by this disappointment. After slaying the lady's treacherous father in a hostile rencounter, he enters wildly into the intrigues of politics and pleasure, for which the states of Italy afforded so much scope; and he appears before us, at the beginning of the tale, a stern, care-worn politician, with all the ingenuous freshness of youth entirely worn away.

His nephew, Ottorino Visconti, is a more amiable character. He also is brave and generous; more truly generous than his ambitious uncle, to whose interests he is ardently devoted, and whom he regards, on all occasions, with unqualified admiration. A marriage is contemplated by Marco between Ottorino and the daughter of a neighbouring noble, whose adherence he wishes to secure; but Ottorino having accidentally met with Bice, the daughter of the lady to whom Marco had been betrothed in youth, falls passionately in love with her, and seeks and obtains the consent of her parents to their union. The news of this attempted



interference with his plans is received with much displeasure by Marco, who treats his nephew very coldly in consequence. He soon becomes more actively hostile, and on more personal grounds, to the marriage. Bice, who is the very image of what her mother had been when young, accompanies her father to a great feast given by Marco. There he sees and converses with her; and the love which he had before felt for the mother returns, with increased power, in the person of the daughter. He now treats his nephew with unmitigated harshness; and employs all the means in his power, some of them not very worthy ones, to defeat his marriage.

The love of Marco for Bice becomes a madness, partaking of the terrible energy of his character. She who is the object of it remains utterly unsuspecting of the fatal secret, until, in the simplicity of her heart, she implores his interference, to save from death his nephew's faithful servant. Then the terrible truth bursts forth: he behaves with the wildest and most capricious violence, and throws her into a state of the utmost perplexity and distress. The terror excited in her mind by this scene prepares the way, naturally, for the catastrophe of the story. Marco's former love for his nephew is now changed into hatred; and he makes a singular attempt upon his life at a tournament; but an accident discovering to him there the continued attachment with which Ottorino still regards him, notwithstanding his

(1) Marco Visconti; from the Italian of Tomaso Grossi. We are indebted for the extracts here given, as well as for the engraving which accompanies them, to the new translation of the above work, lately published by Mr. Burns.

harsh coldness to him, he changes his design, and becomes much softened to him. In the meantime so many troubles thicken around them, that it is deemed best by Ottorino, and the friends of his bride, that their marriage should take place at once, and that they should leave Italy for a time. But a plot had been forming against them, of which they little dreamed, and which we cannot here undertake to unravel. The marriage ceremony takes place, and they set out on their journey, when Ottorino receives a letter, apparently from Marco, acknowledging his injustice towards him, and entreating his immediate aid in an important undertaking. This is a summons which, even on so interesting an occasion, Ottorino cannot refuse. He leaves his bride, promising, and confidently expecting, to return in a few hours. Hours pass, but he does not return; and she begins to be overwhelmed with anxiety, when a messenger arrives with a token from him, requesting her to put herself under his charge, and accompany him to a place where she will meet her husband. The whole, we need scarcely say, has been a trick. She is brought, with her female attendant, to a castle belonging to Marco, but under the charge of a villain, one of the parties to the plot we have referred to. She has been three weeks in this place daily expecting her husband, when our first extract opens.

The bride of Ottorino was at that moment reclining in a rich arm-chair; her attitude was that of languor and fatigue, and on her white hand she was resting her pale face, which gently bent over it. She wore a plain loose and flowing robe, as white as snow, and of a very fine texture, and beneath this mass of ample folds, were lost to sight those beautifully-formed limbs, which used once to fill them out so well, moving with such grace and freedom. Her long fair hair, parted on her forehead, surrounded and almost covered her face, which, from between those golden locks, shone with a cold and uniform whiteness, and was not relieved by the slightest tinge of vermillion, excepting round her lips, which still glowed with a faded hue of rose-colour.

But her eyes were the most remarkable feature in her face: those large blue eyes, which with a depth of softness and angelic innocence used to sparkle with the fire of vivacity: those eyes, which united to the modest dignity of a maiden an indescribable winning expression of kindness, of which they were themselves unconscious; those serene and tender eyes, which yet possessed a sprightly glance of tenderness, were now cast down, and sunken in her forehead, indicating a feebleness of frame, the result both of sorrow and fear.

Lauretta, seated at a small table, which stood between her and her mistress, was working at a piece of embroidery, which Bice had just laid down.

Bice, with her cheek resting on her palm, kept her face turned towards Lauretta, as if she were interested in the work; but her eye saw not, for her mind was at that moment obscured with the suspicions of secret terror.

At length she rose on her feet, and moved towards an open balcony. Her step was slow and languid. She leaned her elbows on the parapet, and stood some time gazing in silence on the scene which was before her. The setting sun, partly hidden by the top of a distant wood, shed over the broad and uniform plain between a faint and sickly light, only broken by the scattered and mournful shadows of some willows which rose here and there, from that humid soil. The dull heavy atmosphere resounded with the loud monotonous croaking of the frogs, from the fens, pools, marshes, and swamps, which covered that part of the country in its full extent; a thick grey mist began to rise by degrees, spreading a veil over the neighbouring objects, rendering those which were fading, more and more obscure,

and entirely concealing those which were more distant. At first, some of the sun's rays penetrated, with difficulty, this cold thick cloud, but by degrees these were waning and dying away, like the light in the eyes of one who is expiring, till at length the vapours having gained the ascendant, and the sun having set, all light was extinguished, and it seemed as when one closes his eyes in death.

This sunset, so different from those brilliant and gorgeous sunsets, which the unfortunate Bice was wont to contemplate among her native mountains, recalled them so painfully to her mind, that she quitted the balcony, and returned to the table on which the lamp, which Lauretta had just lighted, was burning with a faint, reddish light. She threw herself into the chair, and exclaimed, "O Lord! my torment is too great."

When the place of Bice's confinement is discovered, Marco himself, having received a most affecting letter from her mother entreating for aid, proceeds to her rescue.

Our two horsemen arrived before the walls of the Castle of Rosate when day was just beginning to dawn. Marco gave the usual signal, the drawbridge lowered, the gate was thrown open, and he rode, in company with Lupo, under the gateway; but neither there, nor in the adjoining court, was one living soul to be seen.

The porter, recognising the Lord of the Castle, was going to ring a bell, in order to announce his arrival, but Marco, making a sign to him not to do so, immediately enquired for Pelagrua.

"He went out last night," replied the gate-keeper, "and he has not returned since. A courier from Milan," added he, "has even now arrived with a letter for him, very pressing it would appear."

"Where is this courier?"

"Here, in my apartment, blaspheming like an Arian at the delay."

"Send him instantly to me, in the red hall. If Pelagrua return in the meanwhile, let him enter, but let no one go forth without orders from me. Do you understand?"

"Not even the Castellan on his return?"

"No one."

"I will not deviate the least from your commands."

Marco, having crossed a large court, went into the hall he had indicated, to await the courier. A few minutes after, the man appeared; and Marco, going towards him, seized him by one arm, saying, "Give me that letter."

The fellow, who by the faint light which penetrated the room at that hour, had not, at first, recognised who it was that spoke to him, and treated him thus, tried to free his arm and to defend himself, struggling, and replied, "My orders are to deliver it into no one's hands but those of the Castellan."

Marco shook him with still greater violence, dragged him to a window, and replied, in a terrible voice, "Give me the letter."

By the light which came in through the casement, the poor wretch saw the face of the famous Captain, and replied, turning pale, and trembling, "Pardon me, for I did not know you. . . In truth, my master. . . but you . . . you are the master, here, here is the letter;" and drawing it from his vest, he delivered it to him.

Marco opened the letter, ran his eyes over it rapidly; but the name of the writer was not signed; he read the contents, and they were as follows:—

"MISERABLE VILLAIN,

"By this time you should have despatched the business, as we agreed the other day. The devil take you, for having delayed so long! What plan can you follow, now that Marco is in Milan? Yes, he has arrived this very night, and to-morrow he may fall upon you. Be quick, cursed knave! Be quick! Let this letter set you on fire! Destroy every trace of the deed, efface

every indication, foresee, repair. . . . Remember, scoundrel, that your life is in jeopardy."

The Visconte shuddered with horror; a cold thrill passed over him; his hair bristled: and, striking the courier on the face with his fist, he exclaimed, "Who gave you this letter?"

This question was asked in a tone which left no room for evasion. The man, thus interrogated, laying aside all excuse, replied at once, "Lodrisio gave it to me."

"If you wish to leave this place alive," said Marco, "tell me what kind of transactions this man has with my Castellan."

But the other, half stupified with terror, looked in the face of the questioner, with his eyes staring, but making no reply.

"Do you know," continued Marco, raising his voice to a louder pitch, "do you know to what affairs the writing you have brought relates?"

The messenger comprehended nothing, and still remained silent.

"Do you know it? miscreant, poltroon!" cried the Lord of the Castle, furiously, shaking him roughly by the shoulders.

"Mercy!" replied the man, as if aroused, and terrified. "I know nothing; I have only obeyed my master, who said to me 'Take that letter to Pelagrua,' and I have brought it. . . . On the faith of a Christian man, I swear to you, that I know nothing else; you may kill me on the spot, but I have nothing more to say."

"We will see about it afterwards; meanwhile, beware if you set foot outside this Castle."

Saying this, Marco hurried away to the quarters of the Castellan. He knocked; and a maid-servant having opened the door to him, he told her he wished to speak instantly to Pelagrua's wife.

The maid without knowing him, ushered him into a room, where the Castellan's wife came to him in a few minutes, just as she was, with a child in her arms.

"Where is your husband?" enquired Visconti of her, in a stern voice, the moment she appeared.

The poor woman, horrified at finding herself suddenly in the presence of her Lord, and at being questioned in such a manner, started back a few paces, pressing her little child to her bosom, and she answered, hesitating, "He went out last night, and I know not whither he has gone."

"Read this letter," said Marco, presenting Lodrisio's writing to her, "and explain to me instantly the mystery which lies underneath it."

The poor woman looked timidly over the fatal document; then falling on her knees before him who had given it to her, she said with a torrent of tears, "Oh! have mercy on my unfortunate husband."

"Speak; what do these words signify?" interrupted Marco.

"Yes; I will tell all, all I know."

"Rise then, and speak."

The poor frightened woman rose to her feet, and began, trembling and sobbing: "I told him so many times, I entreated, I supplicated; the Lord is my witness."

"I ask about Bice!" interrupted Marco again, almost roaring the words. "Tell me what has become of her: is she living?"

"She is living, and has been here more than a month," replied the woman.

"Is she alive? Is she here?" repeated the Visconte, breathing freely.

"Yes," continued the Castellan's wife. "Yesterday, before it grew dark, I saw her attendant at a window, whence she usually makes me understand by signs, all that happens, and all her mistress requires. She signified to me that she was tranquil; the poor girl has been ill for some time past."

"Be quick! take me to her, for I would see her instantly; on the spot, I tell you!"

The woman placed her child in the arms of the maid-

servant, and said to Marco, "Come then with me." They went down a small staircase, turned to the left under a portico, whence they emerged into a court, which they crossed; this led into a long, dark passage; and, after many windings and turnings, they came out, at length, into another solitary little court. When they reached this, the Castellan's wife said, raising her hand towards some windows above, which were in a wall opposite to them, "She is in there, together with a faithful young waiting-woman, who was brought here with her."

"Let us go to her immediately," said Marco; and he already placed his foot on the first stair of a staircase which led up to it; but then he paused, stopped a moment, thinking, and added, "No, do you go up alone; I will remain here; for the sight of a man . . . for the sight of me . . . Encourage her, tell her to be of good cheer, for she will soon see her mother . . . for she shall return to her house . . . Tell her that I . . . No, no, do not speak to her of me, do not mention my name; tell her all that can be done for her good, promise her all that she asks for."

"But have you really come to liberate her?" enquired the Castellan's wife, timidly, "for I have not the heart to betray the poor creature . . ."

"May I die excommunicated, may my body never repose in consecrated ground, if I do not tell you the truth!"

"The Lord bless you!" exclaimed the woman, clasping her hands.

"Then," said Visconti, "to save time, while you go up to bring her the first consolation, I will go and send off a messenger to her parents, that they may come directly."

So saying, he turned back; went over the ground he had just passed, reached the principal court, found Lupo, ordered him to get to horse immediately, and hasten to Milan with the greatest speed to which he could put the best courser in the stables, in order to inform the Count and Countess de Balzo, that their daughter was found, and pray them to come quickly to Rosate, and see her, and conduct her back to her home themselves.

While Marco was occupied in this, the wife of Pelagrua went up the stairs, came out into a gallery, and approaching the door which led into Bice's apartments, she knocked gently, allowing her voice to be heard at the same time. No one replied. She put her ear to the key-hole, and heard not the slightest word or breath; she knocked louder, enquired for Lauretta, enquired for Bice; no answer. She went to a large window, secured by a grating, which looked into the second chamber, she tapped against the glass with her finger, she called within, first to the maid, then to her mistress; no one stirred; she went back to the door, knocked, shook, and beat against it, but all in vain.

The poor woman felt a death-like chill come over her. What could have happened to the captives? She thought on Lodrisio's letter, and shuddered; she thought on Marco, and would gladly have fallen dead at the moment, or have been buried a thousand fathoms under ground, that she might not have to appear before him with such tidings. What was she to do, then? Hide herself? Fly? But whither? how? And Visconti, if he did not see her immediately, would suspect her also; and if her husband came back in the meanwhile? . . . She turned her eyes towards heaven, and said, "Lord, I am in Thy hands;" then with the resignation of a pious heart, she returned towards the apartments which she knew Marco inhabited, when he was at the castle.

She was just entering the first hall, when she saw him appear under the wing of a portico, at the moment when he was coming back, after he had sent Lupo to Milan. He perceived her instantly, quickened his pace to rejoin her, and as soon as he was near enough to be heard by her without shouting, he anxiously enquired, "Well, have you comforted her? Have you told her that her mother will be here in a few hours? How is she? What is she doing?"

Instead of answering, the woman covered her face with her two hands, and burst into tears.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Marco, suddenly changing his expression of calm enquiry into one of horror and desperation; "what has happened to her? . . . speak, tell me instantly; . . . tell me as you value your life;" and while he said this, he grasped her by the hand.

"She is not to be found," replied the Castellan's wife, in a voice broken and suffocated by sobs; "she is no longer in her apartments."

"Vile crew! Ye are all infamous traitors," Marco began to shout, like one possessed. "But I thank Heaven, ye are in my custody; murderers, yes, ye are in my power, and blood shall be atoned by blood." Meanwhile he struck his forehead violently with one hand, and squeezed that of the poor woman with the other; she believing her last moments had arrived, raised her eyes towards Heaven, with a look of such touching supplication, that the hardest heart must have been moved to pity.

Visconti was touched; he dropped the hand of Pelagrus's wife, and fixed his eyes on her face; while she said, still weeping, and lifting up to Heaven that hand which had become quite bruised from the strong compression of his grasp: "God is my witness—I am innocent!"

"And I believe you," said Marco. "Reassure yourself, good woman; have no more fear of me." But seeing that she ceased not from weeping, he again resumed his more peremptory and impatient manner: "Rise then, I tell you; rise, and tell me all you know."

The search proceeds; and the following is the account of its success.

Suddenly, many voices at once called out, from the side opposite that where Marco was standing, "She is here! She is here! She is found, she is found!" All the others throwing down their tools, answered with another shout of joy, and ran precipitately to the place. The burning of so many flaring torches cast a flickering light over the long dark vaults of the intricate labyrinth.

"Is she alive?" demanded Marco, in the midst of the crowd which pressed forward.

"She is dead!" replied a voice from the spot to which all were directed.

A group of people now emerged; and in the centre of it two squires were seen, tenderly bearing the Count's daughter in their arms. Her face was pale, her eyes were closed, and her head was hanging back, over one shoulder. Lauretta followed, with hair dishevelled, and supporting with her hands the forehead of Bice, which she ceased not to kiss and water with her tears.¹

Marco, whose heart resounded with the first accents of hope and of death, could not persuade himself that the spectacle was real, when he saw this mournful procession slowly advancing, and by the light of the numerous torches, gradually distinguished the beautiful form, the pallid countenance of the young girl as she was carried. He still hoped that he was labouring under the fanciful delusion of a dream. To convince himself, he stretched out his hand as if stupified; now feeling the walls, now pressing the arms and shoulders of those who passed by him; at length, making his way through the crowd, which immediately opened to let him pass, he approached Bice, and laid his hand on her brow. The cold feel of what he touched recovered him from the stupor and benumbed sensation that had come upon him. An increasing tremour crept over all his limbs; the blood rushed violently to his face, swelling the veins of his forehead, on which the large drops of perspiration stood.

She was not dead, however, although beyond hope of recovery. We conclude with the account of her death.

Towards evening, the invalid, who felt herself growing

worse and worse, asked for a confessor. She remained for some time with an old Benedictine, who was summoned to her assistance, after which she desired to see her parents.

"Hark! my daughter," said her father, "Ottorino is not yet come, but we expect him before day-break."

She became agitated, and replied, "Ottorino, my husband! my dear husband! . . . If the Lord would have vouchsafed me this boon, . . . if I could but have seen him before I die!"

"Sacrifice your desire to Him," said the pious monk.

"Offer your husband to Him who gave him to you, and adore that eternal counsel of justice and mercy which accepts this sacrifice of your heart in expiation of your sins, and as a remedy to save your soul."

Poor Bice joined her hands, and raised her eyes to Heaven, in token of a heartfelt assent, but a sad resignation. Ermelinda exclaimed, laying one hand on her head, "Oh, my child!—my beloved child! am I then to lose you! What will remain for me in this world without you, for you were my comfort, my only consolation!"

Her daughter hung down her head and wept; after a minute she replied, sobbing:—

"Consolation, did you say! And what consolation have you ever derived from this miserable being, whose waywardness has scattered so many thorns over your path? Oh! dearest mother, I do not ask for your pardon, because I know that you have already forgiven all; and you, too, my father, you have also forgiven me, have you not?"

Ermelinda and the Count were so choked with tears, that they could not utter a word. They were all silent for some time.

During this interval Lauretta, after bringing some kind of restorative beverage to the patient, had thrown herself into a chair beside the bed, and, overcome by exertion and fatigue, she gradually bent down her head over the bed-clothes, and fell asleep. Bice, who perceived this, without removing the hand which was resting on her shoulder, motioned with the other to those standing round her, that they should be silent, and not make any noise. She, herself, as she now and then exchanged a few words with the Confessor, lowered her voice, which was of itself almost gone; and the pious monk, touched by this tender solicitude, followed her example. At first, Bice had perpetually required the sheets or the pillows to be smoothed; one minute wishing to be lifted up, another to be turned on her side—as sick persons are wont to do when they can find no repose on any side,—now, however, she constrained herself to lie still in the position she was in, hardly daring to draw her breath, for fear of disturbing her beloved attendant, on whose face she fixed her eyes with an expression of tender compassion.

When Lauretta awoke the day was beginning to dawn, and the slender flame of the lamp which was placed by the bedside, was growing dim, before the first gleams which came in through the opposite casement.

On awaking, she stared round her with astonishment, not knowing at the first moment where she was, till she encountered the eyes of Bice, who smiled kindly at her, saying,—“You are here with me—you are with your dear Bice.” Lauretta looked down, grieved and ashamed because the frailty of the body should have been able to make her forget her cherished mistress for one instant, in such an extremity. But Bice, who divined the thought of her affectionate companion, knew how to comfort her quickly, by imposing on her every little service she needed, and by graciously receiving all the tender offices which Lauretta performed with redoubled zeal.

An hour after sunrise Bice said she felt weary, and that she wished to repose; she lay down, closed her eyes, and slept awhile; but her slumbers were broken and uneasy. All at once she shook herself as if startled—raised her head from the pillows, and fell back instantly:

(1) See engraving, page 201.

a cold perspiration came upon her face—her breathing ceased—her pulse fluttered. There was a general fear, and all thought she was gone. This was, however, a mere transient oppression on the heart—a fainting fit from which she soon recovered: and on seeing those she loved standing round her in despair, she said:—

“Why are you weeping? I am still with you.”

They all gathered round her, and after she had regained her breath, she turned to her mother, and continued:—“Still I feel that life is passing from me, and that my hour is near. Now then be calm, and receive my last words—the last wishes of my heart.”

She took a ring from her finger, and gave it to Ermelinda, saying:—“It was given me by Ottorino, in your presence—the symbol of a knot which was decreed to be of short duration in this world, but which will be renewed in Paradise If it is granted to you to see him again, give it into his hands, that he may one day show it to me and also tell him, that in this solemn hour, while I tremble at the thought that I shall so soon be alone in the hands of the Lord, I entreated him to do me one favor, for the love he has borne me,—for his own, for my eternal salvation,—I entreat him not to call any one to account for what I have suffered in this world.”

She leaned back for a few minutes, then indicating her attendant, who sat at the foot of the bed, with a slight nod, she added:—“I need not recommend her to you; you have ever had her under your own eye, and in your heart; but after all that she has endured for my sake, she would have been to me as a sister, so let her be as a daughter to you She will be more obedient to you than this one, whom you have loved too well.” And turning to Lauretta, she said:—“Will you promise me?”

“Oh! yes,” replied the girl, “I will never forsake her while I live: I will always remain with her. I will be entirely hers.”

Bice was silent after this, as she felt her strength failing her. She remained a long time as if in a stupor; at last, slowly opening her eyes, she turned them towards the window, through which the sun's rays were shining in, murmuring to herself, “Oh, my dear mountains!”

Her mother drew closer to her, and Bice, with difficulty, raising her voice, which was becoming every instant more feeble and tremulous, uttered these words, in broken sentences:—“There, in the holy Church-yard of Limonta, in that little Chapel . . . where my poor brother lies . . . where we have prayed together . . . and wept together so often . . . Let me rest by his side . . . You will go there alone to pray and weep for us both . . . I shall have the best wishes of those good people . . . Salute them all for me . . . and poor Marta, who has a son also in that holy place”

Her mother, more by signs than by words, for her utterance was impeded by tears, assured her that every wish should be fulfilled. Then the Monk, perceiving that the suffering girl had but a few moments to live, put on his stole, gave her his blessing, and began to recite the prayers for the dying, over her. All knelt round the bed and responded, sobbing. Bice, also, sometimes with her voice, sometimes with a slow and fervent inclination of her head, showed that she was taking part in the aspirations expressed in those holy words. Her calm and placid countenance gave testimony to the peace of that devout spirit, which, in the midst of the pangs of death, tasted beforehand the bliss of another life.

But suddenly, the silent stillness which prevailed in that room was broken by the noise of hurried footsteps ascending the staircase. All eyes were turned to the door. The Castellan's wife, getting up, went to meet the two individuals who were approaching, and spoke a few words to them. One of the two paused on the threshold, but the other, rushing into the room, threw himself on his knees, at the foot of the bed, pressed and

kissed the bedclothes, and inundated them with a flood of tears.

Ermelinda, the Count, and Lauretta, immediately recognised Ottorino; the others guessed who it was.

The young man had just arrived from the castle of Binasco, in company with him in whose name he had been detained prisoner, and who had gone in person to set him at liberty.

The dying girl, disturbed by this sudden noise, languidly opened her eyes, without being able to distinguish the new comer, who was concealed from her view by those standing about, and enquired what it was.

“Praised be God!” exclaimed the Confessor, with emotion. “You accepted the bitter trial from Him; you accepted it with resignation and gratitude; receive, with the same mind, the blessing He now grants you.”

“What? Ottorino!” said Bice, in the agonies of death, making a last effort to pronounce his name.

“Yes, your husband,” repeated the Priest; and, going to the young Knight, he made him rise from his knees, and brought him to her. Bice fixed on him her two eyes, which sparkled with a ray on the point of being extinguished, stretching out her hand, over which he bent his face, agitated, but no longer tearful. After a moment, the expiring girl drew her hand gently back, and showing it to her husband, she at the same time pointed to her mother, and tried to say something, without being able to articulate the words distinctly. The Monk guessed her desire, and turned to Ottorino—

“She wishes to tell you of the wedding ring she has entrusted to her mother, and which you will receive from her.” A smile brightened the countenance of Bice, signifying that he was right. Then Ermelinda quickly drew the ring from her finger, and gave it to Ottorino, who kissed it, and said, “It shall descend with me into the grave.”

“Your wife has also bequeathed a petition to you,” continued the priest; “she prays you to lay aside all thoughts of revenge, if ever you entertained any in your heart. ‘Vengeance belongeth to the Lord.’”

Bice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on the countenance of Ottorino, who stood with his head hung down, and made no answer; but the confessor took the irresolute young man by the arm. “Well,” he asked, in a grave and severe tone, “do you promise? Do you promise this to your wife, who, at the last step from life into death, from time into eternity, asks it of you as a favour, imposes it upon you as a duty, in the name of that God, before Whom she is about to appear?”

“Yes, I promise it,” replied Ottorino, giving way to a burst of tears. Bice thanked him, with a look full of angelic mildness, which plainly showed that she had nothing more to wish for in this world.

After this, the Priest signed to the bystanders, who knelt down again, and he went on with the prayers that had been interrupted. In this moment of suspense and universal silence, she who lay at the point of death seemed the only one who was aware of the suppressed sound of sobs, coming from the next room; and she slowly raised her eyes to her mother's face, as if enquiring who it was; but Ermelinda hid her face in her hands, for she could not bring herself to pronounce that name; the Priest, however, bending over Bice, said to her, in a low voice, “Pray for him, pray especially for him; he is Marco Visconti.”

She gently inclined her head in token that she did so; and they never saw her raise it. She had breathed her last.

One of the most pleasing points in this work, is the graphic vigour of the delineation of the character of the Italian peasantry; a character compounded of naïve simplicity and acuteness—easily persuaded, and unquestioning on all points relating to religious belief, but keen and penetrating in the perception of character.

There are also scenes in the book of much pathos. The passages we have quoted will recall to the reader's recollection the catastrophe of Kenilworth; and there is another, the death of the fisherman's son, which is not unworthy of being placed by the side of the similar scene in the *Antiquary*.

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

January 19.—On this day, 1247, ROBIN HOOD is supposed to have died. Albeit a robber and an outlaw, his popularity was unbounded among our English ancestors. The old ballads, still extant, which celebrate his feats of prowess and generosity, are very numerous; and his remembrance was kept alive for centuries, not only by those traditional lays, but also by those dramatic representations which formerly enhanced the joys of May in every town and village of "merrie England." The true history of this worthy, for such, on the whole, he seems to have been, notwithstanding the questionable character of his occupations, is involved in deep obscurity. One of the versions of his biography is as follows:—His real name was Fitz-Ooth. His grandfather, Ralph Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Kyme, whose name appears in the roll of Battle Abbey, came over to England with William Rufus, and was married to a daughter of Gilbert de Gient, Earl of Lincoln. His father, William Fitz-Ooth, was a ward of Robert, Earl of Oxford, who, by the king's order, gave him his niece in marriage, the third daughter of Lady Roisia de Vere, Countess of Essex. Having dissipated his fortune, Robin Ooth, or Hood, joined a band of depredators, and, as their chief, levied heavy contributions for his support on all such as he deemed rich enough to bear the loss. He was celebrated for his courage, skill in archery, and kindness to the poor, who often shared with him in the plunder he had taken.

"It is said," writes Baker, in his "*Chronicles*," "that he was of noble blood; at least made noble, no less than an earl, for deserving services; but having wasted his estate in riotous courses, very penury forced him to this course."

Some historians have affirmed Robin Hood was only a name assumed by the Earl of Huntingdon, who was disgraced and banished the Court by Richard I. at his accession. The old ballads, however, say nothing of this, and the only authority for it appears to be the outlaw's epitaph (cited below), the authenticity of which has been greatly doubted, although Ritson, the most fastidious of antiquaries, seems inclined to admit its genuineness.

Robin is reported to have lived till 1247; but Baker, in his "*Chronology*," supposes that he died in the reign of Richard I. "The king," he says, "set forth a proclamation to have him apprehended. It happened he fell sick at a certain nunnery in Yorkshire, called Kirklees, and desiring to be let blood, was betrayed, and made to bleed to death." According to some traditions, the robber was reconciled to his sovereign, feasted him in the "gay green wood," and subsequently gained all his lands and honours. Among such conflicting statements, it is impossible to arrive at any certain conclusion in reference to the rank, &c., of this popular personage. Two points, however, respecting him are clearly ascertained, *i. e.* the *period* and the *scene* of his exploits. "In this time," says

Stow, in allusion to the year 1190, "were many robbers and outlaws; among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods despoiling and plundering the goods of the rich; they killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence. The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoils and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeyes, and the houses of rich earls: whom Major (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft; but of all thieves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle thief."

The principal scene of Robin's exploits was "merry Sherwood." "The reliques of the old forest," says Washington Irving, "are few and scattered; but as to the bold outlaw who once held a kind of freebooting sway over it, there is scarce a hill or dale, a cliff or cavern, a well or fountain, in this part of the country, which is not connected with his memory." A few miles distant from Newstead Abbey, and at no great distance from the oak of Ravenshead, one of the last survivors of old Sherwood, is a small cave which goes by the name of Robin Hood's stable. It is in the breast of a hill scooped out of brown freestone, with rude attempts at columns and arches. Within are two niches, which served, it is said, as stalls for the outlaw's horses. To this retreat he retired when hotly pursued by the law; for the place was a secret even from his band. The cave is overshadowed by an oak and elder, and is hardly discoverable even at the present day; but when the country was overrun with forest, it must have been completely concealed. A niche in one of a chain of rocky cliffs called Kirkby crags, is named Robin Hood's chair. It commands a wide prospect over the valley of Newstead, and here the outlaw is said to have taken his seat, and kept a look out on the roads below, watching for merchants or nobles, and other wealthy travellers, upon whom to pounce down, like an eagle from his eyrie. An account of the many valorous and courtly deeds of Robin Hood would occupy far more space than we can spare even for so gentle a robber. Of Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and Little John, the outlaw's favourite companions, we shall probably make mention hereafter. The story of Allan-a-dale, another of Robin's celebrated followers, has been told in a modern ballad, which we here transcribe:

The dew-drops lay like diamonds sheen,
And the lark piped shrill with joy,
When Robbin met in the forest green
A tall and handsome boy:
His face it was with weeping wan,
And a tearful tale he said—
How the girl he loved with a vile old man
That morn would be forced to wed.

For her father was a griping knave,
And the baron, her suitor old,
A costly price for the lady gave—
A store of rich gems and gold:
And in Newstead Abbey, the youth averred,
Would the cruel deed be done,
By the wily Bishop of Hereford,
Or the Abbot, his sister's son.

Then Robin took a tuneful lyre,
And a brave disguise put on,
(For fiercely glowed the outlaw's ire.)
And called to his crony John.
"Follow," he cried, "with my merry men all
Who revel in green wood gay,
For a pleasant feat must be done and shall,
By you and your chief to-day."

Then hastened he to the holy place,
Where the bridal train had gone,
And sweetly smiled in the lady's face,
And wakened his harp's sweet tone:
Full sternly the baron, that vile old man,
Did scowl on the stranger bold—
The Prelate he muttered the Church's ban,
The friars, their beads they told.

But Robin laughed out loud and long,
Aye loud and loud laughed he,
Then his silver call the archer rung,
And his troop hurried in with glee;
And he took from the bishop, with scoff and jest,
His mitre and staff of gold,
And stout little John in a vestment drest,
And bade him the mass-book hold.

Thus Alice was wedded to Allan-a-dale,
And many long years lived they
With Robin the outlaw,—so runs the tale—
And revelled in green-wood gay:
And her father he stormed, the miserly knave,
For the baron, her suitor old,
His wealth to the Abbey of Newstead gave,
A store of rich gems and gold.

J. F. RUSSELL.

At Kirklees, in Yorkshire, formerly a Benedictine nunnery, is a grave-stone, near the park, under which, according to tradition, Robin Hood lies buried. There are the remains of an inscription upon it, which, however, is quite illegible. Mr. Ralph Thoresby has preserved a copy of the epitaph, which, in modern phraseology, runs thus:—

"Here, underneath this little stone,
Lies Robin, Earl of Huntingdon;
No archer was as he so good,
And people called him Robin Hood;
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again."

January 20.—S. Agnes' Eve.

"They told her how, upon S. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adoring from their loves receive,
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine, their beauties lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven, with upward eyes, for all that they desire."

KEATES.

The above verse of a very beautiful poem alludes to the many kinds of divination practised on this day by virgins to discover their future husbands. Burton, in his "Anatomie of Melancholy," speaks of maids fasting, on S. Agnes' Eve, with this object; and the reward of their abstinence is thus alluded to by Ben Jonson:—

"And on sweet S. Agnes' night,
Please you with the promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

Old Aubrey directs that, "Upon S. Agnes' night, you take a row of pins, and pull out every one,

one after another, saying a Paternoster, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him or her you shall marry."

January 21.—S. Agnes' Day.

S. Agnes was a Roman virgin and martyr, who suffered in the tenth persecution, under the Emperor Diocletian, 306. About eight days after her martyrdom, her parents, going to lament and pray at her tomb, beheld a vision of angels, among whom was their daughter, and a lamb standing by her as white as snow; on which account it is that she is usually figured with a lamb by her side. She has always been esteemed a special patroness of purity.

The "Popish Kingdom" contains the following account of the observance of this festival at Rome:—

"In Saint Agnes' Church, upon this day, while Mass they sing,
Two lambs as white as snow the nuns do yearly use to bring;
And, when the Agnus chanted is, upon the altar high,
(For in this thing there hidden is a solemn mystery)
They offer them. The servants of the Pope, when this is done,
Do put them into pasture good till shearing time do come;
Then other wool they mingle with these holy fleeces twain,
Whereof, being spun and dressed, are made the palls of passing gain."

These palls, so made, consist of white cloth of the finest texture. They are duly consecrated, and sent by the Pope to newly-appointed archbishops. "The Bishops of Rome," says Mr. Palmer, "gradually acquired authority over the Metropolitans of the West by conferring on them the *pall* (or *pallium*), which was an ornament originally given to the patriarchs of the Roman Emperors, and which, from the sixth century, the patriarchs of Rome bestowed on those bishops whom they constituted their vicars. "This honour became an object of extreme desire to the Western Metropolitans and Bishops; and, from the middle of the eighth century, the Metropolitans generally began to receive it. But they were obliged to solicit it earnestly, and at length to go to Rome for the purpose; and, in fine, about the end of the eleventh century, it was represented by the Popes as essential to the discharge of the duties of Metropolitans; and, this point being gained, the Metropolitans were at last compelled to take oaths of obedience to the Pope before they could obtain their palls." So expensive were these ensigns of dignity (or subjection) that an Archbishop of Canterbury has paid 5,000 florins for the privilege of wearing one. The pall was originally only a stole wound round the neck, with the ends hanging down behind and before. Mr. Hart, in his "Ecclesiastical Records," calls it "a narrow vestment, passing over the shoulders, and hanging down before, with crosses worked upon it."

Stopford, in his "Pagano Papismus," 1678, describes the ancient ceremony of the *Blessing of Sheep*, on S. Agnes'-day. The sheep, he relates, were brought into the church, and the priest, having blessed some salt and water, read, in one corner, this gospel, "To us a child is born," &c., with the whole office, a farthing being laid upon the book and taken up again; in the second corner he read this gospel, "Ye men of Galilee," &c., with the whole office, a farthing being laid upon the book, as before; in the third corner he read this gospel, "I am the good Shepherd," &c., with the whole office, as before; and in the fourth corner he read this gospel, "In these days," &c.,

with the whole office, as before. After that, he sprinkled all the sheep with holy water, saying, "Let the blessing of GOD, the FATHER ALMIGHTY, descend, and remain upon you, in the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen." Then he signed all the sheep with the sign of the cross, repeated thrice some Latin verses, with the Paternoster and Ave Marias, sung the Mass of the HOLY GHOST, and, at the conclusion, an offering of fourpence was for himself, and another of three-pence was for the poor.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

LAY OF THE MAIDEN.

[S. M.]

My heart is light, my fancy free,
My morn of womanhood,
Fresh as the wind that sweeps the sea
Is chainless and unwooded;
The thoughts my bosom's realm that fill
Are vassals only of my will.

My soul flings wide her hundred gates,
Wide as their span can reach,
For universal beauty waits
To enter in, through each;
The mighty tome of earth and skies,
I ponder with unwavering eyes.

The hush of woods, the hum of brooks,
The myriad shapes of art,
The boundless treasury of books,
The voice of friends, impart
A glory and a bliss to me,
Perfect in pure tranquillity.

And all serene and holy loves
Are tenants of my breast,
Separate yet close, like brooding doves,
Each on her own dear nest;
Most sweet and precious are the things
That grow beneath their folded wings.

If Sorrow's blasting wind profanes
The garden of my bliss,
My desolated spirit gains
Instruction even from this;
As from Bethesda's troubled wave
The Angel rose to heal and save.

Or if some bright deluding dream
My peace of mind betray,
As glaciers in the sunlight gleam,
Only to melt away;
If rainbow hopes that shine and die,
Give place to pale Reality;

If longings wild and vain oppress
My scarce resisting will,
Till earth seems one wide wilderness,
And love itself grows chill
— These are a sickness of the heart,
Health will return, and these depart.

The circle of my home's calm shade
Embraces all I crave;
Life seems a sheltered green arcade,
And, at its end, a grave,
Where beckoning Faith with upward eyes,
Stands, just descended from the skies!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have thought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray, was asked one day by an intimate friend, if he could communicate to him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the good man, "I can teach you my secret with great facility. It consists in nothing more than making a right use of your eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and I remember my principal business here is how to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a portion I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in many respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our cares must end; and I then see how very little reason I have to complain."

FRIENDSHIP hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.—*Lord Clarendon*.

WHEN you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.—*Dr. Moore*.

A RESOLUTION which costs us much, should be realized the moment it is formed. The heart may not have strength for a second effort.—*Anonymous*.

THERE is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness, and the secret inscription on the mind; but, alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.—*Coleridge*.

It is a mean device to seek the affection of another by vilifying his friends, and seeking to alienate him from them. It is generally as unsuccessful as it is mean. If we disbelieve the accuser, and detect the artifice, it can only, as it ought, inspire disgust. If we believe him, we find small prepossession towards one who has dissipated a cherished illusion.—*Anon*.

OUR friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of morals and of nature.—*Goethe*.

CHIVALRY is to modern, what the heroic was to ancient times; all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it. At all the great periods of history, men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment, as a universal principle of action. Chivalry consisted in the defence of the weak; in the loyalty of valour; in the contempt of deceit; in that Christian charity which endeavoured to introduce humanity even in war: in short, in all those sentiments which substitute the reverence of honour for the ferocious spirit of arms.—*Mad. de Staël*.

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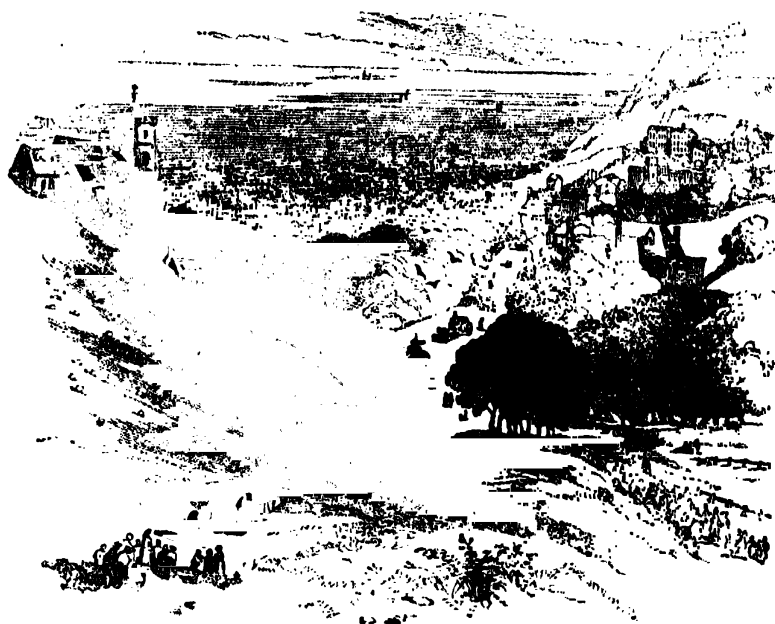
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See page 224.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

MISS MARGARET FORDE, the lady from whose journal we now propose to offer a few selections to the public, died in the year 18—, aged seventy-one. She was one of a class, which, fortunately for mankind, is neither small nor rare. She was a Maiden Aunt, and she possessed that cheerful unselfishness, that indefatigable activity in the service of others, those warm, ready, and expansive affections, which we are enabled, by happy experience, to pronounce the appropriate characteristics of her genus. She was the eldest of eight children, of whom six married, and multiplied, and were scattered over the face of the earth, while Margaret, and Owen the youngest brother, remained in single blessedness. Of him we have little to say: he graduated at Cambridge, travelled for a few years, to complete his education, as the phrase has it, and then returned, to live as fellow of his college, assembling around him multitudes of minute comforts, studying his own peculiarities with a view to their scientific gratification, carefully guarding himself from all possibility of annoyance,—in short, behaving to himself exactly as a devoted wife might behave to an invalid husband, in whose happiness her own consists, and whose every gesture she watches with

the tremulous anxiety of deep affection. Shall we be forgiven for insinuating that Owen formed no unfair specimen of another class of responsible beings, usually known by the name of Old Bachelors. While he was thus drawling and fidgetting through existence, knowing no harder trial of patience than the occurrence of a false quantity either in his verses or his punch, no heavier misfortune than the breaking of a watch glass, or the overboiling of an egg, his sister Margaret was *living* in the full sense of the word,—living more in one hour than he lived in a twelvemonth,—doing, suffering, and sympathizing,—mourning with those who mourned, and rejoicing with those who rejoiced. In many a house, to many a heart, her face was as sunshine, and her step as music; and, if some human faults or harmless foibles occasionally provoked a frown, or compelled a smile, there were few who did not feel that, in her, the ridiculous was never far separated from the sublime—the sublime of charity and goodness. During the whole of a long and active life, passed among brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, friends and acquaintance, Aunt Peggy amused herself by the feminine occupation of keeping a journal; and as, in addition to her other virtues, the good lady was a bit of a bluestocking, she

not unfrequently attempted to work up the incidents she was recording with something of artistic skill, and thus to present a continuous narrative, instead of a pile of fragmentary notes. That, among the fortunes of so large a family as we have described, she found many materials for her pen, the reader will have no difficulty in imagining, and we shall proceed, without further preface, to lay before him such parts of her lucubrations as have appeared to us to possess some degree of general interest. The character of the writer will be better developed by herself, than by any description we could hope to give; and we shall add nothing to her words, except such particulars concerning the various members of her family, as may seem necessary to render her story intelligible.

THE ALCESTE.

[EMMA, the youngest sister of Margaret Forde, married James Ferrars, a captain in the navy, and was left a widow, with two children,—a son, who followed his father's profession, and a daughter, who was the god-child and namesake of her aunt Margaret. Mrs. Ferrars resided near a large sea-port town on the southern coast, which we shall call Wearmouth.]

July 7th, 18—.—This morning I arrived at my sister's, for the visit which I have annually paid ever since that happy day when I laid the little Margaret, a sweet, fair, whimpering baby, one hour old, in her mother's arms. Dear child! I have watched her through life, and perhaps loved her all the better, because she is not one of those who have received the blessed gift of being generally loved. She has little beauty, though there is a charm of sense and sweetness in her face, which makes it lovely in my eyes; and she has always been so grave and shy in society, that there must be many who have known her all her life, without having an idea of her true character. But I know her nobleness of mind; I know how rich she is in those fine, pure, elevated feelings, which people who are not capable of understanding them are in the habit of stigmatizing as romantic. Nevertheless the world goes so much by outward appearance, and Margaret has so universally obtained the reputation of a quiet, cold, gentle girl, with nothing striking in her exterior, and very little general conversation, that I confess I was surprised when the news reached me that she was engaged to be married. I had set her down for one of the sisterhood,—not, perhaps, exactly for the same reasons that have made me an old maid, for I might have married, had I so chosen, several times over. But, knowing the earnestness, the imagination, the enthusiasm, which lay hidden under Margaret's quiet manner and composed features, I felt sure that she could not attach herself to a common-place person; and, alas! her want of fascination rendered it too probable, that one who was not commonplace would not attach himself to her. Pity, thought I, that such capacities for loving as hers should not find full employment. But I was all wrong, and I confess my mistake with delight. Seldom have I known a happier morning than that which announced to me her engagement. And today I heard all the particulars, which are in every respect satisfactory. Doctor Thornton is thirty-two; that is, eight years older than his betrothed, which I consider a very good difference. He is already in excellent practice; and, as the other physician in Wearmouth is an old man, and there can be no doubt that he will succeed to his connexion, his income is likely to be handsomer than Emma had any reason to expect for her daughter. How one falls into the habit of mentioning income first, when a marriage is in question! Money is to happiness very much what the alphabet is to learning; it would be hopeless and absurd to expect to do without it; but the absurdity of being satisfied with its

possession, as though it were the only thing necessary, is far more glaring, and far less excusable. I have heard little of Dr. Thornton; but I feel so secure of his high-mindedness and excellence, because he is the choice of that dear girl, that I have scarcely cared to ask any questions about him. Yet I am heartily glad that he dines here to-day. Margaret's wedding is only delayed till her brother Frederick returns, and, as his vessel, the *Alceste*, is expected daily, the important ceremony will take place (D.V.) before I leave them. As for Margaret, she is a changed creature, and I can scarcely take my eyes from her face. Such radiance of happiness I never beheld,—and happiness, too, which partakes not of the quietness and restraint consistent with her habitual demeanour. It is as if you were to follow a stream from its source, under the shadow of thick trees and tall overhanging rocks, and then suddenly step forth into the sunshine, and see the dark, sombre waters changed into gushing, sparkling ripples of light. She passes from tears to laughter, and from laughter to tears, like a child. How Owen would be astonished if he could see her! He once told me that he thought her the most uninteresting of all his nieces.

Dr. Thornton, or *Francis*, as I am to call him—(he called me Aunt Peggy immediately, and entreated me to be equally unceremonious with him)—arrived early. At the first glance, I admired, at the first warm shake of the hand, I felt sure I should like him. I detest that cold stroking of fingers,—that light touch of the lips against the cheek, which some persons consider to be the warmest testimonies of affection tolerated by refined society. Give me my darling Margaret's shower of fond kisses, or her Francis's hearty, prolonged shake of the hand, which sends a feeling of warmth and comfort to the heart. He is a distinguished looking man; tall and stately, with a remarkably fine forehead, mouth expressive, intellectual, and somewhat stern, but eyes so full of openness and kindness, that you feel at home with him instantly. I can easily believe what Emma tells me, viz. that he has been an object of speculation among the Wearmouth ladies; and I can fancy, moreover, that no little astonishment has been felt at his choice.

The evening was rather happy than lively, and afforded several opportunities for the display of Francis Thornton's conversational powers. It was easy to see that he had read much and thought deeply; but I was chiefly interested by certain slight indications of an undercurrent of high enthusiastic feeling, which I knew to be so thoroughly in accordance with the temper of Margaret's mind. For instance, my sister, in speaking of her son's character and prospects, observed, "Yes, he should have had a college education, ill as I could have afforded it—but, from a child, his heart was set upon the navy, so I let him have his way. What more can we wish for those we love than to know that they are happy?"

Thornton acquiesced in the sentiment, but glanced somewhat expressively at Margaret, who answered with kindling eyes, "*you don't think so, do you, Francis?*" That is not in accordance with your theories."

He turned to Mrs. Ferrars with a kind of half-deprecating smile, and said gently, in answer to her exclamation of wonder, "Oh, we shall find that we think pretty nearly alike when we come to define our notions of happiness."

"And what is your notion of happiness?" asked I.

"First, to be good, and then to *do* good; and then, if possible, to be great."

"What, Francis?" cried Mrs. Ferrars, reproachfully; "and you leave out affection in your notions of happiness?"

"Do I leave it out?" said he earnestly. "Nay, on the contrary, it pervades the whole idea. But the happiness of affection consists not so much in the presence as in the nobleness of the object beloved. It is the incentive and safeguard to virtue. Love, to be

perfect, must cast out not only fear, but sin also—and even weakness. And it does so.”

There was a momentary pause, which Francis broke by saying, in a changed and playful tone, “This is good philosophy, but I hope it may not be put to the test. Margaret, could you play Thekla if there were need?”

“Don’t ask me,” said she, looking down, while a sudden glow rose to her cheeks; “yet I hope and believe that I could.”

“My dear child,” cried her fond mother, who did not exactly understand the allusion, “I am quite sure you could play anything you chose to attempt, only you are so diffident. Was not that a knock at the door?”

“You have a late visitor,” said I. “Who can it be?”

The servant announced Mr. Moreton, the rector of Wearmouth, and an old friend of the family. He entered, and greeted me kindly, with an effort to assume his ordinary manner; but his face was grave and his demeanour troubled.

“You are come early, or rather late, to pay your respects to Aunt Peggy,” said Emma. “When did you hear that she had arrived?”

“I did not know Miss Forde was here,” returned he. “I came for a different reason. I am sorry to say, my dear friends, that I bring you unpleasant news.”

All looked at him in silent anxiety.

“Let me begin,” continued he, “by telling you our great cause for thankfulness. Frederick is perfectly well.”

“What has happened?” cried Emma, vehemently.

“It is this,” replied he. “The *Alceste* has arrived, but cannot be admitted into the harbour; in short, there is sickness on board, and she must go through some sort of quarantine.”

“And Frederick?” said Emma. “Are you telling me the truth?”

“I pledge you my word,” replied he, solemnly, “that he is, as yet, perfectly well; but it would be mistaken kindness to conceal from you that he is in a position of danger.”

“What is the complaint?” inquired Francis.

“They call it,” answered Mr. Moreton, with some appearance of reluctance, “the Black Fever.”

My eyes were on Thornton’s face, and I could see that he changed colour as these words were uttered. He continued to question Mr. Moreton, but in an under tone of voice,

“How many deaths?”

“Nine—in three days.”

“And the medical officer—?”

“Died, on the second day after the disease made its appearance.”

“But what attendance have they? Who has volunteered to take his place?”

“No one,” replied Mr. Moreton. “Dr. Monckton has a wife and family; and so has Brookes. But the news has been sent up to London, and doubtless by the day after to-morrow—”

“The day after to-morrow!” cried Thornton. “And they are dying by dozens!”—

He paused—perhaps struck by a sudden deep sigh from Margaret, who clasped my hand at the moment with a movement as of terror. Her cheeks were as white as paper, and her eyes fixed on her lover’s face. Looking earnestly upon her, he stood up and said, “My dear, dear friends, surely there can be but one opinion as to my duty.”

“Good God, Francis,” exclaimed Emma, “what are you thinking of? Is there not misery enough?”

“These poor people,” began he—but Emma interrupted him, putting her hand upon his arm and speaking with much agitation.

“We will not hear of it,” she said. “No no; you have no right to sport with Margaret’s happiness in this manner. You have other duties to think of. Margaret, speak to him!”

Poor Margaret! She sat speechless and motionless,

drawing her breath with a quick uneasy sound, and never lifting her eyes. I held her trembling hand between my own.

“Margaret shall herself decide,” said Francis, whose voice plainly showed how deeply he shared the emotion to which he was determined not to yield. “You are right, my dear mother; her claim is indeed great. Speak, my beloved, shall I go or stay?”

She cast herself upon her knees, covering her face with her hands, and murmuring, in broken tones, the words, “God help me! God help me!”

Francis approached her, raised her with the utmost tenderness, and placed her in a chair. “Nay, my dearest,” said he, greatly moved, “it is too much for you. Be calm, be comforted; I will never leave you.”

With a sudden movement she flung her arms around him. “Oh, go—go!” she cried, “I would not keep you for a moment. Go, dearest—God be with you!”

Gently unlocking her clasped hands, he consigned her to me; the poor mother, utterly overwhelmed with sorrow, was sobbing on the sofa. Oh, the sound of his feet as he moved across the room to depart! Each step seemed planted on one’s bare and shrinking heart. He paused in the doorway, and gave one look back—Margaret did not see it—she was kneeling, with her face hidden in my lap. She had not dared to look upon him since she pronounced the fatal word “go!”—and the door closed, and he was gone.

Margaret arose, went to her mother, clasped her arms around her, and they wept in silence on each other’s bosoms. We felt how vain it was to offer consolation; we could only sympathize; but when Mr. Moreton spoke of the nobleness of that spirit of martyrdom which was ready to give up all for the sake of duty, the poor girl lifted up her face, and looked at him for an instant with such an expression—it was proud, it was almost joyful. But it was drowned in a fresh burst of tears.

Never shall I forget the few days that followed. Margaret moved about the house like a restless spirit, or sat motionless with clasped hands; sometimes, to all appearance, unconscious, sometimes evidently engaged in mental prayer. Emma, with the true unselfishness of a mother’s grief, did nothing but watch and wait upon her child. Each evening Mr. Moreton brought us the report from the *Alceste*. Entering without knocking, and coming rapidly up stairs so as to give us no suspense, he would cry, “Good news,” before he opened the door. And then we kneeled down and gave thanks; and then heard the sad tale of disease and death, which always, however, began and ended with the delicious words, “Frederick and Thornton are well.”

When I would call up before my eyes an image of those four terrible days, it is neither the pale and tearful face of Emma, nor poor Margaret’s glazed and melancholy eyes and drooping figure, that I behold. I see the scene visible from the staircase window of my sister’s cottage, at which it was impossible to help pausing everytime one passed it. The gay town; the busy harbour with its clustering masts, the cloudless summer sky, the broad and sunny sea; and there, in the midst of that sheet of bright waters, like the evil spirit lurking at the gates of paradise, lay the black hulk of the plague-ship, rocking and swinging with every movement of the lazy waves. What scenes were enacting on board that gloomy vessel! What tortures were there preparing for our unconscious hearts! I shudder when I think of it.

The fourth evening came. We were sitting together, as we generally did, when the hour of Mr. Moreton’s visit drew near. It was now somewhat past the time at which he usually arrived, and we uneasily avoided each other’s eyes, as we tried to keep up a forced and languid conversation, to conceal from ourselves that we were beginning to grow fearful.

“Poor Mrs. Ellis sent for some wine for her little boy this morning,” said Margaret; “he has been—” She stopped short; her cheeks and lips became deadly white,

as though every drop of blood had been driven back to the heart. There was a knock at the door.

"My darling girl, how nervous you are!" cried I, jumping up. "There—stay quietly where you are, and I will go and learn what it means."

I hurried out of the room, and met Mr. Moreton on the stairs. The first glance at his face was sufficient: I saw we had something terrible to hear.

He grasped my hand. "Oh, how shall we tell her? how shall we tell her?" said he, much agitated.

"Which is it?" I gasped, scarcely able to articulate.

"Thornton," he replied; "he sickened this morning."

We were interrupted by a cry, the sound of which did not leave my ears for many days,—it expressed such bitterness of desolation. Margaret, unable to restrain her anxiety, had followed me to the door, and heard the fatal words. The next instant she was, happily for herself, insensible.

Her swoon lasted long, and, when she recovered, she was in a high fever,—a result which might easily have been foreseen, after four days of such suffering, ending so terribly. She was delirious, and knew no one who approached her. For three weeks, the violence of her disorder continued unabated; alternating between fits of raving, and a kind of stupor that was not sleep. During this time our kind and true friend, Mr. Moreton, was constantly with us; and great were the comforts and support which my poor sister and I derived from his presence. "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." How much added force does the truth of these words acquire, when the friend and comforter of your affliction is one whose high and holy mission it is to speak peace to the troubled spirit, and declare the counsels of God!

At length the delirium ceased, and was succeeded by a long and profound stupor, supposed to be the crisis of the disease. For several days after this left her, she was in a strange kind of state: her eyes were open, and she took obediently whatever was presented to her, but never spoke nor moved; and we knew not how far she was conscious of what passed around her. Every day there seemed to be more and more of sense in those sad eyes, which feebly followed our movements about the chamber, with an expression so pathetic, that Emma and I were frequently unable to restrain our tears. At last—it was about five weeks from the first beginning of the fever—I was sitting alone by her bedside, and the sloping rays of the red and sinking sun were showering their warm rich light upon the windows of the sick chamber, when she spoke to me. "Aunt Peggy," said she, in a low, but perfectly distinct voice, "is it only you?"

I took her wasted hand, and bent over her. "Yes, dearest; there is no one else here. What do you want?"

"Oh, now then, tell me all—everything. I would not speak before, because of distressing Mamma. But, dear Aunt Peggy, do tell me!"

I was troubled, and hardly knew how to answer her. "What am I to tell you, love?" I said, at last. "You must try to compose yourself."

"Yes, yes; I will, indeed," she replied. "But I shall be so much better when I know it with certainty. It is several days since my mind came back to me; but it is still weak. I remember all; but sometimes my recollection is confused; and then my dreams—my dreams are so dreadful. I think, if I were once to hear it distinctly, I should not dream in this dreadful manner. Oh, if any thing would stop my dreams!"

"Are they so very melancholy?" asked I.

"Oh, no, no; it is their happiness which is so terrible. I dream as if nothing had happened; and then, you know, I wake, and can hardly bear it; and then I get bewildered. But if you would only tell me how it all happened; if you would say it to me in words, perhaps I should not dream so again."

"My tears fell fast, as I kissed her forehead, and replied: "But I would not check those dreams; they are

sent in mercy, my own one; they are comforts, and not torments."

"Ah, you cannot understand me," she said; "but pray, pray, have pity on me, and do what I ask you."

"You have not strength," I said: "I must go for Dr. Monckton."

She held my hand tightly. "Oh, no—no, no," she cried, earnestly; "don't go away; I want no one but you. I have strength for any thing; you don't know how much better I am."

I hesitated, and considered within myself. It was ten days since the crisis had terminated favourably. Dr. Monckton had pronounced that the disease was absolutely gone. Her weakness was excessive; but then she had been taking nourishment, and gaining strength day by day. I thought that the vexation consequent upon my evasion of her inquiries, might be worse for her than the agitation of having them answered. At any rate, I saw no means of escape; and being at all times a bad dissembler, I felt that I could not disguise the truth any longer; so I stooped over her, and kissed her, and spoke with a trembling heart.

"My darling child, suppose that those dreams were only preparations for reality."

She looked wildly at me, but did not speak.

"Recollect," I continued, "you know nothing certainly. When your dreadful illness began, it was all doubtful. God has been very merciful to us: your dear brother never caught the fever, and he is now at home; and—" I burst into tears, and could not proceed. But the disclosure which I had begun, perhaps somewhat rashly, was still more rashly completed. The door opened, and Frederick entered. But whose was that pale, joyful face behind him? Who is it that lingers on the threshold, looking wistfully into the chamber, but afraid to advance; his eyes bright with thankful hope and eager happiness, though his whole figure bears the traces of recent and severe illness? Need I name him? The sound of his step was enough—Margaret wept, and stretched out her arms. But we must leave the sacred rapture of that meeting untouched.

And what a party was it that gathered around the invalid's bed that evening! The mother, with her eyes fixed on her child's face, scarcely daring to rejoice, yet full of thankfulness, and clasping fondly in her's the hand of her restored son; and Thornton, the noble and self-devoted, receiving, even on earth, the abundant reward of his goodness. Of all who sickened in that unhappy Alceste, he was the only one who recovered. And don't forget Aunt Peggy; no heart was happier, or more grateful than her's. Truly may we old maids thank God that the privilege of sympathy is vouchsafed to us; for, if we suffer by the sorrows of those we love, we have also great happiness in their joys!

M.

LUCY COOPER.

(An Australian Tale.)

CHAP. VI.

JUST at this juncture a fresh party of litigants, who had some aristocratical fray to settle, took their places in the court, and they were immediately followed by two or three bustling lawyers, who forthwith set about examining the volumes of statutes lying on the table. Among them was Mr. Kately, whose eye caught a glimpse of the costly gold watch and appendages. He took it up in his hand, and examined it; then looking round, he recognised his man, Mr. Saunders, of whom he demanded the meaning of what he saw. Whilst Saunders was preparing to give the desired information, the facetious Colonel on the bench interrupted him, and set forth in few words the nature of the charge, and the imminent peril his pretty innocent was in of being sent

to take her trial. Mr. Kitley was seen to examine the watch and its appendages with melancholy interest; and after a pause, he observed, with an air of absence, that "there was not all."

Mr. Saunders, equally absent, promptly interposed, "Yes, sir, it is sir. That was all." He had no sooner pronounced these few syllables, than his doughy cheeks fired up with a purple light, inasmuch that he might be said to have blushed. This phenomenon, however, was transient as an Australian meteor; but his ears burned and blazed, his manner was confused, and it was very evident something had occurred which Mr. Saunders was disposed to look upon as nearly concerning his own interests.

Among the peculiarities of Mr. Kitley's intellect, his friends had early remarked and applauded a powerful sense of accidental and unintentional evidence, and a keenness in pursuing indirect testimony, which had been fostered by the universal villany of New South Wales investigations, until it had become instinctive to his mind, and the faculty upon which he chiefly valued himself. Something Mr. Saunders had said roused this passion.

"Mr. Saunders," said Mr. Kitley.

"Sir," said Mr. Saunders.

"Explain to me what you meant, when you said, 'That was all.'"

"I did not say—that is, sir, I did say"—

"I understand," said Mr. Kitley. "Your worship will oblige me by remanding this case till to-morrow. There is something in it which requires investigation. Mr. Saunders," he continued, "walk down to my office, and wait there till I return. Jackson, keep your eye upon him, and let him hold no communication with any one."

This was the issue of the first examination. Lucy Cooper was taken back to her cell, wholly unconscious that any ray of hope had broken in upon her most disconsolate and forlorn condition, stupified with the excess of her grief, and incapable of tracing her misfortune to any probable cause. Her perplexities at length resolved themselves into a more tranquil frame of mind, and gradually a feeling of resignation calmed and soothed her troubled spirit into peace. She committed her ways to God, and became composed; the dungeon lost its terrors, and her religion supported her when every thing else had failed.

In the meanwhile, the hours of business passed away, and Mr. Kitley returned to Egina; his whole household were assembled in the library, and Mr. Saunders, who had recovered some of his self-possession, ventured to marshal and order them. Once or twice he made an attempt to leave the room; but a glance from Mr. Kitley's eye at once assured him that he had not so much liberty. Mr. Kitley was engaged in such preliminary inquiries as made him master of all those facts of the case which have been already communicated to the reader; and having arrived at this point of the investigation, he observed that the watch and its chain and seals were well known to him, for it had been a favourite; that he had selected and brought home the seals at various times, as they had struck his fancy, and that they were all there but one, that one being a seal well known to him, and bearing for its device a heart, with the inscription, "Man traps set here." "Now," continued the lawyer, "this seal might have been taken from the rest, and given away,"—he never, it may be observed, mentioned Mrs. Kitley's name,— "it may have been lost, it may have disappeared a hundred ways, but I have reason to suspect, Mr. Saunders,"—here the purple bloom swept over the pale cheeks and disappeared again,— "I have reason to believe, Mr. Saunders, that you know something more about it than you ought."

"O, my dear master," said Saunders, "how can you suspect my honesty and attachment to you?"

Mr. Kitley had, as has been said, considerable attach-

ment to and confidence in his major-domo, but he loved himself above all other things; and, to pursue a nice investigation like this, he was prepared to forego all other considerations; looking on these triumphs as the greatest efforts of the human intellect and his own peculiar glory. He took no notice, therefore, of Mr. Saunders's appeal, but continued the course he had adopted.

"This watch, chain, and seals were safely deposited in the drawers of —," he paused; "they were safely locked up; and if the young woman who is charged with the theft had stolen them, she would have stolen them all; they would all have been found together. It struck me so, the moment I saw them. And when I used the words, 'this is not all,' I merely gave utterance to my thoughts, and did not expect any reply, or hope for any information. But Mr. Saunders answered my thoughts, and exposed his own. He, who could know nothing about it, except he had acquired his knowledge by searching into my depositaries, immediately showed his guilt by his assertion, 'That was all.' If, as I suspect, he gave the girl the watch, for some purposes of his own, he kept back the 'man-trap' because it suited his taste, and because the hour had arrived when he was doomed to be caught."

The sagacity which had served Mr. Kitley thus far, confounded Mr. Saunders; but the mistake which was mixed up with it renewed his confidence. He solemnly assured Mr. Kitley that he wronged him; that he had never given the prisoner any presents of any sort; and, emboldened by her absence, he ventured to assert that he never showed her any civility of any kind soever.

But Mr. Kitley was not to be baffled quite so easily.

He felt all the force of his own conclusion, and remembered too distinctly the embarrassment of Saunders when he was pressed for an explanation of his reply. He rang his bell, therefore, and ordered the constables, at which word all the audience showed many signs of uneasiness, to proceed at once to the search, and to begin with the property of Mr. Saunders.

After the necessary time had elapsed, during which Mr. Saunders had betrayed more uneasiness than there was any apparent cause for, the constables returned, bearing in their arms an immense quantity of plunder, discovered in Mr. Saunders's places of security; and as much plate and trinkets as required a large tea-tray to contain them. All eyes were intently fixed upon the booty; then they were turned upon Mr. Saunders; then they were engaged upon Mr. Saunders and his booty alternately, until Mr. Kitley called upon the constable to subject them to his closer scrutiny. Object after object, article after article, were examined; identification was generally acknowledged, and Mr. Saunders eyed each separate item with unmingled dismay. Still, however, he meditated a strong denial of guilt, and always looked with confidence to the chances of a trial, which are fifty per cent. in favour of a rogue, and altogether blank against an honest man. His first display, therefore, was in a case of a certain shawl, whose history he well knew was in no respect connected with the divorced Mrs. Kitley. Great was his indignation in general; but in particular, it provoked the best feelings of an honest and valuable servant to be charged with stealing what he had come by very honestly; and that, with regard to what had now been produced, the whole was in his especial care; he was responsible for it; could produce it whenever it was called for; and no one better knew than Mr. Kitley his own fidelity, and the unfounded nature of the charges brought against him.

However, Mr. Saunders had to do with one who was more than a match for him; and who plainly let him know the difference between those things which were committed to his trust, and articles of private interest, kept apart from common use, and deposited in the cabinets and drawers of his own inviolable guardianship. In the course of this disquisition, Mr. Kitley maintained an earnest scrutiny into the separate packages, and ex-

amined every article that could contain the missing seal, but without success. From time to time Mr. Kitley fixed his eyes upon his steward; but he manifested so little interest in his master's proceedings, that the latter was driven to adopt the conclusion that either he had not yet unravelled its concealment, or that Saunders had effectually withdrawn it from discovery. A constable was sent away to renew the search; and he brought back a magnificent rosewood writing-desk, inlaid and mounted in the most expensive style, which, being an affair much more of ornament than of use in the backward state of Mr. Saunders's education, had been purchased with an eye to decoration only.

There was a slight emotion in Mr. Saunders's face at the sight of this costly chattel, which confirmed Mr. Kitley's purpose. He demanded the key, which Mr. Saunders refused; and protested against the violation of his private papers: but it was to no purpose; for the application of a chisel burst asunder the frail security, and there lay the seal in one of the little partitions of the desk, among the coloured wax and wafers.

"The man-trap!" exclaimed Mr. Kitley, in a voice of triumph. Saunders trembled violently, and sank into a chair.

In this way, therefore, Mr. Saunders, who had dug a pit for another, fell into it himself: his travail had come upon his own head; his wickedness had fallen upon his own pate. The wolf and the lamb were shut up together in the same prison, and together awaited the decision of the law. But the gloomy cell was not the same to those two prisoners. In the one was guilt, in the other innocence; in the one was fear, in the other confidence: he was overwhelmed with the alarms of his wickedness, she had gradually resigned her fate to the event, devoutly saying, "Thy will be done." The terrors and the torments of the three weeks that ensued, together with the spare and coarse provision of the gaol, had rendered the otherwise uncomely person of Saunders ghastly and dismal. Lucy was paler, certainly; perhaps she was somewhat thinner; dejection and humility sat upon her brow; but there was also a calm and holy steadfastness in her looks, and such an unspeakable tranquillity in her eyes, that it was evident she had no internal foe to encounter, and that in her danger and distress she had found all the consolations of the faith. Poor penitent! it is hard to do justice to your condition; it is difficult to show the change that has been wrought in your heart, by the renewing of a right spirit, without giving to a convict at Botany Bay an interest which she is not entitled to. But they who remember the end of our Redeemer's mission, to seek and to save that which was lost, will rejoice to see one daughter of perdition rescued from the burning; one taken from thousands who have died in their sins.

On the morning of the trial, Saunders had bestowed all the pains upon his toilet which his altered circumstances permitted. His long, straight locks, with their bear's-grease accompaniment, had been cropped close on his being committed to prison; and the stiff stubble ill concealed the ugly breadth of his cheeks, which were once of the hue and surface of a patent crumpe, but now looked deadly yellow. The beard was close shaven, as usual, and, with its grim and deadly hue, covered more than half his face. His eyes were sunk, and they wandered over all the court, without appearing to see anything. A slight sign of consciousness was visible at times, when he recognised any face in the crowd, or caught any expression that interested him. By his side stood the female prisoner, whom Mrs. Webster's care had provided with such decent apparel as became her character and situation. Her looks interested every body in her favour. The interior of the court gradually filled—the lawyers, young and old, veteran attorneys and their clerks, novitiates in the law, reporters, witnesses, jurymen, and idlers, took up their places with easy nonchalance, intent upon amusing themselves with the vices, crimes, and miseries of their fellow-creatures.

The judges and the assessors took their seats; the jury

was sworn; the indictment was read; and the case opened. The finding of the watch in Lucy's bag was proved: her expression, "Good God, I am undone," was alleged in corroboration of her guilt; the evidence was afterwards directed to that part of the case which touched Thomas Saunders, against whom facts were accumulated in conclusive weight, until at length a general feeling arose that the guilty pair had combined to rob their master, for their mutual behoof, and Lucy, conscious of this persuasion, and overwhelmed with grief, wept incessantly. The case had now advanced to that point that the jury were about to receive their instructions from the presiding judge, the charge which was about to guide their verdict. There was a marked difference between the concern and sympathy betrayed by the uninitiated public, and the habitual apathy of the lawyers. Something, however, had interested them, and they whispered a word or two to each other, with knowing satisfaction. The judge recapitulated the evidence with much exactness; both prisoners listened with intense interest: he addresses himself first to that which concerned Saunders—then to that which involved Lucy; and he observed that there was no evidence which affected them mutually and in combination; so that only one could possibly be found guilty of stealing the watch, with which both were charged; and that even though they might be satisfied the female prisoner was guilty of receiving the watch, he was bound to tell them, if they found Thomas Saunders guilty, they must acquit Lucy Cooper of stealing, &c.

A general buzz of satisfaction spread through the court, whilst the jury, turning round for a few minutes, expressed their convictions to the foreman, who, in a firm tone and cheerful manner, replied to the usual interrogation, that Thomas Saunders was "guilty," and Lucy Cooper "not guilty:" a verdict which the court entirely concurred in. Lucy was removed from the bar, and ordered to be sent to the Female Factory at Parramatta; whilst Saunders was, in due time, sentenced to transportation for life, and conveyed to Norfolk Island.

From all that ever Lucy had heard of the Factory, it was the very last place to which she would willingly have been consigned. The dungeon which she had just quitted was gloomy and impure; but she was protected from all external annoyances, and exposed to no brutality, either from her own sex or the other. To be committed to the Factory, therefore, she rightly considered as a serious misfortune; but she had learned to believe that the whole succession of her annoyances was a necessary correction of her character, which she was well aware required much reproof. The Female Factory at Parramatta, however, is a place so peculiarly constituted, that no imagination can realize its sad condition.

Eleven women, of whom Lucy was one, were placed in a covered cart, or caravan, dismally lighted by two high apertures, so constructed as to prevent the inmates from holding intercourse with those without, and hardly adequate to afford a change of air. In about three hours time they drew near to the town of Parramatta, and, traversing the southern suburbs, they passed the church, and, crossing by a wooden bridge, not then replaced by the single arch of stone that now so gracefully spans the stream, they turned to the left, where the Romish chapel-schools, and nunnery, are placed, in immediate vicinity to the King's school, and the Old Jail, to the right, which then deformed the Green. Distant from this point about a quarter of a mile, stands the Female Factory, enclosed within its own walls, and remote from human habitation. A stone bridge, over a gutter or drain, conducts immediately to its awful gates, within which, in a quadrangle, are the lodge and office, and on the left the residence of the matron. Opposite the entrance is a large building of several floors, surmounted by a turret clock, and divided into wards, workshops, &c. The number of its inmates was always fluctuating, as the women were assigned to the various families who made application for them, or returned through the police offices to this place of confinement, for offences

committed in the most deliberate defiance of all law and authority. One part of this detestable prison was allotted to the women who were on the point of becoming mothers, or who had infant children.

Of the particular horrors of this department, and the frightful mortality among the infants, those only can form any idea who have been partakers in it. Certainly a more savage and inhuman spectacle never disgraced a Christian land. It was not merely an accumulation of evil characters, which lay festering and corrupting in closer proximity than the confinements of a ship; not the hereditary and traditional vice which was indigenous, nor the unceasing variations which the wicked heart perpetually devised to torment alike the tenants of the gaol and its guardian familiars, which constituted the chief inflictions of the place, although these were horrible in the extreme; but a distinct class of torments originated in the cupidity of those into whose hands fell the business of supplying the daily rations, scanty and coarse according to the original intention of Government, but reduced by fraud, within the walls and without, to a deplorable pittance, and further debased by adulterations of every possible kind. Nor can it be a matter of astonishment that the evil should extend itself still further; they who, at the best, were fed within the limits of the necessity of our nature, but under the workings of this system, felt the diminution of their food, and underwent many of the horrors of starvation, practised upon one another the expedients of fraud and the wrongs of violence, until their vexations and sufferings of mind and body approached towards a condition not unworthy the climate of Pandemonium.

Into the female factory at Parramatta, then, poor Lucy Cooper was admitted towards evening, after a sultry day in January. To be searched, stripped, and clothed in prison clothing, was the first process; the next was, to endure the mockery and taunts of eight hundred women, who took offence at her beauty, and disliked her modest demeanour. The horrors of that dreadful night, the heat and uproar of the crowded place, from six o'clock in the evening, when they were locked up, until six the next morning, when they were again restored to the open air, were intolerable, and indescribable. The factory was then in feeble hands; misrule and insubordination inflicted more misery upon all its inmates than the fiercest tyranny ever visited upon a few; and, to crown the whole, this place of torment was, in those days, presided over by a clerical magistrate, who once in every week preached and prayed among the prisoners, and whose daily visits to hear and settle complaints, resolved themselves into the repeated cry of "whip 'em—whip 'em." Rage, hatred, envy, and despair, reigned absolute in this abode of human wretchedness; labour and starvation, disease and misery, held subordinate rank; and filth, which it must be confessed was not commonly a stranger to the place, filled up the measure of this penal habitation.

For three entire months the unhappy victim suffered with all patience the inflictions of the factory; she had no hope of release, and, in silent resignation, learned to endure her daily sorrows, and ate her daily bread without adding to its bitterness the scalding agony of tears. During this period, she was never for an instant alone; she never addressed her thoughts to the throne of grace without interruption, until the undefined impression formed itself in her thoughts that this was the fore-runner and the type of hell.

At the end of this period, Lucy was sent for to the counting-house. Here she found the matron talking to a man, in a blue jacket and trousers, whose face and hands were brown with toil, and whose open features and massive upright figure, gave a very favourable turn to his character. Five or six other women were standing at the door, and the matron was descending upon their indiscriminate wickedness.

"All bad alike, not a pin to choose, I assure you," said the matron.

"A bad job, that," said the man in the blue jacket; "but surely there must be some difference, and as you can give me no assistance, I must choose for myself. 'Handsome is, as handsome dis,' they say; we will take it the other way, and make it, 'Handsome dis, as handsome is;' therefore, I will take my chance with you, and if you behave well, I will be even with you, and make it worth your while."

These words were addressed to Lucy, who was forthwith assigned to George Belton, a free settler, living with his wife at Prospect, a village, situated about six miles to the westward of Parramatta; and into the said George Belton's cart, and among the empty fowl-coops, Lucy was carefully adjusted, with her bundle of clothes, an empty sack beneath her; a small keg of spirits, three loaves, a parcel of groceries, and a few implements of rural life, in the bottom of the cart; and, attended by two sharp dogs on foot, they drove from the gloomy portals of the factory, as fast as a powerful and well fed horse could walk.

RURAL SKETCHES; WITH HINTS FOR PEDESTRIANS.

No. IV.

HAVING spent some days in an inland excursion, the pedestrian will perhaps direct his steps to the sea-side, to enjoy the change of scenery, and of pursuits which will there attract his attention. We will suppose him, as a lover of nature, to eschew such places of fashionable resort as Brighton or Hastings; assured that a quieter and less public place will be more congenial to his wishes. Here he may find sufficient to interest him;—the old fisherman, who will entertain him with an account of the perils of the deep he has encountered, of the shipwrecks he has suffered, and of the hair-breadth escapes he has had from death;—the sea-birds, whose strong wings enable them to fly in the face of the wind, and whose white plumage gives to them such a peculiar appearance as they dash over the foaming crest of the waves;—the boat bounding along the shore;—farther out, the sloop and the schooner, on their coasting voyage;—and in the distance, the richly-freighted ship, homeward-bound from India, from China, or some other distant shore;—and the tides also will prevent any monotony in the day, as, true to man's calculation, they ebb and flow with such wonderful regularity.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar,
I love not men the less, but nature more,
For these our interviews."

The sea, itself, during his sojourn, may present several aspects. One day, the unrippled water will have almost the smoothness of a lake; the small boat riding at anchor will scarcely be moved; and the bright sunshine will be reflected in one unbroken line. Another day, the fresh-blowing breeze will give animation to the scene; and the little boats, rising and falling on the waves, will bound before the wind, as they sail to and fro near the beach. At another time, the sea will be lashed into foam by the brisk gale, and its waves will roar and dash over the sides of the vessels, as they pass in the distance with their topsails struck, while others vainly lash the rocky coast which the Almighty has placed as a bound that they may not pass.

It is not unlikely that the tourist may be tempted

by scenery in a more distant part of merry England, especially since the rapid railroads afford such easy means of transit; and the land of mountain and of lake, of waterfall and of rocky precipice, may woo him to the far north, into Cumberland and Westmoreland.

How glorious, how magnificent, is the scenery which there awaits him! Those lofty mountains—whose summits are often clad with snow in the spring, while the sun shines hotly in the valleys—now gleam in the ruddy beams of the early morn, as they did when the dove returned not, and Noah went forth from the ark. Unchanged, and the same in their outline and appearance, they still greet the eye of the traveller on his journey northward, as when they were first descried by Agricola and Severus, when they marched the soldiers of imperial Rome towards the Scottish borders, to conquer the barbarous Caledonians. The deeply-hollowed channels, through which foam the troubled waters of the mountain-stream, are proofs, if any were wanting, of the great age of the mountains; and who may say how many centuries have rolled away since the Almighty upheaved the mighty masses, on which we now gaze with awe? How insignificant are the works of man, when compared with these glorious objects! "Man is like a thing of nought, and his time passeth away like a shadow;" the proud cities of Babylon, and Tyre, and Nineveh, are all waste and a desolation—their names alone remain; the Parthenon and the Coliseum are shattered and mouldering with age;—but these magnificent hills look as fresh in the bright sunbeam as when first formed by the fiat of Him who commanded and they stood fast. "There stands magnitude giving the instant impression of a power above man—grandeur, that defies decay—antiquity, that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty, that the touch of time only makes more beautiful—use, exhaustless for the services of man—strength, imperishable as the globe;—the monument of eternity—the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty, by whom, and for whom, all things were made."¹

Some of the mountains, whose summits command extensive prospects, are well worthy of an ascent, arduous and toilsome though it will be found. The tourist, having finished his difficult task, will be amply rewarded by the richness and magnificence of the prospect which is spread around him. One of the first impressions on his mind is produced by the *map-like* appearance of the country; that which he found to be full of hills and valleys, now appears as level as the floor of a room. The comparatively slight inequalities of the surface are lost on the great altitude of the mountain summit. The sinuous course of the rivers and the streams, and the peaceful lakes with their wooded or rocky shores, are additions of much beauty to the scene. The villages, and farm-houses, and cottages, which are scattered over the landscape, give it a cheerful appearance. The sheep browsing on the mountain sides, and the cattle in the fields, show as mere specks. Far in the west is the blue sea, glittering in the bright and radiant sunshine which glistens the silver crests of the waves as they break on the shore. But, alas for romance! the opportunities of seeing the lordly eagle are now—

"Few and far between."

He startles not now the pedestrian as he was

wont, springing from his eyrie in the inaccessible rock, and menacing those who approached his Alpine solitude. The eagle is now very rarely seen, as the farmers waged a war of extermination against the monarch of the air, for the destruction he caused among their flocks.

But this land of mountains is rich in other scenery. Here and there, scattered among the hills, appearing still more lovely from the contrast, are found cultivated valleys—like oases in the desert—whose fields, divided by stone walls of rude and uncemented workmanship, are grey with the ripening corn, or verdant with the rich green grass. These are the property of a homely and simple-minded race of men, provincially called *'statesmen'*, or *estatesmen*. Many of their little estates have been handed down from father to son, from time immemorial. Their own hands, and those of their sons, cultivate the soil. They know little of what passes beyond the boundaries of the valley in which they were born, where they have always resided, and in which their bodies will rest with their forefathers, beneath the shadow of that whitewashed and humble, yet sacred building, scarcely to be distinguished from the dwelling-houses which surround it, but by its simple bell-turret. The *'statesman's'* house is often surrounded by the farm-yard, from the wall of which the stranger is reconnoitred and barked at by the dog; without whose sagacity and watchfulness the sheep would be lost when grazing on the mountain brow. Beside the house, a few ricks of corn remain of the last year's growth, and in the rear is a goodly orchard, well stocked with apples and pears. In many are venerable yew-trees, which for centuries have weathered the stormy winters of this mountain-land. Once a week the *'statesman'* takes his corn and other produce to market; and his wife accompanies him with her butter, cheese, eggs, apples, &c. In this unpopulous district it frequently happens that the market-town is at a distance of ten, twelve, or even fourteen miles, and the roads are hilly, and often in bad repair.¹ In some parts of this country the pedestrian will find no inns nor village public-house, at which he can obtain any refreshment; but the hospitable *'statesman'* will afford him gratuitously that which money cannot here purchase.

The mountain-stream in dry weather is traced down the rocky declivity like a tiny thread of silver; but after the heavy showers, which so frequently burst over this district, they are prodigiously swollen in the course of a very short time. This is the period when the waterfalls should be visited. Their stunning noise is heard long before they are visible. The turbid stream, impregnated with the soils over which it has passed, dashes madly over the rocks; wetting with its spray the shrubs and dwarf-trees which have taken root among their fissures.

But the lake, the glassy lake, the wood-fringed and embosomed lake—with its green islands, its

(1) During the season when the usual quietness of this land of lake and mountain is invaded alike by the fashionable and the lover of nature, some of the vilest roads are traversed not only by pedestrians, but by carriages. The writer was once descending the long and dreary pass of Kirkstone, on the road from Ambleside to Patterdale. The road was so rough and so filled with large loose stones, that he was afraid to drive, and jumped from the gig to hold the horse's head. While thus engaged, leading the horse, a carriage and four suddenly appeared at a turn of the road, and the unlooked for, and totally unexpected sight, startled him like an apparition. The road at that time (August, 1837) was unfit for the roughest cart.

(1) The Rev. G. Croly.

transparent water, its lovely or magnificent shore, here green with verdure and trees, whose edges and branches are steeped in its waters; there, rocky and mountainous, where the sure-footed sheep scarcely approach to nibble off the scanty herbage it affords;—if the mountain is of olden time, and magnificent in appearance, surely the lake is its fellow in antiquity, and gives to the district a charm and a repose, the absence of which would divest the scenery of half its attractions. How beautiful are those boats lying at anchor near the shore! and how gracefully is that one

"Walking the waters in her pride,"

as she passes the wooded promontory which pushes boldly out into the lake, her snow-white sails imaged on the surface of the water, which is gently rippled in her wake! The water of some of the lakes is so beautifully transparent, that the bottom may be seen where the depth is several fathoms, and the fish sport about apparently conscious of their safety, although exposed to observation. Few would imagine that some of these calm and placid lakes are occasionally dangerous, even in fine weather. Yet so it is. A boat may be sailing onward with a gentle breeze, scarcely sufficient to fill her sails, and a clear sky overhead, in which appears no ill omen, no token of a coming storm; her sails proudly set, as she dashes the water with her prow; and the light hearts which she bears on her deck feel not the least apprehension of danger. But hark! the wind gushes from the mountain, and lashes the water into foam; the boat reels before it, and trembles like a leaf; one minute more, and the sails are reduced—the least delay would have proved fatal.

On one, at least, of these lakes a small steam-vessel has been lately introduced. This is assuredly a most unpoetical object, and unsuited to the scenery. The ship and the boat, the yacht and the cutter, are fit subjects for the poet's pen, (an eminent poet has said that a ship in sail is one of the most beautiful and poetical objects), and some of the best of our poets have sung of the sea, and the ship, and the boat; but the noise, and the oily smell, and the steam, and the disagreeable tremulous motion caused by the machinery, and the filthy smoke, of the steam-vessel,—oh, they are assuredly altogether anti-poetical!

We have now taken a hasty view of such objects and scenery as will engage the attention of the pedestrian. But they should be *seen*, and not merely *read about*. How much does he lose who travels only by book; by whom the luxuriant park, the broad and crystal river, the vocal woodland, the grassy and verdant meadows, the grey ruin, the village church, the lake, the mountain and the waterfall, are seen dimly and faintly through the medium of reading! Much, indeed, does he miss of all that enhances the pleasures derived from rural scenery:—the hum of bees—the responsive voices of the cattle and the sheep—the joyous song of birds—the refreshing breeze, which gives apparent life to the trees as they throw about their branches—the fragrant of unnumbered flowers of all hues, profusely scattered about by a beneficent Creator—and the soothing sound of the river, as it flows amid scenery, to adorn and embellish which a hundred springs must rise among the hills, and send down their crystal streams into the valley, that the voice of their congregated waters may "discourse most eloquent music."

ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

THE mountain of Ararat rises on the southern borders of a plain, of about thirty-five miles in breadth and of a length of which seventy miles may be taken in with the eye; being a portion of the plain which is watered by a wide curve formed by the Araxes. It consists, correctly speaking, of two mountains—the Great Ararat, and its immediate neighbour, the Less Ararat; the former on the north-west, the latter on the south-east; their summits distant about seven miles from each other, in a right line, and their bases insensibly melting into one another, by the interposition of a wide level valley. This valley is now used as pasture ground by the shepherds, but formerly it was taken advantage of by the Kurds, as a convenient retreat, through which they might keep up an easy and certain communication between the provinces, north and south.

The summit of the great Ararat lies in $39^{\circ} 42'$ north latitude, and $61^{\circ} 55'$ east longitude, from Ferro; it has an elevation of 17,210 feet perpendicular, or more than three miles and a quarter above the sea, and 14,320 feet, or nearly two miles and three quarters, above the plain of the Araxes. The north-eastern slope of the mountain may be assumed at fourteen, the north-western at twenty miles in length. On the former, even from a great distance, the deep gloomy chasm is discoverable, which many compare to a crater; but which has always struck me rather as a cleft, just as if the mountain had been rent asunder at the top. From the summit downwards for nearly two-thirds of a mile perpendicular, or nearly three miles in an oblique direction, it is covered with a crown of eternal snow and ice; the lower border of which is irregularly indented, according to the elevations or depressions of the ground; but upon the entire northern half of the mountain, from 14,000 feet above the sea, it shoots up in one rigid crest to the summit, interrupted here and there by a few pointed rocks, and then stretches downward, on the southern half, to a level somewhat less low. This is the silver head of Ararat!

Little Ararat is in $39^{\circ} 39'$ north latitude, and $62^{\circ} 2'$ longitude, east from Ferro. Its summit rises 13,000 feet, or nearly two miles and a half, measured perpendicularly, above the level of the sea; and above the plain of the Araxes, it is 10,140 feet, or nearly two miles. Notwithstanding this height, it is not always buried in snow, but is quite free from it in September and October, and probably sometimes also in August, or even earlier. Its declivities are considerably steeper than those of the Great Ararat; its form is almost perfectly conical, marked with several delicate furrows, which radiate downwards from the summit, and give the picture presented by this mountain a very peculiar and interesting character.

Although these two mountains have no appearance of forming part of any other range, but stand in independent grandeur by themselves, still they are not altogether unconnected with other hills. While the south-western slope of both is lost in the hills of Bayazet and Diadina, which contain the sources of the Euphrates, the north-western slope of the Great Ararat runs into a chain which borders the entire right bank of the Araxes,

(1) From Dr. Parrot's Journey to Ararat, published in "The World Surveyed in the Nineteenth Century, or Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions. Translated and (where necessary) abridged, by W. D. Codley." The Extract here given relates to Dr. Parrot's first attempt to ascend Mount Ararat. It was in the second attempt that he fully succeeded.

and to which many sharp conical peaks give a very striking character. The west end of this chain wheels round the head waters of the Araxes, touches Erzerum, giving to the left side of this river, as it had already done to the right, an ornamental barrier of mountains, many of which, especially in the vicinity of Kars, must be of majestic height; for these must be the hills which I saw covered with snow to a considerable depth, and for a length of twelve miles, in the month of October, at a time when nothing else but the summit of the Great Ararat retains it without melting. This I conceive to be the Saganlûg, a branch of mount Taurus, the witness of the heroic days of Kars, Assan-Kalêh, and Erzerum; as old Ararat was of those of Erivan and Bayazed.

The impression made by Ararat upon the mind of every one who has any sensibility for the stupendous works of the Creator, is wonderful and overpowering; and many a traveller of genius and taste has employed both the powers of the pen and of the pencil in attempts to portray this impression. But the consciousness that no description, no representation, can reach the sublimity of the object thus attempted to be depicted, must prove to the candid mind that, whether we address the ear or eye, it is difficult to avoid the poetic in expression, and the exaggerated in form, and confine ourselves strictly within the bounds of consistency and truth.

My anxious longing to approach nearer to the venerable head of the holy mountain, would not allow me to remain long idle and irresolute in the quiet of the monastery. Anxiety as to the lateness of the season was beginning to produce its effect, when the serenity of the weather decided me at once to undertake an excursion to reconnoitre the summit the day after our arrival. When I speak of the serious difficulties with which I had to contend in the execution of my design, I may surprise many a one, who will be little disposed to admit that there could be any such abruptness in the declivities, or such unusual obstacles to the ascent, if the representation given of the mountain in my own drawings is to be taken as an authority. This is to be accounted for by a very common optical illusion, which every mountain traveller would do well to divest himself of, if he would avoid falling into some troublesome mistakes.

Whenever we ascend a mountain, and have the slope immediately before us, we think the angle of acclivity much greater than it would be found to be by the plummet. It is not unusual to find the estimate in this case double of the reality. The solution of this lies in the perspective shortening of the distances. The idea thus formed in our imagination, of the steepness of the declivity, is embodied in the profile outline of the mountain; and hence the exaggerated forms of almost all rising grounds, when sketched off-hand. Were they really so steep as they are shown in the drawings, there would not be very many of them climbed; for we must recollect, that though hills of an inclination of sixty degrees in drawings are not at all unusual, even among those classed with the accessible, still, an acclivity of thirty-five or forty degrees is totally insurmountable, unless recourse be had to steps or ladders in the ascent, or the surface be composed of tolerably-sized angular stones, like stairs, not quite accidentally laid together.

On the 12th (24th) of September, at seven in the morning, I started on my way, attended by M. Schiemann. We took with us one of the Kossaks, and a peasant from Arguri—a hunter, and directed our steps, first to the ravine, and then along its left declivity, till we came to a spot where there were two small buildings, of squared stone, standing near each other, one of which was formerly a chapel, and the other erected over a well reputed holy. The Armenians assign to this chapel, which they have named after St. Gregory, a very remote origin, and make pilgrimages to it from distant quarters. During our stay we often encountered Armenians from

Bayazed, at the religious ceremonies which they are in the habit of performing there; after which the visitors amuse themselves with discharges of fire-arms, and other demonstrations of joy, in a remote part of the valley.

The fountain which springs out of a rock at this spot, affords a clear drinkable water, of a pure natural taste, and is therefore an object deserving of general estimation; for there cannot be many perennial springs upon mount Ararat, as I have proved, to my vexation; since, in all my excursions upon it, I never either found or heard of any other.

It is possible that it may have originally induced some devout monk to establish himself in that locality, whose reputed sanctity procured for the spring also the reputation of miraculous virtues, until, in the course of centuries, and the storm of political events, the peaceful inhabitant was frightened away, and the miraculous spring alone remained, as the object of universal veneration among the Armenians, wherever they may be scattered round the world.

The tradition respecting the wondrous virtue of the water is this, that the flights of locusts which occasionally traverse the country on this side, and beyond Caucasus, in countless numbers, and as a kind of field plague, often laying waste an entire province in a single day, cannot be expelled otherwise than by means of a certain bird, which I have never been able to see; but infer, from the description given of it, to be a kind of thrush, though the Russians settled in this country call it a starling. Not very large, it is dark-coloured, yellowish-white on the breast and back, and is said to resort in flocks to the Araxes, when the mulberries are ripe,—though why they do so, is not well explained,—and to do much damage, by destroying the mulberries. Its Armenian name is Tarn; it is also called Tetigush, (*gush*, in the Tatar language, means *bird*, and *tut* is the Armenian for *mulberry*;) the Tatars call it Gasyrtshakh. Should it make its appearance in a tract infested by the locusts, then the fields are soon saved, for it pursues the locusts with implacable enmity. For the purpose of enticing this serviceable bird, the water of the holy well is brought into requisition; and, for this purpose, it is sufficient just to fill a pitcher or a bottle with it, and to set it down in the neighbourhood of the locusts, taking care, however, not to let the vessel touch the ground anywhere on the way; for, in that case, the water immediately disappears; but set in the open air, and in the proper place, it never fails to attract to the spot a flock of the tetigush, which soon rid the district of the devouring plague. Not merely the common people and Armenians, but some even of the educated classes, and not of the Armenian creed, have sought to convince me of the truth of this story, and related as a proof, that a few years before, the country round Kislyar, on the northern side of Caucasus, being attacked by locusts, was saved through the virtue of a bottle of water fetched in the greatest haste from the holy well, and which immediately brought together a flock of the birds. At Ararat, and in Tiflis, every one knew that the water was brought; and as to the success attending the use of it, that might be easily learned in Kislyar, where the bottle, with some of the miraculous water, was still lying in the church!

From this chapel, we ascended the grassy eminence which forms the right side of the chasm, and had to suffer much from the heat, insomuch that our Kossak, who would much rather have galloped for three days together through the steppe, seated on horseback, than climb over the rocks for two hours, declared that he was ready to sink with fatigue, and it was necessary to send him back. About six o'clock in the evening, as we too were completely tired, and had approached close to the region of snow, we sought out a place for our night's lodging among the fragments of rock. We had attained a height of 12,360 feet; our bed was the hard rock, and the cold icy head of the mountain our only stove. In

the sheltered places around, still lay some fresh snow; the temperature of the air was at the freezing point. M. Schiemann and myself had prepared ourselves tolerably well for this contingency, and our joy at the enterprise also helped to warm us, but our athletic yäger Sahäk (Isaac), from Arguri, was quite dispirited with the cold, for he had nothing but his summer clothing; his neck and legs from the knee to the sandal were quite naked, and the only covering for his head was an old cloth, tied round it. I had neglected, at first starting, to give attention to his wardrobe; it was, therefore, my duty to help him as far as I could; and as we had ourselves no spare clothing, I wrapped his nakedness in some sheets of grey paper which I had brought with me for the purpose of drying plants; this answered him very well.

As soon as the darkness of night began to give way to the dawn, we continued our journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon found ourselves on a slope, which continues all the way down from the very summit. It may be seen in the drawing of the Convent of St. James, on the left, behind the roundish and grassy projecting hills; it is formed altogether of sharp angular ridges of rocks, stretching downwards, and having considerable chasms between them, in which the icy covering of the summit disappears, while forming glaciers of great extent. Several of these rocky ridges and chasms filled with ice lay between us and the side of the mountain which we were striving to reach: we got successfully over the first ridge, as well as the beautiful glacier immediately succeeding it. When we arrived on the top of the second ridge, Sahäk too lost the courage to proceed further: his limbs, frozen the preceding night, had not yet recovered their natural glow, and the icy region towards which he saw us rushing, in breathless haste, seemed to him to hold out little hope of warmth and comfort: so, of our attendants, the one was obliged to stay behind from the heat, the other from the frost. M. Schiemann alone, though quite uninitiated in hardships of this kind, yet never lost the heart and spirit to stay at my side; but, with youthful vigour and manly endurance, he shared in all the fatigues and dangers, which soon accumulated to an extraordinary extent. Before the eyes of the tarrying yäger, we crossed over the second glacier, which lay before us, and ascended the third ridge; taking an oblique direction upwards, we reached, at the back of it, and at an elevation of 13,954 feet, the lower edge of the ice, which continues without interruption from this point to the summit.

Now, then, the business was to mount this steep, covered with eternal winter. To do so in a direct line was a thing impossible for two human beings, although the inclination did not quite amount to thirty degrees. We therefore determined to go obliquely upwards on the slope, till we gained a long craggy ridge, which stretches a great way up towards the summit, and slight indications of which may be seen on the left side of the mountain, in the sketch made from St. James's, as well as in that from Syrbaghan. This we succeeded in accomplishing, by cutting with our staffs regular hollows in the ice, on which lay a thin coat of newly-fallen snow, too weak to give our footsteps the requisite firmness. In this way we at last got upon the ridge, and went along it, favoured by a deeper drift of the fresh snow, directly towards the summit.

Although it might have cost us great exertions, yet it is probable that on this occasion we could have reached, contrary to all expectations, the lofty aim of our wishes: but our day's labour had been severe; and as it was three o'clock in the afternoon, it was time for us to consider where we should find a resting-place for the coming night. We had reached nearly the furthest end of the rocky ridge, and an elevation of 15,400 feet above the sea, or about the elevation of the summit of Mont Blanc; and yet the head of Ararat, distinctly marked out, rose to a considerable height above us. I do not

believe that there existed any insuperable obstacle to our further advance upwards; but the few hours of daylight which still remained to us for climbing to the summit, would have been more than expended in accomplishing this object; and there, on the top, we should not have found a rock to shelter us during the night, to say nothing of our scanty supply of food, which had not been calculated for so protracted an excursion.

Satisfied with the result, and with having ascertained that the mountain was by no means wholly inaccessible on this side, and having made our barometrical observations, we turned about and immediately fell into a danger which we never dreamt of in ascending. For, while the footing is generally less sure in descending a mountain than in ascending it, at the same time it is extremely difficult to restrain one's self and to tread with the requisite caution, when looking from above upon such a uniform surface of ice and snow, as spread from beneath our feet to the distance of two-thirds of a mile without interruption, and on which, if we happened to slip and fall, there was nothing to prevent our rapidly shooting downwards, except the angular fragments of rock which bounded the region of ice. The danger here lies more in want of habit than in real difficulty. The active spirit of my young friend, now engaged in his first mountain journey, and whose strength and courage were well able to cope with harder trials, was yet unable to withstand this: treading incautiously, he fell; but, as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to strike my staff before me in the ice as deep as it would go, to plant my foot firmly on my excellent many-pointed ice-shoe, and, while my right hand grasped the staff, to catch M. Schiemann with my left, as he was sliding by. My position was good, and resisted the impetus of his fall; but the tie of the ice-shoe, although so strong that it appeared to be of a piece with the sole, gave way with the strain: the straps were cut through as if with a knife, and, unable to support the double weight on the bare sole, I also fell. M. Schiemann, rolling against two stones, came to a stoppage, with little injury, sooner than myself; the distance over which I was hurried almost unconsciously, was little short of a quarter of a mile, and ended in the debris of lava, not far from the border of the glacier.

In this disaster, the tube of my barometer was broken to pieces; my chronometer was opened, and sprinkled with my blood; the other things which I had in my pockets were flung out by the centrifugal motion, as I rolled down; but I was not myself seriously hurt. As soon as we had recovered from our first fright, and had thanked God for our preservation, we looked about for the most important of our scattered articles, and then resumed our journey down. We crossed a small glacier by cutting steps in it; and soon after, from the top of the ridge beyond it, we heard with joy the voice of our worthy Sahäk, who had had the sagacity to look for and await our return in this spot. In his company we had at least the satisfaction of passing the night in the region of grass, to the dry heaps of which, being always chilly, he set fire, in order to warm himself. On the third day, about ten o'clock in the morning, we reached our dear monastery, where we refreshed ourselves with juicy peaches and a good breakfast, but took special care not to let a syllable escape us, while among the Armenians, respecting our unlucky falls; as they would not have failed to discover therein the divine punishment of our rash attempt to arrive at the summit; access to which, from the time of Noah, has been forbidden to mortals by a divine decree: for all the Armenians are firmly persuaded that Noah's ark remains to this very day on the top of Ararat, and that, in order to ensure its preservation, no human being is allowed to approach it.

PALM LEAVES.

Oriental Tales, selected from various Sources.

V. BABA ABDOULLAH; OR, COVETOUSNESS PUNISHED.

IN the times of old, it was customary for the caliphs of Persia to perambulate their capitals by night in disguise, that they might see and hear what passed among the people. One night the Caliph Haroun el Rashed went forth on his evening patrol, accompanied by his Vizier Jaaffier; and as they passed over the bridge of Bagdad, they were accosted by an old blind beggar, who solicited their charity. The Caliph stopped to put a piece of gold into his hand, and then passed on. But the beggar instantly caught him by the arm, and said, "My friend, I thank you for your charity, but I must request you to confer a further favour on me, by giving me a blow on my face, as a punishment for my sin." The Caliph, surprised at this strange request, tried to escape from the old man's grasp; but the more he struggled, the more closely the old man clung to him. The Caliph remonstrated, and, in spite of the beggar's entreaties, he resolutely refused to comply with this preposterous request. The old man, finding all his efforts were vain, at length said, "Sir, forgive my boldness and importunity; for I cannot receive your charity on any other conditions, since I have bound myself by an oath not to receive any alms unless my benefactor will also inflict this punishment upon me." On hearing this, the Caliph gave him a slight blow, and passed on. Then, turning to the Vizier, he said, "Jaaffier, do you know the meaning of this strange fancy?" The Vizier replied, "I know not, sire; but I have no doubt the man has some good reason for making such a singular request." "I must know what it is," replied the Caliph; "go back, therefore, tell him who I am, and say that I command him to come to the palace to-morrow at mid-day." The Vizier obeyed the command of the Caliph, and they continued their rambles, and fell in with one or two other singular adventures (which we may relate at some future period), and returned to the palace.

On the following day, the blind beggar made his appearance at the palace; and on being ushered into the presence of the Caliph, he prostrated himself before him, and earnestly solicited pardon for his conduct on the previous evening. The Caliph bade him rise, assuring him that he freely forgave all that had passed, and said, "I commanded you to come to my palace, that I might ascertain the cause of your singular conduct."

"Commander of the faithful," replied the blind man, "I will briefly relate to you my history, that you may see I have sufficient reason for inflicting this punishment upon myself. My name is Baba Abdollah. I was born in the city of Bagdad, of respectable parents, who died when I was but a youth, leaving me a small fortune, with which I embarked in business. By diligence and economy I soon became rich enough to purchase eighty camels, with which I traded to various parts of your Majesty's dominions. As my wealth increased, the desire of becoming richer increased also. One day, as I was returning from Bussorah, whither I had conveyed some articles of merchandise, I halted in a shady place to allow my camels to rest and graze. While I was sitting watching my camels, a Dervise came by; and on seeing me he saluted me, and sat down by my side. I then

produced some provisions, and invited him to partake. During our repast we conversed on a variety of topics, and at length the Dervise told me that he knew of a spot, not far from where we were sitting, in which there was such an immense treasure of gold and jewels, that all my camels might be laden therewith, without sensibly diminishing it. This intelligence filled me with surprise and joy; and hoping to secure these treasures to myself, I said to the Dervise, 'As you have no means of carrying any considerable portion of this treasure away, I will give you one of my camels to lade for yourself, if you will conduct me to the place where it is hid.' The Dervise, seeing my detestable covetousness, replied, 'I should be a fool indeed to show you this inexhaustible wealth on such terms. The very least I can require is to share it equally with you; if, therefore, you will give me forty of your camels, I will conduct you to the place forthwith.' Galling though this proposition was, I found that I must either accede to it, or relinquish all hope of possessing the treasure, which my covetous mind could not do; I therefore assented, rose up, and gave him forty of my camels, and we started off on our expedition. After travelling for some time, we arrived at a range of mountains, through a narrow pass of which we entered into a valley. Here the Dervise bade me stop, and prepare the camels for loading. Whilst I was busily engaged in arranging them, the Dervise kindled a fire, and used some cabalistic words and signs, when suddenly the mountain opened, and disclosed, to my astonished and enraptured gaze, a magnificent palace, into which we entered. In every part of this spacious building were large heaps of gold, and all kinds of precious stones. Regardless of the beauty of the palace, I set to work at once to fill my bags with these valuable treasures; and my companion did the like, until all our camels were heavily laden. The Dervise then took a small box containing some unctuous matter, and put it into his bosom. After which we retired from the palace, and the Dervise closed the mountain in the same manner as he had opened it. I was astonished at what I had seen, but was so overjoyed in the possession of such treasures, that I asked no questions. We then left the valley by the same narrow pass through which we had entered. On coming into the open plain, I thanked my benefactor for his kindness, and saluted him; we then parted, he to go to Bussorah, and I to Bagdad. Although I had forty camels loaded with riches, my covetous spirit was not satisfied; I began to repent of having given the others to the Dervise, and, forgetting that without his aid I should have had no treasures, I resolved to attempt to regain possession of them. I forthwith stopped my camels, rode after the Dervise, and soon overtook him. He immediately halted, and said, 'What brings you here, brother?' 'Regard for your happiness,' I replied; 'for knowing you to be a man unacquainted with the business of the world, and fearing that the care of forty camels would be most irksome to you, I am come to ask you to let me have ten more, that I may relieve you from your burden.' 'Well,' said he, 'I find that forty is a larger number than I can manage, I will therefore give you ten.' This unexpected success encouraged me to be still more importunate, till at length I prevailed on the kind Dervise to restore all my camels. 'Take them,' said he; 'but remember that if we do not make good use of riches,

God often takes them away again.' This admonition was lost upon me, for so completely had avarice got possession of my soul, that I was not satisfied with the riches I now possessed, but I even coveted the box of unguent which the Dervise had brought from the palace, supposing that it must possess some great virtues. After many protestations of gratitude, I had the audacity to ask my friend to give me the box, and to explain to me the virtues of the unguent. The Dervise immediately took it from his bosom, and gave it me, saying, 'Take it, and be content: that unguent possesses such wonderful properties, that if you rub a little on your left eye, it will enable you to see all the treasures hid in the bowels of the earth; but if it touches your right eye, it will blind you at once.' He had no sooner said this than I applied some to my left eye, and immediately I saw such a profusion of riches, that I was almost bewildered. This enchanting spectacle excited my covetous spirit; and it occurred to me, that if the effect on one eye was so extraordinary, it would be still more wonderful if the unguent was applied to both eyes; for I could not believe that what had exalted the powers of vision in one could destroy the sight of the other. I said to the Dervise, 'You must be joking, when you tell me that this unguent will blind me if applied to the right eye.' He replied, 'I have told you the truth: it will most certainly have that effect, if you ever apply it.' I would not, however, believe him, but, deaf to all his remonstrances, urged him most vehemently to apply it to my right eye. At length, being overcome by importunity, he complied with my request; and lo! to my sorrow, I found that his words were too true, for I became totally blind. I now perceived the misery to which my insatiable desire of riches had reduced me, and I earnestly implored the Dervise to pardon my obstinacy, and once more restore me to sight. 'Miserable, covetous wretch!' exclaimed the Dervise; 'you might have been happy and prosperous as a merchant, had you been satisfied with your condition. I put you in possession of great riches, as a trial of your virtue; and you have shown yourself to be unworthy of them. If you had taken my advice, you would have escaped this calamity. You have what you deserve; and as you knew not how to make a right use of the riches which were given to you, they are now taken from you, and shall be given to some persons more grateful and deserving than yourself.' He then left me to bewail my fate, and I should have perished with hunger, had it not been for a caravan passing near where I was, the merchants in which took compassion on me, and carried me to Bagdad, where I have since subsisted on the bounty of the charitable; and, as a punishment for my folly and covetousness, I have made every person inflict a smart blow upon me."

Baba Abdoollah having finished his story, the Caliph said: "Your folly and wickedness was great indeed; and I am glad to find that you are not only sensible of it, but also sorry for it; I shall therefore order you a small pension during the remainder of your life; and I hope you have so profited by past experience, that you will henceforth be a grateful and happy man."

Baba Abdoollah prostrated himself before the throne, and thanked the Caliph for his generous bounty. He lived some years, a contented and happy man.

DETACHED THOUGHTS,

FROM

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Of differing themes the veering song was mixed."

THE distant village-clock struck midnight, mingling as it were with the ever-pealing tone of old Eternity. The forms of my buried ones cling coldly around my soul. I walked in silence through little villages, and close by the churchyards; beyond them, where crumbled coffin-boards, that the earth had just up-cast, were glimmering, while the once beaming eyes that had lain in them had mouldered into grey dust. Cold thought! clutch not like a chill spectre at my heart. I look up to the sky, and an unbroken, never-ending chain stretches its golden links hither and thither, above and below; and all is life, and warmth, and light—all is God-like, or God.

When, in your last hour (think of this), all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away, and sink into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then will the flower of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness.

We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is a mirror, on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of the reflection.

The poet resembles the inhabitants of the torrid zone, for whom every star must rise and set. The philosopher is like the dweller at the poles, who beholds only the stars of his pole in parallel circles, but never sees them rise or set.

According to Democritus, Truth lies at the bottom of a well, the depth of which, alas! gives but little hope of release. To be sure, one advantage is derived from this, that the water serves for a mirror, in which Truth may be reflected. I have heard, however, that some philosophers, in seeking for truth to pay homage to her, have seen their own image and adored it instead.

Oh, could I teach my emotions a more intelligible language, or give the image of my fancy more defined lineaments! Time is never so friendly to man as in youth. Time shortens to youth the present by little joys which lay such gentle hold on the young heart, joys which no fear dims, and no remorse destroys, whose approach is not barred out by caution, and whose departure is smoothed by fresher and dearer joys that succeed. Alas! often when I am tossed on the waves of doubt, or suffer from some adverse fortune, when my heart pines in vain for the embrace of a friend, when the consciousness of my faults leaves me dissatisfied with myself, how eagerly do I turn to the ever fresh joys of my youth! I forget all; I am deaf to the turmoil of the present; I extricate myself from all these painful thoughts, and clasp to my longing arms the past, with all its soft and beautiful colouring. Now to my glowing imagination arises once more the same moon to which my boyish eye so often turned, to find in its spots full scope for the pencil of young creative fancy; and now I stand in the home of my childhood, and look from

the window abroad upon the winter's storm; the gathering snow-flakes heralded to my hopes the near approach of merry Christmas; and welcome were the visible tokens of the cold, which were to me the promise of my father's tales by the warm fire-side. My mother! unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable! But my pen paints far worse than my fancy; the latter creates joys more easily than the former can express them.

It is an old saying, "What is born to be a nettle stings young." This was not the case with me. I am called a satirist, and yet I do not recollect an early inclination to satire: I manifested rather a degree of sensibility that was inconsistent with at least a certain kind of satire. One might have thought sugar would have spoiled my teeth; but if the grape be very sweet, it yields sour wine, which at last turns to vinegar. Thus my sensibility first changed into bitter declamatory invective, somewhat like that of Rousseau, and afterwards into cool irony. Thus is the satire of men of much feeling vehement, bitter, declamatory; as, for instance, Pope, Young, Rousseau: cold, on the contrary, and therefore ironical, is it with those who are not noted for very soft hearts, such as Voltaire and Swift. Between both these we may place Addison; who had feeling, which, however, adapted itself to irony. Too benevolent for biting irony, and too little of a poet for hard blows, he smiles philanthropically, and touches playfully rather than stabs.

The poet, when out of the sphere of his enthusiasm, is inanimate: he resembles the birds whose feathers shine most in flight.

My inclination to clearness of conception, is engaged in perpetual strife with my desire to give myself up to the warmth of my fancy. Now, I would gladly be all heart, and now all head. But I am most a contradiction to myself, when I obey only the ardent impulses of the former. Hence, I often advance opinions, the groundlessness of which I myself perceive, but in favour of which my heart is prepossessed. How often do I envy those from whom an ever-active imagination hides the weakness of the thoughts which warm, and inspire them, and make them happy! At times, by the power of imagination, I am worked up into an enthusiasm for some darling opinion, which carries cool reason away with it. I like to indulge in these flights of fancy most of all when in the company of others; and I seek to impart to them my own ardour. I often defend to others, what I do not myself really believe. Yet, I am no hypocrite in this; I do but hide my head, and uncover my heart.

A man full of compliment, is a dedication; a man full of learning, is a register.

Tacitus, when clothing his thoughts, cut the cloth too short.

Wouldst thou treasure up the relics of thy friend? There are those that more closely belong to him than the bones thou hast laid in the grave; namely, every page upon which he has left to thee a part of himself, a portion of his intellectual being, of his soul.

Of all that I have lost on earth of youth and joy, I regret nothing so much as the loss of the ideal I had formed of all.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

January 25.—Conversion of S. Paul.

THIS festival was instituted in the year 813.

Prognostications of the weather, &c., for the whole year, were formerly drawn from the appearance of this day. An old proverb says,—

"If the day of S. Paul be clear,
Then shall betide a happy year;
If it do chance to snow or rain,
Then shall be dear all kind of grain
But if the wind be then aloft,
Wars shall vex this realm full oft;
And if the clouds make dark the sky,
Both neat and fowl this year shall die."

In the "Shepherd's Almanack," for 1676, among the observations on the month of January, occurs the following:—"Some say that, if, on the 12th of January, the sun shines, it foreshows much wind. Others predict by S. Paul's-day; saying, if the sun shine, it betokens a good year; if it rain or snow, indifferent; if misty, it predicts great dearth; if it thunder, great winds, and death of people that year."

A singular ceremony was formerly observed, in S. Paul's Cathedral, on this festival, and on the anniversary of S. Paul's martyrdom, the 29th of June. In 1274, the dean and chapter of S. Paul's granted twenty-two acres of land, part of their manor of Westley, in Essex, to Sir William Baud, Knight, for the purpose of being enclosed by him within the park of Curingham; in consideration whereof, he undertook to bring them, on the feast of the Conversion of S. Paul, in winter, a good doe, seasonable and sweet, and upon the feast of the Commemoration of S. Paul, in summer, a good buck, and offer the same to be divided among the canons resident; the doe to be brought by one man, at the hour of procession, and, through the procession, to the high altar, and the bringer to have nothing; the buck to be brought, by all his men, in like manner, and they to be paid twelve pence only, by the chamberlain of the church, and no more to be required. For the performance of this annual present of venison, he charged his lands and bound his heirs; and, twenty-seven years afterwards, his son, Sir Walter, confirmed the grant. The observance of this ceremony as to the buck was in this manner:—The buck being brought up to the steps of the high altar at the hour of procession, and the dean and chapter being vested in their copes, with garlands of roses on their heads, they sent the body of the buck to be baked; and, having fixed the head on a pole, caused it to be borne before the cross, in their procession within the church, until they issued out of the west door. Then the keeper that brought it blew "the death of the buck," and then the horns that were about the city answered him in like manner. For this the dean and chapter gave each man fourpence in money and his dinner, and the keeper that brought it was allowed, during his abode there, meat, drink, and lodging, at the dean and chapter's charges, and five shillings in money at his departure, together with a loaf of bread, with the figure of S. Paul on it. The granters of the venison also presented to S. Paul's Cathedral two special suits of vestments, to be worn by the clergy on these two festivals; the one being embroidered with bucks, the other with does.



Count Lauzun and the Spider.

From the German, by J. M.

A FRENCHMAN once, of noble birth,
De Lauzun was his race,
Had gain'd, for many a noble deed,
His sovereign's envy as his meed—
A dungeon and disgrace.

And now, within its depths immured,
He pined, as in the tomb:
No blessed daylight on him shone,
Save when at noontide from his throne
The sunbeams pierced the gloom.

There silence still as death prevail'd,
And deeper horror shed;
Had not the owl's discordant note
Oft banish'd sleep, he might have thought
The whole creation dead.

No kindly tones or friendly voice
Their soothing accents bore;
The only sounds were sounds of pain,
The iron clanking of his chain,
And grating prison-door.

The gaoler's looks agreed too well
With such a dreadful place;
With cruelty and scorn they glow'd,
And every evil passion show'd
That marks his fallen race.

The art that speeds our thoughts afar—
Oh, boon that fills with bliss!
Even in a dungeon but to count
The weary days, their slow amount—
He was denied even this!

How sad and heavy on his heart
Press'd misery the while!
Starved in his best affections, more
Than death itself, he felt how sore
The loss of friendship's smile.

Once, when with deep despondency
His bosom was oppress'd,
He sprang from off his cheerless bed,
And round and round the walls survey'd,
That held their weary guest.

There in a corner he espied
A spider in her nook;
No living thing for many a year
Had ventured to approach so near,
Mistrustful of his look.

With joy o'erflowed his heart to see
That he was not alone;
Even man of yore, so loved and sought,
Had ne'er such pleasure to him brought
As in his aspect shone.

For hours he'd gaze upon her toils,
So artfully design'd;
While line on line, in union met,
She added, to complete the net
Around her victims twined.

Sometimes the creature's wiles he mark'd,
Conceal'd within her hair,
Watching the insects as they fell
Within the meshes of her cell,
Then rushing on them there.

And now he saw her as in sport
Her flimsy labours ply;
In middle of her airy seat
Retreating next, prepared to greet
Her visitant the fly.

He spoke to her as if she knew
To answer or to ask;
Whene'er she span with right good will,
He praised the industry and skill
Spent on her cunning task.

To bring her food he often plann'd,
On deeds of kindness bent;
And if a gnat e'er chanced to stray
Within his grasp, the welcome prey
Soon told from whom 'twas sent.

Such kindness moved the spider so,
She span an airy thread,
From where her dormitory stood,
Down to the hand that brought her food,
And daily from it fed.

Thus joy once more revisited
His heart, so long oppress'd;
To him the spider was a friend
In whom all soft affections blend,
To cheer the aching breast.

The surly gaoler wondering saw
His prisoner's alter'd mien;
No longer grief and dark despair
Sat on his brow; a happy air
In every look was seen.

And through the key-hole peering now
The gaoler could behold;
"Ah, ah!" thought he, with savage smile,
"Does this fool's play your thoughts beguile?
The spider's days are told!"

And entering in, he cried, with look
Of ill-suppressed delight,
"A spider, see!" and in a breath
He crush'd the animal to death
Before the prisoner's sight.

As if a dagger at his heart
Had struck a deadly blow,
The count in wild amazement shriek'd,
While thus the wretch his vengeance wreak'd
On such a worthless foe.

Oh, how De Lauzun's fury boil'd
To avenge his favourite's doom!
Alas! the iron fetters' band
Was stronger than his lifted hand,
And chain'd him to his tomb.

The murderer went his gloomy way,
With fiendish pleasure fill'd;
His mocking laughter, echoed back
Along the prison's secret track,
The count with horror thrill'd.

"My only friend—my all," he cried,
"Lies crush'd beneath your feet!"
Time's gentle hand his grief repress'd;
But he who hears still feels his breast
With hate and pity beat.

CHURCH BELLS.¹

[H. K. C.]

THE blended voice of morning bells
Steals up the southern lea;
Of wedded hearts the tale it tells,
And bridal gaiety.

Again I hear a pensive peal,
The chime of a dying hour;
Fit strain methinks it is to steal
From a grey sea-side tower.

And, hark! there was a note of woe
From the grey tower, that sigh'd;
Who hath not heard it, faint and low,
And felt that one hath died?

But who hath taught his constant heart,
From this strange melody,
Since joy, and time, and friends depart,
That life is vanity?

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

SOME days since, a widow, keeping a well-known book-stall near the Pont St. Michel, was addressed by an old man, to whom his load of wretchedness seemed a heavier burthen than even that of his years. From beneath an

old tattered garment the stooping man drew forth a thick volume, torn and stained by long use; and offering it to the book-dealer, said:—"Intrinsically this is worth a mere nothing; it had a value to me, however; but I have not the courage to let myself die of my hunger,—so give me for it what you will." The volume in question was the *History of Astronomy* amongst all Nations, by Bailly; and, in its worn out condition, was dear at 50 centimes:—but the female merchant, pitying its owner's destitution, gave him a franc; and the latter immediately entering a baker's shop, brought out a portion of a loaf, and sat down to eat it solitarily by the river's side. M. G—, a canon of Notre Dame and haunter of the book-stalls in this neighbourhood, had been a witness of the scene; and taking up the book when the old man was gone, he found on the reverse of the title-page the following lines, firmly traced, but whose ink had assumed the colour of rust:—"My young friend, I am condemned to die;—at this hour to-morrow I shall be no more. I leave you friendless in the world—in a time of dreadful trouble; and that is one of my bitterest griefs. I had promised to be a father to you;—God wills that my promise shall not be performed. Take this volume as the pledge of my earnest love—and keep it in memory of me—BAILLY." Deeply affected by this one record of such varied miseries, at the opposite extremes of fifty years, the canon flung two francs to the merchant for her bargain,—and hastened with it to the old man, of whom he had not for a moment lost sight. From the latter he learned that he was the natural son of a person of high rank; had been, after his father's death, the pupil and almost the adopted child of Bailly; and that, on the eve of his death, the illustrious martyr sent to him this copy of the work which, in 1784, had opened to himself the doors of the Academy. This unfortunate pupil of an unfortunate master, after having been long engaged in the business of public instruction, had been attacked by illness, which compelled him to resign his functions; and had since been gradually sinking into the state of destitution, under whose gnawing promptings he had turned the last gift of his friend and benefactor into bread. The canon took the old man to his home; and has since laboured successfully to procure his admission into the hospital of Larochefoucauld—where the remainder of his days are sure, at least, of temporal comforts.

COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

COLMAN, when a boy at school, having, together with one of his class-fellows, been guilty of the unusual crime of getting through a certain portion of his studies in a marvellous creditable manner, the two received, as a reward, permission, if they chose it, to omit writing their usual evening's exercise. On the master going out, Colman said to his comrade, "Well, what shall we do?" The other replied, "Oh, I shall write my exercise, shan't you?" "On the contrary," replied Master George, "I shall exercise my right."

ERRATUM.—In "Some Account of a remarkable Organ," in No. X., *passim*, for "Grawn," read "Graun."
The poem of the "Beggars' Castle," in No. VI., was extracted from a volume, entitled "The Tribute." This acknowledgment was accidentally omitted.

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(1) See engraving, page 269.

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NCE, on an autumn evening, two persons held sweet converse together beneath the walls of an ancient abbey. The one was a noble youth, the other a fair maid; not monk and nun, though they lingered on holy ground, but pure

lovers—Lionel, a bold esquire, and Constance, his betrothed. We will not repeat their converse, for

the language of love is chiefly sweet to those who speak it; theirs, moreover, was low, and overheard of none; and was long, for it lasted from sunset till the abbey bell tolled for compline. It was then that they first spoke aloud.

"Constance," said the youth, "thou knowest how willingly I would make this meeting longer, but there may be sore trials in store for me to-night, and I must not omit to pray for succour."

"And I, Lionel," the maiden replied, "who have often asked a blessing on thy actions in the battle-field, must not be more negligent when thou mayst have, perhaps, to deal with the powers of darkness."

So saying, they entered the church together, and de-

voutly joined in the prayers which terminate the labours of the day. But when the last prayer was said, the maiden left the church alone, for her lover had been summoned from another land to be dubbed a knight by a great earl in England, and this night he was to watch his arms in the church. As soon as the other worshippers had retired, Lionel was summoned by a priest to confession; he was not long so engaged, for he had few of the vices of his age, and, after a few words of exhortation and instruction, was left quite alone. It was St. Michael's Eve, and a light burned before St. Michael's altar, and here Lionel's arms were piled, beside which he kneeled, resolved to pass the night thus in meditation and prayer. His sword was all that he was allowed to retain of his armour, and, setting it upright, with its bare point on the pavement before him, he clasped his hands upon its cross-hilt.

The thoughts of a young man so shortly to be admitted to the honour of knighthood should be high and holy, full of hope and ambition, and such were Lionel's; yet, when he had kneeled for near an hour in his light garments on the cold stones, the gloom of the church striking cold to his very bones, and its silence weighing on his spirits, it must be owned that he wished his vigil at an end, and longed for the light of day. Anxious, however, to stifle all unworthy thoughts, he closed his eyes, and repeated in secret some of the prayers the good monks had taught him. He prayed for the church, his king, for the rightful cause in war, and for his own protection through the night, nor did he forget to name her who was far dearer to him than himself. While he was thus occupied, he heard a footfall close behind him. Lionel feared no man by daylight and in the open field, and his heart was stout under all dangers whatsoever, but this sound made it beat very quick, for he had been taught that a candidate for knighthood must expect strange trials during his vigils. Yet he opened not his eyes even till his prayers were finished, and this exercise of resolution doubled his courage for the expected encounter. When he did at length look up, he saw that he was indeed no longer alone. A man of obsequious mien stood before him, clad in the garb of a servitor or lay-brother of the abbey, and bearing on his arm a rich mantle of furs, and a velvet cap rising from a diadem of gold. His voice was humble and soft, as he addressed Lionel by a title to which he had yet no claim.

"Sir Knight! for so I call thee, since thy bravery and virtue have made thee one long since in all but the name,—thou followest this form too rigidly. This thin apparel and these cold stones are for men who have many sins to be quit of before they may take the vows of knighthood upon them; with thee it is not so, and the lord abbot has sent thee this mantle and this cap to guard thee from the chill air, and bids thee seat thyself in the knights' stalls, where thou wilt be more comfortably lodged."

It has been already said that the church was at this hour cold and comfortless, and that Lionel's vigil, inured as he was to hardships, was yet a painful one; it was no cause for wonder, therefore, that he felt for a moment disposed to accept the warm garments which his visitor held out to him, and to seek the shelter of the knights' stalls. But better thoughts came to his aid. "Am I not," he said to himself, "the humblest of Christ's soldiers, and shall I shrink from a few hours' hardship, and be too proud for this humble posture? How then shall I be fit for the life of danger and difficulty which a true knight destines for himself?" He refused not the gift in words, for he had been charged to keep a silent watch, but motioned the servitor away, made the sign of the cross on his breast, and with closed eyes repeated a versicle for support. His visitor was gone before he had again opened his eyes, and Lionel felt an inward consciousness that he had had to deal with a spiritual being. The thought struck him with awe, yet his successful resistance emboldened him, and he continued his vigil with a lighter and more steadfast heart than before.

But his trial was not at an end. Though the servitor himself had departed, the rich mantle and precious diadem were left on the floor beside his own armour, and with them a bag heavy with gold coin. They showed fair contrasted with his own poor armour, and the esquire did not without reflection surmount this new temptation. "It would have been foul pride," he thought, "to have worn the garb, and sat in the seat of knighthood, while I am yet a lowly esquire; but to-morrow will see me as true a knight as the richest in the land, yet in such mean armour that the very heralds will think it lost labour to cry 'largesse' for one who has so little for himself. This gold is freely offered, and I will, at least, with its aid, clothe myself in fair bright armour on the morrow. Yet," he added, "I will do nothing without the counsel of Heaven." Accordingly, he betook himself again to prayer, and so thoroughly was the temptation conquered by it, that he now looked on his own battered but trusty mail, tried in many fights, as more precious than the richest enamelled suit.

Another hour of dreary solitude had passed, when he suddenly felt a warm hand laid on his neck. He started, and, looking round, beheld the fairest woman that had ever crossed his eyes. Very beautiful she was, and had many enticing ways, for she leaned upon his shoulder as he kneeled, and whispered softly in his ear, and her voice and warm breath cheered him, for he was very lonely. She said she had taken pity on his solitude, and would give him her company during the night, but he must come to the warm cell above the church porch, for she could not live in the cold chapel where he was kneeling. Beauty is ever a perilous snare, and this lady had more than Lionel ever knew, and it may be that he would have yielded to her allurements, but that his love for the pure and faithful Constance was as a shield to him. He thought of this, and he thought too that this lady's gay apparel and enticing manner was strangely at variance with the sanctity of that old church. Yet he could not turn his eyes away, but gazed upon her with admiration, even while he crossed himself; but he had no sooner done so than her cheeks became pale, her hair grey, and all her beauty, save the fire of her eyes, departed. Then he was very glad that he had withstood her allurements, and could fix his eyes steadfastly upon the rood, and thought no more of the fair maiden.

Presently he heard voices close beside him (though he saw nothing), which repeated his name and spoke discourteously of his life and actions.

"This dainty 'squire," said one, "came home from the wars, and bragged of his great deeds there, and men hold him in honour therefore; nay, to-morrow they will make him a knight; yet I myself have seen him turn his back in battle, and he was ever readier to thrust his comrade into danger than to share it himself."

And another voice answered: "He has done worse deeds than that, for he woos a maiden named Constance, but wills not to wed her; for he is already wedded to a heathen damsel whom he captured in war." At these words Lionel was more moved than he had ever been before, and, clutching his sword, he sprang up and looked angrily around. Then he heard the voices laughing and mocking at a little distance, and he was about to pursue them through the church, when a stir among his armour caught his ear, and looking towards it, he saw a hand extended to take some of it away. He flew to it, and the hand vanished; but he kneeled still closer to his armour than before, and grieved that anger should for a moment have diverted him from his watch.

It was now midnight, and Lionel heard priests chanting the midnight prayers in another part of the church, yet he would not leave his watch to tell them what he had seen and heard, but imitated them in praying, and commending himself to Heaven.

There came then a fragrant smell of meats and dainty viands, and Lionel remembered that he had been from

midnight to midnight without food, for he who would be a knight fasts the day before his vows. He saw, but a little way behind him, a table spread with good fare and a flagon of wine, and the sight, perhaps, made his fast somewhat more painful, but he smiled at their folly who thought such dainties would lure a true soldier from his duty.

Another hour of his watch had passed without disturbance, when he heard the beat of a horse's hoofs on the soft turf in the churchyard. Then a door flew open near where he was kneeling, and he saw in the moonlight a page leading a noble charger, with all the trappings that a knight's horse should have, and all of the richest and most costly fashion. Like every soldier, Lionel loved a good horse, and he could not cease admiring the broad chest and arched neck of the noble animal which stood at the church door. Neither was he insensible to the splendour of its caparisons, or to the beauty of the richly clad page, all of which a new created knight might well covet for his first adventure. When the page had seen the esquire's admiring eye, he addressed him thus: "See, noble sir, how fair a steed for a foul rider! This proud charger and this costly apparel belong to the craven 'squire Orlando, who is most unworthily to be made a knight with you to-morrow, and I am his page. Can you bear to see him so well furnished in all things, while you, who are far nobler than he, will seem the poorer, and your sorry horse the worse, when set by his side! Only speak the word, and I will hamstring his proud horse, tear its dainty apparel in shreds, and be myself far beyond his reach by sunrise. You will then, poor as you are, be the better furnished knight of the two." The esquire was indeed moved by his words, but it was with wrath at his base proposal, and he scowled upon the page with such an angry countenance as drove him from the door without hope of finding envy in so virtuous a breast.

A weary night Lionel had passed, fasting and watching, troubled by visions and trials, and ever in one painful posture, for he had chosen to remain on his knees throughout the whole time. Nature was well nigh exhausted, and the esquire felt little power to resist any farther trials. It was with difficulty that he kept his eyes open by gazing on the holy emblems before him, and telling the beads of a rosary. Just then he heard a strain of music, very low, and sweet, and soft. It was not like the tones of the organ or the chanting of priests, and besides, it seemed close at his back, and yet it was very faint and soft. When he looked back, he saw a couch of down, prepared, as if for him; the burning incense in a censer at its foot, made a fragrant mist about it, and a concert of invisible instruments still invited him to approach. The incense and the soft music were fast stealing away his senses, and he scarce knew what he did as he tottered towards the couch: another moment would have seen his eyes closed in slumber, and his arms without a guardian. Just then, the loud voices of the monks at lauds roused him, and, starting up, he found that day was breaking, and his arms safe. By the time that his morning prayers were repeated, the sun was streaming in at the east window, painting the pavement with the forms of saints and holy emblems reflected from the glass, and gilding the flowers and evergreens which were hung about the altar for the high festival of St. Michael. A priest again received his confession, which occupied some time, for he had to tell all the strange things that had passed in the night. Then his page carried his armour from the church to his lodging, and cleansed it from the rust which had gathered on it during the night. Meanwhile his master went to the bath, and then heard mass. On his return, he found Constance waiting for him, and after an affectionate greeting, she insisted on helping to equip him in his armour. When every piece was in its place, she gave him his sword, but, first looking at the rough steel hilt, was amazed to see seven bright diamonds all of one size set in it. She questioned her lover, but he

could tell her nothing about them, and was as much surprised as she. Neither would he say what had happened in the night to make him look so pale and wan.

At length he was summoned to receive his knighthood from the earl's hands. In a full court of high-born knights and ladies, he kneeled among the other candidates, received the accolade upon his shoulder, was bidden to be a good knight in the name of God and St. Michael, and rose Sir Lionel. Then his friends came round him, and offered their congratulations and gifts. Amongst them were seven fair maidens clad in white robes, whom neither Sir Lionel nor any one present knew. The first gave him a rich mantle of state; the second, a purse of gold pieces, which he gave away in largesse to the heralds; the third bore a bright shield, which had no device, but this legend round the margin, "not lightly turned aside;" the fourth offered him a golden cup of wine, which he drank, and felt his heart strengthened within him; the fifth led a noble steed fully caparisoned; and the sixth gave a helmet inlaid with gold. With these gifts, he was far more nobly equipped than any of the new created knights, but there was yet one maiden of the seven who had brought nothing in her hands. She, however, advanced into the crowd, and led forth Constance, looking more beautiful than ever from the blushes which covered her face. The earl looked kindly on the maiden, and finding that she was betrothed to Sir Lionel, commanded that their nuptials should take place at once. Accordingly they were married by the lord abbot in the abbey church, in the presence of the earl, and, as they returned, the seven fair maidens in white went before, and strewed flowers in their path. Soon afterwards it was found that the maidens had disappeared without having spoken to any one, nor could any tell whence they had come nor whither they departed. They were never seen in those parts again but on one occasion, and that was many years after, when Sir Lionel was on his death-bed. There were present only Constance his wife, and a priest; and these averred, that as the seven maidens stood by the bedside, and looked kindly on the dying knight, his face was lighted with a smile, which did not pass away till long after death.

J. E. M.

LUCY COOPER.

CONCLUSION.

BELTON smoked his short and blackened pipe. Lucy, whose heart was relieved of the insupportable load of her hateful confinement, wiped the tears from her cheeks as quietly as she could, and silently offered her grateful thanksgivings to Almighty God for the pure air she was breathing, and the cessation of the infernal sounds she had escaped from.

"Maybe," said Belton, "you do not like my smoke;" and he took the pipe from his mouth. "But they tell me, all the factory women smoke."

"I am quite used to it," said Lucy; "pray enjoy it."

"I am an old soldier," continued the man, "and I have got the habit of it; but I have always thought it both a dirty and an idle trick; and I have taught my boy George not to make himself a slave to it as I am."

By this time they had cleared the town of Parramatta, and were entering upon the great Bathurst road, from which the whole valley of the "Heads of the Waters," (for such is the meaning of the native word Parramatta,) and all the extent of the town, were visible. At a distance was the factory, which Belton pointed out to his companion; and on the western slope of the panorama, the government domain and the country seat of the Governor overlooked the scene, with much of English comfort and repose.

"Yonder," said Belton, "is the place you came from; I suppose you are not sorry to leave it."

Lucy could not conceal the tears that flowed faster than ever.

"Well, well," said Belton, who evidently was no match for such rhetoric, "I will say no more about it—at least, if you behave yourself decently. So long as you are a good girl, you may keep out of it; and I hope you have seen enough of it to do you good."

Lucy could make no reply; but she silently remarked that her companion did not swear, and was kind and gentle with his horse. It is impossible to communicate the grateful satisfaction with which she made these preliminary observations, and drew from them a favourable augury of her new master's character.

The man at the turnpike gate, and George Belton, exchanged the nod of recognition, which implied that the matter of the toll had been previously adjusted; and they proceeded easily and quietly along a capital road, inclosed on either side with a rail-fence, the domain to the right, and the close bush to the left, forming an avenue of tall gum-trees, which was interrupted occasionally by a cleared spot, where the poor settler had built his hut, and gathered his domestic cares about him. At the summit of the first ascent, by the road side, lay the carcass of a bullock, which had died beneath the yoke. The hawks and dogs were busy over the remains, which, for months after, solicited the attention of the wayfarer. Belton's horse shied at the uncouth spectacle as usual. "Captain, Captain," said Belton, "what's the matter? You have seen that sight before; it is not the first by many. But don't be afraid, man; we will not leave you by the road side, Captain, depend upon it."

They descended the long slope, and crossed a creek, by a wooden bridge, part of the results of convict labour, and now undergoing a repair. At the road side was a tent or two, the temporary accommodation of the gang, which consisted of ten men, who were in a state of probation, and out of irons. A little further stood the "Madeira Inn," a humble house of refreshment by the road side, kept by "the Frenchman," who, however, was a native of Madeira. After crossing two more ridges, from the last of which, at a distance of nearly twenty miles, the city of Sydney was clearly discernible, and six miles beyond it, the lighthouse on the south head, they suddenly entered upon the cleared ground, and saw the rising sides of Prospect Hill, where one of the earliest and most enterprising families of the colony is settled in great comfort and opulence. After a while, Belton drew up to a gate on the left, which he unlatched and threw back, whilst Captain very carefully passed through, and waited until his master closed it and mounted his cart again, ere he proceeded. The loud barking of a carrot dog, who now came up, and whom Belton greeted by the name of Daddy Pincher, gave Lucy to understand that they were approaching to their journey's end. He had been busy with his pipe all the way, and did not seem to be a man of many words; but now he began to tell Pincher's story, and partly by apostrophes to his dog, partly by direct narrative, she learned that the carrot dog had attached himself to Belton some years ago, and had followed him with his regiment, until at length they settled here, with Mungo, his black son, and a son of Mungo's, wearing the family carrots, and called after his grandfather, young Pincher. They are good to their beasts, thought Lucy; surely they will be good to me. The three generations of dogs went capering before: the lane was long and rugged; a dog-rose, full of blooming hips and haws, rose by the fence here and there; and then a couple of haystacks, well thatched, and the smooth residue of a third, with a pig-stye and fowl-house, all in good order and comfort, seemed to close the lane; but round a sharp corner, at the edge of a small patch of green turf, and bounded by a couple of young but handsome oaks, stood the small white cottage which Belton called his home. Lucy was surprised that no one came to the door; but the master had by this time jumped down, and having thrown his

arms round the neck of a tall figure, sitting motionless in a chair by the side of the open window, he kissed the cheek of his wife, who cordially welcomed him home, but who evidently was deprived of sight.

Belton now returned to the cart, and bidding Lucy hand him out the various produce of his marketing, he finally helped her to come down, and led her into the cottage, which was clean and neat, and well supplied with substantial furniture. Whilst he was away at the stable, looking after Captain's supper and bed, Lucy was employed, under Mrs. Belton's directions, in getting the table spread for the evening meal; and, as she afterwards learned, had given the blind woman much satisfaction by the tones of her voice, and her quiet step.

After the lapse of a few days, the cottage, which was neat and orderly before, gradually assumed the aspect of extreme cleanliness and comfort; Mrs. Belton's caps and handkerchiefs were of a snowy whiteness; and the furniture and bedding as beautiful as they could be made. The dairy gradually improved; nothing could exceed the cleanliness and coolness of that great test of female industry; nor could the well-scalded vessels look whiter. A good understanding seemed to pervade the whole house, which extended to every part of the farm, and every creature in it. Thrift and economy were obvious; and so much tranquillity was hardly to be seen elsewhere.

In due time, Lucy learned that Belton and his wife had come from England with the —— regiment of foot, accompanied by one child, a boy, now superintending a large property at the remotest verge of the colony; that Mrs. Belton had never recovered from the effects of a lying-in, which had occurred within a month of their landing, and that the total loss of sight had been one of the results, and the death of an infant daughter, after a painful existence of six weeks, another.

It further appeared, that George Belton having completed the period of his service, had retired upon a pension of 2s. 10d. a day, and had purchased the house and land on which he lived. Belton was frugal and temperate, cheerful and industrious. He made no merit of doing his duty, and set little value upon himself for habits which made him respectable in the eyes of all his acquaintance. His neighbours, who could not follow his example, held him, nevertheless, in great honour; and Belton's word was everywhere respected. His manly tenderness for his afflicted wife had given him a gentle and considerate demeanour, and an air and manner approaching very nearly towards refinement. Belton had always been attentive to the offices of the Church of England; and at the time of Lucy's assignment to the family, the public service was reverently celebrated every evening, in the presence of all its members.

That these good people were kind to Lucy, need hardly be recorded. She gradually won their esteem, and all their confidence; and, in this remote and happy spot, two years rolled over her head, healing all her troubles, and improving her character. At this time, according to the rules of the department, she was become entitled to an indulgence, technically called a "Ticket of Leave;" the whole meaning of which is, that she would be at liberty to enter any service which she deemed desirable, at such wages as she could obtain, within a specified district, until the full expiration of her sentence. But it was not her intention to quit George Belton and his wife, to make her way in a society so constituted as she well knew this to be; and they, on their part, were happy to keep her to themselves, promising that she should not be a loser by her devotion to them. And in this way they continued to discharge their respective duties, to their mutual happiness and comfort.

About this time Lucy most unexpectedly received the following letter. It was seen in the post-office by a person who had known her when at Dr. Caveat's, and who, having heard of her present address, caused it to be forwarded to her.

—, 15 June, 1840.

"DEAR GRANDCHILD,

"Although we have not received a single line from you to say where you are, nor that you enjoy the great blessing of health, and I do not know how to direct this letter to you, I am willing to try whether it may not come to hand, especially as there is news which may be of much use to you. You know that, ever since your dear mother's death, the duty of bringing up yourself and sister fell upon me; and from that time, we never got one single line from your father. But I will say no more about his cruelty to your mother and yourselves. We have lately heard that he married again in India, and died of cholera-morbus, leaving a large fortune to the children of his second marriage. But what concerns you and your sister, is, to know that the sum of 500*l.* has been left to your good friend the rector, in trust for you and your sister, when you attain the age of twenty-five years respectively; and I should recommend you to write word, either to him, or to me, where you now are, and what had better be done about the legacy. Mr. Screw, the lawyer, has always said that he had good information of your poor sister's death; and he says, it is most likely you are dead too: but I hope and trust he is wrong in both cases; and that you are both alive and well to do. If I receive an answer to this letter, there are some news for you about the family, which I will send; but until I learn that my letters come to hand, I shall add no more, but remain, dear Lucy, your loving grandfather,

"PHILIP ANDREWS.

"P.S.—The good rector hopes that you have not forgotten your early lessons. You have many friends here who pray for and pity you."

Such were the contents of the letter which Lucy received. Fortunately, its general contents threw no discredit upon her, or her friends at home, which could give her pain: but enough was discovered to show her unprotected and friendless condition, when that occurred for which, by the merciful operation of the law, these two sisters were removed from scenes of dangerous association; and an impression has been made upon my mind, that the portion of guilt which really attached to the surviving sister had been greatly overrated. By this letter, however, it was pretty clear that Lucy would be entitled to 500*l.* the day she attained her twenty-fifth year; by which time also the whole period of her sentence would be terminated.

After much debate, it was concluded that Lucy should immediately acknowledge the receipt of her grandfather's letter; and Belton undertook to obtain from the authorities in Sydney such attestations of her sister's death as they were in the habit of supplying in similar cases. In the mean while, it was further determined to keep Lucy's good fortune a profound secret.

An uninterrupted course of prosperity and peace seemed to bless the cottage and its inhabitants; the daily labour and the daily bread followed each other, sweetened with contentment. George Belton gradually accumulated a stock of serviceable horses and handsome cows; his poultry, eggs, and butter, met with a steady sale; his mode of life was sober, and his habits inexpensive; he felt himself gradually growing rich. Nothing occurred to interrupt the repose and comfort of his life, until a source of anxiety arose in his son George, of whom a series of reports began to be spread abroad, that he was neglectful of his duty, insolent to his master, and giving way to vicious habits. His letters were no longer, as formerly, frequent and cheerful; but were filled with an apparent sullenness and ill-temper, which were as strange to his natural character, as they were otherwise unaccountable. His father was much distressed at this state of things, and would gladly have called him home; but he was under an engage-

ment with his master for a term of two years, to break which never occurred to the honest veteran as possible. Nearly five months of the period were yet unexpired: at the end of this time, the elder Belton reminded his son he might honourably throw up an employment which had evidently become irksome to him, for some reason or other; but which he had engaged himself to fulfil, and which he was bound not only to observe, but that with all diligence, faithfulness, and alacrity, like an honest man. To all this the young man replied, that he knew what his duty was, and would endeavour to fulfil it to the very letter, both for his parents' sake and his own, but that he was ill-supported and ill-requited by his master; his authority among the men diminished, and his best efforts for the well-being of the property frustrated. The father was so uneasy and perplexed, that he contemplated, with Mrs. Belton's full concurrence, a long and dangerous journey to the station where his son was employed: rightly judging, that any effort of the kind of which he was capable would cost him less pain than his son's bad conduct would cause him. Mrs. Belton, however anxious to relieve the father from the evident annoyance he suffered on account of her only son, never would allow that the fault or provocation lay with him: she knew his generous spirit and good temper too well to believe it; whatever was the matter, she was sure that George was more to be pitied than blamed.

It happened on a certain Sunday, when the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated in the church of Parramatta, that George Belton and his wife were proceeding to town, in their green chaise-cart, with the intention of partaking in that communion. Lucy had been detained by the sudden illness of a neighbour, who, on these occasions, had been in the habit of taking care of the house in the absence of the family; it was with reluctance, therefore, that she remained behind, and allowed herself to be deprived of the benefit of the sacrament.

Her preparations for dinner had been made, the board covered with linen of the whitest hue, and the humble furniture of the table beautifully clean. The window of the common room was opened, having a monthly rose on each side of it, and growing with restrained luxuriance over the rude verandah which Belton had lately added to his house. Beneath the verandah, on a rustic bench, Lucy sat reading the morning service, and so intently was she engaged, that she was not sensible of the approach of a man until he stood almost by her side. To her great amazement she beheld a powerful man standing before her.

"I am sure," she said, looking keenly at him, "that you are George Belton."

"Why, you did not expect me, did you?" said young George Belton. "Where are father and mother?"

"You are too like Mrs. Belton to mistake," was the reply. And truly the herculean frame, and raven hair and eyes, of the young man could not conceal the regular features of his mother, which he bore with manly symmetry. His eye was like a hawk's,—

"Jet, jet black, and like a hawk,"

as the Northern bard has sung.

"Where's father? where's mother?" interrogated George; "there's nothing the matter, I hope!"

Whilst Lucy gave him the necessary information, the sound of the cart-wheels was heard, bringing home from church his venerated parents. George Belton was ready to lift his mother out, which he did with as much ease as ever, twenty years before, she had lifted him. Once set upon her feet, she continued to clasp her arms round his neck, and her exclamations expressed her joy at meeting him. His father shook him heartily by the hand; great and general were the endearments, and happy was that humble house on that day. An intimacy between the young man and Lucy was immediately commenced, and it was determined that he should remain at home for the future, to take part in the

management of the growing property, a comfort and pleasure to his fond parents. It was not hard for him to account for the unhappiness he had lately undergone. Distress and poverty had overtaken his master, the inseparable attendants upon such a course of life as he had fallen into; all his arrangements were crippled by the want of means, and his disappointments were laid upon his overseers and servants, who had, besides, the mortification of seeing all their labour unproductive. Belton had long seen ill-nature in his master's face; but when he had recourse to injurious language, an altercation ensued, which, by the young man's forbearance, terminated in their separation by consent, without further ill consequences. To mount his horse, and reach his father's house by lengthened journeys, was the first result of his liberty; for he could not wait to give them notice of his intended coming. George Belton had received from his father such accounts of Lucy as made him happy to think his mother's infirmities were so well attended to; but, however highly he might have been disposed to think of her at a distance, a nearer acquaintance added greatly to his regard. In short, the younger Belton soon found it necessary to examine himself as to the state of his affections towards Lucy Cooper, and came to the determination to speak to his father on the subject.

A few evenings after he had adopted this resolution he found an opportunity of opening the subject, as they returned home from the purchase of some cows, which they had obtained at an advantageous price, and which bade fair to turn out well. George was an honest, straightforward man, and began at once with the business in hand.

"Father," said he, "I think very highly of Lucy."

"So do I," replied his father.

"Do you think she would make a man a good wife?"

"A very good wife," was the brief reply.

They walked a few steps further in silence.

"Father," proceeded the young man, "do you think she would have me?"

"Nay," said the father, "you had better ask her."

"Do you mean that, father?" inquired the young man.

"Indeed, I do," said his father; "you may do many worse things, few better, than secure to yourself so good a young woman."

The young man grasped the old man's hand; and, with some hesitation, said, "My mother—do you think she is of your mind?"

"We never had two opinions, my boy, since we became one flesh. I know your mother's opinion quite agrees with mine."

"Well, father," concluded the dutiful son, "I think this evening's conversation will settle the business, at least as far as I am concerned."

"There is another person to be consulted yet," interposed the elder Belton.

"I hope you do not expect any difficulty there. I hope there is no person —"

Young George Belton had now touched a string which sounded harshly to his feelings; the possibility of pre-occupation had not yet occurred to him.

"Have you any reason to think, father, that Lucy has any engagement of this sort?"

"No, George," said his father, "I really think she has not. But she has strong feelings about her situation, and so much settled purpose and strength of mind, that if she should have formed an opinion that requires such a sacrifice, I am sure she would maintain it against all the world, and at any cost."

Satisfied with the result of this conversation, which the reader will observe was conducted with primitive simplicity and manliness, and that the two George Beltons were as like each other in their uprightness and honour as their broad shoulders and sturdy frames betokened their common origin, the younger man was still solicitous about Lucy's acceptance of his offer,

and her own plans for the future conduct of her life.

George was most affectionate to his mother, as a matter of course. His manly nature could not be otherwise. The evening meal and the evening prayers were concluded, and the whole party betook themselves to rest, without further mentioning a subject so important to him, and so auspiciously commenced. It was one among the few sleepless nights he had ever experienced; and, perhaps, for the first time in his life that he became acquainted with the uneasy passions. But he had achieved the greater part of his object in securing the concurrence of both his parents; and he resolved to ascertain from Lucy's own lips what was likely to be her determination. The only hesitation he felt was a doubt whether it would not be better and more delicate to request his mother to break the subject to her; but his final purpose to plead for himself, in his own person, was more in accordance with the plain integrity of his disposition.

For some days the employments of the farm, in which all were diligently occupied, put any explanation out of his power; and yet an indifferent observer could not have overlooked the half-conscious and constrained deportment of the two young people; whilst an easy anxiety and watchfulness proved satisfactorily enough that the faculties of the elder were employed in detecting little overt acts and evidences of open love. At length a moonlight evening, and a few moments' leisure, made, perhaps, on purpose by the solicitude of Mrs. Belton, gave George the much-desired opportunity of declaring his love, which Lucy heard without surprise, though certainly not without emotion; and whilst she confessed that neither his person nor his disposition were indifferent to her affections, she referred the decision to her only friends, who were his father and mother.

Brief and conclusive as this short explanation proved, it was a moment of so much unmingled happiness, that I question whether memory itself can supply another of equal bliss. When old George Belton, and his wife leaning upon his arm, returned from their little stroll, George referred the whole affair at once, in Lucy's presence, to their decision. The evening shades could not hush the sobs, though they concealed the tears, of this now happy girl; George clasped her to his bosom, and felt all the rapture which his generous spirit deserved, unmingled with reproach, and superior to shame.

"O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage Experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."
BURNS.

Inmates of one house, the family concurred in solemnizing an immediate marriage. Mrs. Webster came from Sydney to witness the event; and lived to see the old couple and the young enjoying together for many years the fullest measure of earthly felicity.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

February.

NUMA gave to this month the position in the year which it still retains, and placed it under the protection of Neptune, who was highly esteemed by the Romans, not only as ruling over one of the four elements, but as the reputed promoter of the abduction of the Sabine women, when the population of the infant city of Romulus was in

danger of extinction. The name February is either taken from *Februa*, *Februaca*, or *Februalis*, appellations of Juno; or from the *Februa*, or *Feralia*, sacrifices anciently offered to Pluto, at this season, for the souls of the departed. In allusion to this custom Ovid sings—

"With whatsoever our hearts we hold
Are purified, was Februa termed of old;
Lustrations are from hence, from hence the name,
Of this our month of February came,
In which the priests of Pan processions made;
In which the tombs were also purified
Of such as had no dirges when they died;
For our religious fathers did maintain
Purgations expiated every stain
Of guilt and sin."

Our Saxon ancestors termed this month *sprout-kele*. "By *kele*," says an old writer, "meaning the kele-wurt, which we now call the cole-wurt, the greatest *pot-wurt* in time long past that our ancestors used, and the broth made therewith was therefore also called kele; for before we borrowed from the French the name of pottage, and the name of herb, the one in our own language was called *kele*, and the other *wurt*; and as this kele-wurt, or pottage-herb, was the chief winter-wurt for the husbandman, so was it the first herb that in this month began to yield out wholesome young sprouts, and consequently gave thereunto the name of *sprout-kele*." The Saxons subsequently altered this term to *Solmonath* (rendered by Spelman "Pancake Month,") because in the course of it, before their conversion to Christianity, they offered cakes to the Sun; and "Sol," or "Soul," signified cakes, or food.

In the period of February the sun generally enters "Pisces," whence this month has the fishes for its zodiacal sign.¹ Its common representation is a man in a dark sky-coloured dress, bearing in his hand the above astronomical emblem. In some of the old Saxon pictures, however, February was represented as a vine-dresser pruning trees; and in others, as a man with his jacket closely buttoned, warming himself by striking his hands across his body, in token of the early part of the month being the most inclement season of the year.

The greater portion of February may still be considered winter, although the weather is usually less cold than in the preceding months. The days are sensibly lengthened, and snow and ice are melted by the warmth of the sun. Frequently a sudden thaw comes on; with a south wind and rain, and great injury is occasioned by the swollen rivers, which, rushing beyond their accustomed channels, carry away bridges and embankments, inundate the fields, and sweep away the cattle. The thaw is often again succeeded by frost and snow; and thus the weather alternately changes during the month. February, however, is not entirely without the cheering harbingers of spring. The woodlark, skylark, wren, robin, missel, hedge-sparrow, thrush, and chaffinch, are in song. Turkey-cocks strut and gobble; the house-pigeon has young. The raven and rook repair their nests. The bulfinch returns to our gardens. The wood-owl and green woodpecker are heard among the leafless trees. Partridges begin to couple, and geese to lay. Frogs croak; field crickets open their holes; the bee flies abroad; on a sunny day

gnats buzz on every side, and one or two early caterpillars, who have lain torpid through the winter, are visible. Moles throw up their hillocks as soon as the earth is softened, and do much mischief in gardens, by devouring and loosening flower-roots, and in the fields, by rendering the soil uneven, and thus obstructing the scythe of the mower. Many plants appear above ground, but few flowers are yet in bloom. The snow-drop fully opens by the vigil of Candlemas, and was for that reason honoured by our pious ancestors with the names of "our Lady of February," and "Purification Flower." Primroses, crocuses, polyanthuses, daisies, the periwinkle, and common polewort are seen; the apricot begins to show a few blossoms; mosses and lichens abound; the leaves of the daffodil appear; the yew and alder-trees put forth their buds; the catkins of the hazel become very conspicuous; and young leaves appear at the close of the month on the gooseberry and currant trees. As soon as the frost permits, the gardener digs and sows his borders; and the farmer ploughs his land, sows beans and peas, rye and spring wheat; sets early potatoes; drains his wet land; prunes trees, and plants those which flourish best in a wet soil, as poplars and willows.

February 2.—The Purification, or Candlemas Day.

This Festival is celebrated by all Christendom. It is generally supposed to date from the time of Justinian; but Pope Gelasius had certainly solemnized it at Rome thirty years before the accession of that emperor.

The following rhyme respecting Candlemas day is universal in Scotland:—

"If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule."

Bishop Hall, in a sermon on this Feast, observes, "It hath been an old (I say not how true) note, that hath been wont to be set on this day, that if it be clear and sunshiny, it portends a hard weather to come; if cloudy and lowering, a mild and gentle season ensuing." To the same effect is the old prediction—

"If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if Candlemas day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again."

Very similar is the ancient Latin distich—

"Si sol splendet Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante:—"

which means, "If the sun shines on the Feast of the Purification, there will be more ice after the Festival than before it." In Germany there is a vernacular proverb to express the same idea:—"The shepherd would rather see a wolf enter his stable on Candlemas day, than the sun." A correspondent in Hone's "Year Book" remarks, "I have seen a farmer of the 'old school' rubbing his hands with glee during the dismal battling of the elements without, while the wind entered within through the crevices of the doors and casements of the latticed windows, and while his little children, at the loud blasts which roared around the roof, ran for protection between the knees of their father, or hid their face in the lap of their mother."

(1) This emblem is said to symbolize the fishery of the Nile, which usually commenced at this season of the year.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

Herrick enjoins the following observance on Candlemas day :—

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn,
Which quenched, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return.

"Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
And when 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there."

Martin, in his description of the Western Islands, 8vo, 1716, describes an ancient custom observed on this Festival: it is as follows :—The mistress and servants of each family take a sheaf of oats, and dress it up in women's apparel, put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call Brüd's Bed; and then the mistress and servants cry three times, "Brüd is come! Brüd is welcome!" This they do just before going to bed, and when they rise in the morning they look among the ashes, expecting to see the impression of Brüd's club there; which, if they do, they reckon it a true presage of a good crop and prosperous year, and the contrary they take as an ill omen.

A contributor to Hone's "Every-day Book," gives an account of a custom which he witnessed at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, in the days of his boyhood. The ashes of the family to which he belonged, being sold throughout the year as they were made, the person who purchased them annually sent a present on Candlemas day of a large candle. When night came, this candle was lighted, and, assisted by its rays, the inmates regaled themselves with ale and punch, or some other cheering beverage, until the candle had burnt out. The coming of the Candlemas candle was looked forward to by the young ones as an event of some consequence; for, of usage, they had a sort of right to sit up that night, and partake of the refreshment, till all retired to rest; the signal for which was the self-extinction of the Candlemas candle. This usage seems to have been a relic of the pious observances formerly performed on this Festival, and which will be described presently.

At every school in the south of Scotland, the boys and girls look forward to Candlemas day as an entire day of relaxation, fun, and festivity. On the evening preceding, the schoolmaster gives notice that to-morrow is their annual festival. The announcement is joyfully received, and they hasten home to their parents for their donations to the pedagogue, called "Candle-mas bleeze," that all may be ready on the morrow. When it arrives, all is bustle and conjecture who is to be king, who is to be queen. The master receives his "bleeze" with condescension and kind familiarity: some of the pupils bring sixpence, some a shilling, and others more, according to the circumstances of their parents. With the "bleeze" the master purchases a few bottles of whisky, which is converted into punch; and this, with a quantity of biscuits, is for the entertainment of his youthful guests. The surplus of cash, after defraying all expenses, he retains as a present to himself. The boy that brings the most "bleeze" is crowned king, and the girl who brings the largest portion is queen. To these illustrious personages the other youths in the school pay homage for the remainder

of the festivities. The king and queen are installed by being introduced to each other by the school-master; they acknowledge the honour with a fond salute; both then receive a glass of punch, and pledge their worthy instructor. They next drink long life and happy days to their loyal subjects, and are afterwards enthroned on an elevated seat. After the enthronement, the master gives each scholar a glass of punch and a biscuit; and they all drink "long life and a prosperous and happy reign to their most gracious sovereigns;" at the same time making obeisance with their best bows. As long as the whisky holds out these testimonials of loyalty and attachment are repeated. The young ones, yet full of mirth and glee, and, after receiving their master's thanks, are finally dismissed with merry hearts, to relate their adventures at home.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

The procession on this day with lighted tapers, is one of the most ancient of the old observances, and is supposed to be in allusion to the prophetic words of Simeon, when he took the infant Jesus in his arms, and affirmed that He was a LIGHT to lighten the Gentiles, and the GLORY of Israel. Pope Sergius, says an old writer, "commanded that all people should go in procession upon Candlemas day, and carry candles about with them burning in their hands, in the year of our LORD 684." A poem before cited thus alludes to this observance:—

"Then comes the day wherein the Virgin offered CHRIST unto
The FATHER chief, as Moses' law commanded her to do,
Then numbers great of tapers large both men and women bear
To church, being hallowed there with pomp and dreadful words
to hear."

Candle-bearing on the Feast of the Purification remained in England till its abolition by an order in Council in the second year of King Edward VI. The usage of carrying or placing lighted tapers in churches on this festival was, however, partially continued by our forefathers long subsequently to the "Reformation." Dr. Donne (*temp.* James I.) thus alludes to it in one of his sermons:—"The oblation of this day's purification is light: so the day names it, Candlemas day; so your custom celebrates it with many lights."

Elsewhere, the ancient rites of Candlemas are still retained. The several Prelates, in their respective dioceses, not only bestow a solemn benediction upon the lights then used, but also upon such as are to be expended during the ensuing year, which are carried in procession. A modern traveller describes the blessing of the candles by the sovereign Pontiff as follows:—The ceremony takes place in the chapel of the Quirinal, where the Pope himself officiates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hand, a candle to every person in the body of the church; each going individually and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals; then follow the bishops, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and humblest officers of the Church. When the last of these has got his candle, the representatives of the Roman Senate and people receive theirs. This over, the candles are lighted; the Pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chanting round the ante-chapel; the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings; the Pope and

cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is celebrated.

It was anciently a custom for women in England to bear lights when they were churched, as appears from the following royal *bon mot*. William the Conqueror, by reason of sickness, kept his chamber a long time, "whereat the French King, scoffing, said, 'The King of England lieth long in child-bed:' which, when it was reported unto King William, he answered—'When I am churched, there shall be a thousand lights in France;' and that he performed a few days after, wasting the French territories with fire and sword."

February 3.—St. BLASE, the patron of the woolcombers, is commemorated on this day in the Calendar of the English Church. He was bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, and was martyred in the persecution of Licinius, in 316, by the command of Agricolaus, Governor of Cappadocia and the Lesser Armenia: candles were formerly offered in honour of this saint. Even until very lately (and we have not heard that the custom has been generally discontinued) it was the practice in many parts of England to kindle fires upon different eminences on the day of his anniversary. Whether these customs had any allusion to the Saint's life, or merely originated from the reference such lights or *blazes* bore to his name, as some have imagined, cannot now be ascertained. St. Blase was once very popular throughout this country; and there are accounts extant which state him to have first procured such favour by visiting this island, and converting many of our Pagan forefathers.

No other reason than the great devotion of the people to this celebrated martyr seems to have occasioned the WOOLCOMBERS to choose him the titular patron of their profession, on which account his festival is still observed by them with a solemn guild at Norwich. "Perhaps also," says Butler, "his country might in part determine them to this choice: for it seems that the first branch, or at least hint of this manufacture, was borrowed from the remotest known countries of the East, as was that of silk: or the *iron combs*, with which he is said to have been tormented, gave occasion to this choice." "To this day," says Brady, circa 1815, "the effigy of St. Blase is continued to be carried by the artificers in procession about many of the great towns in which wool is manufactured, in the north of England." He then gives the following account of a pageant of this kind which had taken place a little while before:—"The procession was led by Jason, as the champion and protector of the golden fleece, who was followed by shepherds and shepherdesses; a beautiful girl, elegantly dressed, carried a lamb upon her lap, with a bouquet of flowers, made of wool, in her bosom; next followed the venerable bishop; his mitre, with the keys of St. Peter, gilt in front, were formed of wool; and he had a large wig of the same material, which reached down to the saddle; his bridle was held on each side by a page, and another was at the stirrups carrying a Bible in one hand and a wool-comb in the other; his followers dressed in white, with sashes, scarfs, and high caps, carrying two large flags, all made of wool, and wands; two persons, elevated on a stage, were at work, showing the manner in which the wool is combed."

KÖRNER.¹

NEVER did the flame of patriotism burn purer in the heart of any man than in that of Körner. No sacrifice to the liberties of one's country was ever more entire and unreserved than his, or made with a clearer apprehension of the full extent of its demands. With his pen he had laboured, and might with it alone have continued to labour sufficiently for Germany, to gain for himself a high place in the roll of those whose genius has been consecrated to the sacred cause of freedom and country; what he had already done, and might have continued doing without danger, was all that was required for fame, had fame been his only or his principal object; poets are not expected to exhibit in their own lives the heroism which it is their business to celebrate, nor to stimulate men to noble achievements by their example, as well as by their strains; and he might, therefore, without dishonour, have held back from a more active participation in the national struggle. But, though enough to have satisfied all that the world was entitled to expect, he had not yet done enough to satisfy himself. He felt that the cause was too sacred to admit of any reserve in his devotion to it; that it demanded all he could give for it; and, having no richer offering than his life to give, he freely gave his life: gave it too when life was sweetest—when a rich harvest of fame was opening upon him, for he had just surmounted the steep ascent up which genius has to toil in its first struggle for public applause, and had planted his foot firmly on the elevated platform whence further progress is comparatively easy; with every hope of comfortable, if not affluent circumstances; with attached friends; with admiring and devoted parents; and, more than all, happy in his love, and basking in the glad hope of a union which was to crown the remainder of his days with happiness and peace. Thus stood life with him, when he voluntarily gave it up; and how great the sacrifice was, let no man who is not conscious of a soul as finely tuned as his to all the tenderest sensibilities of the heart, imagine that he can estimate. He carried no half-hope of escape with him, to make the sacrifice easy; it is manifest that he felt assured he was to die—that he counted upon nothing less than that the sacrifice should be demanded to its utmost extent, and that no interposition should snatch the victim from the altar. The annals of history do not furnish a nobler example of heroic self-devotion.

Carl Theodor Körner was born at Dresden, on the 23d September, 1791. His father was counsellor of the chief consistory of that city, his mother was the daughter of an engraver of Leipzig. During childhood his health was weak and precarious, and his education was therefore later than usual of being begun. The distinguishing features of his character in childhood, his father represents to have been, great tenderness of heart, and strong affection for those who had won his love, united with singular firmness and strength of mind, and very quick and lively powers of fancy.

His childhood was not precocious, and his faculties developed themselves but slowly; when fairly awakened, however, his comprehension was keen and acute. He showed little inclination for the study of languages, pre-

(1) Life of Carl Theodor Körner, (written by his father) with selections from his poems, tales, and dramas. Translated by G. F. Richardson, Esq., of the British Museum. Second Edition. London, Nutt, 1845. This work, which is dedicated to Prince Albert, contains, in addition to the life of Körner by his father, and a variety of interesting letters and notices relative to his history and associates, a selection from his best works, in prose and verse, translated by Mr. Richardson, with much spirit and elegance.

ferring that of history, natural philosophy, and the mathematics. He early displayed a considerable inclination and talent for music. But his ruling passion was poetry; and to it he devoted himself from his earliest years, with an enthusiasm which nothing could restrain. Happily for his future progress, he did not allow his judgment to be blinded by the admiration which the excellence of his early productions gained for him. He had sense enough, young as he was, to attach little value to it; and instead of resting satisfied with the trifles to which such easily won praise is generally awarded, he, with the feelings of a true poet, hastened to compete with the noblest and most difficult themes.

Körner pursued his studies at home, under his father's eye, till his seventeenth year. It was then decided that he should adopt as a profession the art of mining; the study of which he commenced in 1808, at Freyberg, one of whose professors, at that time, was the celebrated Werner, who was a personal friend of his father's.

After devoting himself to the practical part of his intended profession with great zeal for a time, shrinking from no labour or fatigue until he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with it, he at length gave his attention in a more particular manner to the collateral sciences which are auxiliary to it—mineralogy and chemistry. He collected fossils, explored mountainous districts, drew charts, and, with the help of an experienced friend, made experiments in chemistry. His devotion to poetry does not appear to have had the effect, in the slightest degree, of incapacitating him for severer studies, or of weakening his relish for them.

In the summer of 1809 he undertook a journey on foot through Upper Lusatia, in the Silesian mountains, with a view to the further prosecution of his mineralogical studies. Enjoying the advantage of introductions to persons of high consideration in that country, from whom he received the information best fitted to direct his inquiries, he pursued them with great success. The sublimity and beauty of the scenery had the greatest charms for his mind, and he ever reckoned his residence in Silesia among the most happy days of his life. Several of his poetical compositions were written about this time.

"From this period," remarks his father, "more seriousness and depth are perceivable in his poetic production; and, in particular, we may observe a good old virtuous German feeling. He had not known religion as a dark and gloomy task-mistress, or as a foe to innocent joys, but as a cheering and elevating friend. His whole education was directed with a view that he should be impelled rather by a noble emulation than by slavish fear, and he was early accustomed to revere whatever was sacred; hence proceeded the candour and the zeal with which he embraced the spirit of Christianity. At a time when the feelings of impetuous and heedless youth might have been supposed to be paramount in his soul, it was that he produced his spiritual sonnets, which were the genuine and spontaneous effusions of his mind. Their simplicity evidently proves that they are not to be classed among the productions of fashion or caprice. He thus speaks of them, in a confidential letter:—'I think the sonnet peculiarly adapted to this species of composition; for there is in its metre a repose and love which are quite in unison with the narratives of holy writ.'

From Freyberg, where he remained two years, he proceeded, in 1810, to complete his scientific studies at Leipsic. Having spent the winter there in study, he went, early in 1811, to Berlin, where he was received with much kindness by one or two friends of his father's. He was about entering here, with his usual zeal, upon the study of botany, when he was seized with a fever, which, after continuing for several weeks, left him so enfeebled, that travelling, and change of air, were declared to be absolutely necessary for his recovery. His father, viewing with alarm the spirit then prevailing in the German universities, and desirous to seize the opportunity of removing him from the influence of college

associations, decided upon his making Vienna the direction of his travel, and upon his taking up his residence there for a time.

Here the decisive portion of his life commenced. Satisfied that he had already gained sufficient scientific knowledge for the purposes of his intended profession, he devoted himself entirely to poetical composition, in which he employed a large portion of every day. He applied himself now, also, in a particular manner to the study of history. "What his father most desired," to use his own words, "was, not so much his preparation for any particular pursuit, as the completion of his moral and intellectual character as a man; for only such a one did he consider justified in aspiring to be a poet. He was fully aware of the necessity of his son's attaining a thorough knowledge of history, and of the ancient and modern languages. There was, moreover, a poetical object in his historical studies, as these afforded him materials for his dramatic works."

The number and variety of his compositions, which were chiefly dramatic, and intended for public representation, during his residence at Vienna, afford an extraordinary example of perseverance and facility of production. His first essays consisted of two one act pieces, in Alexandrines—"The Bride," and "The Green Domino," which were both received with much applause. Then followed a farce, called "The Night Watch," also successful. His next was a serious composition, "Foni," a drama, founded on a tale of Heinrich von Kleist's; then a tragic piece, "The Expiation." To this succeeded "Zriny," "Hedwig," "Rosamund," "Joseph Heyderich," all tragedies. And they were followed by three comic pieces—"The Cousin from Bremen," "The Officer of the Guard," and "The Governess;" by two operas—"The Fisher Girl," and "The Four Years' Post;" as well as several minor poems. He also concluded an opera, commenced some time before, under the title of "The Miners;" wrote part of an opera for Beethoven, called "The Return of Ulysses;" besides preparing a multitude of plans, both of small and large pieces.

This, to be the work of fifteen months, evinces a fertility of production almost incredible, and would have been altogether impossible, but for early and sustained habits of persevering labour. For the productions, thus rapidly thrown off, were not the mere hasty sketches of a clever boy; they were serious and important works, worthy, in the greater part, of the character and fame of an established poet. "His productions experienced, on the whole," his father tells us, "a reception far beyond his expectations. The public feeling showed itself the most enthusiastically at the first representation of 'Zriny.' The author was called to appear before the audience in person, an honour altogether unusual in Vienna. But the single voices of certain critical judges, the favourable opinion of the judicious few, were yet more gratifying to his feelings. The friendly judgment of Goethe reached him from afar, and by his influence, 'The Bride,' 'The Green Domino,' and 'The Expiation,' were brought out at Weimar, with particular care, and with eminent success."

The description of his mode of life in Vienna, at this time, given by his father, is very interesting, and places in a strong light the truth of what we have already said, of the extent of the sacrifice made by him in taking up arms. "Vienna perfectly fulfilled and even exceeded the expectations both of father and son. The delightful environs, and the treasures of art collected within this city, afforded Körner a variety of enjoyment. He became acquainted with the charming banks of the Danube in his return from Ratisbon, whither he had been accompanied by a friend. The world of joy by which he was now surrounded, and in which he soon found himself at home, excited in him feelings of an accordant kind. Far from being enervated by it, his ardent nature received a new impulse; all his faculties were excited; and the objects of his emulation were constantly placed higher. And no instructive warning or exciting voice was ever

heard in vain, when it had once gained his esteem, whether by intellect, knowledge, and experience, or by the charms of female accomplishment. In this manner he was much indebted, not only to the intimacy of Humboldt and of Schlegel, but also to the elegant society which met at the house of the celebrated female writer, Caroline Pichler, and of Madame de Pereira. But it was to be attributed to a softer sentiment, that of love, that the faculties of his youth were preserved unweakened, amid the perils of a seducing capital. A lovely being, as if sent by Heaven as his guardian angel, enchained him both by the charms of beauty and of soul. Körner's parents came to Vienna; approved and blessed the choice of their son; rejoiced in the effects of a noble and inspiring sentiment; and were looking forward to a happy future, when a fortunate event occurred, as if destined to hasten the union of the endeared pair. The fortunate event here referred to was his appointment as poet of the court theatre, the consequence of the approbation with which the public received his dramatic productions. The emoluments attending this preferment assured him of a sufficient income.

It was now, just at this most favourable point of his fortunes, that he responded to the call which summoned him to fight the battle of his country's freedom. The spirit of German nationality had been for some time previous awakening, chiefly in the breasts of the young men of the universities, when the king of Prussia's appeal to his countrymen to rally under his standard, and join in the effort to expel the common enemy, roused the hearts of all Germans, like the sound of a trumpet. Körner was among the first to answer to the call, by the ready devotion of his heart and life to the patriotic work. We have seldom read anything more impressive, and, looking to all the circumstances, more affecting, than the letter in which he communicates his resolution to his father. It is very German in language and sentiment. An Englishman in similar circumstances would probably have written very differently, but the stamp of truth and sincerity which it bears raises it far above minute or conventional criticism. "Germany rises!" he writes; "the Prussian eagle, by the beating of her mighty wings, awakes in all true hearts the great hope of German freedom. My poetic art sighs for my country—let me not prove myself her unworthy son. Now that I know what happiness can ripen for me in this life—now that the star of fortune sheds on me its most cheering influence—now is this, by Heaven! a sacred feeling which animates me—this mighty conviction that no sacrifice can be too great for that greatest mortal blessing, our country's freedom! A great age requires great souls, and I feel, within myself, the faculty of being as a rock amid this concussion of the nations. I must forth—I must oppose my daring breast to the waves of the storm. Could I, think you, stand aloof, contented to celebrate with poetry alone the success of my brethren, while they fought and conquered? I am aware that you will suffer much anxiety. My mother, too, will weep. May God be her comfort. I cannot spare you this trial. That I simply offer my life is of little import; but that I offer it, crowned as it is with all the flowery wreaths of love, of friendship, and of joy,—that I cast away the sweet sensations which lived in the anticipation that I should never cause you inquietude or anguish—this, indeed, is a sacrifice which can only be opposed to such a prize—our country's freedom!" We should search far to find more affecting language of self-sacrifice than that: "My mother—may God be her comfort! I cannot spare you this trial."

He joined himself to a corps of volunteers, which was almost immediately brought into active service. In the middle of June, 1813, he was severely wounded in a skirmish; but, true to the cause he had espoused, he, immediately on his recovery, returned to his corps; and on the 26th August, he fell in an action, which took place on the high road from Gadebusch to Schwerin, not far from Hamburg.

The death of Körner excited the warmest sympathy throughout Germany, which wept, in her own peculiar fashion, many a bitter tear over the tomb of her hero-poet. He was buried under a great oak—the oak was his favourite tree—not far from where he fell, and the tree which overshadows his grave is still called Körner's oak, and there a monument, representing the lyre and sword, encircled with an oakwreath, resting upon an altar, and bearing a suitable inscription, was erected to his memory.

The character of his works is well described by Mr. Richardson, the translator of the volumes now before us, in the following passage:—

"His works consist of martial and miscellaneous poems, prose tales, and dramas. Of his poems, those of a martial character are commonly most distinguished; they all breathe a high spirit of heroism, a strong hatred of tyranny and oppression, and a deep sympathy for the afflictions of his suffering country. His miscellaneous pieces will also be found to exhibit some of the most admired graces of refined and elegant poetry. His few prose tales are very beautiful compositions, and induce us only to regret that he has left no more examples of this delightful style of writing. But his dramas are considered his highest efforts, and these display, in the most striking manner, the power and fertility of his mind. He appears to have essayed every species of dramatic composition—to have attempted farce, opera, comedy, and tragedy, and to have achieved the most brilliant success in all. In comedy, his productions were exceedingly admired, and he was considered by distinguished critics to possess that genuine *vis comica*, which is the basis of all dramatic efforts of this kind; while in tragedy, the merits of his pieces insured him the most substantial emoluments, and the most flattering honours; and he was rewarded at once with the approbation of the public, the patronage of the court, and the favourable opinion of the most distinguished writers and critics.

"His collected works consist of four considerable volumes, varying in their degrees of interest and attraction, according to the nature of their subjects; but, allowing for the imperfections necessarily incident to youthful efforts, all bearing the impress of high poetic genius. And when we reflect on the various studies, avocations, and pursuits of the author—when we consider that in addition to his academical career, his literary and scientific acquirements, he also discharged the duties of a military life, and that his various attainments were achieved, and he himself snatched away, at the early age of twenty-two, we cannot refuse our admiration of an instance of early genius, which is probably unrivalled, and certainly unsurpassed in the annals of literary distinction."

Some specimens of Körner's shorter pieces in prose and verse will be given in a subsequent number.

POPULAR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

No. I.

The olden time! aye, the olden time!
Tho' wild the fable, tho' rude the rhyme,
Oh! dear is a tale of the olden time.
Those days of marvel and mystery,
Those times we never again may see,
When life was a wild and a gorgeous dream,
A meteor glancing with fitful beam;
For all was then bright, and strange, and new,
And nought was certain, yet all seem'd true.

MRS LAWRENCE.

THE field upon which we design to enter, and which is indicated by the title we have given to our paper, is a very wide and interesting one; and in traversing it

we shall allow ourselves to wander, at will, in any direction. Consequently, our readers must not expect much attention paid to the orderly arrangement of the subjects treated of in the following papers; although we hope that, at the conclusion of our series, they will find that nothing has been omitted which deserved a place in our "Illustrations." With these few prefatory remarks, we shall proceed to our proposed task.

OLD PUNISHMENTS.

Lest we should incur the censure of the kind-hearted for making choice of so repulsive and cruel a subject as the title of this paper might reasonably seem to indicate, we will say at once that it is not our intention now, or in any future "Illustration," to harrow up the feelings of our readers with details respecting those sanguinary tortures which, by our ancient laws, criminals were condemned to suffer. The rack, the stake, and their kindred punishments, are happily well nigh forgotten, and we have no wish to revive the memory of their horrors. There are, however, *some* old punishments which have equally fallen into oblivion, but are rather of a facetious than a cruel nature, and were so popular among our rough, jovial ancestors, as to deserve some notice in our columns. Such, for example, was that of the CUCKING, or DUCKING STOOL, an engine invented for taming female shrews by ducking them in the water. The scolds were compelled to seat themselves in this stool, or chair, which was fixed at the end of a long pole, by which they were immersed in some muddy or stinking pond. Mr. Lysons, in his "Environ of London," gives a curious extract from the churchwardens and chamberlain's account at Kingston-upon-Thames, in the year 1572, which contains the following bill of expenses for the fabrication of one of these machines:—

	s.	d.
The making of the Cucking-stool . . .	8	0
Iron work for the same	3	0
Timber for the same	7	6
Three brasses for the same, and three wheels	4	10

This "Cucking-stool" must have been much in use formerly, as there are frequent entries of money paid for its repairs. Even so recently as the beginning of the last century, a shrew paid the penalty for the unbridled license of her tongue, in this "engine," as appears from the following paragraph in the "London Evening Post," April 27 to 30, 1745:—"Last week a woman that keeps the Queen's Head ale-house, at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the Court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair, and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of 2,000 or 3,000 people." From this large assemblage of spectators it may be inferred that the punishment had then become unusual in the above locality.

There is an order of the Corporation of Shrewsbury, 1669, that, "a Ducking-stool be erected for the punishment of scolds." In Harwood's "History of Lichfield," we find a charge, in the year 1578, "For making a Cuckstool, with appurtenances, 8s.," and the antiquary Cole, among instances of proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court of Cambridge, 1st Eliz., gives—

"Jane Johnson adjudged to the Ducking-stool for scolding, and commuted her penance. . . . Katherine Sanders, accused by the churchwardens of St. Andrew's, for a common scold and slanderer of her neighbours, adjudged to the Ducking-stool."

The same author, writing about 1780, remarks, "In my time, when I was a boy, I lived with my grandmother in the great corner house at the bridge-foot, next to Magdalen College, Cambridge, and rebuilt since by my uncle, Mr. Joseph Cock. I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge, in which the woman was confined, and let down under the water three times, and then taken out. The

bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was builded. The Ducking-stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was engraved devils laying hold of scolds, &c. Some time after, a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same devils carved on it, and well painted and ornamented. When the new bridge of stone was erected, about 1754, this was taken away; and I lately saw the carved and gilt back of it nailed up by the shop of one Mr. Jackson, a whitesmith, in the Butcher-row, behind the town-hall, who offered it to me, but I did not know what to do with it. In October, 1776, I saw in the old town-hall a third Ducking-stool of plain oak, with an iron bar before it to confine the person in the seat; but I made no inquiries about it. I mention these things as the practice seems now to be totally laid aside."

In the town of Seven Oaks, Kent, there was a pond famed for its use in this species of punishment. It is now arched over, to the great delight, doubtless, of the Kentish shrews and scandal-mongers.

The Ducking-stool is thus celebrated in a copy of verses written more than sixty years ago:—

"There stands, my friend, in yonder pool,
An engine call'd a Ducking-stool;
By legal pow'r commanded down,
The joy and terror of the town.
If jarring females kindle strife,
Give language foul, or hug the coif;
If noisy dames should once begin
To drive the house with horrid din,
Away, you cry, you'll grace the stool,
We'll teach you how your tongue to rule.
The fair offender fills the seat,
In sullen pomp, profoundly great.

Down in the deep the stool descends,
But here, at first, we miss our ends;
She mounts again, and rages more,
Than ever vixen did before.
So, throwing water on the fire,
Will make it but burn up the higher.
If so, my friend, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake;
And, rather than your patience lose,
Thrice, and again, repeat the dose.
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
No fire so hot, but water quenches."

The following anecdote, taken from a work printed in 1684, may not be out of place here:—"Some gentlemen travelling, and coming near a town, saw an old woman spinning near the Ducking-stool; one, to make the company merry, asked the good woman what that chair was made for? Said she, 'You know what it is.' 'Indeed,' said he, 'not I, unless it be the chair you use to spin in.' 'No, no,' said she, 'you know it to be otherwise; have you not heard that it is the cradle your good mother has often lain in!'"

The Ducking-stool has long since been laid aside in England; it would be well if the slandering and scolding it was designed to correct were relinquished also! We think that in many country towns and villages it might still serve as a very useful accessory to the admonitions of the clergyman; and though the Seven Oaks pond is covered up, it might still be useful to employ the *pump* which has taken its place, in cooling the "brawling wives and furious wenches," if any such there be, of that pleasant neighbourhood.

In the accompanying wood engraving¹ is a representation of the BRANK—another machine for the punishment of scolding women; in allusion to which Dr. Plott, in his "History of Staffordshire," remarks:—"They have an artifice at Newcastle-under-Lyne and Walsal for correcting of scolds, which it does, too, so effectually, and so very safely, that I look upon it as much to be preferred to the Cucking-stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty, 'twixt every dip, to neither of which this is at all liable; it being such a bridle for the tongue, as not only quite deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the

¹ (1) See Engraving, page 240.

transgression, and humility thereupon, before 'tis taken off; which being put upon the offender, by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led round the town by an officer, to her shame; nor is it taken off till after the party begins to show all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment."

Brand remarks that a pair of *branks* is still preserved in the town-court at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the same custom once prevailed.

Another punishment inflicted by our ancestors was the confining of persons in a kind of open cage, similar to the little building figured in the back-ground of our picture. The parties thus exposed were usually trifling offenders. The cage in our engraving is copied from a print in Fox's "Acts and Monuments," illustrative of the following circumstance:—Upon the death of Pope Julius III., in 1565, Stephen Gardener, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor, wrote to Bonner, Bishop of London, to command him, in Queen Mary's name, to order those prayers to be used throughout his diocese, which the Western Church has appointed during a vacancy in the Papal see. "Upon this commandment," says Fox, "on Wednesday in Easter week, there were hearse [frames covered with cloth, and ornamented with banners and lights] set up, dirges sung for the said Julius in divers places. At which time it chanced a woman to come into St. Magnus Church, at the bridge foot in London, and there seeing a hearse and other preparation, asked what it meant: and other that stood by said that it was for the Pope, and that she must pray for him. 'Nay,' quoth she, 'that I will not, for he needeth not my prayer: seeing he could forgive us all our sins, I am sure he is clear himself; therefore I need not to pray for him.' She was heard speak these words of certain that stood by, which by and by carried her unto the cage at London Bridge, and bade her cool herself there."

We shall conclude this paper with a brief notice of the DRUNKARD'S CLOAK. This (also represented in our woodcut) was a large cask or barrel, with the bottom taken out, and with holes in the top and the sides, which was passed over the votary of the "jolly god," so as to rest on his shoulders, and allow his head and arms to come out through the top and side apertures. Thus confined, he was paraded through the streets. To the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the time of the Commonwealth, may be assigned the credit of inventing this amusing punishment, which could not fail to make the person upon whom it was inflicted sufficiently ridiculous in the eyes of his "friends, kinsfolk, and acquaintance." It does not appear that this "Drunkard's Cloak" was ever worn in other places, or that it continued to be in use at Newcastle after the Restoration. The vice it was designed to correct was deemed a very venial transgression in the days of the "Morrie Monarch," and has only comparatively of late years been considered disgraceful in what is termed the *best* society. In connexion with this subject, the following remarkable advertisement may not be thought irrelevant, and with it we will bring our "illustrations" of peculiar old punishments to a close. "WHEREAS, the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintance, and finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said practice, but through the impossibility to find liquor, he therefore begs and prays that no persons will sell him, for money or on trust, any sort of spirituous liquors, as he will not in future pay it, but will prosecute any one for an action of damage against the temporal and eternal interests of the public's humble, serious, and sober servant,

"JAMES CHALMERS.

"Witness, WILLIAM ANDREWS.

"Nassau, June 28, 1795."—From the *Bahama Gazette*, June 30, 1715. J. F. R.

MARRIAGES IN BRITTANY.

In the neighbourhood of Quimper, the marriage ceremonies are singular, and somewhat burlesque. The village tailor bears a most prominent part on these occasions. He appears in Brittany greatly to resemble the barber of the old French comedy. Frequently deformed in person, (owing no doubt to his sedentary occupation) he is a gossip, a go-between, a poet; the favourite of the women, whose repasts he shares, and the ridicule of the men.

When a Breton peasant has marriage in view, he charges the tailor to visit the young woman, who always refers him to her parents; and, if their reception of his proposal is favourable, he returns to his employer. The tailor then, bearing in his hand a branch of the *genêt*, or broom, from which, like our Plantagenets, he derives his name of Bazvalen, (*baquette de genêt*), and dressed in a singular manner, with one stocking red and one purple, accompanies the young man and his nearest relative to the bride's house. While the parents arrange mere worldly matters, the young couple are allowed an hour of uninterrupted conversation; after which, hand in hand, they approach the table round which their relatives and the important Bazvalen are already seated. The young couple eat with the same knife, and drink with the same glass, and are considered *fiancés*. A day is appointed for a meeting of both families; which always takes place at the bride's house, and is called the *nelluden*, or the beholding. On this occasion the young girl appears in her gayest attire,—her scarlet boddicer, with worked eyelet-holes, laced with gold or silver; the embroidered apron, snow-white cap, and all the finery of the Breton peasant. The young man's large-bordered hat is ornamented with ribands of several colours, and the full trousers and bright blue jacket complete his costume: the jacket is often such a masterpiece of finery that the tailor's name is embroidered in coloured worsteds on the breast, as an artist writes his name on a precious painting which he deems worthy of immortality. At this meeting, the farmhouse is in all its glory. The beds, which close with doors like wardrobes, are resplendent with wax and rubbing; the rafters are hung with hams; the old black coffers you always see in Breton houses disclose their riches; linen, lace, counterpanes, blankets, all the wealth of the family, are displayed; and horses and cattle are inspected. Above all, the bee-hives are decorated with scarlet and yellow ribands; for the bees are supposed to be particularly tenacious of respect; and, if they are not put into mourning at a death, and adorned in token of rejoicing for all fortunate occasions, they immediately take flight, choosing to be treated as the friends and confidants of the family they enrich by their labours, or certainly to punish ingratitude by desertion.

As soon as the day of marriage is fixed, which is generally about a week after the *nelluden*, the young girl, accompanied by her bridesman, or *garçon d'honneur*, and the young man by his bridesmaid, go with a white stick in their hands from door to door, inviting to the wedding. The invitation is given in verse, setting forth the period of the marriage, the place appointed, and the name of the *aubergiste* or *traiteur* who provides the dinner. Sometimes six or eight hundred persons assemble on these occasions, and seldom less than three or four hundred; and as no guest goes empty handed, but all take presents of flax, corn, honey, and sometimes of money, these gifts form a material addition to the resources of the young housekeepers; and many people marry with but little more than these friendly contributions and their own labours to rely on for subsistence.

(1) From Heath's Book of Beauty.

MANNERS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

So recently even as 1662 the manners of our ancestors were so unpolished as to require the publication of the following "General and mixed precepts as touching civility among men," for the edification of the young "gentry" of England:—

"5. Sing not with thy mouth, humming to thyself, unless thou be alone, in such sort as thou canst not be heard by others. Strike not up a drum with thy fingers or thy feet.

"6. Rub not thy teeth nor crash them, nor make anything crack in such a manner that thou disquiet anybody.

"7. It is unseemly to stretch out thine arms at length, and writhe them hither and thither.

"8. In coughing and sneezing, make not great noise, if it be possible, and send not forth any sigh, in such wise that others observe thee, without great occasion.

"In yawning howl not, and thou shouldst abstain, as much as thou canst, to yawn, especially when thou speakest, for that sheweth thee to be weary, and that one little accounted of the company. . . .

"9. When thou blowest thy nose, make not thy nose sound like a trumpet. . . .

"11. To sleep when others speak, to sit when others stand, to walk on when others stay, to speak when one should hold his peace or hear others, are all things of ill manners: but it is permitted to a superior to walk in certain places, as a master in his school. . . .

"14. Hearing thy master, or likewise the preacher, wriggle not thyself, as seeming unable to contain thyself within thy skin, making shew thyself to be the knowing and sufficient person, to the misprize of others. . . .

"17. It is not decent to spit upon the fire, much less to lay hands upon the embers, or to put them into the flame to warm oneself, nor is it becoming to stoop so low as even to crouching, and, as it were, one sate on the ground. If there be any meat on the fire, thou oughtest not to set thy foot thereon to heat it. In the presence of a well-bred company, it is uncomely to turn one's back to the fire, or to approach nigher than others, for one and the other savoureth of preeminence. It is not permitted but to the chief in quality, or to him who hath charge of the fire, to stir up the fire with the fire-fork, or to kindle it, take it away, or put fuel on it.

"18. When thou sittest, put not undecently one leg upon the other, but keep them firm and settled; and join thy feet even, cross them not one upon the other.

"19. Gnaw not thy nails in the presence of others, nor bite them with thy teeth.

"20. Spit not on thy fingers, and draw them not as if it were to make them longer; also sniffle not in the sight of others.

"21. Neither shake thy head, feet, or legs; roll not thine eyes. Lift not one of thine eyebrows higher than the other. Wry not thy mouth. Take heed that with thy spittle thou bedew not his face with whom thou speakest, and to that end approach not too nigh him.

"22. Spit not far off thee, nor behind thee, but aside, a little distant, and not right before thy companion. Be-spit not the windows in the streets.

"23. Turn not thy back to others, especially in

speaking; jog not the table, or desk, on which another doth read or write; lean not upon any one; pull not him by his cloak to speak to him; put him not with thine elbow.

"24. Set not in order at every hand-while thy beard or thy stockings. . . .

"25. Puff not up thy cheeks; loll not out thy tongue; rub not thy beard or thy hands; thrust not out thy lips, or bite them, and keep them neither too open nor too shut." . . .

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN B——,

TO

LORD H—— F——.

[H.]

AND are you in love, my dear Harry?
And can your last letter be true?
And are you intending to marry?
Alas! what these women can do!
Can you give up the pleasures of flirting?
Can you turn from your club and cigar?
All the world for Miss Stanley deserting?
What fools some young officers are!

Oh! pause, ere too late to recover!
Oh! put not the noose o'er your head!
Don't you find it a bore, as a lover?
Think, think what 'twill be if you wed!
Then listen, dear Hal, with attention,
And though you may love and admire,
If she's one of the *ifs* that I mention,
Dear Hal, make your bow, and retire.

If you find that she can't darn a stocking,
If she can't make a shirt, or a pie;
If she says, "Oh law!"—"mercy!"—"how shocking!"
If she ever drinks beer on the sly;
If soon of the country she's weary:
If politics e'er are her theme;
If she talks about "Herschell's nice theory,"
And "Lardner's dear book upon steam;"

If she wears leather shoes and poke bonnets;
If she gums down her hair on her cheeks;
If she copies out essays and sonnets;
If she blushes whenever she speaks;
If she leaps a high gate on a hunter;
If she sighs when she looks at the moon;
If she talks about "Carson" and "Gunter;"
If she sings the least bit out of tune;

If she crosses her legs, or her letters;
If you've seen her drink three cups of tea;
If she don't like your greyhounds and setters;
If she's sick when she goes on the sea;
If she seems the least bit of a scolder;
If her manners have any pretence;
If her gown does not cover her shoulder;
If her bustle is very immense;

If she's nervous, or bilious, or sickly;
If she likes to have breakfast in bed;
If she can't take a hint from you quickly;
If her nose has the least tinge of red;
If she screams when she's told she's in danger;
If she seems a coquette, or a flirt;
If she'll *polk* or gallop with a stranger;
If she's stupid, or if she is pert.

If she's one of these *ifs*, my dear Harry,
Oh, sever the chain she has bound!
That it's very unpleasant to marry,
Both Caudle and Socrates found;
A wife is a wretched invention,
And, oh, *not* a matter of course!
Shall I have one?—*that's* not my intention;
(Unless the girls take me by force.)

THE HUNTSMAN.

A BALLAD.

[By S. M.]

"SWEET brother, go not to the chase,
Ah, rest with me at home!
There is a shadow on thy face,
Foretelling woes to come.
And I have dreamed a ghastly dream,
Oh, woful sight to see!
It was thy steed swam down the stream,
And riderless was he!"

"Look, gentle one, where at the gate
My generous courser stands,
And bends his arching neck, elate,
Beneath his master's hands!
Fear not, fear not! My steed and I
Are trusty friends and tried,
And I'll be with thee faithfully,
An hour ere eventide."

"Yet, think up on the day of tears
Thou leav'st behind for me!
Have patience with a woman's fears,
They spring from love of thee.
Oh stay! and I for thee will sing
Songs thou hast lov'd erewhile,
And strive and seek for everything
The slow hours to beguile!"

"Full sweetly passeth, gentle one,
With thee, each placid hour,
And we will rest, ere set of sun,
In thine own myrtle bower!
But now—the breeze is on the hills,
The day is in the skies,
The free bird's song the forest fills
With countless melodies!"

"I must away,—adieu—adieu!"
He vaulted on his steed,
And blithely glanced his eye of blue
O'er river, hill, and mead.
But plaintively, and pleadingly,
That gentle one spake on,
"Oh, stay, for I have none but thee!
Oh, stay!"—and he was gone!

At eventide, when darkly red
The sun sank from the shore.
They brought that youthful hunter dead,
Home to his sister's door.
No words they said, but she look'd well
Upon each eye and cheek,
And *knew* the tale they came to tell—
Without a start or shriek,

She rose, and sought the lowly bier,
And, kneeling by the place,
She laid her cheek, without a tear,
Beside her brother's face.
Awhile they paused—but when they strove
To lift her drooping head,
They found that thus, in silent love,
The gentle one was dead!

SONG: THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round,—
Alone, and warning his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock has sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay,—
Alone, and warning his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Trunyan.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

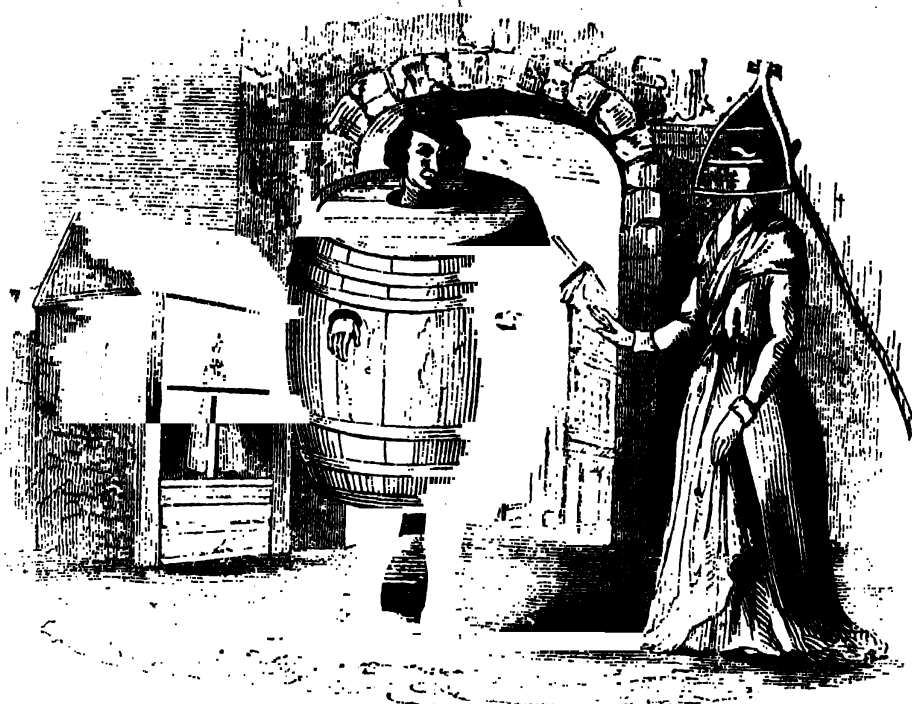
THE MANDARIN AND THE ENGLISH LADY.

THE degraded position of females in China is well known. Nothing astonishes the Chinamen, who visit our merchants at Hongkong, so much as the deference which is paid by our countrymen to their ladies, and the position which the latter are permitted to hold in society. The very servants express their disgust at seeing our ladies permitted to sit at table with their lords, and wonder how men can so far forget their dignity. A young English merchant recently took his youthful wife with him to Hongkong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy mandarin. The latter regarded the lady attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight on her movements. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband, in his imperfect English, "What you give for that wifey wife yours?" "Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "2,000 dollars." This our merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure, but he was mistaken. "Well," said the mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "suppose you give her to me, I give you 5,000 dollars." It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed or amused, but the grave air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in earnest, and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume. The mandarin was, however, pressing, and went as high as 7,000 dollars. The merchant, who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to declare that Englishmen never sold their wives, after they once came into their possession, an assertion which the Chinaman was slow to believe. The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his young wife, when he told her that he had just discovered her full value, as the mandarin had offered him 7,000 dollars for her.—*Newspaper.*

THE ORGAN.

THE organ was first introduced into Europe in the year 757, by Constantine Copronimus, who presented Pepin, King of France, with one. Pepin had it placed in the church of Saint-Corneille, at Compiègne. Besides the novelty and singularity of the instrument, it was justly admired for the manner of putting it into action. Steam being employed to produce the sound, boiling water was placed in a reservoir under the pipes of the organ, the valves of which opened each time the keys were touched; and the steam, thus introduced into the pipes, produced the sound. Instruments of this construction were not, however, long in use; and, strange to say, the secret of their mechanism has been entirely lost.

The action of the wind was soon made to succeed that



Ancient Punishments.

See page 236.

of steam; and bellows, formed with this view, gave it free passage into the organ. The first which was constructed on this new principle, or, at least, the first which appeared in the west, was that placed by Louis-le-Debonnaire in the great Rotunda at Aix-la-Chapelle.

A short time afterwards skilful constructors of organs made their appearance in Germany. There were many at Rome towards the end of the ninth century. Pope John the Eighth had drawn them thither. From Rome the art quickly spread through all Italy. In the tenth century bellows-organs appeared in England; one, amongst others, was placed in Westminster Abbey in London.

The mechanism of this instrument was still very clumsy; as it had no less than four hundred pipes, and twenty-six pair of bellows, and required the most powerful exertions of twenty strong men to play it. The keys were five or six inches in breadth; and altogether so rudely constructed, that the musician was obliged to use his feet instead of his hands. In the thirteenth century, however, they began to reduce the size of the keys; so much so, that the performers played with their fingers, as in the present day. The method of placing separate rows of keys, one over the other, was invented at the same time; and by degrees the fabrication of the new lip was perfected, which afforded the means of imitating on the organ the sound of many musical instruments playing in concert.

In the organ constructed by Habren, master of the manufactory of Ratisbon, and which had been ordered for the Abbey of Weingaren in Suabia, were counted no less than sixty-six different lips; consequently sixty-six regulators, which governed the sound of sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six pipes. Arriving at this point of gigantic complication, the organ was rather a kind of monument than a real instrument of music.

NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.

THE whirlpool near Niagara Falls has of late become a receptacle of dead bodies, which remain in the grasp of its agitated waters; there are the bodies of two horses and a hog. These may be seen, from the bank above, passing round a "funereal circuit" of a mile or more in

circumference, each succeeding circuit drawing them nearer the vortex of the whirlpool, until each in its turn becomes submerged beneath the boiling element—again thrown violently from its angry embrace, to repeat its former evolutions. The sight of human bodies in the whirlpool is solemn and terrific—the blue waters seem to hold their prey in defiance of human efforts to dispossess them—until, satisfied in revelling with the dead, it emits them through its narrow outlet into the rapids below, to be entombed in Lake Ontario.—*Toronto Globe.*

PARENTS must give good example and reverent deportment in the face of their children. And all those instances of charity which usually endear each other—sweetness of conversation, affability, frequent admonition—all significations of love and tenderness, care and watchfulness, must be expressed towards children: that they may look upon their parents as their friends and patrons, their defence and sanctuary, their treasure and their guide.—*Bp. Taylor, Holy Living.*

INGRATITUDE is the abridgment of all baseness, a fault never found unattended with other viciousness.—*Fuller.*

THOSE who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant of both the character they leave and of the character they assume.—*Burke.*

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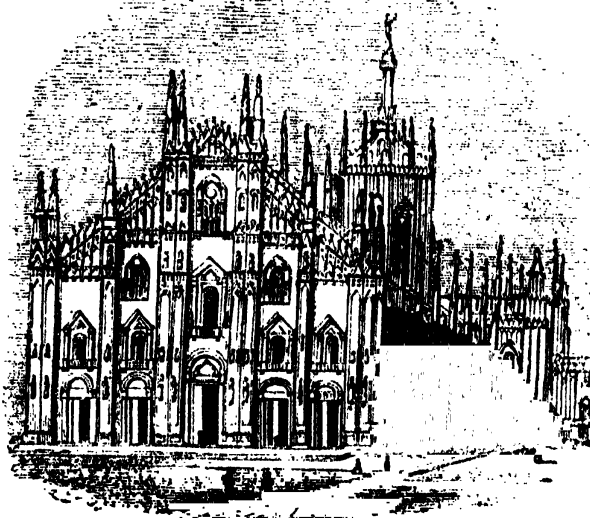
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Cathedral of Milan.

A DAY IN MILAN.

"Let us go see the wonders of this town."—*Twelfth Night*.

WE entered Milan, after a wearisome ride from Como, between ten and eleven at night. The evening was gloomy, the streets we drove along were narrow and badly lighted, the shops had closed, so that our first impressions of this renowned city were not of the most cheerful nature. On clambering from the top of the lumbering vehicle into the court-yard of the post, we were in an unpleasing state of doubt with respect to the particular hotel to be selected during our short stay, having received in the course of the day four or five recommendations of different hotels, each recommendation being accompanied by a special warning against the hotel to which we had been last directed. However, after another glance at Murray, some inquiries made and answered chiefly by signs, and a short walk, we found ourselves harboured in La Gran Bretagna; nor had we reason to repent the choice. Whilst the narrator may be imagined sleeping away the fatigues of a long day's travel, we shall take the opportunity of laying before the reader a short statement of facts respecting the city through which we hope to have the pleasure of his company.

Milan stands in the middle of a plain, gently

inclining from north to south, within sight of the snowy Alps, and between the rivers Adda and Ticino. It is upwards of six miles in circumference, and encloses within its walls a population of 140,000 souls, thus making it the third city in Italy, Naples and Rome alone having a larger number of inhabitants. Eleven gates afford ingress to the city, all of them elegant, and one magnificent. The precise second of its latitude and longitude we can spare the reader; but we may mention that the Austrian viceroy resides here, as well as the governor-general of the Lombard provinces, and that it is the see of an archbishop. The manufactures are said to be of some importance, consisting principally of silks and jewellery. The streets in the old part of the city are narrow and irregular, but those leading from the gates are broad and handsome.

Our anxiety to make the most of the scanty number of hours to which our stay in Milan was limited, called us up early in the morning, and, dressing hastily, we made towards the Piazza d'Armi, a piece of ground as large, perhaps, as St. James's Park, lying between the great barracks and the city walls. Even at this early hour we saw several gentlemen on horseback, and remarkably fine animals they had. The object of our visit to the park was, however, to inspect the celebrated Arch of Peace, which stands over against the Caserma,

at the termination of the great road that begins at Geneva, and is called the Simplon, from a mountain of that name which it crosses. The arch is an admirable piece of architecture. It is constructed entirely of white marble, and rises to a height of seventy-four feet. It is pierced by three roadways, having on each face four pillars thirty-eight feet long, each cut out of a single block of Crevola marble, as well as a great quantity of sculpture. On the top, where the image of Napoleon was intended to be placed, there is a good deal of bronze statuary, the principal being an emblematic representation of Peace in a chariot of six horses, all of a colossal size. A staircase in the mass of the arch affords the curious the means of inspecting the bronze work closely, and of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the city. The arch is "a choice trope in fortune's rhetoric." It was commenced by Buonaparte, and completed by the Emperor of Austria. The sculpture upon it was designed by the projector to commemorate his victories in Germany and Lombardy; but, when the conquered became conquerors, all that was changed, and the carvings were rapidly metamorphosed into representations of the successful doings of the allies, but the triumphs and exploits of the Austrians are principally recorded. Thus Napoleon's entry into Milan has been adroitly changed into the triumphal return of the Emperor Francis to Vienna; the entry of the allied army into Lyons takes the place of the French emperor's entry into Berlin; and the capitulation of Dresden is represented by a bas-relief that was originally meant to picture the capitulation of Ulm.

In Roman Catholic countries the churches are open all day long, from an early hour. We looked into several, rich with paintings and marble, none of which were entirely empty, and then returned to our hotel to breakfast. That despatched, we set forth once more to inspect the notable things of the city. And first we bent our steps to the Ambrosian Library, a collection of 60,000 printed volumes, and about 10,000 manuscripts. But what attracted us thither were the relics of Leonardo da Vinci and Petrarch, and the pictures preserved there. Da Vinci! "He was the miracle of that age of miracles. Ardent and versatile as youth; patient and persevering as age; a most profound and original thinker; the greatest mathematician and most ingenious mechanic of his time; architect, chemist, engineer, musician, poet, painter! We are not only astounded by the variety of his natural gifts and acquired knowledge, but by the practical direction of his amazing powers." In this library there are twelve volumes of his works, and one huge book of MSS. containing drawings of figures, machines, &c., accompanied with notes. The anatomical sketches Dr. Hunter declared to be wonderful for their truth and beauty. This volume is kept in a glass case, and is pointed out by the librarian with great pride. The Queen possesses three volumes of Leonardo's manuscripts, of great value, amongst which there is a sketch of his own Last Supper, regarded by Canova as more precious than anything else he had seen in England. Preserved with equal care is a copy of Virgil, which belonged to Petrarch, containing many autograph notes; one on Laura naturally excites a good deal of interest. A little history is connected with this book. In 1499, when Louis XII. took Milan and carried away the library, a worshipper of the poet succeeded in obtaining possession of the volume, which he concealed until it was no longer necessary to do so. Three centuries afterwards, however, when the French invaded Italy, it was conveyed to Paris, but at the close of the war it was restored to its old shelf. The finest thing in the Gallery is Raphael's cartoon of his famous painting in the Vatican—the school of Athens. Chateaubriand declares the cartoon to be as admirable as the more finished composition. There is a portrait, done by himself, of the "myriad-minded" Da Vinci—a patriarchal head with a full flowing beard, the countenance calm and meditative. It would be tedious to mention

all the good pictures in this gallery; but it is impossible to forbear noticing an exceedingly fine Guido. The subject is Christ on the Cross; the colouring a happy medium between his golden and silvery styles. There is a number of paintings by Bernardino Luini, Da Vinci's most eminent scholar, by whom there is good reason to believe the picture called Christ disputing with the Doctors, in our National Gallery, is painted, though the design is his master's. Amongst several works of Titian there is one that rivets attention—no one could paint a portrait like he—and this is of himself.

Next we hastened to that wonder of Europe, the cathedral, the dim outlines of which we had seen against the sky the previous evening. This stupendous edifice, built of white marble, was commenced in 1386; and it is only just finished. It is in the Gothic style, but Gothic Australised, and so elaborate that it has been said to bear the same relation to its prototypes of the north, as the double rose bears to the single flower. The sculpture and statuary about its exterior are almost beyond belief, there being between four and five thousand marble images of various sizes; the front alone has nearly two hundred and fifty. On entering there is a space of 485 feet between the eye and the opposite extremity. Fifty-two columns rest on the polished floor, and towering upwards assist in supporting the fretted roof, which hangs at the astonishing height of a hundred and forty-three feet. The interior is not too much ornamented with ecclesiastical furniture; a praise which cannot be given to many Italian churches. There is a good deal of stained glass; and three windows behind the high altar are wonderfully rich in their colours. In one of the subterranean chapels the body of Saint Charles Borromeo is exhibited. He was archbishop of Milan at the time of the great plague in 1576, and of such sanctity that he was thought worthy of the honour of canonization. He is clothed in his pontifical dress adorned with diamonds, and a gold cushion supports his mitred head. The transparency of the rock-crystal sarcophagus, in which the body is enclosed, is sufficient to allow the features to be distinguished with ease. The quantity of gold and silver about the tomb seems to be at variance with the motto of the Borromeau family engraved upon it—"Humilitas." A colossal statue of brass, erected to the saint's memory, stands near Arona on Lago Maggiore. The tomb of Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, a cousin of the archbishop, is much simpler. This dignitary is a conspicuous personage in Manzoni's interesting tale of the *Promessi Sposi*, a good translation of which has been recently published.¹ To obtain an adequate notion of the cathedral, it is necessary that the stranger should ascend to the roof. Thence he may see that prospect of which Wordsworth has spoken in terms of warm admiration; a prospect bounded on one side by the Alps, and on the other by the Appennines, with the vast plain of Lombardy between. The view of the body of the Duomo from the central tower is an extraordinary sight. A crowd of balustrades, buttresses, and pinnacles of the purest white, shoot upwards far above the roof, each elaborately carved, and having a statue the size of life on the summit. We are sure that no apology need be given for quoting at this place an extract from Wordsworth's fine ode, in which his fancy flies to

"——— Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights mid that aerial host
Of figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Appennine
Indurated by frost.
Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the temple night and day;
Angels she sees that might from heaven have flown,
And Virgin saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown;

(1) The Betrothed Lovers of Manzoni translated, 2 vols. Burns.

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings,
Each narrowing above each; the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height."

Having descended 520 steps, we re-entered the body of the cathedral, and then quitting it, crossed the square to the Palazzo della Corte, the viceregal residence,—a large pile, with nothing very striking in its exterior. (One wing, however, projects so as to interfere with one of the best views of the majestic cathedral. The stranger is allowed to walk through a number of rooms containing the usual decorations of palatial abodes, which, however, have ceased to interest an English traveller long before reaching Milan, if he have duly investigated the interiors of all between Italy and England. The Milanese look with great approbation upon the ceilings, painted in showy colours, by Appiani, a native artist. In one room is the Apotheosis of Napoleon, which they consider worthy of every attention. The great hall is a fine apartment, embellished with caryatides, supporting a gallery which runs round it: one of these, a female with a veil over her face, was stated to be cut by Canova's chisel. Whether that is so or not, we are unable to say; but it is worthy of Praxiteles. The most cunning artist could not have more magically represented, in stone, features but half concealed by a transparent covering. You could scarcely bring yourself to believe that you could not remove the veil, which you seemed to see through.

We then betook ourselves to the Brera Palace,—a handsome edifice, of substantial construction, formerly a college belonging to the Jesuits, but now appropriated to the use of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. The gallery of pictures is full of interest to an admirer of art. It contains the famous Sposalizio of Raphael, a subject common in Italian art, representing the Marriage of the Virgin. Raphael was only twenty-one when he executed this divine picture. A painting by Guercino, Hagar dismissed by Abraham, shows the grandeur and deep pathos of which he was capable. This composition electrified Byron, and he was not easily moved by works of the pencil. He has said somewhere, "Of all the arts painting is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon." There are many other excellent pictures; amongst which some scripture-pieces by Guido, and a grand old head by Titian, catch the attention. A performance of Raphael's father is interesting, on account of his renowned son, and the rarity of his works. He was a poet as well, but his verses were never "imprinted." A manuscript poem of his, in twenty-three books of *terza rima*, trumpeting the praises of the Duke Federigo d'Urbino, his patron, and dedicated to his son, is preserved in the Vatican. His skill in painting was not great, a fact he seemed himself to be aware of; for when his son showed signs, at an early age, of his mighty genius, he placed him in the school of another master.

We passed in front of the La Scala Theatre, which derives its name from being built upon the site of a church dedicated to Santa Maria della Scala. It has an imposing façade, and its size is very large, there being, in fact, but two larger in Europe,—one at Parma, and the other at Naples. It was a disappointment to us that it was closed just then, as the interior is represented to be strikingly fine. After taking some rest and refreshment—for sight-seeing is attended with no little fatigue—we next sought out a painting that has filled the world with its fame—the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. We found it on the wall of the refectory, or dining-room, of a convent attached to the church of the Madonna della Grazia. No picture is so well known, by means of copies and engravings, as this, and none is so near extinction. It is in a much worse condition than I had dreamt of,—faded, cracked, blistered, and repainted in a deplorable way. A platform, elevated several feet from the floor, allows you to inspect

it closely; but its meaning is best gathered from the middle of the hall. There, we may form a rude guess at the painter's conception of our Saviour, when, sitting at that solemn meal, he lamented over his betrayer.

"Though searching damp and many an envious flaw
Have marred this work,
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives; lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters."

Man has little right to complain of the irreverence with which Time is accustomed to treat his most glorious works, when he himself often displays so much regardlessness in his treatment. The perishable material on which this picture was placed has certainly hastened the work of destruction; but if proper care had been used, it would still have been a fitting monument of its author's genius. The monks neglected it, and the French, in 1797, actually used the refectory as a stable and granary. The best and earliest copy belongs to the English Royal Academy.

Then, in the dusk of the evening, I entered once more the Cathedral, and paced round its vast aisles, all dim and deserted, with a thronging of indescribable sensations at every pulse. The lofty ceiling of frotted stone was invisible, and the moon shed her beams, through storied windows, upon the marble floor.

"How like a dream,—and dreamy thought
Flew off to other times and places."

Solemn and serene was that mighty temple; solemn, but perplexed, was the mind of the stranger. A whispering of the days gone by seemed to fill the vast space with a confused indistinctness. The Past was present, and the feeling of the Future was blotted out.

The French recognise in Milan a strong likeness to their own capital. Old Montaigne found that it "pretty much resembled Paris, and was like the towns of France;" and during the two years Tasso passed at Paris, in the suit of Cardinal d'Este, he noticed the same resemblance. The similarity is said to exist chiefly in the *hôtels* of the noblesse, and the *cafés*. The latter certainly strike the eye of a stranger at once. They are elegantly fitted up, and brilliantly lighted of an evening. The first room is generally open to the street, and at many of them the customers, well dressed men and women, had conveyed themselves bodily into the street. There they sat, round a table planted in front of the house, chatting, and sipping coffee, as comfortably as if they had been defended from public gaze by four stone walls. I am not able to say much in praise of Milanese beauty; in truth, I did not see one handsome face in the course of a long day's ramble. Nevertheless, the women have the most brilliant dark eyes, and the smoothest raven hair I ever saw. Their head-dress is simple, and has a pleasing effect. It is just a black gauze veil gathered into the hair at the top of the head, and allowed to hang over the face. Bonnets are not in fashion. The women of the lower class at Como, through which we passed the day before, have a very fantastical mode of ornamenting their hair. They thrust some things, for all the world like tea spoons, through the pile of hair at the top of the head, so as to form a fan, and then they shove in two table-spoons, to make a kind of shaft. The excessive narrowness of the streets at Milan renders the want of *trottoirs* more keenly felt; and, in the middle of the day, they are intolerably hot, owing, in a great measure, to the want of air. There is hardly a single article of diet which the Italians use without oil and vinegar, and the shops where these commodities are sold are proportionably numerous. We were informed that the English have not colonized Milan in the way they have most of the other continental cities. This seems rather strange, for the place offers many advantages to families who wish to combine cheapness with the luxuries of life. There is gaiety enough; in the winter months there is a rapid succession of balls; eight theatres offer their

attractions, and La Scala has usually singers of the first class. House-rent is low, and a villa, which becomes indispensable during the summer months, can be hired on any of the neighbouring lakes for 16*l.* or 18*l.* per annum. There are mineral baths, for those who fancy they require them, not far distant. The beauties of art, already noticed, are of the highest order; so that it is a little surprising these united advantages fail to attract a larger concourse of resident English.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH.

"ART going to the ploughing match, Will?" were the words I heard whilst crossing a stile at the end of a pretty lane in the parish of S—, Bucks. "Yes, man," was the reply; "everybody is going surely; and, may be, I'll get a prize, too, for my apples at the show."

The speakers were well known to me; both were old men; the one, crippled by the shocks of nearly seventy years, stood leaning on a gate; the other, still vigorous, shouldered a digging fork, and showed, by his cheerful look and air, that it might be long ere the village churchyard claimed him.

The elder was an inmate of an alms-house, established, some centuries back, by one of the ancient lords of the manor of S—. I knew "Old Robert," (such was his name,) at a glance,—the white hair falling beneath his old straw hat, the crabbed blackthorn stick, which could boast the service of many years, and his honest-looking face, were all familiar to me. Old Robert was famed as a mole-catcher, and to this day may be seen with his trap under his arm, in the still meadows of this secluded spot. Sometimes the roaming school-boy finds the old man, with his trap at his feet, stretched on the warm sunny grass, by one of the many rippling brooklets which descend from our common. Robert will leave a name behind him when he dies, likely to endure in rustic memories when greater than he are forgotten. He was not without one little characteristic, or failing, as some may deem it; namely, a wish to know a little of everybody's business. His curiosity equalled that of any old maid I ever met with. Not a stranger arrived, not a native departed, but Robert was advertised thereof; he was, in fact, the newsman of the alms-house, and speculator-general of the parish.

On the present occasion, his curiosity was clearly at work upon the "ploughing match" appointed for the ensuing day, and it was doubtless with the object of quietly extracting some information that he interrupted his old neighbour, "Will Nottey," with the question, "Art going to the ploughing match, Will?" My approach probably prevented those lengthy colloquies on things in general, in which Old Robert gloried. I saw, from his position and manner, that he had prepared himself for the feast of rustic chat. A painter, whose forte lay in depicting the natural, would have rejoiced in the view then before me. The setting sun threw its rich mellow light full on the old man's face, as if prying into every wrinkle, and fell with glorious beauty on the ancient walls of the alms-houses, covered with masses of dark ivy and wreaths of clematis. An irregular group of ancient elms and beeches displayed those numberless tints, which autumn and rich sunlight ever produce. Old Robert was in the happy mood suggested by the brightness of the hour, and, taking off his hat as I approached, wished me "good night" with the manners of a peasant gentleman. I perceived how gladly he would receive some compensation for the chat I had interrupted by my approach; and after a few inquiries respecting his welfare, the state of the alms-house, and the crops in the long slip of garden, soon found myself in the midst of a discussion on the blight in the potato,—a subject upon which Robert expatiated with particular vehemence, as his own allotted portion of the crop had been diminished by one-half.

"Well, sir," was his abrupt conclusion, "it's the work of Providence, and can't be helped; that's one comfort, at any rate. I don't know what I shall do without the roasted potatoes, which I baked in the ashes on cold winter's nights, when the storm seemed blowing the old house down. You don't know, sir, what comfort there was in those potatoes."

The picture thus presented to me, of the old man finding solace in the dreary winter over his roasted potatoes, was too much like truth to provoke a smile; so, after giving him some hints respecting the treatment of his imperilled crop, I turned the conversation to the subject which his first remark to Will Nottey had suggested, viz. the "ploughing match," expressing a hope that he would be able to see so cheerful a spectacle.

"Well, sir," said he, "may be neither these old legs nor this stick will carry me so far; though I've seen the day, sir, when twenty miles afore breakfast wouldn't ha' stopped me. But that's gone, and for ever, too; old Robert is like those black leaves that are just falling. There were no ploughing matches hereabouts, sir, when I was young; but they've done good, sir; I see that with my own eyes. I've been born and bred in this parish; and for almost seventy years, as boy or man, have I been acquainted, I may say, with every field and cottage in the place. But, sir, the parish is like some other things—it arn't got the same face it had once; I hardly know it myself."

"Well, Robert," cried I, "do you mean to say the parish has changed for the worse?"

"Why, no, sir, not exactly that, though some things are not what an old man would like to see; that they are not," said he, with one of those emphatic and half testy gesticulations which aided his limited vocabulary. "I am not a-grumbling at Providence, sir," rejoined the rustic moralist; "our poor old vicar, God bless him, though he's dead and buried—I always say God bless him, sir, when he's mentioned—as I was a-saying, our poor old vicar taught me better. I meant, sir, when I spoke of the difference in the parish, how some things had improved, how much better behaved the people are than when I was a boy, and the men who used to be at the S— Arms are now digging their gardens and pruning their trees, ever since the gentlemen began to give prizes for the best fruit and garden stuff. There was hardly a poor man's garden in the parish once, sir, except my own father's, and he was one of a thousand; none of his sons ever came up to him, sir, though we did our duty always pretty well. There was but our own cottage with a garden which could be called a garden. All was riot and tatters, though not for want of money; but the landlord of the S— Arms got that. I well remember how strangers used to make a stop as they turned the corner of yon lane with the tall elms, when they came all at once upon our cottage, to look at the only tidy garden in the place. There, sir, in yonder corner was our old house," exclaimed Robert, pointing to a little nook, as if the memories of a life had suddenly been revived. "There we, six of us, sir, were all born and brought up, and there all but old Robert died. The house is pulled down now." The old man at this moment recovered from the feeling which had suddenly crossed his spirit, and resumed: "Father used to be so pleased when he saw the ladies tell their coachmen to stop, that they might look at his garden from their carriages; and sometimes they would really walk in and look at the flowers and fruits, which always made father happy the whole week after; but now every cottage, sir, has a garden. First one thought he would try for a prize, and then another, till at last they try by dozens, as you will see, sir, if you go. I always go if I can, out of respect to father; for he, sir, got the first prize at the first ploughing match ever held in this parish."

"I am glad to hear," said I, "that you are witness to such good effects of these yearly exhibitions. I shall certainly go myself to-morrow; and hope that you,

Robert, will not be disappointed. And now, good night; the damp is settling fast on the grass, and you had better go in, Robert, and roast one of your best potatoes." This I said with a smile; and could hear him just mumble out, "No, sir, no, that would be terrible waste. I must keep my good potatoes till winter."

I was but an occasional resident in the parish of S—, and had seldom been in the place at the period of the "ploughing match," as it was called, though the exhibition partook of the nature of an agricultural and horticultural show. I determined, however, to witness, for once at least, the results of these praiseworthy attempts, on the part of the gentry and superior farmers, to improve the character and condition of the peasantry.

The next was one of those bright days which have marked the present autumn. The rich light of the sun, falling on a mellowed landscape, and the soft but healthy warmth of the atmosphere, combined with the festivities of the scene to spread a happy glow over every face. Even the ploughmen, whose prizes were yet to be won, mingled the laugh and merry retort with the anxiety which their rustic rivalry naturally produced.

I was surprised to see the numbers that arrived from every part of the surrounding country. Some, with that rustic tunic, the well-known "smock frock," as white as mother or wife could make it, looking not unpicturesque in the glancing sunlight. Something like a peasant's pride was discernible about many of these said "frocks;" the fronts and backs were elaborately worked, and worn with an air that proclaimed the possessor a member of the peasant aristocracy. Amid the simplicity and primitive habits of the rural districts, this dress seems more appropriate to a "bold peasantry, their country's pride," than the more modish garments adopted by many of the rustics in the vicinity of large towns. Some, of a class superior to these last, came in blue coats of ancient cut, the shapes of which would have puzzled all the Stulzes in Europe, but were perfectly familiar to the tailors of the villages round S—. Staid old men were these farmers, who paid taxes and grumbled, doing the latter more readily than the former. Most had come to see, not to act; few were perfect approvers of the changes around them. They laughed with grave scorn at the "experimenters" and "chemist farmers;" but were, nevertheless, quite ready to mark the improvements in agricultural implements, and the modes of rearing stock.

The "superior farmers," too, were in the field; men justly proud of their influence at markets, and aspiring in many cases to an equality with the gentry themselves. Some are evidently able to count their thousands; and have no small opinion of their value to the commonwealth.

The farming gentry, or "gentlemen farmers," were also numerous. In external appearance they frequently differed little from the larger agriculturists; but the difference in their social position could be seen at a glance; there was a respectful bearing towards each other, very distinguishable from the hey-day free-and-easy manners of the majority of the mere farmers. From these, who are farmers of their own lands, the class of experimental agriculturists is mainly drawn. Their more extensive knowledge, and greater leisure, enable them to test theories which the mere farmer laughs at. Thus they often elicit for agriculture those valuable facts which would otherwise remain buried beneath the lumber of human prejudice and ignorance. Here and there a clergyman was visible in the field, who sought by his presence to aid all classes in their efforts for the general good. At length the ploughs were assembled, their sturdy drivers marshalled, and the contest of the driving ploughshares begun. There was not much in the sight to arouse poetical images; and many who would exult over a description of the Olympian or Isthmian games, might have discerned little to excite interest in these contests of peace. Yet

the influence on human civilization is tenfold more beneficial in the latter than in the former far-famed contests. I remember the time when the villagers flocked by thousands to a field in this vicinity, to witness the brutalizing spectacle of a prize fight, from which they returned less fitted for civilized and Christian society.

But let us leave the ploughs at work, and enter the tents, in which are deposited the pride of many a cottage garden. Here are the prize specimens of fruit and vegetables; and noble specimens they are. Doubtless man is created for higher purposes than eating; but, as he must eat, so there is nothing unworthy a rational being in giving due care to produce the best food, and the greatest possible quantity. Hence the remark of a testy book-worm to one who pressed him to attend this meeting, "that life was not given to measure the diameter of potatoes and the size of cabbage-heads," betrayed a defective view of the compass and variety of human duties. In the tents were all those fruits and vegetables displayed in which prudent housewives rejoice. It was pleasant to notice the manners of those who had gained prizes, as the different observers paused to gaze upon the specimens. Some would look carelessly on their own rare productions, as if beneath their notice, but in the meantime listened with anxious expression to each remark on the size, appearance, and other qualities of their specimens. Some, on the other hand, who had been disappointed of prizes, were criticising the productions of their competitors, pointing out every defect which the sharpest ingenuity could detect. Very amusing, too, was it to hear the different criticisms of the "professionals" and the "amateurs."

There was one short, fat, old gentleman, who had devoted many years to the production of a particular kind of giant cabbage. These productions seemed to afford him as high a gratification as the dome of St. Paul's gave to Sir Christopher Wren. Another had lavished all his attention on onions, which he insisted were the most nourishing of all roots; and told more than a hundred times of the Spanish soldier who subsisted five months on onions only. Others patronized the potato with a zeal which would have delighted Raleigh.

But the orchard was not forgotten; labour and skill combined to produce apples, pears, plums, and a host of similar fruits, such as the eye rarely witnesses. It was a pleasant thought for the reflecting observer to contrast these productions of civilized man with the original wild fruits from which each specimen had descended; the groups of luxuriant apples with their rude ancestor the crab; the luscious plum with the wild berry its original. These riches are the triumphs of industry, peace, and knowledge. The great law, "Work, and thou shalt have," was here amply illustrated.

Such meetings as these make men acquainted with their powers, and must suggest those efforts of social improvement, upon which the destinies of nations, and, indeed, of the world, depend. What human perseverance has done for the fruits and vegetables of the garden, it may do in the more important matters of life. Thus man, by degrees, will learn to regard with more earnest attention the laws of the system in which God has placed him. The bringing a single fruit to perfection requires that attention to the laws of nature (that is, to the laws of God), and that well arranged combination of skill and labour, of head and hands, by which the advance of civilization is effected. But man must begin at the beginning, and learn to act in the small, ere he can hope to triumph in the great. Thus an agricultural or horticultural association may gradually train the humbler class of minds to such habits of observation, patient industry, and order, as may fit them for a higher place in the social system.

And now the time for the distribution of the prizes has arrived. The chair is filled by a learned and amiable divine, head master of a grammar-school in

the neighbourhood, whose knowledge and urbanity endeared him to all. Near him were the gentry and landholders, whose purses and time are, in this part of the county, devoted to promote the well-being of the peasantry. A large body of farmers surrounded the chairman, and added by their presence to the value of every prize. Each successful competitor received the rewards of his skill with a higher joy in the presence of his employers, in whose estimation he felt himself thus elevated. But the most happy of all were the wives, children, and relatives of the prize gainers. How important each looked as the fortunate father, husband, or brother stood forth to receive the honours of the day; how each tried *not* to look proud, yet how proud they all looked!

I noticed one little fellow with a smock frock, white as "mother" could make it, jump about in ecstasy amongst the other boys. His father had received the prize for the best carrots; and he, poor little fellow, was as happy as earth could make him. A very pleasing part of the affair was the distribution of rewards and honorary tokens to servants who had, by long and faithful service, deserved well of society. If the highest in the land are gratified by the publicly expressed approbation of their fellow-citizens, if to gain this they risk even life itself, so does such honour deeply affect the hearts of the lowly. These are the only laurels open to them. Happy for the nation is it when provision is made to nourish so just an ambition.

Many of those now rewarded were women, whose youthful days had been spent in secluded farm houses, faithfully rendering services which are as necessary to human well-being as the deeds of nobles and statesmen. To these poor people the honours of this day will ever appear like a sunny spot in the line of life.

The last in this group was a young woman who, for eighteen years, had sedulously tended an invalid mistress. In a lonely house, in the wildest part of the Chilterns, she had passed her youth for a pittance of a few pounds yearly; more her mistress, who was a small annuitant, could not afford. Once a year only, for three days at Christmas, did she leave the solitary mansion to visit her aged parents. Thus her life passed on in the exercise of the virtues which the busy men of earth so rarely appreciate. Much against her desire had she attended here to-day. The wishes of her superiors, and the desires of her parents, had, however, overcome her modest reluctance. The old people, in their simple pride, longed for all to know their daughter's merit. The day was, I am certain, the brightest in their history. Once or twice the old man was seen to draw his hand hurriedly across his eyes whilst listening to the chairman's short address to "Jane." The mother preserved a calmer manner; and smiling quietly on her daughter, uttered to a friend, that "Jane was the best girl who had ever lived." Whilst I am writing this short account "Jane" is again returning to her aged mistress, declining all the numerous offers of better service. For this she assigns but one reason: "Mistress took me into her house when I was a poor ignorant girl: I cannot leave her in her old age for the sake of a little money." Such cases of devotion are rare. When observed, men are wise to honour them.

It was not till the close of the "exhibition" that I noticed Old Robert. He was then heartily shaking hands with "Jane's" father and mother, displaying towards the old people the warmth of an ancient friend, though he had never seen them before. But, as Robert said, "it was a day to make an old man's heart jump for joy."

The remainder of the sayings and doings may be passed over; they were pleasant enough to the parties concerned, consisting of a dinner, abundance of speeches, and plenty of agricultural chit-chat. I went home early, resolved to attend the meeting next year, and become more acquainted with the habits and feelings of the

English agriculturists. I will, therefore, conclude with a toast given at the dinner—"Long may such meetings flourish, and knit together the employer and employed."

THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION.¹

During the Years from 1838 to 1842.

FIRST NOTICE.

AN extended knowledge of the earth's diversified surface, falls to the lot of few. Some are confined within the boundaries of a rural district; others within crowded cities, to whom the far-stretching continents, the ocean phenomena, and the beauties of the isles of the sea, are never to be revealed. They may glance at an atlas, but apprehend little of those busy nations inhabiting the regions thereon displayed.

This ignorance is man's necessity, not his choice; few are privileged to navigate strange oceans, stand on mountain peaks, or penetrate the secrets of remote lands. But all love to hear of distant regions, and to follow, in narratives, a Columbus or a Cook in their adventurous track. Hence the pleasure afforded by a perusal of "Travels" and "Voyages." The peasant in his secluded cottage, and the merchant pent in cities, may thus behold the manners of the antipodes, and converse with the men of either pole. Great are the benefits arising from an enlarged knowledge of the earth. Juster views of mankind are thus acquired; the diversities of pagan mythology, its wild extravagances, intermingled with gleams of original truth, the varieties of the human race, all spreading from the primeval centre, with the zoological and botanical novelties of other lands, are thus brought before us.

Sometimes the explorer brings home reports of new lands, continents, or islands, filling up the blanks on our best maps. Thus we see the great family of man recovering itself from isolation, the different branches uniting and forming a thousand links of intercourse. All the maritime countries of the world have sought by "exploring expeditions" to extend their influence over the earth; ancient and modern empires have sent their heroic men to explore unknown seas, to dare the rigours of arctic frost, and risk the perils of rock-bound and savage lands. Tradition hints of such in the Phœnician and Carthaginian eras; whilst history relates the deeds of a host of European navigators, down to the discoveries of our own Ross and Parry. The United States of America have imitated the example of the mother country, and concluded, in 1842, an expedition despatched to examine the Pacific and Southern oceans.

The squadron consisted of six vessels; two sloops of war, the *Vincennes*, of 780 tons, the *Peacock*, of 650; a gun brig, the *Porpoise*, of 32 tons; two tenders, the *Seagull*, of 110 tons, and the *Flying-fish*, of 96 tons; and a store ship, the *Relief*.

The ships sailed on August 17th, 1838, and took the course towards Madeira, which was reached September 16th. The first appearance of this island disappointed expectations; it exhibited nothing to the distant view but a bare and broken rock, of huge dimensions, which, though grand and imposing, is peculiarly dark and gloomy. But this land of the vine was found, on a nearer approach, to be adorned with a luxuriant tropical vegetation, its mountain terraces covered with a rich verdure, and the valleys bright with fertility; orange groves and vineyards crowd upon the sight, and the stranger journeys along roads hedged with geraniums, myrtles, fuchsias, and hydrangias of gigantic size; on one side the eye glances into ravines two thousand feet in depth, and on the other vainly endeavours to trace the grey mountain peaks buried in the clouds. The vine is

(1) Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria Lane.

of course the chief production of the island. The following mode of expressing the juice is probably unknown to the epicure whilst eyeing his "bright Madeira." "We saw," says the narrator, "six men stamping violently in a vat of six feet square by two feet deep, their legs bare up to the thighs. After the grapes had been sufficiently pressed, and the men's legs well scraped, the mass was pressed out." Each gallon of the juice requires about ten bushels of grapes. On the 25th of September, the squadron sailed southwards, passing by the Canaries to the Cape de Verd isles. It is to be regretted that want of time prevented a survey of the Largasso sea, in which exist vast quantities of a floating plant called *fucus natans*, or gulf-weed.

When off St. Jago, the sea presented a beautiful phosphoric appearance; the whole face of the waters appeared to be on fire, so intense was the brilliancy; this arose from myriads of phosphorescent animalculæ, which filled the sea with their vivid coruscations, and demonstrated, by their countless hosts, that remote and silent ocean waters swarm with a rejoicing and multitudinous existence.

After a prosperous navigation, the squadron entered the bay of Rio de Janeiro. The fact which here chiefly claimed the attention of the voyagers was the prevalence of slavery in Brazil.

The slave population exceeds that of the white in the proportion of five to one, and between 7,000 and 8,000 are yearly brought in by the slave ships. The slaves are the principal carriers of the country; their mode of journeying is thus described:—"They appear to work with cheerfulness, and go together in gangs, with a leader, who carries a rattle made of tin, and filled with stones. With this he keeps time, causing them all to move in a dog-trot; each one joins in the monotonous chorus, the notes seldom varying above a third from the key."—P. 13. A monthly ball is held, called the white-jacket ball, because the gentlemen make their appearance in jackets of that colour; the ladies, on such occasions, make simplicity their motto, and discard all jewels and similar adornments. "On reaching the ante-room we were met by the committee of gentlemen, or managers, and kindly treated without ceremony, making us at once feel at ease. We were shortly after ushered into one of the most splendid ball-rooms I ever saw; there were upwards of three hundred persons present, all dressed in the purest white, without any finery whatever."

Whilst enjoying the hospitality of the Brazilians, attention was not diverted from those observations on the laws and customs of the people, which might enable other nations to understand the character and institutions of the country. The result of the examination is not favourable to Brazil. Education is very defective, and the females are but lately allowed to be taught in schools. The administration of the laws is perverted by bribery; and justice is obtained with great difficulty by an unpatronized plaintiff or defendant. Trial by jury is established, but the system is peculiar. The jurymen are chosen for a whole year, by justices of the peace; instead of twelve, forty are necessary to constitute a jury—rather a cumbrous number for investigating disputed matters of fact.

The singular machinery of the court of findings and losings, is well adapted to provoke a smile. "This court takes charge of all things lost and found, making it the duty of a person finding anything to deposit it with the judge. The loser, to prove property, must have three witnesses to swear that they saw him lose it, and three others, that they saw the finder pick it up; otherwise, it remains in deposit."—P. 13.

But the expedition had not been despatched to dwell in the homes, and note the habits and customs, of civilized men. Accordingly, repairs being completed, the fleet sailed towards the wild coast of Terra del Fuego, on January the 6th, 1839. It was observed, at seventy-eight miles from the mouth of the river Plate, that the sea was

discoloured, by the rush of earthy matter brought down by that stream. It is clear that a vast delta must be in process of formation, from the deposit of mud and sand at the mouth of such a river; the geologist may amuse himself by speculating on the period when this formation shall raise its head above the surface of the ocean, and form a fertile home for man, or other living creatures.

The squadron reached Orange Harbour, in Terra del Fuego, on February the 17th, and immediately began to prepare for the antarctic cruise. The natives of some portions of this region appear to rank low, even amongst savages; the narrow forehead, and wide-spread sensual mouth, combine with their distorted bodies, to create a feeling of disgust in the civilized man. One talent, however, is possessed, in the highest degree, by these barbarians; "Their imitations of sounds are truly astonishing. One man ascended and descended the octave perfectly, following the sounds of the violin correctly. It was then found that he could sound the common chords, and follow through the semi-tone scale, with scarcely a deviation. All the natives have musical voices, and speak in the note G sharp, ending with the semi-tone A, when asking for presents, and were continually singing."

This union of soft voices and song with barbarism, is an interesting fact, and suggests the hope that these savages may possess more gentle qualities than their squalid appearance indicates. In February 1839, part of the squadron sailed on a cruise towards the south, and, passing round the southern point of America, coasted along to Valparaiso. Here they saw the mighty Andes, their summits resplendent in the rising sun, and presenting the appearance of a bright golden line along the sky, running north and south. The view is most brilliant just before sun-rise, when the flashing rays fall on a thousand snowy peaks; the setting sun also produces some startling effects. The Alpine outlines then change every moment with the variations of light; here a line of mountains, clothed in purple, crimson, and yellow tints, breaks upon the view; there a group of peaks stand out in dark relief, whilst a singular green-coloured sky adds to the marvel of the contrast. Some of the summits rise abruptly into the deep heavens, like the spires of vast mountain cathedrals; others swell into magnificent domes, like titanic capitals of this mountain kingdom, of which it has been said, that ages would not suffice to observe its beauties, and discover its wonders. Humboldt in vain endeavoured to reach the summit of Chimborazo, the mightiest of these domes; when compelled to desist, he was at an elevation of 19,280 feet. These mountains do not consist of one continued chain, though so represented on most maps, but are broken into a series of groups. Thus, if the whole formation be called "a chain," each group may be termed a link in that chain. This range rests upon volcanic fires, and dreadful earthquakes have, without a moment's warning, frequently reduced flourishing cities to ruins. One of these events is thus referred to by the explorers:—"The situation of Old Callao is still visible *under the water*; and though an interesting, it is a melancholy object, when one thinks of the havoc a few minutes effected. The very foundation seems to have been upturned and shaken to pieces, and the whole submerged by a mighty wave. The wonder is, that any one escaped to tell the tale."—P. 47.

Before leaving the coast, some of the gentlemen attached to the expedition made a journey to the Andes of Peru, and examined the great silver mines of Pasco. They are 13,000 feet above the sea level, and the metallic district consists of two veins, each seventy miles long. The deserted mines are nearly 1,000 in number, proving the vast amount of labour which has been expended on these excavations. "English speculators frequently work the mines, but are often disappointed," says the narrator, "by the disorderly conduct of the workmen, brought, at high charges, from England."

This is said to have caused a ruinous and unprofitable outlay to many companies. It is to be feared that the employers paid little attention to the moral qualities of the men engaged, and received in consequence the appropriate reward of their criminal negligence. After this visit to the mines, preparations were made for a voyage amongst the isles of the Pacific; and the expedition left the American coast on the 13th of July. They were now about to explore the homes of half-civilized, or barbarous men, to trace the progress and note the manners of that extended family, which has spread itself over the thousand isles of the Pacific.

The numberless tribes, their various dialects, and the mysteries connected with the formation of this coral Polynesia, render these portions of the earth a most interesting study to the moral and natural philosopher. The islands are distributed into various groups, the *Paumotu*, the *Samoa*, the *Feejean*, and the *Hawaiian*. The fleet sailed toward the first-mentioned cluster, and reached the most eastern extremity, called Minerva Island, or Clermont de Tonnerre, on August the 13th. It is one of the low coral islands, and resembles from a distance a fleet at anchor, as nothing, save the tall trees, is visible until the coast is neared. It may be regarded as the summit of a gigantic column of coral upraised from the deep sea by animalculæ—of which it has well been said,

"They bind the deep with a secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been."

On one side the sounding-line descended to 600 fathoms without touching the bottom, and against this coral rampart the Pacific heaves its huge billows in vain; the island wall defying the rage of sea and tempest. The term *Paumotu*, signifies a cloud of islands; not an inappropriate name for many of the crowded clusters which dot the Pacific.

These coral isles have been represented as the homes of beauty and fertility, but this is not true of many; viewed from a distance, they seem covered with a bright verdure, and thus resemble numerous vases rising from the ocean, yet this apparent fertility is found, upon landing, to consist only of patches of long coarse grass growing amongst the coral rocks. Most of the trees are stunted, a thing to be expected when we consider how thin must be the covering of vegetable mould on many of these rocks. The inhabitants of this group may be termed barbarians, though some are just emerging from the savage state through the teaching of the missionary, and the visits of traders. The conduct of the latter appears to be at times injurious to the natives, and some gross outrages are perpetrated against the islanders, causing them to regard Europeans as their foes.

The population of fifteen islands in the group is 10,000, but some have not more than twenty or thirty inhabitants, whilst one, named *Anaa*, has 5,000, and another 2,000. Thence we may regard these people as consisting of a great number of clans, differing in language, customs, and even *race*; for their physical characteristics are exceedingly various. The group is at present nearly valueless for commercial purposes, the only product obtained being pearl-oyster-shells, which are bought for European use by traders of Tahiti; but the increase of population, and the gradual formation of civilized habits, may yet render these islands a market for European goods.

This group occupies that part of our maps over which the words "Society Isles" are marked, and of which cluster the *Paumotu* group form the eastern part. Tahiti is not reckoned in the *Paumotu* group, but forms with *Eimeo* an independent division. To Tahiti the expedition next proceeded; it is composed of two

peninsulas, and possesses twenty-four harbours, abounding in districts of great fertility. Sugar, cocoa-nut oil, and arrow-root, are abundantly produced. Iron abounds in the mountains to such an extent as to render compasses useless. The South Sea whalers make these ports their places of rendezvous.

It may astonish the reader to hear that, amidst ease and plenty, the population of Tahiti has decreased,—a fact which is partly ascribed to the pernicious effects of the *spirits* introduced to the natives by traders; and thus the plague, which has wasted the American Indians, is felt in these beautiful islands. The commander of the expedition condemns, in the strongest terms, the practice of retailing ardent spirits to the simple natives in defiance of the laws of Tahiti, and notices, with indignation, the gross immorality of many captains and crews. Those acquainted with the condition of the lower orders in Europe, may hear with scepticism, that *few natives are to be met with who cannot both read and write*. Whether, in the lapse of years, the Tahitian language will contain a literature fitted to the moral and intellectual wants of numerous surrounding islands, it is difficult to decide; but it will ever be interesting to remember, that the first Polynesian language reduced to writing was that of Tahiti. The manners of many of the natives exhibited so much propriety, as to excite the surprise of the gentlemen on board the American squadron; they found that a chief of great influence had been dismissed from office for intoxication; and failed not to remark, at a luncheon given on board the ship, that, before the food was touched, the oldest chief asked a blessing. These indications of a superior moral tone, are combined with those gentle tastes from which civilization draws her rich adornments of taste and elegance. The love of flowers is a passion with the Tahitians, though the missionaries endeavour to check this natural and graceful feeling. A taste for music prevails amongst the women, many of whom possess rich and musical voices. Some peculiarities, ludicrous to a European, belong to these people; for instance, it is usual for the highest chiefs to claim the *privilege* of washing the dirty linen of the various ship's crews which touch at the islands; a prerogative which the nobles of Europe would not very highly prize.

Something like a political constitution has been introduced into Tahiti, formed in 1823 and 1826, upon the model of that of England. By this the crown is made hereditary, and the legislative power lodged in an assembly elected every three years; it consists of two members from each of the seven districts into which the island is divided, and possesses the power of enacting and modifying laws; thus the once barbarous Otahitians have gained, under English guidance, a privilege which elsewhere has caused the struggles of centuries.

The scenery of this island and *Eimeo* is grand; lofty mountains and deep valleys give all the charm of contrast to the landscape; from some of the loftiest ridges a magnificent view presents itself, ridge upon ridge arise in gorgeous confusion, till the prospect melts away amid a region of wild mountain forms. These gigantic elevations are of volcanic origin, and carry the mind back to a period when fiery craters, and boiling lava floods, heaved beneath ceaseless earthquakes.

The rocky masses in the interior of the island consist of perpendicular basaltic columns, while those on the coast are composed of horizontal volcanic formations. In one respect Tahiti resembles Auvergne, viz. in the extinction of all the ancient volcanoes; thus its lofty mountains are but the memorials of convulsions in ages past.

It is now time to leave the "Expedition" on its track from Tahiti, with the intention of soon following the navigators through other branches of the far spread Polynesian group.

NATURE AND ART,

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.



SYLPH-LIKE, and with a graceful pride,
I saw the wild Louisa glide
Along the dance's glittering row,
With footsteps soft as falling snow:
On all around her smiles she pour'd;
And though by all admired, adored,
She seem'd to hold the homage light,
And careless claim'd it as her right.
With syren-voice the lady sung;
Love on her tones enraptur'd hung,
While timid awe and fond desire
Came blended from her witching lyre.
While thus, with unresisted art,
The enchantress melted every heart,
Amid the glance, the sigh, the smile,
Herself unmoved and cold the while,
With inward pity eyed the scene,
Where all were subjects—she a queen!

Aga'n I saw that lady fair—
Oh, what a beauteous change was there!
In a sweet cottage of her own
She sat, and she was all alone,
Save a young child she sung to rest
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.
With happy smiles, and happy sighs,
She kiss'd the infant's closing eyes;
Then o'er him, in the cradle laid,
Moved her dear lips as if she pray'd.
She bless'd him in his father's name.
Lo! to her side that father came,
And in a voice subdued and mild,
He bless'd the mother and her child!
I thought upon the proud saloon,
And that enchantress queen; but soon
Far off art's fading pageant stole,
And nature fill'd my thoughtful soul.



THE SIEGE OF CORFE CASTLE.

LADY BANKS's gallant defence of Corfe Castle against the Rebels, gives her a distinguished place among the heroines of the Rebellion. It has been said, that had all the Royalists of that day displayed the same skill and undaunted courage which distinguished the Countess of Derby at Latham, the Lady Arundel at Wardour, and Lady Banks at Corfe Castle, twenty Oliver Cromwells would have fought in vain for Republicanism.

Sir John Banks, attorney-general to Charles I., had only recently bought the castle and manor of Corfe from Lady Elizabeth Hatton, when his wife and family took up their residence there, on his joining the king at York in 1642. Here they continued undisturbed till May in the following year, when the rebels, commanded by Sir Walter Erle and Sir Thomas Trenchard, having possessed themselves of all the towns on the sea coast, resolved to make themselves masters of Corfe Castle, which they justly regarded as a place of great importance; and, for this purpose, marched some troops of horse from Dorchester, to attempt its capture by a *coup-de-main*.

They arrived there on May-day, when it was the custom of the mayor and gentry of the isle of Purbeck, (in which the castle stands) to hold a stag hunt. The sport, however, was interrupted by the appearance of the rebel party; some of whom, detaching themselves from the main body, at first endeavoured to obtain an entrance on the pretence of wishing to see the castle, but when this was refused, and the gates closed against them, by order of its mistress, the whole body of soldiers surrounded the castle and summoned Lady Banks to surrender. She refused, though her garrison at this time consisted of only five men, and boldly bid them defiance. Upon this the parliamentary committee in the neighbouring town of Poole, suspecting her of an intention to victual and man the castle, sent to demand four small pieces of cannon which were on the castle ramparts, but, by some trifling excuse, she succeeded in evading this request for the time. A few days after, forty or fifty seamen were sent to demand them, with a warrant from the commissioners; but Lady Banks, whose garrison still consisted of only five men and her maid servants, contrived to mount one of the disputed cannon, and discharge it upon the hostile party, who, intimidated by this display of resolution, returned to Poole. Lady Banks now felt it necessary to strengthen her garrison, and, summoning help among her tenants by beat of drum, a considerable guard of friends and adherents came to her assistance, bringing with them fifty stand of arms. The parliamentarians were, however, equally active on their side; they intercepted a supply of gunpowder on its way to the castle, and issued a proclamation in the neighbouring towns, declaring it high treason to sell provisions for the use of Corfe Castle, or to hold communication with its inhabitants; adding the threat, that if the cannon were not given up, the houses of Lady Banks's friends and neighbours should be burnt. Strict watch was kept that no message should be conveyed, or intelligence of any kind be suffered to pass in or out of the castle; and, thus straitened, and unprovided with victuals for a siege, it was found necessary to come to a parley, when it was agreed to give up what had been the grand objects of contention, the four cannon, the largest of which was a three-pounder, on

condition that Lady Banks should be left in her castle in peace and quietness. These terms were agreed to, the cannon were given up, and the party in the castle reduced to their original numbers. Lady Banks, however, little trusting the honour of her opponents, felt it wise and safe to strengthen her position as far as possible. The rebels, meanwhile, feeling themselves secure, relaxed in their vigilance; the watches were not kept up as strictly as formerly, and means were thus found of bringing a good store of provisions, gunpowder, and matchlocks into the castle. On the advance of the king's army, under Prince Maurice, to Blandford, Lady Banks represented so earnestly her need of assistance, and the importance of the place, that Captain Lawrence was deputed to take command of the garrison; but, through some unfortunate oversight, he came without the necessary commission for obtaining money and provisions; a mistake which could not afterwards be rectified till too late to be of any service in the siege. Soon after Captain Lawrence arrived, a body of between two and three hundred horse and foot came before the castle, bringing with them two pieces of ordnance, with which they soon opened a heavy fire on the castle from the opposite hills; they also set fire to four houses in the town, which was directly under the castle walls, and did much other damage. They were, however, gallantly withstood, so that, after again summoning the castle to surrender, they thought proper to retire. On the 23d of June the attack was renewed; and Sir Walter Erle, Captain Sydenham, and others, commanding a body of five or six hundred men, entered the town unobserved, under the shelter of a thick fog. They brought with them four pieces of ordnance, under the names of a demi-cannon, a culverine, and two sakers, and with these, and their small arms, they played on the castle from all quarters. Besides these open attacks, they sought by secret means to corrupt Lady Banks's servants within the castle; and, to rouse their fears, threatened to give no quarter, and even made the soldiers take an oath to spare none who offered resistance.

With the view of sheltering themselves in their attacks, the besiegers invented two machines, one of which they named the Boar and the other the Sow, constructed of boards lined with wool, which were designed to cover their persons and deaden the shot. These erections, however, fulfilled their part very ill. When the Sow was moved forward, its supporters could not conceal their legs, which were at once aimed at by the besieged. The Sow, therefore, was left to its fate; some who had sought its shelter ran away, and one or two were killed. The fate of its companion discouraged the Boar, which dared not advance, and played no part in the combat.

The plan of attack was now altered, and the rebels converted the ancient massively built church of the town into a battery; using it with wanton irreverence. The historian of the siege records that they made shirts of the surplice, broke up the organ, and used the pipes as cases for powder and shot, while the lead of the roof was rolled into shot, and fired against the castle.

All this profanation, however, did them no service. The shot took little effect on the walls of the castle, and made no impression on Lady Banks, who was as determined as ever to hold out. Sir Walter Erle got little fame by his ungallant efforts; he was charged with pressing on his soldiers, indeed, with great earnestness, but with being very sparing of his own person; and is said, on one occasion, from fear of the musket shot of the

besieged, (for they had no other,) to have wrapped himself in a bear-skin, and crept up the hill on all-fours. The besieged, on the contrary, showed great courage, and made several successful sallies; carrying off, on one occasion, thirteen head of cattle,—a provision much needed in the castle.

The Earl of Warwick, who seems to have been annoyed at Sir Walter Erle's slow progress, now sent him a reinforcement of 150 seamen, with a very formidable supply of petards, grenades, &c., for an assault, which was immediately to be made. A reward of 20*l.* was offered to the first man who should scale the walls, and smaller sums in gradation to those who should follow him. But as this temptation failed to rouse their courage to the necessary height, the men were plentifully supplied with spirits. "Sir Walter," it was said, "for fear he should be valiant against his will, was the only man who came sober to the assault." "Thus armed with drink," the assailants stormed the castle on all sides, and applied the scaling ladders. In the meanwhile the party in the castle were busily preparing to receive them. Captain Lawrence commanded the lower ward, and had with him the principal part of the brave little garrison; which had never amounted to forty men in any of its sieges. These repelled every onset with unflinching courage and gallantry. It was in vain that the assailants mounted the ladders; they were all either speared or shot.

The upper ward was, "to her eternal honour," defended by Lady Banks herself, assisted by her daughters, her female servants, and her own five men. The men under her direction kept up a constant fire of small arms, and when the enemy attempted on their side to scale the walls, having wild-fire in their hands ready to throw down into the castle, she and her women repulsed their fierce assailants by pouring down stones and hot embers upon them, which had been prepared in sufficient quantities for this purpose. The attack against both wards completely failed; and soon after Sir Walter received news that the king's forces were advancing, and near at hand. On this he retired in great haste to London, leaving Captain Sydenham the task of bringing off the ammunition and the rest of the soldiers; who retired into the church, intending to march from the town in the night; but, as supper was set on table, an alarm was given that the king's forces were near: on this a panic seized the captain, he left his supper, artillery and ammunition, and took boat instantly to Poole, leaving a hundred horses on the shore, a prize to the besieged. The assailants had lost more than a hundred men, killed and wounded, in the siege and assault, while the noble lady of the castle lost but two of her supporters.

Thus, after six weeks' stout siege, Corfe Castle, considered the key of that county, was, by a woman's courage, preserved for the king.

Lady Banks long survived her husband, and remained unmolested during the commonwealth. She lived to see the restoration of Charles II.

The inscription on her tombstone, in the south aisle of Rislipp church, contains all that is further known of her. It is therefore given here.

TO THE MEMORY OF

The lady Mary Bankes, the only daughter of Rafe Hawtry, (1) of Rislipp, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, the wife and widow of the Honorable Sir John Bankes, Knight, Late Lord Chief Justice of his late Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and of the Privy

(1) From whom the present Hawtry family are lineally descended.

Council to his late Majesty King Charles the 1st, of blessed memory, who, having had the honour to have borne, with a constancy and courage above her sex, a noble proportion of the late calamities, and the happiness to have outlived them so far as to have seen the restitution of the Government, with great peace of mind laid down her most desired life, the 19th day of April, 1661. Sir Ralph Bankes, her sonne and heir, hath dedicated this. She left 4 sonnes; 1st Sir Ralph, 2nd Jerome, 3rd Charles, 4th William, (since dead without issue) and 6 daughters.

STOCKTON ST. ANNE'S.

ADAM STOCK was a native of Aberdoen, but had been sent to England at an early age, in order to relieve his parents in some degree from the pressure of a very numerous family. However, though bringing with him nothing of this world's goods, he inherited what will generally be found to be the pledge of success in this world—a strong bodily constitution, a sound heart, good common sense, and habits of indefatigable industry. The place of his destination was one of our northern manufacturing towns, where his maternal uncle filled the office of superintendent of a cloth mill. Here Adam arrived at the age of fourteen, and, having received a good grammatical education, soon found means of establishing himself in the service, as he had before in the good opinion, of his uncle's employers. Through various subordinate occupations he rose to be a clerk in the warehouse, and afterwards succeeded his uncle in the responsible post of superintendent of the factory. This situation he held for sixteen years; he was then permitted to share in the profits of the business; and a dissolution of partnership subsequently taking place, he found himself in a position to undertake the erection of a new factory, in conjunction with one of the partners, upon a small estate which he had purchased, about a mile and a half from the town. But before entering upon this portion of Mr. Stock's history, it should be mentioned, that, after he had been settled about six years in his clerkship, he contracted a prudent and happy marriage, the issue of which was two sons, James and Robert. These sons he had caused to be apprenticed according to his then means, the one to a tailor, the other to a shoemaker. At the time of the removal of the factory, they were both carrying on extensive and profitable businesses.

The establishment of this factory is the main subject of our narrative. From his first settlement at —, Mr. Stock had been an attentive observer of the moral and religious condition of the people among whom his lot was cast. He had himself been trained in strict habits of religion. His family, though it had never risen beyond the middle class, could trace a descent of two hundred years, during which it had continued in dutiful allegiance to the Church. This was the pride of the Stocks; but it was checked by that which is the best security of uncompromising principle—strict self-denying habits of practical religion. Adam was a worthy scion of an honourable house. The evils of the "factory system," as it is now technically termed, had not yet developed themselves; but he was not slow to perceive that demoralization very generally prevailed among those who worked in the mills, and that no one tie existed by which workmen and master were bound together. Gratitude and attachment, on the part of the former, there was none; and how should there be, when no kindness or consideration was ever shown to elicit it? Something he had himself attempted, when his position seemed to allow of his doing so; but the other partners were averse to seconding his endeavours, and the habits of the people did not invite him to meddle with their domestic affairs. Over this inability to fulfil what he

felt to be, in the strictest sense, his most necessary obligations as an employer, he had long mourned; and therefore he resolved to seize the opportunity offered by the dissolution, in conjunction with the son of the original founder of the firm, who was like-minded with himself, for constructing and organizing an establishment upon better principles. With this view, a mill, of moderate dimensions, was commenced on the property aforementioned, situate in a little agricultural hamlet belonging to the town, and cottages for about fifty families of workpeople. His two sons, who were both single, had already built themselves a house, and were living together on the spot, and there was a population of about two hundred poor, who had been settled there for many generations. Simultaneously with these buildings were seen also to arise a Church parsonage, and schools, which, however, Messrs. Stock and Newsome were not allowed to erect at their own cost alone. A retired physician begged to be allowed to take a part in the foundation of this interesting colony; and though Mr. Stock refused to derive any profit from the land given for this purpose, he permitted Dr. Worth, in lieu of purchasing ground sufficient for the erection of a house for himself, to undertake the building of the schools and parsonage.

To this new township of Stockton St. Anne's, as it was called, in honour at once of the proprietor and of the saint who had given a name to a famous spring which was situated on the estate, the factory was now removed, and a new order of proceedings at once commenced. The desire of the proprietor was, that all engaged in the mill should regard themselves as members of his family: to none therefore was the invitation made without explaining the nature of the relationship which would henceforth be presumed and acted upon. Order and morality would be expected in the first instance, and, what alone can be the source of abiding peace, the bond of a common faith.

Before finally closing with his men, Mr. Stock assembled them, with their wives and families, and propounded the principles on which he proposed to conduct their little society. The wages to be paid were rather below the ordinary average; but the difference would be more than compensated by the luxury of well-contrived airy houses, with sufficient gardens. Temperance and chastity, and regular attendance at the public services of the Church, were to be indispensable conditions of a residence at St. Anne's; besides which, they were required to provide against sickness and old age, by paying to the Guild of St. Barnabas,—a well-regulated provident society, which the proprietors themselves established.

The good effects of the system began speedily to appear, in the increased happiness and self-respect of the little colony. Daily does the church bell call to morning prayer, and is responded to by at least three-fourths of the whole adult population. Contentment is visibly written on every countenance; and a better conducted community it would be impossible to find. Two accessions have lately been made to the society of Stockton St. Anne's: the first a colony of tailors and shoemakers, who have been located there by Mr. Stock's two sons; and, secondly, a highly-respectable firm have requested to transfer their flax mill from the town to this favoured site.

Mr. Stock is now in the vigour of a green old age; and long may he live to enjoy the fruits of his religious care for the well-being of his dependents, and to witness the influence of his good example upon others, to whom is committed the like responsibility of employing the labour of their fellow-men for their own aggrandisement.

Reader, if you desire a treat, we advise you to visit Stockton, either on the festival of St. Anne, the patron saint of the church, or on that of St. Barnabas, the patron of the guild,—the two great general holidays of our new township,—and you will witness a specimen of cheerful hilarity, and well-regulated mirth, that will remind you of olden and better times.

C.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

February 13.—St. Valentine's Eve.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

"It is a ceremony," says Bourne, "never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term valentines, on the eve before Valentine day. The names of a select number of one sex are, by an equal number of the other, put in some vessel; and after that, every one draws a name, which for the present is called their valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards."

A modern writer states how this "ceremony" was conducted, a few years ago, in a small village, in the south of Scotland. This individual, with a friend, had wandered from his road, and at last was obliged to "crave hospitality" at a "comfortable-looking lonely cottage."—"The good man," he says, "heard our story, welcomed us to a seat beside a blazing fire of wood and turf, and appeared delighted with our coming. We found ourselves in the house of rendezvous for the lads and lasses of a neighbouring village to celebrate St. Valentine's eve. Our entrance had damped the pleasantries, and inquisitive eyes were directed towards us. It was our business to become familiar with our new acquaintances, and the pastimes were renewed. Our sudden appearance had disturbed the progress of the village schoolmaster, who had finished writing, on small slips of paper, the names of each of the blooming lasses of the village. Each had dictated the name of her he loved. These precious slips of paper were now put into a bag and well mixed together, and each youth drew out a ticket, with hope that it might, and fear lest it should not, be the name of his sweetheart. This was repeated three times; the third time was the conclusion of this part of the sport. Some drew beloved names the third time with rapturous joy; others drew names of certain respectable widows and old ladies in the village, introduced by the art of the schoolmaster, and the victims mourned their unpitied derided sufferings. After the lasses, the names of the young men were written and drawn by the girls in the same manner, and a threefold success was secretly hailed as a sure-thing of bearing the name of the fortunate youth. The drawing of this lottery was succeeded by the essence of amusement, for the 'valentines' were to be 'relieved.' The relieving of the valentine was a scene of high amusement. Each young man had a right to kiss the girl whose name he drew, and at the same time to deliver to her the slip of paper. The mirth of this ceremony was excessive. Those who were drawn, and not present, were to be 'relieved' with a gift of inconsiderable value, as a token of regard."

The following curious mode of divination practised on St. Valentine's eve is described in the "Connoisseur," a series of Essays published in 1754-6:—"Last Friday was Valentine's day, and the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking

after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man? I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

We learn from a writer in Hone's "Every Day Book," that at Swaffham, in Norfolk, it is customary for boys to send valentine letters on the evening of February the 13th. At a convenient opportunity, the door is slyly opened, and the "valentine," attached to an apple or orange, is thrown in; a loud rap at the door immediately follows, and the offender, taking to his heels, is off instantly. Those in the house, generally knowing for what purpose the announcing rap was made, commence a search for the juvenile billet-doux: in this manner numbers are disposed of by each youth. By way of teasing the person who attends the door, a white oblong parallelogram, the size of a letter, is usually chalked on the step of the door, and should an attempt be made to pick it up, great amusement is thus afforded to some of the youths who are generally watching.

February 14.—St. Valentine's Day.

HAIL, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers,
And other birds, are thy parishioners.
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon:
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine—
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

DUNNE.

A modern journalist observes of this day:—"It is now almost everywhere, we suspect, a degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to quiz, and this confined very much to the humbler classes." After describing the well-known valentine letters which decorate the printsellers' shop windows at this period, he adds:—"Maid servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good; and generally the newspapers do not fail to record that the London postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general. Such is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St. Valentine's-day."

In former times it was very different. Misson, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1721, records:—"On the eve¹ of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's-day, a time when all living nature inclines to couple,² the young folks in England, and Scotland too, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival that tends to the same end. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some

feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him, than to the valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms and sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different counties, and according to the freedom or severity of Madame Valentine. There is another kind of valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day." "In some places, at this time," says Mr. Hone, in 1825, "and more particularly in London, the lad's valentine is the first lass he sees in the morning, who is not an inmate of the house; the lass's valentine is the first youth she sees." This will explain the concluding paragraph of the extract above cited from the "Connoisseur." In allusion to this usage, Gay makes a country housewife remind her husband:—

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;

A-field I went amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should house-wives do):
Thence first I spied; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be."

Shakespeare refers to the custom of "looking for your valentine, or desiring to be one," in the song of crazed Ophelia, beginning:—

"Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's-day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine!"

The "British Apollo," fol., London, 1708, contains the following interrogation and reply:—"Question. In choosing valentines (according to custom¹), is not the party choosing (be it man or woman) to make a present to the party chosen?

"Answer. We think it more proper to say, drawing of valentines, since the most customary way is for each to take his or her lot; and chance cannot be termed choice. According to this method the obligations are equal, and therefore it was formerly the custom mutually to present, but now it is customary only for the gentlemen." An author, in 1645, speaks of the "charge of valentines," in allusion, doubtless, to the presents above alluded to. That garrulous old gentleman, Pepys, gives us to understand that in the reign of Charles II., married and single were alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was regularly given to the choosing party. Alluding to St. Valentine's-day, 1667, he says in his "Diary:"—"This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it.

(1) This may either mean St. Valentine's-eve, or the evening of St. Valentine's-day. We incline to think that the latter period is indicated.

(2) There is a rural tradition, alluded to by Chaucer, Shakespeare, &c., that on this day every bird chooses its mate.

(1) "The custom," says Brand, "of choosing valentines was a sport practised in the houses of the gentry in England as early as the year 1476.

But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5*l*.; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days subsequently, he adds,—"I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others." Noticing, shortly afterwards, the jewels of Mistress Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he relates:—"The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about 800*l*.; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about 300*l*." In February 1668, Pepys observes:—"This evening my wife did with great pleasure shew me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year,—a 'Turkey stone set with diamonds.'"

Alban Butler relates of the admirable St. Francis of Sales, that, circa 1602, he severely forbade the custom of valentines, or giving boys, in writing, the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them: and, to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints, for them to honour and imitate in a particular manner.

A contributor to Hone's "Every Day Book," describes a singular custom which prevailed many years since, on St. Valentine's day, in the west of England. Three single men went out together before day-light, with a clap-net, to catch an old owl and two sparrows in a neighbouring barn. If they were successful, and could bring the birds to the inn without injury before the females of the house had risen, they were rewarded by the hostess with three pots of purl in honour of St. Valentine, and enjoyed the privilege of demanding at any house in the neighbourhood a similar boon. This was done as an emblem that the owl, being the bird of wisdom, could influence the feathered race to enter the net of love as mates on that day, whereon both boys and maidens should be reminded that happiness could alone be secured by an early union.

On this day it is customary, in many parts of Hertfordshire, for the children of the poor and middle class to assemble in some part of the town or village where they reside, whence they proceed in a body to the house of the chief person in the place, who throws them wreaths and true lovers' knots from the window, with which they entirely adorn themselves. Two or three of the girls then select one of the youngest amongst the party (usually a boy), whom they decorate more gaily than the rest, and, placing him at their head, march forward, at the same time playfully singing,

"Good morrow to you, Valentine;
Curl your locks, as I do mine;
Two before, and three behind;
Good morrow to you, Valentine."

This they repeat under the windows of all the houses they pass, and the inhabitant is seldom known to refuse a trifling gift to the merry importunity of these youthful songsters. They begin as early as six in the morning.

"On a Valentine's day," says an anonymous writer, "being at Uswick, about six miles from Bishop's Stortford, I was awakened from sleep by the laughing voices of a troop of children. I hastily dressed myself, and threw open the window: it was rather sharp and frosty; the yet leafless trees were thickly covered with rime, beautifully sparkling in the faint sunbeams, which

made their way through the thin vapours of the moist atmosphere. 'To-morrow is come,' lisped one of the little ones who stood foremost in the throng; 'to-morrow is come,' said he, as soon as I appeared; and then, joyfully clapping his hands, all joined in the good morrow, which they continued to repeat till their attention was called off by the welcome sound of the falling halfpence on the crisp frozen grass-plot before the house. . . . They all returned with flushed faces, and repeated their 'to-morrow is come,' and, once more, I was going to say, the 'golden' drops saluted their delighted ears: again they scrambled, and again I threw, till my stock of halfpence being exhausted, and having nothing further to behold, I closed the window."

The origin of the peculiar customs of St. Valentine's day is rather doubtful. The saint himself, who was a priest of Rome, beheaded by the Emperor Claudius II., A.D. 271, seems to have had nothing to do with them beyond the circumstance of their being observed upon his day. Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," observes:

"It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named *Februata*, *Februalis*, and *Februlla*. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and, as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the 'Lives of the Saints,' the Rev. Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed: a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And, accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen should be called valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place."

"There is," adds the same writer, "another opinion on the origin of choosing Valentines, which has been formed on a tradition among the common people, that, at the above season of the year birds choose their mates . . . yet this seems to be a mere poetical idea, borrowed, in all probability, from the practice in question." Again, it has been supposed that the custom originated in the following manner. During Carnival time, which usually happens about St. Valentine's day, great numbers of knights assembled together, in the various courts of Europe, to entertain the ladies with feasts and tournaments, when each lady made choice of a knight, who usually enlisted in her service a whole year, during which period he bound himself to

perform, at the suggestion of his mistress, 'what-ever was consistent with propriety.' One employment was the writing of verses full of tenderness, not that it was at all requisite for the heart to be at all concerned in the matter. A little reflection, however, may serve to show that even this practice is only derivative from the older one. When Ash-Wednesday happened to fall on St. Valentine's day, the knights and their ladies assembled only on the afternoon, the morning being necessarily devoted to pious purposes. Madame Royale, the daughter of Henry IV. of France, built a palace near Turin, which was called *The Valentine*, on account of the great veneration in which the Saint was held in that country. At the first entertainment given there by the princess, she directed that the ladies should choose their lovers for the year by lots. The only difference with respect to herself was, that she should be at liberty to fix on her own partner. At every ball during the year, each lady received from her gallant a nosegay; and, at every tournament, the lady furnished his horse's trappings, the prize obtained being hers."

In an old English ballad the girls are directed to pray *cross-legged* to St. Valentine, for good luck.

The marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine—the marriage which gave the present royal family to the throne—on Valentine's day, 1612-13, was solemnized at Whitehall with a degree of sumptuousness verging upon Eastern splendour. On that occasion the ceremony was performed on a raised stage in the middle of the chapel, and no persons were admitted under the degree of a baron, "saving the three Lords Chief Justices." "It were no end," says a spectator of the wedding, "to write of the curiosity and bravery both of men and women, with the extreme daubings of cost and riches." Different masks were represented by the lords, and by the members of the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn; that of the lords is described to have been "very rich and sumptuous, yet long and tedious, and with many devices more like a play than a mask." A new (temporary) marriage room was erected for the entertainment of the guests; and fireworks were displayed both in the gardens and on the river Thames, the cost of which amounted to more than 9000*l*. On this marriage the celebrated Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, composed an epithalamium, of which the fine lines we have inserted at the commencement of the foregoing observations on St. Valentine's day and its customs form the opening.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

WITH storm daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky!
Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,
For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
Only rippling of waters and waving of trees;
Where the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums;
And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song;
The sun-light falls stillly on leaf and on moss,
And there's naught but his shadow, black, gliding across;

But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce, rock-lash'd torrent, he claims as his home.
There he blends his hoarse shriek with the roar of the flood,
And the many-voic'd sounds of the blast-amitten wood;
From his crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs its wreath,
He views the mad waters, white, writhing beneath.
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock, far down,
With bright azure mantle and gay mottled crown,
The king-fisher watches, where o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk, sails, circling, each moment more low:
Now poised are those pinions and poluted that beak;
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark! with a shriek,
His eyeballs red-blazing, high-bristling his crest,
His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his breast,
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The gray forest-eagle shoots down in his flight;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood dripping wreck;
And as dives the free king-fisher, dart-like on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm demon, yet raging afar:
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread;
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast, with a howl, from its lair;
The lightning darts zig-zag and fork'd through the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom;
The gray forest-eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear fetter cast?
No, no, the brave eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the prey,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!
Away, O away, soars the fearless and free!
What reck's he the sky's strife? Its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him, unwaver'd his flight;
High upward, still upward, he wheels till his form
Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,
And the splendour of sunshine is glowing again;
Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,
Waked bird-voices warble, fann'd leaf-voices sigh
On the green-grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,
The breeze bears the odour, its flower-kiss his own,
And full on the form of the demon in flight
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!
The gray forest-eagle! O, where is he now,
While the sky wears the sign of its God on its brow?
There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath!
Down nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,
To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing, are there;
'Tis the eagle—the gray forest-eagle—once more
He sweeps to his eyrie: his journey is o'er!

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
But the gray forest-eagle minds little his sway;
The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom,
Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb;
But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sun-shine, still scales he the cloud.
The green, tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,
The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across:
The beech-nut down dropping would crush it beneath,
But 'tis warm'd with heaven's sunshine, and fann'd by its breath,
The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,
Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky;
On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates;
And the deer from its antlers the velvet-down grates;
Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air
A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagg'd and bare,

Till it rocks in soft breeze and crashes to earth;
Its blown fragments strewing the place of its birth.
The eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,
He has seen it defying the storm in its might;
Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er,
But the gray forest-eagle is still as of yore,
His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud;
He has seen from his eyrie the forest below,
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow.
The thicket's deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,
And the shriek of the panther has answered his own.
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,
And the smoke of his wigwams curl thick in the glades;
He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day;
He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air;
And his shriek is now answered, while sweeping along,
By the low of the herd, and the husbandman's song;
He has seen the wild red man offswapt by his foes,
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose;
But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud.

A. B. Street.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

GOOD ADVICE NOT TO BE DESPISED.

ONE day, as an ancient king of Tartary was riding with his officers of state, they met a dervise, crying aloud, "To him that will give me a hundred dinars, I will give a piece of good advice." The king, attracted by this strange declaration, stopped, and said to the dervise, "What advice is this that you offer for a hundred dinars?" "Sire," replied the dervise, "I shall be most thankful to tell you, as soon as you order the money to be paid me." The king, expecting to hear something extraordinary, ordered the money to be given to the dervise at once. On receiving which, he said, "Sire, my advice is, begin nothing without considering what the end may be."

The officers of state, smiling at what they thought ridiculous advice, looked at the king, who they expected would be so enraged at this insult, as to order the dervise to be severely punished. The king, seeing the amusement and surprise which this advice had occasioned, said, "I see nothing to laugh at in the advice of this dervise, but, on the contrary, I am persuaded, that if it were more frequently practised, men would escape many calamities. Indeed, so convinced am I of the wisdom of this maxim, that I shall have it engraved on my plate, and written on the walls of my palace, so that it may be ever before me." The king, having thanked the dervise for his advice, proceeded towards his palace; and, on his arrival, he ordered the chief bey to see that the maxim was engraved on his plate, and on the walls of his palace.

Sometime after this occurrence, one of the nobles of the court, a proud, ambitious man, resolved to destroy the king, and place himself on the throne. In order to accomplish his diabolical purpose, he secured the confidence of one of the king's surgeons, to whom he gave a poisoned lancet, saying, "If you will bleed the king with this lancet, I will give you ten thousand pieces of gold; and, when I ascend the throne, you shall be my vizier." This base surgeon, dazzled by such brilliant prospects, wickedly assented to the proposal. An opportunity of effecting his evil design soon occurred. The king sent for this man to bleed him: he put the

poisoned lancet into a side pocket, and hastened into the king's presence. The arm was tied, and the fatal lancet was about to be plunged into the vein, when suddenly the surgeon's eye read this maxim at the bottom of the basin—"Begin nothing without considering what the end may be." He immediately paused, as he thought within himself, "If I bleed the king with this lancet, he will die, and I shall be seized and put to a cruel death; then, of what use will all the gold in the world be to me?" Then, returning the lancet to his pocket, he drew forth another. The king, observing this, and perceiving that he was much embarrassed, asked why he changed his lancet so suddenly. He stated that the point was broken; but the king, doubting his statement, commanded him to show it. This so agitated him, that the king felt assured all was not right. He said, "There is treachery in this; tell me instantly what it means, or your head shall be severed from your body." The surgeon, trembling with fear, promised to relate all to the king, if he would only pardon his guilt. The king assented, and the surgeon related the whole matter, and acknowledged that had it not been for the words in the basin, he should have used the fatal lancet.

The king summoned his court, and ordered the traitor to be executed. Then, turning to his officers of state, he said, "You now see that the advice of the dervise, at which you laughed, is most valuable: it has saved my life. Search out this dervise, that I may amply reward him for his wise maxim."

SIMONIDES, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corse of an unknown person lying by the sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt; saying, "See the shell of the fown bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which the other sage gave way, at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being: nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic poet to the performance of that pious duty. And, with regard to this latter, we may be assured, that if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corse of the stranger, than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise, which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporal frame of man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal soul. Each of these sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature,—feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connexion than that of contrast.—*Notes to Wordsworth's Excursion*.

THE age of crusades was the youth of modern Europe. It was the time of unsophisticated feelings and ungovernable passions; the era of love, war, enthusiasm, and adventure.—*Schlegel*.

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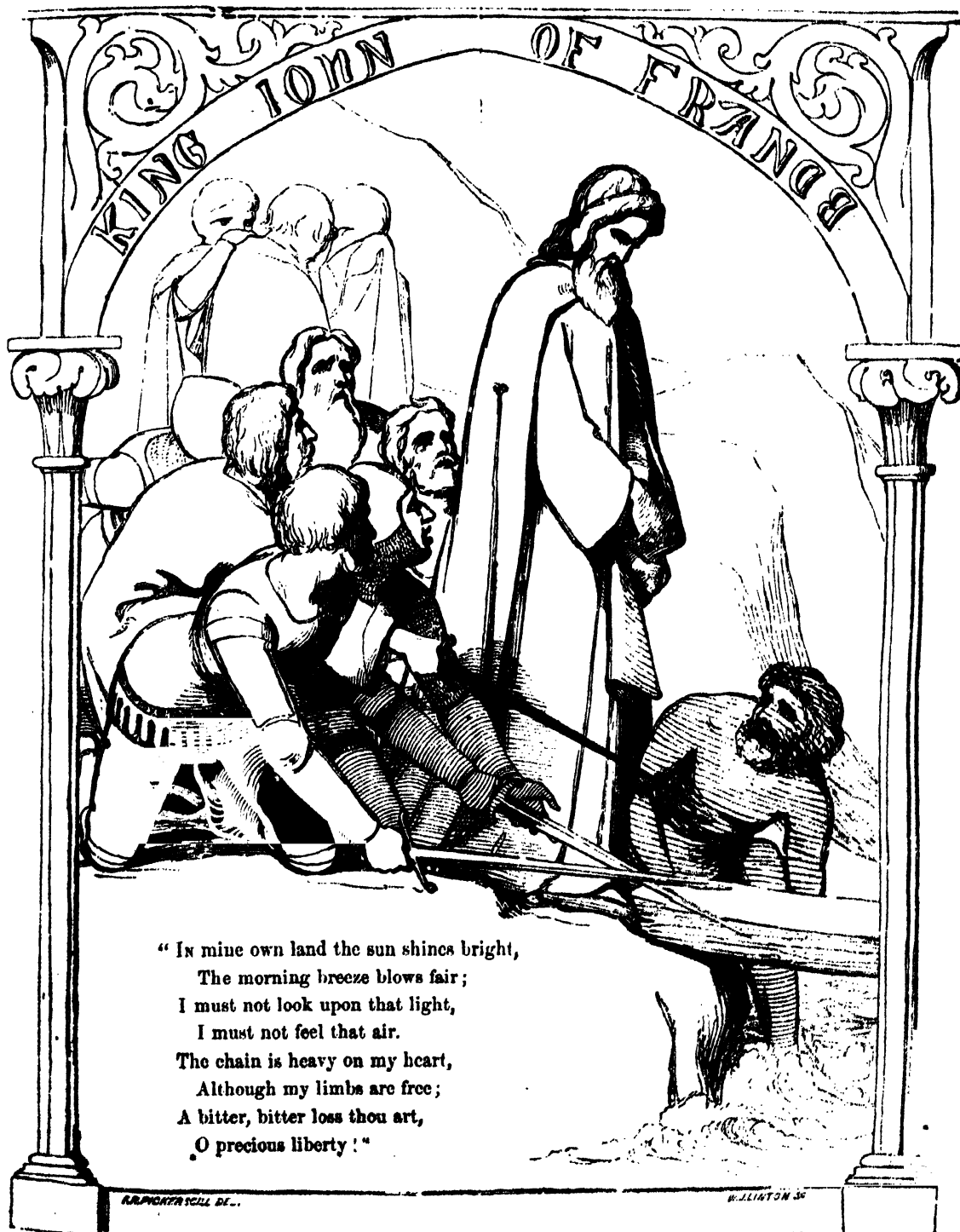
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" In mine own land the sun shines bright,
The morning breeze blows fair;
I must not look upon that light,
I must not feel that air.
The chain is heavy on my heart,
Although my limbs are free;
A bitter, bitter loss thou art,
O precious liberty ! "

It was King John lamented thus,
With many a mournful word;
But gentle, kind, and chivalrous
Was the heart of him who heard:
The Black Prince came—he loved to bring
Comfort and sweet relief,
So he spake softly to the king,
And strove to soothe his grief.

"Now cheer thee, noble friend!" he said;
"Right bravely didst thou fight;
Thine honour is untarnished;
Thou art a stainless knight.
That man should ne'er desponding be
Who winneth fame in strife;
'Tis a better thing than liberty,
A better thing than life.

I grant thee one full year," he said;
"For a year thou shalt be free:
Go back to France, and there persuade
Thy lords to ransom thee.
But if thy ransom they refuse,
And do not heed thy pain,
Our realm must not its captive lose—
Thou must return again.

"So pledge me now thy royal word,
And pledge it solemnly,
That thou, the captive of my sword,
Wilt faithful be to me."
The king he pledged his royal faith—
He pledged it gladly;
He promised to be true till death:
Of joyous heart was he.

Then did those generous foes embrace
Closely as brethren might,—
"Farewell, and God be with your grace;"—
"Farewell, thou peerless knight."
The wind was fair, the sea was blue,
The sky without a speck,
When the good ship o'er the waters flew,
With King John upon its deck.

With eager hope his heart beat high
When he sprang on his own dear shore;
But sad and downcast was his eye
Ere one brief month was o'er.
(Had were the lords of lovely France
When they beheld their king;
But, oh! how alter'd was their glance,
When he spoke of ransoming!

They told of wasted revenues,
Of fortunes waxing low;
And when their words did not refuse,
Their looks said plainly, "No."
Sore grew the heart of that good king,
As closed the winter drear;
And when the rose proclaim'd the spring,
He hailed it with a tear.

For the year was gliding fast away,
And gold he could not gain,
And honour summon'd him to pay
His freedom back again.

And now the summer-noon is bright,
The warm breeze woos the scent
From a thousand flowers of red and white;
The year is fully spent!

"Paris, farewell, thou ancient town!
Farewell, my woods and plains!
Farewell, my kingdom and my crown!
And welcome, English chains!
Trim, trim the bark, and hoist the sail,
And bid my train advance,
I have found that loyal faith may fail—
I leave thee, thankless France."

These bitter words spake good King John;
But his liegemen counsel gave:
"What reck's it that the year is gone?
There yet is time to save.
Thou standest yet on thine own good land,
Forget thy plighted word,—
Remain! and to thy foe's demand
We'll answer with the sword."

But the good King John spake firm and bold;
And oh! his words should be
Graven in characters of gold
On each heart's memory:
"Were truth disowned by all mankind,
A scorned and banished thing,
A resting-place it still should find
In the breast of every king."

Again the good ship cleaves the sea
Before a favouring air,
But it beareth to captivity,
And not to freedom fair.
Yet when King John set foot on land,
Sad he could scarcely be,
For the Black Prince took him by the hand,
And welcomed him courteously.

To Savoy Castle he was brought,
With fair and royal state:
Full many a squire, in rich attire,
Did on his pleasure wait.
They did not as a prisoner hold
That noble king and true,
But as dear guest, whose high behest
'Twas honour and joy to do.

Of treaty and of ransom then
The prince and he had speech;
Like friends and fellow-countrymen,
Great was the love of each;
No angry thought—no gesture proud,
Not a hasty word they spoke,
But a brotherhood of heart they vowed,
And its bond they never broke.

In Savoy Castle died King John—
They buried him royally;
And grief through all the land is gone
That such a knight should die.
And the prince was wont to say this thing
Whene'er his name was spoken,—
"He was a warrior and a king
Whose word was never broken."

[The above ballad is a sequel to "The Black Prince," which appeared in Part III., and is derived from the same source.]

THE HEALTH OF TOWNS AND POPULOUS DISTRICTS.

[SECOND PAPER.]

IN a former paper we took occasion to introduce Mr. Girdlestone's pamphlet to the notice of our readers, with some general observations on the important subject whose claims upon public attention it is intended to enforce. We again return to the subject, with the purpose of directing attention more particularly to some of the details by which the almost inconceivable misery of the existing condition of an immense proportion of the dwellings of the poor is established, and to the methods in which the benevolent exertions of government and of private individuals may be most successfully employed in improving them. We commence with the subject of drainage.

There are few subjects upon which, considered as abstract questions, there is likely to be so little difference of opinion, as upon the absolute necessity, to the health and comfort of the inhabitants of a district, of an efficient system of drainage in connexion with their houses. And yet many causes have cooperated to occasion its being neglected to an extent hardly possible to be believed. It is wonderful for how long men will, through indolence and habit, submit to most offensive personal inconveniences, even when the means of removing them are within their reach; how much more, when the inconvenience, with all its baleful consequences, is only sustained vicariously in the persons of tenants, to whom the alternative of seeking for better accommodation is not open!

We cannot better or more concisely sum up the requisites for efficient drainage, and the evils arising from the want of it, than in the words of Mr. Girdlestone.

"If there be no efficient public sewers, if the refuse be merely put out of sight in cesspools and dustbins, or in sewers which, for want of a proper fall, are full of stagnant filth, and act as extended cesspools; if there be no drains from each house into the public sewers, and no traps, or valves, or flaps at each opening of sewer and of drain; if there be no good pavement, nor any well formed roadway impervious to moisture; in such a case, and in proportion as these several points have in any case been neglected, there, not only the rain, but all the water used for washing, cooking, and manufacturing, however filthy it may have become, and all the refuse and excremental matter of every kind, accumulating hour by hour, and day by day, and year by year, except so far as it may be partially removed by the offensive and degrading process of manual labour, must be left to rot on the surface, and to sink into the soil, liable to be stirred up anew by each shower that falls, and ready to yield to the sun as it shines, and to the wind as it blows, vapour, charged and tainted with disease and death."

No man can contrast this description of what ought to be, with what his own observation informs him of the actual condition of a large portion of almost every considerable town in the kingdom, without being satisfied that there is scarcely a single matter of public interest more utterly neglected than this one of the removal of noxious influences from around the dwellings of the poorer classes. We cannot find room for the various proofs of this fact which Mr. Girdlestone has collected from the Reports of the Health of Towns' Commission; let it suffice to say, that they bear out to the very letter, and, if possible, more than bear out, the general character which he gives of

the districts in question, in the words of an eminent physician, one of the witnesses on whose evidence the Reports are founded. "I know that no verbal description of these places can convey any conception of their disgusting and poisonous condition. They must be seen to be at all understood. And when seen, every one involuntarily exclaims, 'Can such a state of things exist in a country that has made any progress in civilization!'"

It is a fact, particularly worthy of notice, that one physician gave it as his opinion, founded upon a very remarkable table of mortality, that the true cause of the periodical cholera, so generally ascribed to the abundance of fruit, is to be found in the miasmata evolved from stagnant water, or impure drains, by the heat of summer.

The evil thus proved to exist so widely is one over which those who are more immediately subjected to it, have, from the nature of the case, no control. The utmost efforts to maintain personal and household cleanliness, which is all that is within their reach in the most favourable cases, can do nothing to purify the poisonous exhalations before which their energies of body and mind are daily prostrated. Drains and sewers are difficult and expensive works, requiring capital and combination for their execution, both which are beyond the poor man's reach. It is to the government and local authorities, and to those who invest their capital in building houses, that we must appeal. And if we could suppose them to be deaf to the claims of humanity and duty when plainly set before them, we have still the strongest considerations of public and personal interest to adduce. There is no residence, however favourably situated, which is beyond the reach of the deadly contagion which the state of the dwellings of the poor is perpetually generating. The fever which exudes from the damp walls of the mud hovel, finds its way at last to the well ventilated palace. The health of the whole nation, therefore, from the highest to the lowest, is involved in this subject. As a necessary consequence, the peace of the country, and the expense incurred for the prevention and punishment of crime, are intimately connected with it; for all experience has shown that where squalor, misery, and domestic discomfort prevail, they are followed by turbulence and crime as surely as the substance by its shadow; while, on the other hand, the more comfortable the poor are made, and the more their circumstances permit them habitually to cherish feelings of self-respect, the more observant do they become of the decencies of social life, and the more interested in maintaining quietness and regularity in their neighbourhoods. But, even as a question of profit, it would be greatly for the interest of the owners of house property to add something to the original cost of the buildings for the sake of the health and comfort of their future occupants. They would have better rents, and those better paid; their property would be less injured by domestic brawls, sluttish habits, and the natural effects of damp and dirt, and would consequently be more durable. And it is not extravagant to say, that an important saving would be effected, taking this improvement in connexion with its necessary accompaniment, an increased supply of water, in the diminished risk of accidents by fire. Let not the reader who smiles at the idea of the want of drains setting houses on fire, too hastily charge us with absurdity in this.

A large proportion of the fires which occur annually in large towns are the consequence of the utter neglect of the most ordinary precautions against such a calamity; and it requires but a moment's thought to decide to what an extent the probability of its occurrence among a population crowded together in unhealthy dens, which have never possessed a single quality fitted to awaken in their minds the slightest feeling of local attachment, or satisfaction with their condition, and which contain nothing that they can feel very anxious to preserve, exceeds that of its breaking out where the inhabitants have adequate means of taking precautions against it; where they are careful, because they have something to care for; because they have comforts about them which it would be a pain and a loss to them to forfeit.

Closely connected with the subject of drainage, is that of the supply of water.

"It needs no evidence," says Mr. Girdlestone, referring to the general inadequacy of the supply in houses such as we have been speaking of, "to prove that this state of things must be detrimental to health, and therefore also to enjoyment and length of life. In personal cleanliness, in washing of apparel and of linen, in cleansing of floors and furniture, in preparing and cooking food, besides the important element which water forms in every one's diet, it is obvious that when this article is scarce, or foul, and much more when it is both, the human frame must thereby suffer more or less, daily and hourly; or rather, we may say, that in such a state of things, not a moment passes in which man, woman, and child, are not under some influence injurious to health, which might be easily abated or wholly avoided. Let a single witness suffice; a witness who mentions several striking facts, and states as the result, his 'strong conviction, that the quality of the supplies of water, and the mode in which it is received and kept in such atmospheres, influences the diet and health of the population to a much more serious extent than has hitherto been imagined.' (I. 82.) To this must be added the risk of life, as well as of property, by fire, which in a town is much greater than in lone houses; each man's safety depending in some measure on the prudence of his next door neighbour, and the common security depending chiefly on an ample and constant supply of water."

The evidence on this subject does not furnish so striking illustrations of the peculiar disadvantages under which the poor labour as compared with the rich, as that on other points of the inquiry; but there is enough in it to show that the means which they enjoy of access to pure, wholesome water are grievously defective; and that much evil is the consequence.

But the most important part of the subject, and the most general in its influence, is the state of the ventilation of the houses of the poor. Ventilation may be placed at the head of the essentials to a healthy condition of human dwellings. A perfect system of ventilation will go far to neutralize other unhealthy agencies; without it, whatever other precautions may be taken, no place can by possibility be healthy.

There is a process continually going on by which the air we use is vitiated. This is ably and powerfully described by Mr. Girdlestone.

"The air is the chief avenue by which the damp and filth of a town that is not well drained and cleansed introduce their poison into the human constitution. The putrefying refuse, whether animal or vegetable, solid or liquid, dissolves itself into various pestilential kinds of gas, all the more largely mingled with the common air, in proportion as this is damp and warm. In some

measure these noxious effluvia may affect the external skin, through its pores reaching our vitals. But it is by means of the lungs that the chief mischief is done; that atmosphere, which ought to refresh and purify the blood, coming charged with the elements of corruption; so that each time we take in a mouthful of air thus tainted, we admit, under the guise of a friend, a most subtle and deadly enemy, direct into the secret and defenceless inner chambers of the citadel of life. If our site has been well chosen, our town well sewered, our abode well drained, if all be kept clean and sweet by the free use of abundance of pure water, we may make sure, some would think, of fresh air; and we have nothing to do, but just to see that all our doors and windows shut close, and so with the addition of a good fire in cold weather, we may bid adieu to catarrh and cough, to fever and cholera, to scrofula and consumption. But why then have we been taking so much pains to make the air out of doors wholesome, if we never mean to let it come in plentifully, fresh and fresh, to circulate within doors; where most of the dwellers in towns spend the chief part of their time? Are we not aware that we cannot with impunity breathe the same air over and over again? Did we never hear of the Black Hole at Calcutta, and how many human beings there perished miserably in a few hours, simply by being kept crowded in a space where the air could not be changed as fast as they were breathing it? Let us be familiar with the true state of the case, namely, that every time we breathe,—and we do this several times in a minute, from the moment of birth to that of death, day and night, waking and sleeping, working and resting, well and ill, without intermission,—every time we breathe we vitiate the air taken into the lungs, by retaining one of its component elements, which combines with our blood, refreshing it and purifying it, whilst we return the remainder quite unfit to be breathed over again either by ourselves or by any one else. Hence it follows, that even one person, shut up in a small chamber perfectly air tight, could not live through a single day. And it is computed that the population of a crowded town, by the mere natural action of their lungs, in the course of the twenty-four hours, vitiates a layer of air, as large as the whole area inhabited, at least a yard in depth or thickness; to say nothing of the amount spoilt for purposes of breathing by fires and furnaces, lamps, candles, gas, gas works, and all manner of deleterious manufactories. (See I. 123.) Indeed, were it not for the providential arrangement that the air thus vitiated by the lungs becomes at the same time heated, and is therefore always in motion to ascend, making way for fresh air to come and take its place, we should be in constant danger of suffocation, whenever we were in a room without a draft, or in a town without a wind stirring."

After this let us see what the state of matters in large towns generally is.

"Strange as it may seem, there are districts in which the inhabitants dwell so thick upon the ground, that this circumstance alone proves most injurious to health: it being impossible for them to get enough fresh air. Such at least is the opinion of persons very capable of judging, an opinion strongly borne out by the rate of mortality in districts thus densely crowded. There is one small portion of London which is peopled at the rate of 243,000 inhabitants to the mile square. But there is a district in Liverpool containing 12,000 inhabitants, in the ratio of 460,000 to the same space. And in a portion of this district, the larger part of it, they are crowded at the rate of 657,963 to the mile square; being nearly 2½ times the maximum density ascertained in any part of London. In one street of this district, the most crowded of all, it appears that one out of every ten of the inhabitants is annually attacked with fever. (I. 156.) There is a district in Manchester nearly as highly crowded, in which 'the mortality is above twice the average amount.' (I. 208.) And there is one pent-

up court in Liverpool, the most crowded of all, in which nearly one half of the inhabitants were affected with fever in one year. The general condition of the town of Nottingham 'with respect to its health, is singularly bad,' * * * 'yet the site of the town is decidedly salubrious, and the occupations of the people are not necessarily unhealthy.' (I. 329.) But observe now how the dwelling houses are crowded together. 'With few exceptions, the houses are laid out either in narrow streets, or more commonly are built in confined courts and alleys, the entrance to which is usually through a tunnel from 30 to 36 inches wide, about 8 feet high, and from 25 to 30 feet long, so that purification by the direct action of the air and solar light is in the great majority of these cases perfectly impracticable. Upwards of 7,000 houses (out of 11,000 in all) are erected back to back and side to side, and are of course by this injurious arrangement deprived of the means of adequate ventilation and decent privacy.' (I. 318, 319.) Some statistics of the extraordinary density of population hence arising are then added; and these courts are described as being 'almost uniformly closed at both ends, being entered by the tunnel already spoken of.' Afterwards we are informed that 'the highest mortality occurs in the back to back houses of enclosed courts, situated within a few yards of the open and healthy neighbourhood, to the lowness of the mortality of which it forms a striking contrast.'

"Let us next view the inside of these dwellings; beginning with Whitechapel Union, in the metropolis. 'I know of few instances where there is more than one room to a family.' Next, in Liverpool; 'it is well known that in houses not exceeding twelve feet square, with one bedroom and a low attic, there are often found from twenty to thirty persons huddled together.' In Nottingham, 'rooms of eleven feet square often contain families of four, five, or six individuals, consisting not unfrequently of nearly related adults of different sexes, who live and sleep promiscuously.' In one of the districts of this town, the infant mortality is so enormous as to reduce the mean age at death to nearly eleven years, 'and is distinctly traceable to the vitiation of the atmosphere occasioned by the overcrowding of families into a single sleeping apartment.' But besides crowding of houses, and crowding of rooms, there is also crowding of beds. Statistical inquiries, carefully made, have brought to light several such cases as the following: In 422 dwellings examined in Preston, containing 852 beds, there were 84 cases in which four persons slept in one bed, 28 cases of five persons, 13 of six persons, 3 of seven persons, 1 of eight persons, and one other family of eight 'on bed stocks covered with a little straw.' (I. 181.) This state of things could hardly be made worse by the practice of sleeping with the head under the bedclothes. But the lowest deep of all is in the Liverpool cellars, thus described: 'The cellars are ten or twelve feet square; generally flagged, but frequently having only the bare earth for a floor, and sometimes less than six feet in height. There is frequently no window, so that light and air can gain access to the cellar only by the door, the top of which is often not higher than the level of the street. In such cellars, ventilation is out of the question. They are, of course, dark; and from the defective drainage, they are also very generally damp. There is sometimes a back cellar used as a sleeping apartment, having no direct communication with the external atmosphere, and deriving its scanty supply of light and air solely from the front apartment. Of the entire number of cellars, 1,617 have the back apartment I have mentioned; while of 5,297, whose measurements are given, 1,771, or one-third, are from five to six feet deep, 2,324 are from four to five feet, and 1,202 from three to four feet, below the level of the street; 5,273, or more than five-sixths of the whole, have no windows to the front; and 2,429, or about forty-four per cent., are reported as being either damp or wet.' In cases where they belong to lodging houses, 'at night the floor of these cellars, often the bare earth, is covered with straw, and there the lodgers, all who can

afford to pay a penny for the accommodation, arrange themselves as best they may, until scarcely a single available inch of space is left unoccupied.' 'In every room of such houses, with the exception of the kitchen or cooking room, the floor is usually covered with bedsteads, each of which receives, at night, as many human beings as can be crowded into it; and this too often without distinction of sex, or regard to decency.'

We have quoted largely from this part of Mr. Girdlestone's statement, because the important facts which he brings forward cannot be too widely known, nor too strongly impressed upon general attention, and because there is too much reason to believe, that with the natural unwillingness which all men have to contemplate that which is calculated painfully to affect their feelings, we are most of us shamefully ignorant as to the actual state of matters in this respect, wherever a veil can be drawn to hide them from our sight. The great point to establish, and it has been fully established, is, that in endeavouring to remove the evils which exist, we shall not be entering upon a utopian enterprise, to banish poverty, and the ills which necessarily attend it, from the earth; that the poor among us are surrounded by evils from which, under a right constitution of things, they might be free, and which are not inseparable from the condition of poverty.

The consideration of the remedies proper to be applied to the state of things we have described, will be taken up in a future article.

THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

During the Years from 1838 to 1842.

SECOND NOTICE.

At the close of our last article, we left the exploring expedition on its voyage to the groups west of Tahiti, and to one of these, named the Samoan, the reader's attention is now directed. Many of our best maps scarcely notice these small geographical points; but if the reader will look at the space between lat. 13° 30' and 14° 30' south, and then mark off the region between lon. 168° and 173° west, he may be certain that within that little space 50,000 Samoan islanders are bearing their part in the business of the earth. Of this number nearly two-thirds are Christians, or under Christian teaching; thus we may justly look upon these remote Polynesian rocks with an interest heightened by moral considerations.

The first knowledge of Christianity was brought to the people by a tempest, which swept an English vessel on the coral reefs; the natives regarded the ship's crew as beings of more than mortal race, and the captain took advantage of their respect to declare the outlines of the Christian faith, and induced his crew to add their efforts to his own, and their success was great. Several churches were built, and the native paganism proved insufficient to stay the progress of the Christian truth thus imperfectly conveyed. Missionaries of various sects have subsequently established themselves on the islands, especially the Wesleyans and the Congregationalists. The latter sect had for their agent the indefatigable Mr. Williams, whose death, perpetrated by the savages, excited so much of public sympathy a few years since.

The Samoan pagans acknowledge a supreme divinity, and a number of subordinate gods; but they chiefly worship those deities that are said to preside over war. Their mythological system exhibits the ancient and widely-diffused notion, that every element of nature has its peculiar divinity.

Hero-worship is also found amongst them, and images

of their dead chiefs are carried about as objects of adoration. A future existence is one of the suppositions of their shadowy creed, but it is only some spirits which are believed to be immortal; others die, or are "eaten by the gods." This last idea is evidently similar to the pantheistic system of the Hindoos, which teaches the absorption of all existence into the essence of the deity.

The Missionaries will no doubt soon weaken the heathen party, and open the way for truth and morality to exert their influence on the Samoan character. The preachers are much impeded by those civilized wretches who form the crews of trading ships, and leave no efforts untried to corrupt the natives. Thus vice scatters her seeds by the hands of men who insult Christianity in bearing its hallowed name. Thus it will ever be, till Christian governments give to their armies and navies that ecclesiastical superintendence which would render them the bearers of truth, not the destroyers of goodness in the distant regions whither they journey. The dispositions and manners of the Samoans are superior to those of the Tahitians, and their women are treated with a degree of consideration not common among the Polynesians. As, however, a part of the population remains under the dominion of paganism, the voyager often meets with some blood-thirsty chief, or hears of acts of barbaric revenge inflicted by one tribe on another.

The Samoan language has some resemblance to the Tahitian, but not sufficient to enable a native of the group to be understood generally in the Society Isles. It is the only Polynesian dialect in which the sound of *s* is found, and all the words terminate in vowels, which gives a peculiar softness to the spoken language. That great European engine, the printing press, is at work in these islands, and issues its books and pamphlets to those of the natives who are sufficiently educated to use the publications; thus the Samoan group may yet possess its Paternoster-row.

Before leaving the Samoan group, a serious defect in the organization of the Missionaries must be noticed. It appears that no means of medical assistance are furnished by these bodies, although the natives are subject to some terrible diseases. One is the elephantiasis, which produces such a hideous swelling of the limbs, that the outline of the affected part is completely lost. Ophthalmia also prevails to a fearful extent, one-fifth or the whole population being thus affected. On one of the islands, Savai, not a family could be found without a case of blindness, in one or both eyes, arising from the disease. Under such circumstances, it is not too much to expect that the Missionaries should come provided with some amount of medical and surgical skill, by which they might not only alleviate misery, but acquire additional influence over the people. Amongst the institutions of the islanders, is a provision for preventing those sanguinary outbreaks of savage vengeance so common amongst a barbarous people. It is in its nature similar to the Hebrew cities of refuge, and more especially resembles the shelter given by the churches and altars of the middle ages. Whenever a Samoan has killed a man, he is safe for a time from the fury of the relatives, provided he escapes to the tomb of a chief, or some other sacred place.

Let us now leave this group, and follow the expedition on its course to other regions. A voyage toward the South Pole was within the plan prescribed to the commander; to prepare for which it was necessary to refit at Sydney, where the fleet moored on November the 30th. Here they remained till the 26th of December, when the sails were spread for the Antarctic cruise.

It had been generally conceded that no large tract of land could be found south of New Holland; that nothing save ranges of wintry islands was to be expected in those high southern latitudes. But a large continent is now supposed to exist within the Antarctic Circle. Ross coasted along a mountainous region, in the latitude of 79° south, and the commander of the United States

Expedition claims the first discovery of a large country connected with the high land of Ross.

We shall not here enter upon the discussion of this southern continent, if such it prove; nor speculate upon the chances of its becoming British or American territory. It will prove more interesting to describe the facts connected with this presumed discovery, and the nature of the long-hidden region thus brought to our view, from amidst the storms and icebergs of the polar world. No expectation of such a discovery seems to have animated the explorers, and it was some time before they could believe in the extent of the land which each day brought to their view. The discovery is claimed to have been made January the 16th, 1840, when land was seen from each of the ships. The excitement amongst the officers and crew was very great; some went to the mast-head to observe the coast through glasses; others watched the setting sun, to mark whether the colour of the object changed with the variations of light, as would have been the case with icebergs.

Whilst surveying this land a singular nocturnal phenomenon enlivened the watching crew,—this was the appearance of both sun and moon above the horizon at the same time. From one point the former illuminated the sparkling icebergs and distant mountains with a rich golden light; from the opposite quarter, the full moon tinged with silvery brightness the clouds around her course.

The icebergs also offered magnificent prospects; some resembled floating alabaster palaces, adorned with lofty arches and glittering pinnacles, which the varying light covered with the most splendid rainbow tints. Such rare and majestic phenomena tended to relieve the mind left to its musings on this solitary sea. The Aurora Australis, too, was at times visible in its splendour, darting from the zenith to the horizon in all directions in the most brilliant coruscations; rays, proceeding as if from a point in the zenith, flashed in brilliant pencilings of light, like sparks of electric fluid *in vacuo*, and formed themselves into one body like an umbrella or fan, showing all the prismatic colours at once, or in quick succession.

The whole line of the coast was fenced by a barrier of ice, forming a perpendicular wall of great height, and unbroken, in some places, for more than fifty miles. Behind this rampart lay the land, as if locked in an eternal prison. The ship sailed for fifteen hundred miles along the coast, finding nowhere an inlet, which could hardly have been the case, had the land consisted only of a long chain of islands. The first-discovered land was in lat. 66° south, long. 137° east, and bore away for hundreds of miles to the west, girdled by an almost impassable barrier of icebergs. No inhabitants were seen, nor is it likely that so wild a coast will ever be of any value for the purposes of civilized states. It is to be hoped that a further survey of this antarctic continent will be made, and the character of the coast more clearly ascertained. With our present knowledge of its extent, we must cease to regard the Antarctic Zone as a mere waste of waters. Captain Ross saw, in 1841, a mountainous region in lat. 79° south, which is connected with the continent discovered by the "United States Expedition." The French navigator, D'Urville, touched at a point of this new region, and declared his belief that a vast tract of land existed there. These testimonies, combined with the survey made by the Americans, leave no doubt of the existence of what may be called an Antarctic Continent. Thus a new geographical fact is added to our former acquisitions, which must ere long appear on all good maps and charts. If the discovery of crypt or chamber in an ancient building attracts the attention, and engages the learning, of the antiquary, the discovery of a long-hidden part of our earth must have a peculiar interest for all dwellers on this globe.

From this deeply-interesting, but perilous cruise, the Expedition returned to Sydney, where the damages

received from the ice were repaired. It was found that the timbers of one of the ships had been nearly pared through by friction against the razor-like edges of the icebergs amongst which she had been caught.

New Zealand was the next place visited, but want of space compels us to pass over many interesting particulars relating to this recent acquisition of the British crown. A disgusting kind of traffic formerly prevailed here, which has lately been prohibited under heavy penalties. This was the sale of tattooed heads, of which vast quantities were formerly sent to Sydney. This trade in dead human flesh, must have given the New Zealanders a strange notion of European civilization!

Tongataboo, an island in the Hupai group, was next visited, and the natives found to be engaged in furious hostilities. The Christians were at war with the Pagan party; and the war was fanned by some designing chiefs for their own ends. The heathen party, too, are enraged at the loss of the offerings once brought to their temples, and at the contempt cast upon their ancient customs. It is evident that the missionaries in these isles should be men of the strongest understandings, and well versed in that most difficult of sciences, the knowledge of human nature. A narrow spirit appears to actuate the missionaries; for instance,—they prohibit smoking amongst the native converts, and yet allow the use of *Aba*, a most intoxicating and pernicious drug.

The squadron now sailed for the Feejee group, or Friendly Isles, abounding in beautiful scenery, but inhabited by a savage and cannibal race of men; the utmost precautions were adopted to preserve the crews from collision with the islanders, which, however, proved insufficient to prevent a grievous loss of life, ere the squadron departed from the coast.

The Feejee group is divided into seven districts, under the rule of as many chiefs, who are constantly engaged in destructive wars. As the navigator approaches the fair coasts, the pleasure produced by the magnificent and varied landscape is destroyed by the thoughts of innumerable dark and bloody deeds which have stained each beautiful spot. When it is added that treachery and habitual lying characterise the natives, it will be seen how critical was the position of the exploring party.

But the dark outline is not complete till we remember that the most disgusting cannibalism undoubtedly prevails amongst these islanders. To such an extent is the horrid custom carried, that portions of human flesh are sent by relatives and friends, to others at a distance, as an acceptable offering.

The bodies of enemies killed in battle are always eaten; and a white man, long resident amongst the Feejeans, declares that on one occasion he saw more than twenty men cooked for food. One of the missionaries, Mr. Hunt, also gave an account of one of the horrid festivals, at which human flesh was publicly eaten; eleven men, who had offended a chief, were sacrificed, and cooked near the mission-house. The natives never attempt to conceal, or excuse, but rather exult in the barbarous act.

Another custom, even more revolting, prevails in this group, viz. the burying alive those who, through age, or infirmity, become incumbrances to their relatives. On such occasions the victim is coolly told that he, or she, has lived long enough. The acquaintances consult and fix the day of death, for which a great feast is prepared. The person is asked whether he chooses to be strangled before burial, or buried alive; after the answer is given, a day is fixed for the horrid deed.

The friends and relatives begin the funeral ceremonies from the time the victim is doomed. The choice of a grave is allowed to the aged person; it is dug by his friends, whilst he stands coolly regarding the process for his entombment. When the preparations are completed, the friends assist, with cold-blooded atrocity, the wretched person into the pit; and with many kisses

of assumed affection, take their departure; after which the person is wrapped in mats, and covered with sticks and earth, which the relatives assist in eagerly trampling down upon their buried father or mother. The following case was related by one of the missionaries, Mr. Hunt:—"On one occasion he was called upon by a young man who desired that he would pray for his mother, who was dead. The young man said that his brothers and himself were just going to bury her. Mr. Hunt accompanied the young man, telling him he would follow in the procession, and do as he desired him, supposing, of course, the corpse would be brought along. But he now met the procession, when the young man said that this was the funeral, and pointed out his mother, who was walking along with them, as gay and lively as any of those present, and apparently as much pleased. Mr. Hunt expressed his surprise to the young man, and asked how he could deceive him so much, by saying his mother was dead, when she was alive and well. He said, in reply, that they had made her death feast, and were now going to bury her; that she was old; that his brothers and himself thought she had lived long enough, and it was time to bury her, to which she had assented, and they were about it now. He added, that it was from love for his mother that he had done so; that in consequence of the same love they were now going to bury her; and that none but themselves could or ought to perform so sacred an office! Mr. Hunt did all in his power to prevent so diabolical an act; but the only reply he received was, that she was their mother, and that they ought to put her to death. On reaching the grave, the mother sat down, when they all, including children, grand-children, relatives and friends, took leave of her. A rope was then passed round her neck by her sons, who took hold of it and strangled her! After this she was buried with the usual solemnities, and they returned to feast and continue the mourning ceremonies."

These sacrifices are not always voluntary: the diseased and the helpless are often thus formally abandoned, or rather murdered, by their selfish relatives.

Through what degrading process these islanders have passed, to reach such a degree of corruption, we are unable to state, but we see to what depths of wickedness humanity is capable of sinking, notwithstanding its wondrous endowments.

That such a people should possess a religious system may appear surprising, but their most revolting deeds are sanctioned by a creed, and upheld by a priesthood. Every day is commenced, at the royal court, by acts of solemn worship: their chief deity, *Tara Java*, is invoked, and prayers offered to the spirits of their departed friends. The Feejeans have many deities; the chief one is worshipped under the form of a serpent, and to him the souls of men are supposed to go after death, to receive sentence. These people also believe in the existence of *mediatory* gods, and maintain that the two sons of the chief god intercede with their father for men.

According to the native creed, evil souls are plunged into a fiery cavern, from which egress is prevented by a powerful deity. In some of the isles the evil spirit is worshipped under the form of a man, with wings instead of arms. The doctrine of the soul's transmigration into other living bodies prevails in some parts, and the souls of departed chiefs are supposed often to enter into the bodies of those they esteemed. It is surprising that with such a belief in a future state of retribution, and in the existence of a superior spiritual world, the Feejeans should be under the power of the grossest barbarism. The Feejeans are a dark race, but their mythology teaches, that there were at first only two human beings, a man and a woman, both white; but some became wicked, and their colour changed to black. They hold this tradition of a great deluge, that after the islands had been peopled, a great rain took place, by which they were finally submerged; but, before the highest places were covered by the waters, two large canoes made their appearance, in one of these was *Rokora*, the god of

carpenters, in the other Rokola, his head workman, who picked up some of the people, and kept them on board till after the waters had subsided. The persons thus saved were eight in number.

It was not the fortune of the "expedition" to leave these islands without experiencing the effects of the native ferocity. A boat's crew was attacked, and a part brutally murdered, by a sudden onset of the savages. The aggressors were punished by the destruction of their fortified town, with a great loss of life on the part of the Feejeeans. This act has elicited much criticism, and the commander was tried on a charge of murder, when he reached the United States. His government, undoubtedly, authorized him to punish outrages of such a nature, but whether undue severity and cruelty were employed, is a question involving too many details for discussion in this place.

The fleet departed from these singular and barbarous isles, on August the 10th, for the *Hawaiian*, or Sandwich group.

We are compelled to omit the subsequent operations of the "expedition," and can only express our hopes that such researches into the condition of remote branches of the human family may long be continued, and result in the diffusion of arts, knowledge and religion over the globe.

We trust that the publishers of this abridged edition of the "Narrative" have met with the encouragement due to all who endeavour to familiarize the popular mind with the facts relating to the present condition and future prospects of mankind.

SPRING FLOWERS.

"Flowers have a soul in every leaf."—MOORE.

We delight in Flowers: from our very infancy have they ministered to our happiness. Beautiful gems! how often have ye recalled us from the trammels of every-day life to revel among Nature's fairest beauties! We almost tremble with delight at finding we are about to enter into such a sea of happiness as the contemplation of the unnumbered daughters of Flora affords us. What a delightful study is the examination and cultivation of flowers! what so much calculated to remind us of the goodness of God? Does not the beauty of their rich blossoms tell us that they were painted by no earthly hand?

"Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid his gay creation, hues like these?
And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And bow them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?"

Flowers are considered the sweetest of all Nature's smiles. Who does not love—what heart so callous to all feeling, as not to yield to the brightening influences of the children of showers and sunny beams? And who, making the slightest claims to be considered a poet, has not tuned his muse to sing in praise of the God-enamelled flowers?

Who then would wish to be without them—to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty, were he to be deprived of them? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living types of all things pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the Rose, and the white brow to the pearly Lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the Violet, and the sweet voice of a young maid is like a breeze perfumed by the breath of the flowers—the incense of the garden. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her

path with the fragrant bells when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the narrow coffin, and they are symbolic of our affections—pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown, and scenes cherished the more that they can never return. Still we look to the far-off spring in other valleys—to that eternal summer beyond the grave, where no rude blasts ever intrude, and where flowers once faded shall bloom again in starry fields of ever bright radiance. Sweet flowers! They come upon us in spring like the recollections of a dream which hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy brodered.

So many and so very pleasing are the associations connected with our early spring flowers, that even some which, but for these feelings, might be considered but homely specimens of Nature's handiwork, stand high in our favour, and seem to possess something dearer than beauty to make us so prize them.

Among the earliest of all flowers comes the pale and drooping Snowdrop.

"Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nurs'd in whirling storms,
And cradled by the winds."

This flower, so simply elegant in itself, and so welcome as the earliest harbinger of brighter days, springs up, as it were, heedless of all obstacles. Year after year do its bright tufts appear to cheer us in our wintry desolation.

"It dwells alone in its forest cave,
Where the moss lies round like an emerald wave,
And the wintry insects sleep and dwell,
Till awoke by the Snowdrop's silvery bell."

From its power of piercing through the snow, the Snowdrop is called by the French people *Perce-neige*. Mrs. Barbauld has the following beautiful notice of it:—

"Now the glad earth her frozen zone unbends,
And o'er her bosom breathe the western winds;
Already now the Snowdrop dare appear,
The first pale blossom of the unripened year:
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower;
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins."

This beautiful flower may be said to be the emblem of consolation, and the symbol of hope. When the heart of man has been saddened by the gloom of winter; when the north wind whistles, and the hoar frost clothes the verdure-despoiled trees; when the earth is covered with her carpet of snow; when not even the bold Crocus dare show its head; and when the more brilliant flowers are in their winter's sleep,—then are the pearly flowers of the Snowdrop a symbol of hope, an emblem of consolation, an assurance of coming spring.

"I've oft admired the lonely flower,
That 'mid the wintry snows,
When other flowerets bloom no more,
Its silvery bosom shows."

"I've thought it represented hope,
Which, with support replete,
Pours in the bitterest earthly cup
A more than earthly sweet."

"Yes, let affliction force the tear,
The world our bosoms sting,
Hope, like the Snowdrop, still shall cheer,
And point to coming spring."

What can be the reason that we are all so fond of the little Snowdrop? Is it for its whiteness or its delicacy? No; other flowers are as white, as delicate, and more beautiful. It is because it comes alone, at a season when everything around us bears the aspect of gloom; then do we hail the little shoot of pale green, and its snowy flowers, which come to smile upon us when

we have no other flowers to admire. One poet in addressing it says—

"Though no warm or murmuring zephyr
Fan thy leaves with balmy wings,
Pleased we hail thee, spotless blossom,
Herald of the infant spring."

The Snowdrop (*Galanthus*) is generally thought to be a native of Britain, but we are told that it is likewise claimed as a native of Switzerland, Austria, and Silesia. It makes its appearance in February in our meadows and woods, and is fond of the grassy banks of our rivers.

In former times, when the Roman Catholic faith was more prominent than it is now in this country, this little flower was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and used then to be called the Fair Maid of February, because of its usually blossoming early in that month.

The flowers of poetry have been lavished upon this wintry favourite; and Shakespeare, Langhorne, Barbauld, Wordsworth, Tickell, L. E. L., Charlotte Smith, and many others, have sung in its praise.

Next in order, after the Snowdrop, comes the Pale Primrose. Except, perhaps, the Daisy, no flower more touchingly recalls the days of our childhood. Who does not remember the time when he

"Bob'd every Primrose root he met
And oftimes took the root to set;
And joyful home each nosegay bore,
And felt as he will feel no more!"

Various as are the varieties of the Primrose, perhaps there is none so dear to us as the common sulphur-coloured one, which is one of our native wild-flowers; it being associated with the recollection of our spring rambles, and of the sunshiny days of our youth, when we went rollicking about from dingle to dell, and from place to place, full of careless innocence.

The Primrose is emblematical of early youth, and well may it be so; so bright, so delicate, it may be nipt in the very bloom of beauty. Shakspeare says:—

"Pale Primroses
That die, unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength."

Indeed, all the poets invest it with a mournful character. The poet Herrick gives us the following pensive, but delightful stanzas:—

"Ask me why I send you here
This sweet infant of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose all bepearled with dew?
I will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are washed with tears.
Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, there discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover."

John Clare, the peasant poet, in speaking of the Primrose, says:—

"Welcome, pale Primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and shining through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Gleams on the sunny banks and wood's warm side,
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found!"

If we might presume to differ from the high authorities who have already fixed the emblem of this flower, we would rather, from its retiring beauty and love of dingle and dell, have it made the representative of humility.

The Primrose, *Primula vulgaris*, makes its appearance among us early in March.

Come we now to that special favourite of the poets—

the Violet, in one respect the rival of the Rose. It is a common indigenous plant, growing not only in most parts of Great Britain, but in every country throughout Europe. The Violet is an emblem of faithfulness:—

"Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide;
Hoping, likewise, that from your heart
You will not let it slide."

Shakspeare makes frequent mention of this lovely favourite:—

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

And again:—

"They are gentle as zephyrs—
As zephyrs blowing below the violet."

We have another beautiful comparison in a scene in "Twelfth Night":—

"That strain again! It had a dying fall;
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Healing, and giving odour."

But, perhaps, the most delicious thing that has been said of the Violet is the simile of an Arabic poet named Eln Abrumi, who compares blue eyes weeping to *violets bathed in dew*. Sir Walter Scott wrote in praise of this sweet little flower. He says:—

"The Violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast herself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle."

"Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining."

"The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow."

Beautiful floweret!

"Still doth thy April presence bring
Of April joys a dream,
When life was in its sunny spring—
A fair, unrippled stream."

The poetry, the romance, the scenery of any country, is embroidered with the Violet, from Caledonia, stern and wild, to the flowery fields of fair Arcadia; and the very same individual species is, or has always been, the object of homage, no matter in what country. The fable of this plant having sprung up to be food for the metamorphosed Iu, is too poetical to be soon forgotten.

Many fables account for the origin of the name of the Violet; and poets, both ancient and modern, from Homer down to Byron, have endeavoured to fix its origin. To one it has suggested the image of a secluded maiden; to another, as we have seen above, a beautiful eye dropping a tear. Perhaps the truest etymology is that which derives the name from the word *via* (way-side), from whence the wanderer is often greeted with its fragrance.

Let us now prate of the Daisy—Burns's "wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,"—a flower associated with all the sport of childhood and the delights of innocence; and no less dear to us in after years, for the many delightful associations it recalls to our memory. Its rich disk of gold, and white rays beautifully tinged with crimson, merit the name of the Eye of Day. It opens with the rising sun, and closes at sunset.

"When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower, my spirits play
With kindred gladness."

And when at dusk, by dews deprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness."

The simple notice of the botanist, that the Daisy grows everywhere where there are pastures and meadows, is perfectly sufficient to give it a high claim to our regard. A thousand indefinable emotions are blended with this simple flower; it recalls to mind the days of our bright girlhood—the race in the meadow—the rambles to Braid Hermitage on Saturday afternoons—the necklaces made of chains of this flower. The Daisy is the flower which, among all others, is most certain to recall those delightful recollections; it is to flowers what the cuckoo is to birds in our young days.

The Daisy has been made by the poets emblematical of innocence. Perhaps the following quotations will not be out of place here.

Dr. Carey was much delighted, when in India, upon seeing a Daisy spring up, having been brought from England among other seeds. Some exquisite lines have been penned upon this circumstance by Montgomery. They are too long to insert here; but they conclude thus:—

"Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To me the pledge of hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind how fresh and green
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust!"

The following beautiful extract is from the poems of Ossian: "We have seen, O Malvina, we have seen the infant you regret, reclining on a light mist. It approached us; and has shed on our fields a harvest of new flowers. Look, O Malvina—among these flowers we distinguish one with a golden disk, surrounded by silver leaves; a sweet tinge of crimson adorns its delicate rays. Waved by a gentle wind, we might call it a little infant playing in a green meadow; and the flower of thy bosom has given a new flower to the hills of Cromla." The Daisy has been consecrated by the Celts to infancy. It is, say they, the "flower of innocence"—"the flower of the new-born."

"That old favourite, the Daisy, born
By millions in the balmy vernal morn—
The child's own flower."

One poetical illustration more, and we wander to another flower; it is from Wordsworth:—

"Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!
A pilgrim bold in nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!
And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless thing, who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason:
But thou wouldst teach me how to find
A shelter under every wind;
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season."

The next that demands our attention among the fair favourites of Flora, is that exquisite gem—"the silver mistress of the gale"—the Lily of the Valley. This flower has something about it so exquisitely lovely,—

"With its bonny bells, dangling so pure and so light,"

that, however much we may admire the charming Rose, the majestic Lily, or the gorgeous Tulip, we cannot with-

hold from it our tribute of admiration. About this modest little flower, we find everything that is beautiful; no tinsel, no flaunting gaiety, no staring port, no obtrusion upon our notice; on the contrary, we see in it reserve, purity, sweetness, retirement, delicacy of form, and gracefulness. This flower will flourish in the shade, where its more gaudy compeers would droop for want of the rays of the sun;—but hear Hurdis:—

"To the curious eye

A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells—
The Lily of the Vale. She not affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun;
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
Her sister tribes confound, and to the earth
Stoops their high heads, that vainly were exposed,
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,
Still sheltered and secure."

The Lily of the Vale is common in many rural districts, as a wild flower. Our poets combine to sing the praises of this little gem; Prior, Milton, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and many others, speak of it with affection. We could select volumes of choice poetry upon this favourite alone. Bishop Mant says:—

"Fair flower, that lapp'd, in lonely glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer makes, on bank or spray—
Our England's Lily of the May,
Our Lily of the Vale!"

Pardon our vanity, dear reader, if we, instead of quoting from poets of more celebrity, conclude this article by a poem of our own:—

There is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green array'd,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower,
And blossoms in the glade:
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendour drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
The Valley Lily I love best.

I see the Tulip's gorgeous hue,
And Sunflower's crown of gold;
I see the Rose and Woodbine too,
Their scented leaves unfold;
Though they adorn the gay parterre,
I love them not so well
As the drooping Valley Lily fair,
Growing in shady dell.

So much for the gentle Lily of the Valley; and so concludes our first bouquet.

AGNES.

THE KJEMPE VISER;

OR,

ANCIENT BALLAD OF SCANDINAVIA.

THE English reader has within the last few years become acquainted, through the medium of translation, with the lighter literature of Sweden and Denmark, and even in some measure with the characteristics of ancient Scandinavian history, in Mr. Laing's recent version of the Icelandic "Heimskringla;" a wide and unexplored field, however, still lies before the student of foreign lore, which has but lately been rendered accessible by the researches of some of the most distinguished literary characters of the North. It is, we believe, scarcely known in England, that Denmark boasts of a collection of national ballads unrivalled by those of any other country in Europe; surpassing, in varied interest and

valuable historical information, the Spanish ballads, rendered familiar to English readers by Mr. Lockhart's translation, and pre-eminently rich in genuine traits of character and passion, which, since their revival, have afforded the happiest themes to the most gifted poets of Denmark. Oehlenschläger and Ingemann, for instance, have largely availed themselves of the traits of poetic feeling which pervade the *Kjempé Viser*, and which, indeed, are so striking in their simplicity, that they appear to lose somewhat of their freshness when clothed in the garb of modern paraphrase. The claims of the *Kjempé Viser* to remote antiquity are fully established. They are considered to have replaced "The Saga," or prose traditions of Scandinavia, in the chivalrous or romantic ages of the North; and appear to have exercised a powerful national influence, more especially on the minds of the independent Bonder, or peasantry. Not only the greater events of history, but also the personal fortunes of their sovereigns and chiefs, were handed down for successive generations through the medium of these lays. They are, however, not altogether historical, and may be classed, like the Spanish, into the historical and romantic, perhaps we might add the mythic, or, still more correctly speaking, the superstitious, many of these ballads appearing to have been composed expressly for the purpose of handing down the superstitions which led the ancient northmen (possibly still imbued with the leading ideas of their old mythology) to regard the elements and the destinies of men as subject to the control of the supernatural beings who figure in these ancient lays, as Elves, Dwarfs, and Mer-men. Some of these stories distinctly refer to the events of pagan times, although strangely mingled with the views and customs of a more advanced period. The greater number of the *Kjempé Viser* date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were as popular in the halls of princes and nobles, as in the dwelling of the burgher and the hut of the peasant, where, indeed, in the latter, they are still familiar. They were regarded by the Danes in the light of a national treasure, and as valuable records of the history of their country and the fortunes of their valiant forefathers. One curious trait belonging to them is, that they comprehend a code of proverbs, comprising in pithy phrase the morality and rules of action recognised by the ancient Northmen.

The *Kjempé Viser* were collected and printed for the first time in 1506, by Peter Lotlé of Halland, one of the Danish Islands. M. Oehlenschläger, in his selection of *Kjempé Viser*, published in 1840, gives it as his opinion that the internal evidence of these ballads sufficiently proves that they were not written by knights in the age of chivalry, and that they are as distinct from the chivalrous poetry of the Germans as from the lays of the ancient Northern bards. They were, in fact, national ballads composed by national minstrels. The poet is generally a witness of the events he records; but his themes are also sometimes derived from tradition, consequently strict historical accuracy is not always to be looked for—but, on the other hand, this defect is more than counterbalanced by the manifest impartiality with which the minstrel of low degree either mourns over the misdeeds of the lawless noble, or rejoices whenever a character appears to whose virtues he can render unfeigned homage, or an event occurs which calls forth the sympathies of his nature. According to M. Oehlenschläger, several of the Danish ballads were not only taken down in writing, but actually composed by noble ladies to beguile the time in the absence of their lords in the wars or in the chase. One remarkable peculiarity of these lays is, "The Refrain," or "Burden," which is always preserved in the older editions, although frequently rejected in modern selections on the supposition of its want of connexion with the theme of the ballad. To the general reader, indeed, it must often appear meaningless; but those who are well acquainted with the ancient history and mythology of the North, will frequently recognise in the most obscure of these,

some reference to ancient customs or superstitions, which may be traced with confidence to the oriental source of the mythic imaginings of the Edda. It appears probable, judging from analogy between the customs of other countries, that these lays were constantly chanted as a musical accompaniment to the dance, a practice still preserved at the present day in the Faroe Islands, and in some parts of Switzerland, Wallachia, and Servia. It would appear that the principal performer chanted the theme, and was responded to by the circle of dancers with the chorus of the Burden. Learned commentators are unanimous in supposing that when all connexion is apparently lost between this and the song, the chorus was extemporised by the dancers, with reference to the localities or other circumstances connected with the performance. It would seem, at times, to be merely the spontaneous expression of feelings inspired by the beauties of surrounding scenery, or even the joyous influences of spring and sunshine.¹ M. Grimm, in his preface to his "*Alte Danische Kjempé Viser*," decidedly advocates this opinion, regarding the chorus, in many instances, as composing a picturesque back ground to the poetical canvass.

Great, however, as was the popularity of these ballads in the chivalrous age of Denmark, they were, as we have already said, solely indebted for their preservation to oral tradition; and it is to accident alone that Denmark owes the voluminous collection compiled by Peter Syv and Anders Sørensen Vedel. The latter, who well deserves the name of the Danish Percy, was a country clergyman, contemporary and friend of the celebrated Tycho Brahe. Tycho's residence was in the Island of Hveen, in the Sound, situated nearly midway between the shores of Denmark and Sweden. Here he spent his time in the castle of Uraniborg, surrounded by a small circle of pupils and friends. Among the most intimate of the latter was Vedel, who seems to have never travelled unaccompanied by what he regarded as an inestimable treasure, namely, his collection of the ancient ballads of his country. Vedel chanced to be one of the guests assembled at Uraniborg at the time of the visit of the Queen Sophia, consort of Frederic the Second of Denmark, to the Observatory at Hveen. This queen was the steady patroness of Tycho Brahe, and justly celebrated for her intellectual endowments. Tempestuous weather and dark nights defeated the object of her visit; no star was visible during the queen's sojourn at the astronomer's castle. Courtly amusements were, as may be supposed, wanting on this little island, and the visit might have ended in mutual disappointment, had not her majesty's love of poetry, and his friend Vedel's collection, stood Tycho in good stead, and beguiled the time so pleasantly, that, before they parted, Queen Sophia imposed upon the Danish antiquary the grateful task of revising his collection, and printing it, with a dedication to herself. It was published in the following year (we believe in 1560), in five volumes: the edition is now scarce. The writer of this notice in vain endeavoured to purchase a copy during a late residence in Denmark; but at length, through the kindness of a friend, had the privilege of perusing that belonging to the royal library at Copenhagen. Had we it now at hand, we should have preferred presenting the reader with a specimen of the Danish ballad translated from this original source. The copy from which the following ballad is translated, is that of M. Oehlenschläger's select *Kjempé Viser* already referred to. We have chosen one of the romantic, instead of the historical ballads, as possessing more general interest.

(1) For instance,
Skoven staar alt i Blomster,
The woods are clothed with leafy green.

And,
Dit er saa favert om Sommeren,
How pleasant 'tis in summer tide.

And again,
Dansen gaar so let igjennem Lunden,
Lightly we lead the dance through the grove.

THE LADYE BODIL.

AN ANCIENT DANISH BALLAD.

The linden tree (1) stands on the hill,
Lowly its branches bend,
Ladye Bodil sad cares haunt still,
Cares none can soothe or mend.

The linden tree stands on the hill,
Unfolds its leaves so glad;
Ladye Bodil she grieveth still,
And must for aye be sad.

Then Ion spake: the youthful knight,
Thus spake he to his wife:—
"A strange dream fled at morning's light,
Which bodes ill for my life.

"I dreamed I rode through forests free,
To chase the deer intent,
But grisly wolves there seized on me,
And limb from limb they rent."

"Dreamt ye such dream, my heart's true love?
Then, Lord, our helper be!
Watch ye, and pray to Him above,
Ere war robs me of thee."

Straight to the kirk Sir Ion went,
In prayer there bent the knee;
Thenceforth unto the war was sent,
The first that fell was he.

Forth with his king did Ion go
Into the desperate strife;
Before his banner fled the foe,
But glory cost him life.

Three moons had waned since Ion fell,
Bodil looked out afar:
"Ah, yonder sail! I know it well!
The ship with the golden star!

"Yonder I see the gilded prow
Over the waters glide;
The king's slain corpse it bringeth now,
Or his! ah woe betide!

"Haste ye! saddle my grey steed fleet!"
*Then to her squires she said:—
"For forth I ride my lord to meet,
Now numbered with the dead."

Soothly then spake Sir Peter brave,
So kind of heart and true:—
"Good hope I to my sister gave
Ion again to view."

Then turned he to the Danish king,
The foremost in the throng:—
"My liege, what tidings shall I bring?
My sister speedeth on."

"Say thou, Ion will soon be home,
His page's bier we bear;
Ere Candlemas be come and gone,
He comes with breezes fair."

They told Bodil the hopeful tale,
But nought could she believe;
Her hands were clasped, her cheek was pale,
Full sorely did she grieve.

"Halt, ye! let mine own eyes behold;
Set down the bier by me!
Not e'en the oaths of kinsmen bold
Can bid one heart-throb flee!"

Sad change had passed o'er Ion's face—
The change to death from life;
Deep wounds had marred his form of grace;
None knew him but his wife.

(1) The linden tree, introduced into the first two stanzas, appears to be a type of adverse fate. In ancient times the oak, the ash, and the linden tree, were regarded with superstitious reverence by the Northmen. Sacrifices were offered in heathen times under their shade. At a more advanced period, "The Thingé," or national assemblies, were convened under them, and sentences of life and death awarded. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, whence this ballad dates, the linden tree especially was supposed to afford shelter to malignant spirits. See Professor F. Magnusson's notes on "The Eddas."

"Changed though thou art, my love," she said,
"Though dimmed thine eyes' deep blue,
None else may know thee 'mong the dead,
I claim my brave and true."

She knelt, and gazed upon his face
In anguish, as it seemed;
Yet love's swift memories there found place,
And peace through tear-drops beamed.

She gently smoothed his silken hair,
As paly gold 'twas bright:—
"How oft I've trimmed those locks so fair!
With silver aclassors light."

And then she took his chill, white hand,
And to her lips she pressed:—
"I sit a widow in the land;
Lord, pity the bereft!"

And then outspoke the Danish king,
To Bodil did he go:—
"Now, grief it is an idle thing;
Why sigh and weep you so?

"Now, hence with sighing and sorrow,
To fate resigned be;
A wooer will sue to-morrow,
Richer by far than he."

"Silver and gold I have in store,
My lands stretch far and wide;
But such a friend I find no more
In all the world beside."

Swift turned the king his charger's head,
To kirk did Bodil wend,
There laid her lord in lowly bed,
While grief her heart did rend.

Firm she the Danish king withstood,
His prayers did nought avail;
Her days she vowed to widowhood,
That lady meek and pale.

In royal hall stepped not the knight
Who could her grief dispel;
In death as life, her troth was plighted
To him she loved so well.

J. F. C.

Reading for the Young.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.¹

MARY ANNE was in despair at her mother's wishing her to begin another page of writing, as the first had been very bad. She had spent half an hour, which would have enabled her to complete her task, in crying and fretting; for Mary Anne, although nine years old, and full of good qualities, was not always quite reasonable, and her best resolutions were often put to flight by some whim or sudden fit of passion.

"My dear," said her mother, who during this time sat quietly working at the other end of the room, "I should advise you to set about it, as it must be done."

"Must be done!" said Mary Anne, sharply, "and wherefore is it so very necessary that I should write this page?"

"Because I choose you to do it."

"And why do you choose me to do it?"

"Because it must be done."

"It must be done, because you choose me to do it; may you not do as you like?"

"Certainly not."

At this Mary Anne became still more irritated. "You may not do as you like?" said she, throwing herself back in her chair, and striking her fist on the table, "when I am obliged to obey you in

(1) From the French of Madame Guisot.

everything." "The other day, too, you said to Madame Thibourg, speaking of me, 'I belong to that child:' to say that you belong to me, when you do nothing but contradict me all day long!"

"That is the very reason I contradict you, because I belong to you."

"Now really," said Mary Anne, in a tone which anger had turned to impertinence, "I should feel much obliged if you would explain that to me."

"I shall explain nothing at present," said her mother with severity, and commanding her to be silent, she obliged her to resume her occupation: which, as may well be imagined, did not improve the temper of Mary Anne. She pouted, wrote badly, drew fresh punishments upon herself, and passed the remainder of the day in alternate fits of ill behaviour and despair: but the next morning she awoke in such a good temper, rose so quickly, repeated her prayers so fervently, set herself so diligently to whatever she had to do, exceeding even her allotted tasks in order to make up for her past faults, that when she met her mother at breakfast, she had the satisfaction of seeing such a smile on her face as had not visited it since the preceding evening.

"Mamma," said she, "are you now pleased with me?"

"On whose account am I pleased, on yours or on mine?"

"I know that you are glad that I have done my duty; that duty was imposed by you; but you can do what you like with me."

"What! drown you like the kittens which were born in the garret last night?"

"No, no! mamma, but you might make me obey your will in everything."

"Then if I wished you to steal our neighbour's sugar when she leaves her door open, or her syrups, or cups, should I have a right to do so?"

"What an idea, mamma! as if you could ever wish for such things."

"Then there are some things which I have no right to wish for, and consequently have no right to order you to do. A fine authority, truly! But may I be allowed *not* to will? If I had not willed to teach you to read and write, if during the time of my nursing you I had not willed to rise in the night and still your cries, should I have been right?"

"Why, mamma, you know that would have injured me?"

"I have no right then to do you harm; I am only allowed to will what is for your advantage, and you call that having a will of my own."

"But mamma, when you give me an order, it is always your will that I obey."

"And when do I order you to do anything?"

"Whenever you please."

"And am I at liberty to think as I please that a thing is right or wrong?"

"Certainly, mamma, no one prevents you."

Madame Leroi made no reply, but said soon after, "Mary Anne, I intend next week to begin to teach you to draw with your elbow."

"What! my dear mamma, draw with my elbow! and how am I to hold my pencil?"

"With the point of your elbow; nothing more easy."

"What can you mean, dear mamma?" said Mary Anne, laughing immoderately.

"I mean, my dear, what I entreat you for my sake to believe possible."

"But, mamma, how can you expect me to believe such a thing?"

"You told me, just now, that we could believe what we pleased."

"Oh, that was quite a different thing!"

"It may be so for you, my child, but I assure you that when you write badly, I cannot bring myself to think it good; and when you behave ill, I feel the necessity of forcing you to amend by punishing you. What would you have me do? I cannot think in any other manner, so I am obliged to obey the instigations of my conscience, in the same way as I wish you to obey me; and I have no more right to bring you up badly than you have to disobey me."

Mary Anne had been accustomed to consider the performance of her duty as necessary, although her conduct did not always lead one to suppose that she looked at it in this light; but she wanted her mother to recal the offensive phrase, "I belong to that child." At this moment entered Madame Thibourg. "Quick, quick!" cried she, "I have a ticket for Malmaison; my children are waiting below in the carriage, and I have a basket of provisions there also; come, make haste!"

"I promised to send home this tapestry during the week," said Madame Leroi, glancing from her work-frame to her daughter, who, having at first uttered an exclamation of delight at Madame Thibourg's proposal, now stood motionless with anxiety at the delay of Madame Leroi's decision.

"I would willingly take charge of Mary Anne," said Madame Thibourg, "only my nurse is ill, and as there is a good deal of water at Malmaison, I shall have enough to do to look after my own children. Come, you will easily make up for it some other day."

"But if I should be as ill as I was last week,—I am afraid it would be imprudent."

"You will not be ill, and it will be quite prudent," rejoined her friend, "there are some pictures to show Mary Anne."

"Well," said Madame Leroi, "if you think so—" and she looked at Mary Anne, whose countenance had changed six times in the space of a minute. They were soon ready for the expedition, and the day passed off without a cloud. We need not describe the delight with which the dinner was eaten on the grass, without table-cloth or plates; the charms of gathering a salad; and the pleasing novelty of being obliged to rinse out their only cup, after each person had drunk from it, in the little stream by the garden gate. Mary Anne, who, when she was pleased, was always affectionate, embraced her mother again and again; and, in the evening, in spite of her fatigue, she continued to talk so much of her past pleasure, that Madame Leroi actually scolded her into silence and to sleep. "You do not consider," said she, "that for this indulgence I shall have to rise, for three or four successive days, at four in the morning."

"But you know, mamma, that my seeing the pictures at Malmaison was of great consequence to me."

"And why, my dear," said her mother, "should I study your advantage before my own? Am I created for your service! Tell me, is it by chance that I belong to you?"

"Ah! mamma," said Mary Anne, kissing her mother, "I am quite willing that you should belong to me, since it is only to indulge me;" and turning

herself to sleep, her dreams partook of this pleasing idea. Indeed no mother could more completely belong to a child than did Madame Leroi. Widow of a person whose profession had not enabled him to make any provision for his wife and little daughter, Madame Leroi felt that her first duty was to render her child an estimable member of society, and to enable her to gain an honest livelihood. For this she sacrificed all the advantages which her talents would otherwise have afforded her. She had been a very brilliant musician, and educated with a view to teach singing and the harp, but, at the age of eighteen, she had the measles so severely as to affect her chest, and oblige her to abandon her intention. She then turned her thoughts towards painting, for which she had a great taste, and her father, being an artist, had taught her well. But death having deprived her of his instructions in a very short time, she married M. Leroi, a man of middle age, and of very singular character, and one who would by no means have consented to his wife's going out to give lessons. As his income was sufficient for their support, she devoted her time to the care of her house, and to the improvement of her own mind, that she might be capable of educating those children with which Providence might bless her. After having lost two, she gave birth to Mary-Anne, and from that moment she centered her affections on her child. On the death of her husband, finding herself again in difficulties, she fancied, for a moment, that she might pursue her original plan, but the idea of her child, abandoned to strangers, and deprived of the acquirements and sentiments with which she had enriched her own mind for her child's sake, and of her losing those amiable qualities with which her fond partiality already invested her, decided her to remain at home, and to give her the most solid and virtuous education in her power. She therefore devoted herself to her child, who already gave great promise of musical talent; and she delighted in feeling that to her alone did her child owe the happiness of her life.

But this did not supply the means of subsistence, and she found herself obliged to look out for some such sedentary employment as would answer for their moderate demands. She undertook to work tapestry, which her knowledge of painting enabled her to embellish with all sorts of devices in flowers, figures, and landscapes. Chance befriended her, and her hours were soon fully occupied. Her work was so superior to what was generally seen, that it gained a good price; and this occupation enabled her to superintend, almost uninterruptedly, the studies of her daughter—who would sometimes ask her when she would leave off working so hard.

"When you can work for me," replied her mother; and Mary Anne, if in good humour, would take the hint and seat herself at her harp. Her character was of a very variable nature. Her disposition was generous, and her heart tender; yet she would at times launch out into such passions and fits of obstinacy as produced an entire change in her. At such times she would take a pleasure in vexing that mother, whose happiness she so often delighted to witness, so that one felt alternately charmed and touched by the natural inclination which she seemed to have for what was good, and disgusted with the strange perverseness of her temper. Her mother, however, by a happy mixture of firmness and indulgence, had greatly suc-

ceeded in softening the harshnesses of her disposition, and the day before the party to Malmaison was the last on which she had serious cause to complain of her.

On the morning after this agreeable expedition, she arose, and instantly felt aware of how much fatigue she had undergone. She dressed herself carelessly, seated herself on every stool she came to, and arose so slowly to open the door for the porter's wife, who came to cook for them, that one would have imagined her nailed to her seat.

"Really, mamma," said she, throwing herself into an arm-chair by the door, as if she could no longer support herself, "if you belonged to me, as you say you do, I should send you of all my messages to-day instead of going myself."

"Ah, my love," replied her mother, in a half serious tone, "I anticipate a much more fatiguing employment, that of making you do them yourself."

"Certainly, mamma, that will be very fatiguing."

"Ah! if you only knew how tired I am!—but still I shall have to say, 'Mary Anne, open the door;' or 'shut the window;' or 'pick up my pin-cushion.'"

"Well, mamma, what is there very fatiguing in that?"

"Only think, Mary Anne, how cross you will be. I shall be obliged to scold you so much to make you obey. It will be my duty to do so; and a visit to Malmaison does not absolve me from it. What a day I shall have! and you are not the child to spare me."

"Who said so?" said Mary Anne, with an air of pique.

"It would be all very well," answered her mother, "if you were older and wiser. I should then say to you,—'My dear, as long as I was necessary to you, I belonged to you, but now you must belong to me, and make yourself useful to me; do, then, what I tell you, in order to spare me;' and you would do it, for you would be reasonable."

Mary Anne upon this arose, and setting herself to work, determined to conquer her lassitude, which in a short time disappeared. She maintained this glorious resolution throughout the day—never hesitating for a moment to do her mother's pleasure, and even forestalling it. Perceiving that Madam Leroi was in want of a footstool, she flew to place one under her feet; and when her pin-cushion had rolled to the other end of the room, Mary Anne so quickly replaced it on her mother's table, that the latter remarked with a smile, "that Mary Anne must surely belong to her to-day."

A tender embrace was Mary Anne's only reply. Alas, a few minutes only passed away, before, having bungled over a passage on her harp, she became angry with her mother for obliging her to repeat it. "Mary Anne," said she, "do not force me to remember that I belong to you, and that unless you obey me I shall be obliged, much against my will, to scold you."

Mary Anne recovered her serenity immediately, and the day, which in the beginning promised so badly, ended without a cloud upon their happiness. A couple of mutton chops formed their modest meal. Mary Anne asked her mother for the one which had a bone in it.

"Certainly not, my dear," said her mother; "for you know that I prefer it myself," and, added she, smiling, "I love you too well to suffer you to con-

tract so bad a habit as that of preferring yourself to another."

"What? not, mamma, when you profess to belong to me?"

"Yes, yes, my dear; I too well know my duty to allow you to take advantage of my devotion to you." So saying, she helped herself to the chop.

"Well," said Mary Anne, "your resolution is of some advantage to yourself at least."

"To be sure," rejoined her mother; "nothing does one so much good as doing one's duty."

Mary Anne shook her head, but she was too well pleased with herself to yield to a slight temptation to anger; and when her mother, satisfied with two or three cherries from their small dessert, left the rest to her, she quite understood the motive.

In the afternoon, one of Mr. Leroi's old friends called on his widow;—he was old and tiresome, and remained all the evening, to the great annoyance of Mary Anne, who, after her day of application, had anticipated an agreeable walk with her mother. She could not help giving several hints to this effect (notwithstanding her mother's frowns), which Mr. Lebrun's deafness prevented his remarking. Poor Mary Anne tried to be patient; and, on his departure, contented herself with asking her mother if she had been much entertained by Mr. Lebrun.

"No, my dear; but he has a claim to my consideration; he came a long way to see me, and I would not have shortened his visit for the world."

"Now, mamma," said Mary Anne, "I am always very glad to discover that you can do *some* things against my interest, for surely the depriving me of my healthy walk could not be for my advantage."

"My dear, you have no notion what a good thing it was for you to stay at home to-day?"

"Now, mamma, how can you prove that?"

"I trust that you will survive the deprivation, and only think how injurious it would have been to *you*, had I, to please you, neglected Mr. Lebrun."

"Well, mamma, you can always find a reason for contradicting me."

"And assure yourself, my love," said her mother, playfully tapping her cheek, "that I shall never let one escape."

Mary Anne made a little grimace, but all in good humour, for the good behaviour of the morning ensured that of the evening.

The next day Mary Anne and her mother went out to purchase some new gowns. They were shown two remnants exactly alike, which were sufficient to make Mary Anne a frock, a winter spencer, and plenty to mend them when requisite. Her fancy was much more taken by another stuff; but as Madame Leroi's gown could not be made from the remnant, the little girl was obliged to make up her mind to it herself. While she vainly employed her eloquence to induce the shopman to sell the gown piece on the same terms as the remnant, Madame Leroi, by measuring and calculating, discovered that by having seams in the sleeves, and making the gown round instead of open, as she had intended, she could use the remnants, and leave the gown piece for her little girl. Mary Anne at first would not consent to this arrangement; however she allowed herself to be persuaded, and joyfully carried away her pretty frock, not without a peep or two at it by the way. When she had spread out her treasure to the admiring gaze of the porter's wife, she sighed at

the sight of the remnants destined for her mother, and seating herself on her knee, with one arm passed round her neck, she asked her, in rather a melancholy voice, whether it had been her duty to give up that pretty gown to her.

"No, my dear little girl," said her mother, "it was my pleasure."

Mary Anne now felt herself at liberty to enjoy to the full her pretty purchase, as her approbation of it appeared to increase her mother's happiness.

The more reasonable she became, the better she understood the deep devotion of a mother's heart, and also the feeling of duty which should prevent a child from abusing her parent's indulgence. She was fully persuaded that her mother never unnecessarily contradicted her, and she used her utmost endeavours to save her this necessity, so that their mutual confidence daily increasing, they lived together like two friends.

(To be concluded in next.)

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

TYRE.

High on the stately wall
The spear of Arvad hung;
Through corridor and hall
Gemaddin's war-note rung.
Where are they now? the note is o'er.
Yest for a thousand years and more,
Five fathom deep beneath the sea
Those halls have lain all silently;
Nought listening, save the mermaid's song,
While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors along.

Far from the wondering East
Tubal and Jason came,
And Araby the blest,
And Kedar, mighty name.
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,
Some dripping fisherman may rest,
Watching on rock or naked stone
His dark net spread before the sun.
Unconscious of the doom-lay
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there shall
brood for aye.

Agon.

LINES

On leaving a place where one had dwelt many years.

There are some moments in each life
With strange and wayward feelings rife,
When certain words and certain things
Strike on the heart unwonted strings,
And waken forth some solemn tone
There nature yet has never known:
And it is thus—when from some place,
As from a long-familiar face,
Though you may wish the chain to sever,
Still are you sad to part for ever.
Perchance 'twas an unlovely spot,
Perchance, too, that you loved it not—
Perchance that in that place had been
Dramas of many a cloudy scene—
That there the first fresh tear was wept,
Or youth's impatient vigil kept,
That not a day you there had spent
Kept its unchequer'd merriment,
Mark'd by the free heart's earliest throes,
And chronicled by childhood's woes;

Though soulless men may wonder why
You heaved the involuntary sigh,
And how the loss your soul oppress
Of that all-cherish'd when possess;
Yet when the thinking eye has cast
One look, and knows it is the last;
And while that look is fixed behind,
In every melancholy wind
A myriad sorrowing voices come,
The sighs of a remember'd home,
A long and terrible farewell,
Pronounced by lips invisible:
When many an eye with rapture gleaming,
And many a smile with joyance teeming,
That may have saved you from despair,
Or lighten'd up your sojourn there,
By after-misery sorely tried,
In death embalm'd and sanctified,
Have a new life within your brain,
And seem to gaze and beat again—
Then thoughts of pain are all forgot,
And pleasure's memory passes not;
Yet this, by some distortion strange,
Its very being fain must change,
And dim with gloom that parting hour,
Using a stern reflective power,
As the low trembling spirit strays
Amid the smiles of other days.

These are the *eras* of existence,
The seasons these when all resistance
To times and fates must ever seem
A futile unconsoling dream.
So much of life we feel is past,
Whene'er we murmur forth "the last;"
So nearer are we to the shore
Where time and things of time are o'er—
Where all is present, and the past
Of aught can never be the last.

R. M. Milnes.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

AN INCIDENT FOR A NAUTICAL DRAMA.

A Dutch seaman being condemned to death for mutiny, his punishment was changed, and he was ordered to be left ashore at St. Helena, at that period uninhabited. This unhappy person, representing to himself the horror of that solitude, fell upon a resolution to attempt the strangest action that ever was recorded. There had been that day interred in the island an officer of the ship. The Dutch seaman opened the grave and took the body up out of the coffin, and having made a kind of rudder and paddles of the upper board, ventured himself to sea in it. It happened fortunately for him to be so profound a calm, that the ship lay immovable within a league and a half of the island. The tide ebbing, he was gradually floated towards the ship, when his companions, seeing so strange a boat, imagined they beheld a spectre; but when he came alongside, they were not a little startled at the resolution of the man, who durst hazard himself in that element in so frail a vessel, though he had no mercy to expect, or hope to be received aboard by those who had so lately sentenced him to death. The incident was touching:—there floated the poor wretch in a coffin. It was put to the question whether he should be received or not. Some would have the sentence put into execution; but at last the captain, taking into consideration the strangeness of the event, allowed mercy to prevail in his breast, and the man was taken aboard and was brought to Holland. This seaman lived for a number of years in the town of Horn, and related to many how miraculously he had been delivered by Providence.

SCREW PROPELLERS.

Those who are watching events cannot but observe what a change is silently taking place in our navies, both royal and mercantile. It is all now Steam—Steam. We hear of a line of merchant vessels established to run from England to Constantinople, each with a screw propeller. The Liverpool papers also announce the first of a series of packets from America with screw propellers:—and as the Massachusetts is said to be fitted out with several novelties, we shall quote the account:—"The passage of the screw-auxiliary vessel Massachusetts, from New York to Liverpool, from wharf to wharf, may be put down at 17 days 11 hours. She had, the whole way, head winds and calms,—and her run may therefore be considered excellent. She is 800 tons burden, American measurement, 155 feet on deck, 178 feet from billet-head to taffrail, 33 feet beam, has engines of 280 horse-power, and is ship-rigged with a few exceptions,—the most striking being that her top-masts are fixed abaft the mast. The lower masts are also unusually tall, and the funnel of unusual lowness, even in screw steamers. Her cabins are capacious, and ventilated in a new and effective manner; and she can accommodate 40 passengers. Her screw is of a novel construction: it can be drawn out of the water at pleasure, by a simple process, and placed in a perpendicular position against the stern; and in such circumstances the Massachusetts is to all intents and purposes a sailing vessel. The screw works most powerfully, and insures a speed, with sail, of twelve knots an hour. The sails and rigging abound in curious contrivances to ease the labour of reefing, shortening sail, &c.,—perhaps the first instance in which modern machinery has been carried aloft. All sail has been repeatedly set in 25 minutes. She has four life-boats; every bench, every seat, stool, &c. is a life-boat, made of iron, with air-tight compartments, and adapted to swim, even with the weight of a man. So many contrivances for safety were never before brought together."—*Liverpool Journal*.

It is too common an opinion that change of scene is the best restorative of an unhappy mind. With some temperaments it may succeed, but, surely, not with all: and yet, how universally is the remedy suggested for almost every species of mental ailment, notwithstanding its being so seldom productive of the effects attributed to it. What lasting amelioration of our condition can be rationally expected from yielding to what is but the mere impulse of the moment—a sensation of restlessness, arising from our own ill-regulated feelings, and a vain desire to escape from ourselves and our own thoughts, which is mistaken for an aversion to the places and objects that have been the unconscious witnesses of our sufferings. From whatever source our uncomfortable feelings may arise, they would perhaps be alleviated, or subdued, by a little firmness and determination on our part; and this, if we chose, could be easily summoned to our aid at home, instead of setting out on our travels to seek for consolation we know not where. And to the *really* unhappy, alas! to imagine that a deep and heart-felt grief can either be eradicated, or even assuaged, by change of place or scene, is but to mock a sorrow, the intensity of which we are incapable of comprehending.—*Emily, a novel, by Mrs. Maberley*.

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An Adventure in the Snow.

See page 280.

THE HILLS THAT BRING DOWN THE RAIN.

SOME years ago, I employed part of a summer vacation in taking, in company with a friend, a walking excursion through part of the Western Highlands of Scotland. We had neither of us been previously familiar with mountain scenery. A range of blue hills, in the distant horizon, of no remarkable elevation, and whose outline, traced in gentle undulations against the sky, bounded in the landscape like a picture frame, constituted the utmost of our acquaintance with the sublimer features on the face of nature. We were both of us essentially children of the plain. It may be conjectured, then, with what impressions of wonder and delight we found ourselves, for the first time, traversing the land of mountain and flood; with what feelings of awe we contemplated, no longer from a distance, those gigantic Titans—the eldest born of Earth—as, canopied in mist, they seemed to withdraw in sullen dignity from our intrusive gaze, or, standing out clear in the bright sunshine, sunlight and shadow alternately chasing each other over the green slopes at their base, they presented no unapt emblem of vigorous old age, with childhood playing at its feet. Our feelings, as we advanced, became strung to the highest pitch of enthusiasm for all that was beautiful and sublime in nature, and we looked with envy upon each bare-legged gillie we passed, who enjoyed the privilege of a constant familiarity with those scenes, to which we could only pay a flying visit for once in our lives; we wished that we too had been born sons of the mountains.

On one day, in particular, we had passed through a district especially marked by the characters of grandeur and sublimity peculiar to the country. Part of our route lay through a glen or valley which had been the scene of an event of deep historical interest, and the gloomy grandeur of whose external features, as the dark crags by which it was hemmed in on either side looked down in frowning majesty upon our path, was strikingly in harmony with the feelings naturally excited by the recollection of the tragedy of which it remained the undying memorial. As we passed through it, we were to a more than usual extent under the influence of the impressions I have already spoken of. The whole country appeared to us invested with a poetic character. Every old man we met seemed to be an Ossian, a *seannachie* or bard, whose store of traditions and memories of the olden time, would, to a certainty, if we could but master enough of the language he spoke to address him in, overflow upon us in song. We never doubted that the enthusiasm which had come upon us as a strange and novel feeling, kindled up by our sudden admission to the contemplation of so much beauty of a character so new to us, was, to those who were continually living in its presence, an abiding habit of the soul, tinged all their feelings and modes of expression. In this mood of mind we were overtaken, and our poetic musings for a time put to flight, by a rattling shower of rain—one of those peculiar to the mountains, which instead of falling down plump upon your head, like any honest shower in a Christian land, sweep, and whirl, and eddy about you, like cuirassiers galloping round a square of infantry, as if seeking for the unprotected parts of your person, dash into your mouth and eyes, and strike against your ears with a force which makes your cheeks glow for the remainder of the day. After a quarter of an hour's buffeting with this sudden tempest, we found shelter in a cottage or cabin not far from the way side, whose inmates were a woman and two children. We were received, not exactly with the frank "kindly welcome" hospitality we had anticipated, from what we had heard and read of the Highland mode of exercising this virtue; but we were received, and permitted to warm ourselves and dry our clothes by a peat fire, which gave out quite as much smoke as heat. Truth compels me to say, that neither the appearance of our hostess herself, nor that of her children or dwelling, harmonized much with the poetical colouring through which we had been predisposing ourselves to look upon everything nursed among the

hills. She was sluttish in her dress, and dirty in her person; the little freckled savages by the fire-side looked as if they had never seen water in their lives; and the house, which might have been a comfortable one, (for, if not architecturally beautiful, it was at least pretty substantially built,) and the few articles of furniture it contained, were anything but inviting in their aspect. The poor woman wore a shrewish and anxious expression, as she moved about on some occupation of housewifery, which she had not thought it necessary to intermit on account of our presence, and which certainly did not add to the *agrémens* of our visit. Finding she spoke some English, we attempted to open a conversation with her. But the reply drawn from her by the very first observation I made, was of a nature to disincline us from persevering in the attempt. Referring to the cause of our intrusion, I ventured the remark, a very safe one as applied to any part of Scotland, that probably a good deal of rain fell in that valley in the course of the year. Never shall I forget the strong guttural emphasis of discontent and disgust, defying all attempt to indicate it by any peculiar form of orthography, with which she exclaimed in reply, "Ach, yes; this nasty hills brings doon the rain!"

There was no denying the fact; the hills did bring down the rain, and plenty of it too, as our short experience in the Highlands amply proved. But that this abundance of moisture should extinguish, in a native of the hills, the love and admiration for them, which a brief association with them had so largely kindled in us; that the canopy of mist, which to us was as a veil of glory shrouding an unseen Divinity, should become, on closer acquaintance, literally a wet blanket, stifling every enthusiastic emotion; this we did not expect, and it came upon us with all the force of a most unpleasant surprise. We took advantage of the first gleam of sunshine to buckle our knapsacks again on our shoulders, and continue our journey, somewhat sobered in our feelings, and beginning to admit a dim apprehension, that, although to mere occasional visitors, such as we were, that description of country was the most attractive which best filled the eye, and spoke most eloquently to the imagination and feelings, it was yet barely possible that these might be attended by some serious drawback in the experience of a permanent resident, who might perchance find good cause to prefer for a home a country of more homely features, but of kindlier soil and more genial climate; and which, if it was less fitted to attract to it the wandering tourist, was also free from an attractive power of a more uncomfortable character; in which there were no "nasty hills to bring down the rain."

I have often since that day thought of the Highland woman's remark with some feeling of amusement, but also with a strong impression of its substantial truth, and of its applicability to matters of more universal interest than the prevalence of rain in a mountainous country. It is not in landscapes only that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The same kind of illusion takes effect also in the moral world. The historical events, and the points of national and individual character, which fill the largest place in the thoughts of men, and gain the greatest share of their admiration and applause, are very far indeed from being those which it is always most agreeable to be brought into close contact with; and it were well, perhaps, if we were more frequently reminded, at how great a sacrifice of individual happiness and comfort those things may have been gained, which strike most vividly upon the imagination, and are deemed most ornamental to the social edifice. In the utmost fervour of our admiration, we should not forget that there is another point of view, and one which, in the case of persons particularly situated, may be the only one open to them, from which the object we admire may present a very different appearance from that in which we behold

it; that beauty may appear to us its leading character, only because we are never brought so close to it as to be within the range of its more direct and abiding influences; and that the very qualities to which it is indebted for the admiration it excites in us who stand afar off, or only occasionally approach it, may be the immediate source of a great deal that is most painful and uncomfortable to those with whom it is a necessity to be always in its near neighbourhood.

The military achievements of a nation, for example—how ample a space do they not fill in its history! how largely do they not contribute to make up the estimate which we form of its character! The leaders of its armies are celebrated by poets and orators as its greatest men, as, of all others, the most worthy of having their names handed down with praise to posterity, and of being remembered with gratitude to distant ages. And yet, of the millions who constitute the nation, how small is the proportion to whom the most brilliant of these achievements have brought either advantage or enjoyment, or even the fantastic and unsubstantial gratification which arises from the contemplation of national glory! National glory is a ray which gilds only the elevated pinnacles of society; it penetrates not to the lowly region in which the great masses of mankind move. To them the splendours of war are only known in the loss of sons, brothers, fathers, and husbands, and in the added weight of an intolerable taxation, which lays its ruthless hand upon every crust of bread they eat, upon every rag which covers them, upon the roof which shelters them from the winter's cold, upon the fire which warms their shivering limbs, upon the light which struggles through their dim and dusty casements. May not these, with truth, apply to all that can be said of the imposing splendours of war, that it has been to them but as "the nasty hills which bring down the rain?"

Or, to take a more familiar illustration. There are men of rare and rich endowment, who seem formed to be the delight of every circle into which they enter—who, alike in the courtly saloon or the snug reunion of choice spirits at the club, attract towards themselves, by an irresistible fascination, the most distinguished for wit, intelligence, and accomplishment, causing them to press emulously around them, and leave them with regret and reluctance; for whom the fairest and loveliest hoard their sweetest smiles, and with whose society the greatest in the land are proud to have their tables graced. Who would not look with envy upon those who enjoy the privilege of constant association with such men,—of having every, the most minute, incident of daily life illumined, and tinged with all the prismatic hues of grace and beauty, by the bright beams of such a sun? And yet, is it not often the case, that there is just one place where that laugh is never heard? that there is one loving, wistful, anxious countenance, towards which the bright glances of that eye are never turned? that the idol of every circle, the magic spirit who throws his fascination around him wherever he moves, becomes disenchanted as he crosses one threshold—and that threshold his own? that there he, who is so full of life and gaiety, witty, eloquent, graceful, tender, becomes silent, fretful, *ennuyé*—it may be, harsh and unfeeling? With how much justice may not the poor, neglected, broken-hearted wife curse those very attractions which are so delightful to all the world besides, but which, as having created that distaste for home and its quiet enjoyments, the effects of which she feels so deeply, are to her, in literal truth, the nasty hills that bring down the rain—bring it down in many a shower of bitter and unavailing tears!

The evil most to be guarded against by those who have it in their power to determine the arrangements of society, is the permitting any one class to feel that the pleasures and advantages of another bring only suffering and discomfort to them. There is no circumstance in our social condition, which can be said, strictly

speaking, to be altogether a gain; no good which we can count ourselves to have received without any counter-vailing sacrifice. Even civilization, which has so greatly multiplied our enjoyments, and enlarged and strengthened our capacity for enjoying; even it, which, next to the knowledge of divine truth, is the greatest boon our nature is capable of receiving, is never unattended by its train of evils, of which uncivilized man has comparatively little experience. It is, therefore, no ground for discontent or murmuring to find that there is nothing so every way good as not to have its unfavourable side. That would appear to be a law of nature against which it is foolish and vain to struggle. But it would seem to be a fair subject of complaint, should the good and the evil resulting from any of the circumstances of our common lot be so distributed, that the former should be poured out unmixed on one side, and the latter on the other. Should that at any time be the case, we cannot wonder that much murmuring and discontent should be the consequence; and if we could conceive a condition of society in which such a distribution was the general order of things, we could have little difficulty in predicting for it a speedy and violent dissolution. No state of society, in which the hostile elements were so distinctly separated from each other, sifted asunder and disconnected as to their parts, but kept in proximity as to their masses, could by possibility continue to exist: a collision would be inevitable. Like two clouds, of which the one is positively, the other negatively electrified, they would rush against each other with a crash which would shatter both into fragments.

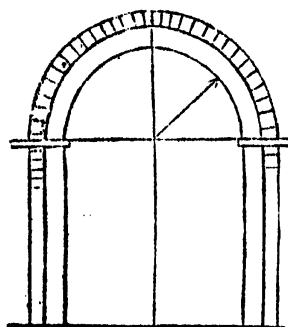
The tendency of every social system whatever, when left to its own uncorrected action, is this result. A preponderance of advantage, enjoyed at first by accident, gives superiority of power, and that again draws to its possessor a larger share of the advantage from which it has flowed. So the two, alternately cause and effect, continue acting upon and enlarging each other. The strong tend constantly to become stronger, the weak to become weaker. It is for this reason, and to correct this tendency, that periodical reforms, attended with more or less violence, become a kind of necessity, a sanatory discipline necessary to restore the equilibrium of the system, and prevent its utter dissolution. The more regularly and uniformly we take care to act in counteraction of the morbid tendency, the less occasion will there be for violent and painful remedies. It is only when the tendency is left to itself unchecked for so long that it at last becomes unbearable,—when the equipoise is so entirely disturbed that the motion of the social machine is impeded, and threatens to stop,—that the cure becomes violent and dangerous. When the great men of the world have been heedlessly and selfishly adding gratification to gratification, without casting a thought upon the influence these exercise on the comfort of those beneath them,—then, when at length the good of the former comes in the belief and experience of the latter to be identified with their own evil,—when they feel that all that gives grace, and elegance, and beauty to the upper regions of society, is to them as the "nasty hills which bring down the rain,"—then, indeed, may we fear for the result of the struggle to bring things right, and apprehend that the throes of nature, in putting forth her *vis medicatrix*, may be too much for the vitality of the system. On the other hand, let there be a constant shifting of the ballast, as it leans over to one side; a continual care bestowed to mix the good and evil of life to all classes, with as much equality as the differences in their circumstances will admit of: let it be caused to be felt, that what brings good to some brings good to all, and what injures some injures all; and we may safely leave society, with all its machinery of wheels and balances, to take care of itself, secure that it is safe at least from all internal sources of decay.

REMARKS ON THE CHURCH ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND.

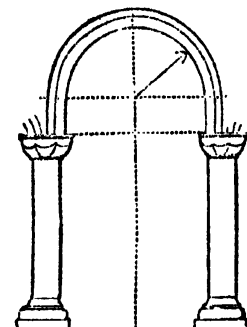
No. II.

We now come to speak of the first style of Christian architecture, properly so called, which was used in England.¹ This style has been appropriately called the *Early English*; it prevailed generally throughout the 13th century, that is to say, from the death of King Richard Cœur de Lion, through the reigns of King John, of Henry III., and Edward I. It is distinguished most prominently from the preceding styles, by the round-headed arch and its peculiar mouldings being entirely disused. Henceforward we have, there-

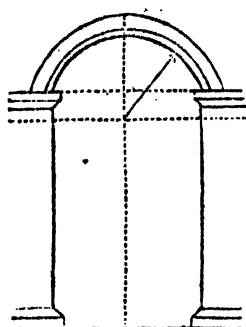
bold and prominent appearance, having deep hollows, in which an ornament, called the *tooth ornament*, is frequently inserted. The doorways of this style are very elegant: they usually consist of a single slender shaft on each side, with capitals in the shape of bells reversed; from these spring a few bold mouldings, or a simple line of tooth ornament, having a hood-moulding over it. In large churches, we meet with doorways divided into two by a single or clustered shaft in the middle, and the two arches thus formed are inclosed within a larger arch, the space between being filled up with sculptured work. Porches become more usual in this style: they are large, and have high-pitched and vaulted roofs. We have now quite left the heavy, massive piers of the Norman style, and, instead of



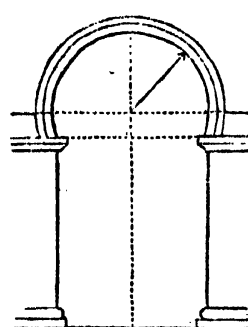
SEMICIRCULAR ARCH.



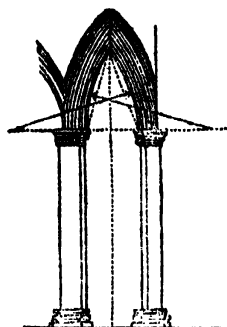
STILTED ARCH.



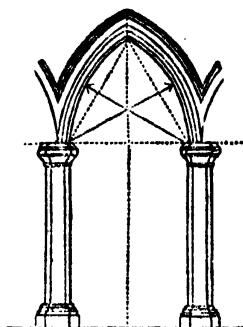
SEGMENTAL ARCH.



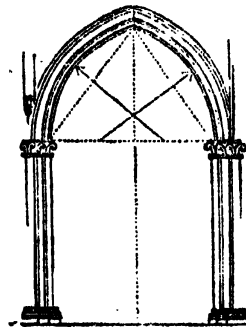
HORSE-SHOE ARCH.



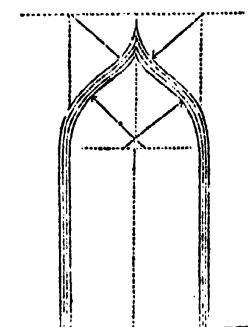
LANCET ARCH.



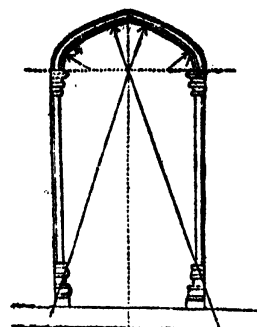
EQUILATERAL ARCH.



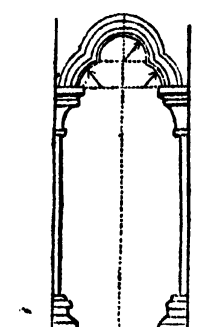
OBTUSE-ANGLE ARCH.



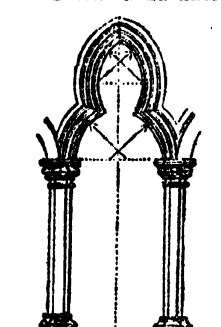
OGEE ARCH.



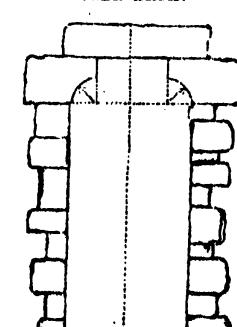
TUDOR ARCH.



ROUND-HEADED ARCH.



POINTED TREFOIL ARCH.



SQUARE-HEADED TREFOIL ARCH.

fore, to do with pointed arches; for the exceptions to this rule are few. There were three kinds of pointed arch used in this style: first, the lancet; secondly, the equilateral; and thirdly, the obtuse. Of these, the lancet and the equilateral were most used for large buildings, (as at Westminster Abbey the lancet prevails, at Salisbury the equilateral;) but in small country churches the obtuse-angle arch is most frequently found. The mouldings assume a

them, we have the piers in large buildings composed of one column, surrounded by slender shafts detached, but uniting in one capital above, as at Salisbury; or again, clustered close together, as in the chapel called the Dean's Chapel, in Oxford cathedral, and at Lincoln. In the smaller churches, a plain octagonal or circular pier was used, as at Boxgrove; but, as these piers were used also in later styles, they are only to be distinguished by the mouldings and ornaments of the capitals and bases. As we hinted above, the usual form of early Eng-

(1) "Gothic," a name given in error; it had nothing to do with the Goths.

lish capitals is the reversed bell-shape, having round the lower part a small head-moulding; the capping, or top part of the capital, consists of one or more round mouldings, with deep recesses between them. The capital is often decorated with a

of a church was also introduced in this style, viz. the steeple or spire. The Normans never attempted anything more than a low, square, pyramidal capping; but now this was raised into the noble spire, which crowns so many of our parish



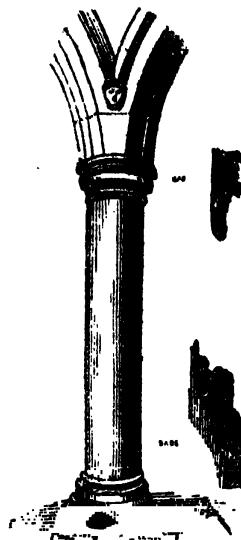
SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.



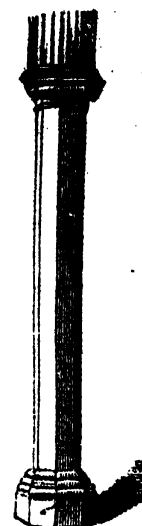
LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

kind of foliage peculiar to this style: the stems rise from the neck or lower part of the capital, the leaves curl gracefully under the upper mouldings; they are very boldly sculptured, and stand completely off the surface of the capital. In smaller churches the capitals are often round, with a small nail-head moulding, or have as many angles as the pier which they crown. The lancet window, which is so much used in this style, is often quite simple, having no kind of moulding; but it is sometimes found, in the same simplicity, repeated (in the east end of a church) three times, the centre one being higher than the side ones, and all three combined by a simple hood-line above them, as at Stanton Harcourt, Oxon. Sometimes two or three which stand apart on the outside are combined inside into one window, by wide splaying interiorly, and by the intervention of slender detached shafts, as at Salisbury cathedral.

In this style appear the first specimens of tracery (that is, stone divisions) in the heads or upper parts of windows. The first hint of it (so to speak) seems given in such windows as that at Brounsover church, Warwickshire; but the first specimens deserving the name of tracery are such windows as that at the east end of St. Giles', Oxford, which is formed of three lancet-shaped divisions below, and the head filled in with three circles, having foliations in them. This sort of window occurs late in the early-English style, and forms a sort of link or connexion between the simple lancet window, and the windows (of the next style) which we call geometrical. The mouldings of this style are, as I observed, very bold, and give an alternation of prominent roll-shaped lines, with deep hollows between them. The buttresses in this style are either narrow ones, of slender proportions, with a pediment or gable at the top, as at Beverley Minster, or else plain ones, with stages or slopes. Flying buttresses, as they are called, were also now first introduced, and, with other such contrivances, rendered the old fashion of massive walls no longer necessary; hence the masonry of this style is usually much less bulky than that used in the Norman buildings. One very important part

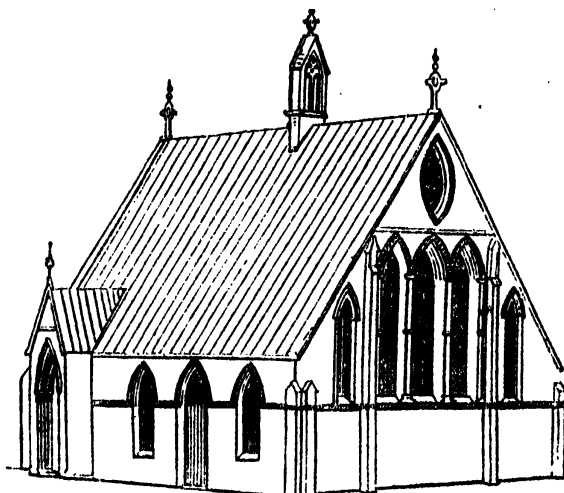


ST. GILES'S, OXFORD.



FOXGROVE, SUSSEX.

churches, and seems to point heaven-ward. At first they were very simple: that of Wandsford church, Northants, gives a fair specimen of their appearance in this style. Crockets also first appear in this style: they are projections from the outer angles of pinnacles, canopies, and the like, and



SKELTON CHURCH, NEAR YORK.

resemble leaves or flowers. In this style they have a simple, but bold appearance, as at Lincoln and at Salisbury cathedrals.

It will be well to mention a few of the most known buildings in this style. Salisbury Cathedral is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of it in its early state. It was built by the munificent bishop Poore, between the years A.D. 1220 and 1260: the windows here are, for the most part, of the narrow lancet shape. The nave and transepts of Westminster Abbey, commenced in the year 1245, exhibit the style in a more advanced state; while Lincoln Cathedral is a fine specimen of its latest period. The west front of Wells Cathedral, built by the munificence of Bishop Joceline

between the years 1213 and 1239, exhibits some fine specimens of the statuary of this period.

At the end of the 13th century, during the reign of Edward I., the early-English style began to lose its simplicity, and gradually became so much altered, that in the course of fifteen or twenty years, we are fain to give up the name altogether, and to call the altered style by a new one. The name chosen for this style, which crept in thus gradually, is one which expresses the nature of it—it is called the *decorated style*. It lasted about a century. It

sometimes of the same shape, or else of a different one, as at Hanwell and Chacombe churches. The capitals in large churches are often richly decorated with elegant sculpture, of a more delicate and less prominent kind than that used in early-English. Fine specimens occur at York Cathedral. In this style also we begin to find the pier mouldings running up into the arches, without any capital intervening, as at *Rusley, Warwickshire*. The bases of piers differ chiefly from those of the early-English style, by having the deep hol-



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.



WINDOW IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

is, indeed, we think, the most beautiful style of architecture that England ever saw; and, though some have thought its profuseness and variety of ornament displeasing, after the chaste severity of the early-English, we must say, that we look upon it as the first complete style in Christian art, to which the early-English, graceful as it is, is merely a sort of introduction.

We lose the lancet arch entirely in this style: those generally employed in it were the simple, pointed, equilateral, and obtuse arches. They are often difficult to distinguish from the late arches of the preceding style. The piers used in this style, in large buildings, are composed of a cluster of shafts, not detached, as in the last style, but joined together, so that only half, or three-quarters, of each appear. Thus the piers in Exeter Cathedral are like a cluster of slender shafts, closely put together, diamond-wise. An ordinary pier is made of four such shafts, as at Grendon and Austrey churches, in Warwickshire; or, again, of eight shafts, four large and four small. A great mark of this style is the square-edged, projecting ribband, or fillet, as it is called, running up the face of each shaft: it is rarely seen in other styles. In small churches the plain octagonal pier is very usual, as at Tysoe, Warwickshire; and the capitals are

lows of the mouldings filled up with small round mouldings. The bases are often angular, as at Worcester Cathedral.

Large stone-vaulted roofs now appear; and they have each division intersected by various ribs, running lengthways, or across, or from angle to angle. There are but few of the original timber roofs of this style remaining: they were of a very high, narrow pitch, and were open to the very top beam, called the ridge beam; the timbers were, indeed, as we have reason to think, always exposed in this way. The roof of Adderbury church, Oxfordshire, is a good specimen of this date,—probably the latter part of the 14th century. The doorways in this style become more highly ornamented; they have several slender shafts on either side, sometimes detached, but generally joined to the wall; over them is often found a canopy, with rich crockets, from which springs the arch moulding, as at Adderbury. But the chief glory of this style is, the beautiful and various forms which its windows assume. In the lower part they are divided into several, sometimes as many as seven, perpendicular divisions, or *lights*, as they are called. These lights are separated by stone *mullions*, which do not stop at the spring of the arch, but run into forms, sometimes of a regular geometrical shape, (such as may

be described with compasses,) or again, into easy, flowing lines, which branch into various flame-like compartments. Of the first kind, the windows of Merton College chapel, in Oxford, are good specimens; of the flowing style, some windows in Oxford Cathedral afford specimens. There are four of this kind on the north side of the Lady Chapel. In some windows the mullions merely cross in the head. Smaller windows (especially clerestory windows) are often found square-headed, and filled in the upper part with flowing tracery.

In ornamental detail, the most characteristic ornament is one called the *ball-flower*. It resembles a ball within three or four overlapping leaves, bearing some resemblance to a rose-bud: it is usually inserted in rows, in a hollow moulding, whether of doors, windows, or cornices. A four-leaved square flower is also commonly used in this style in the same way.

In buttresses of this style, we have chiefly to notice, that they are usually placed diagonally at the corners of buildings, instead of in a line with the walls, which was the plan pursued in earlier styles. They are divided into stages, and in some cases have niches, with canopies, for statues, on the outer faces, as at Witney church, Oxon. Parapets pierced through with wavy, flowing tracery, as at Malmesbury Abbey-church, and at Brailes, Warwickshire, are characteristic of this style. The transition from this style to the next, as from the last to it, was very gradual; and we often find buildings combining the features of both, which are puzzling, at least to the inexperienced eye.

ADVENTURES IN THE SNOW.¹

WHEN snow comes, the scene changes. The moment that it becomes trodden down hard on the roads, all the world is on sledges; sledges come forth from their year-long hiding-places, and stand before the houses ready to be hired. On the road are sledges of all sorts and sizes, from the largest to the smallest, from the smartest to the simplest. Some of them, especially in some of the chief cities, are very gay indeed. They are of various shapes, but resemble the bodies of chariots, phaetons, gigs, &c. set on sledge-bars. Some of them are very gaily, and others very gaudily painted, richly cushioned, and furnished with aprons of the shaggy skins of wild beasts, as bears, wolves, foxes, and deer. Their sledge-bars sweep up in a fine curve, and meet high before, bearing on their summit some figure—a pine-apple, a fir-cone, a lion's head, an eagle with outspread wings, or a human figure. The horses are covered with cloths of gay colours, which are stitched all over with little bells, and bells are generally hung on the sledges too.

Besides the handsome ones, many an old-fashioned affair comes forth, down to the bauer's or peasant's sledge, which is his old wicker-basket wagon-body, on a few poles rudely knocked together. Every thing that is a vehicle of conveyance becomes a sledge. Wheelbarrows disappear, and become sledge-barrows. Every thing that was before carried now becomes drawn. Tubs, baskets, bundles, all are on sledges, and are travelling the streets and roads. Every boy has his sledge,

too, made of a few boards nailed together, on which he is flying down the hill-sides with the utmost velocity. Wherever there is a bit of a descent in a street, or in the country, down it are going little sledges with one or more children on each of them. Boys and girls draw one another along the streets and highways at full speed on these little vehicles; every where you see them in motion, and they afford a world of amusement. If a heap of rubbish has been thrown to some outside of the town, or by the river-side, covered with snow, it becomes a sledge-bank for the lads; and they go down places so steep and uneven, that you expect to see them every moment thrown head over heels; but no such thing—away they go, as light and free as birds on the wing! and when they get to the end of their course, pick up their sledge and carry it back to the top again.

But it is not only the children that delight in sledging; the grown Germans are as much children in this respect as any of them. They partake with northern nations in all their fondness for sledging. Sledges are driving about every where, filled with merry faces, and attended by loud cracking of whips. They make also large sledging-parties, which are matters of much excitement and great display, as well as of very particular etiquette. Young gentlemen will engage young ladies for a drive in a sledging-party, or *Schlitten-fahrt-partie*, for three months before. Great are the arranging, the planning, the cogitation, while a party is in preparation. The acquaintance that shall be asked to join in it, the choice of ladies by the gentlemen, the number of sledges and outriders that they shall sport, the place to which they shall drive, and whether they shall have torches to return by or not. All parties enter into the scheme with heart and soul, and much anxiety is felt lest any change in the weather, a sudden thaw, or a fierce snow-storm, should prevent it.

The sledging-parties in the country are often still more lusty, if not so gay. The rich bauers, or farmers, in the upper Rhinlands, and other parts, are excessively fond of these excursions, and with sledges that will hold at least twenty people, will, in winter, drive about for whole days together. The gentry, in some parts of Germany, will, with much joviality, make use of the same capacious vehicles, and set on foot parties to some place of resort. The trouble in the country to get these together, and the ludicrous accidents that occur to them, afford subject of much entertainment. In the kingdom of Wirtemberg, the wirths, or landlords of the inns, are especially obliging. If you stop merely at their doors, while your driver gives his horses some bread and water, they feel much annoyed if you will not honour their house by going in. If you want nothing, they don't trouble themselves about that. They will do you any little service they can, just as much as if you had spent a large sum with them. At Waldenbuch, not far from Stuttgart, we stopped at the door of one of these good-natured men. We had recently breakfasted, and, as we wanted nothing, and the driver said he would not stay long, we proposed to sit in the carriage for the time. The wirth, a tall and very respectable-looking man—for the wirths are generally men of a tolerable education, and often hold a rank with the smaller gentry of the neighbourhood—came and

(1) We have taken this amusing little sketch from W. Howitt's interesting work on Germany. 8vo. Longman & Co.

begged us to alight. We explained to him that we wanted nothing, and therefore did not wish to trouble them by going in and out. He appeared much disappointed; said it was of no consequence whether we took anything or nothing, but he hoped we would honour his house by entering it. As we, however, respectfully persisted in remaining in the carriage, he went away, but soon came again, and with much earnestness besought us to alight. If we would not go in, we ought at least to see the country, and there was an old ducal castle too that we ought to see, and if we would permit him, he would have much pleasure in being our guide. This disinterested kindness it would have been most uncourteous to decline. With many thanks we alighted; and the good-hearted Swabian, calling for his hat and his cane, for he did not think his ordinary cap which he had on sufficiently in dress to appear openly with strangers, he led the way.

But our worthy wirth has been introduced here for his sledging-party. In the stables of the castle he tapped with his cane on a very capacious sledge, and breaking into laughter, said: "That is mine! Aha! I cannot see it without laughing. If you had but been here at a sledging-party that we had last winter! The forest-master and the clergyman were always saying that *we* could not get up a genteel sledging-party here. That other places could do it, but that *we* had not here any respectable materials to compose one of. I determined to try. I took my sledge and drove round. I went here and there. I got together the amtman, the clergyman, and the physician of the next dorf, the collector of the land taxes, the steward, the master of the forests, and their families. We made a most imposing party. In this, my sledge, were stowed sixteen souls. I drove, and we took the lead. All went well; we drove out far into the country. The air was clear, though sharp, and all were in the highest spirits. My horses were full of life; and as I led the way at a great rate, I heard behind me a loud sound of mirth, and laughter, and gossip. But unluckily, as we passed over a part of the way which hung over the valley below, the snow had drifted over a precipice of at least a dozen feet high, and hung in great round rolls and wreaths. My horses at this critical spot suddenly took fright, and became restive. I endeavoured to whip them sharply forward, but spite of all my exertions they backed and backed till one side of the sledge was over the precipice. There was a sudden and astounding shriek, not only from those in the sledge, but from those in sledges behind, as they saw it toppling over. I leaped out to seize the horses by the reins and drag them forward; but it was in part too late. The cries from all the party rose more wildly than before; and glancing at the sledge, I saw one after another of its load disappear over the precipice. Amongst them was a little boy of mine, only about four years old. As I saw him plunge down over the precipice, I lost all self-command, and all thought of every thing else. I ran in distraction towards the nearest point where I could descend into the valley, crying, 'Oh! my child! my child! my child is killed!' I plunged frantically down a deep descent; I rushed like a maniac to the spot where the child and the others had fallen. There were four or five men and women already scrambling out of the snow-heaps, or standing as much like pillars of salt

as Lot's wife, and crying, and cursing, and shaking themselves in the middle of the way. As I drew near, all at once broke out furiously—'Oh, what have you done! This is your fine sledging party! Oh, you have killed us! You have lamed us for life!—'Cursed stuff!' I exclaimed, raging; 'my child! my child! where is he? He perishes—he is smothering in the snow!'—I sprung into the drifts; I caught a sight of his red worsted glove—I seized it—I grasped his arm—I drew him out. He was already black and blue in the face; but presently a gush of blood started from his nose, and he set up a most vigorous yell. He had fallen with his nose and eye against a stump or a stone, and I found that his eye was seriously injured. One man near me exclaimed, 'Oh, I have broken my arm!'—'Never mind your arm!' I exclaimed. 'What does your arm signify? my child's eye is knocked out!' As soon as I was satisfied the child was not actually dead or dying, nor seriously hurt, I looked about to discover if any one else was yet in the snow, and presently I espied a pair of great old boots standing up in the drift, the head and body of whose possessor had disappeared downwards in the snow. I had known these boots too many years not to recognise them in an instant. The old doctor of the next village was there lying, head foremost. Much as I was concerned for him, and loudly as I called on those who had already got out to come to his help, there was something so ludicrous in his situation, that I could not for the life avoid bursting into loud laughter, as with all our might we grasped the old boots, and dragged out their owner. It was some time before we could wipe away the snow out of his face, and set him on a great stone to recover his breath. For a while he gasped and panted; and when we asked him how he felt, did not even answer by a shake of his head, but looked wildly and angrily about him. At length he rose suddenly from the stone, cast the most savage glances at me, and with much panting and catching of his breath, said to me, 'There! you have done for me with your *verdammte* sledging party. You have cut me off in the middle of my days.' The worthy old man was already upwards of eighty, and the idea of his being cut off in the middle of his days was too much even for those who had themselves but just got out of the snow, and were therefore not in the best of humours: a general laugh arose, at which the old gentleman looked highly indignant, and marched off in great scorn. But if we were merry at the old gentleman's sally, how much was this increased when, hearing a cry for help somewhere above our heads, we looked up, and beheld a big man suspended by his coat-laps in the boughs of a tree which stretched over the precipice! It was the steward. There he hung like Absalom, and quivered his legs like a bird in a springe, being neither able to reach hold of anything with his hands, nor to drop down into the snow. At this sight our laughter grew tenfold. We were absolutely disabled from flying to his assistance; but our noise brought some of the other party to the brow of the precipice, to see what was the matter, where they beheld the cause of our entertainment. There was an instant call from them to the rest above to come and look. All that dared, flocked forward till they could see the poor steward dangling like a scarecrow in the tree. At this nobody could forbear laughing—all broke out; and above and below the poor fellow heard our unnatu-

ral mirth, as it must have seemed to him. A light active youth, however, soon scrambled into the tree, and cutting away several small boughs, down plumped the steward into the snow.

"Nobody was really hurt, except it was myself, on whom all joined in heaping the bitterest reproaches; first, for having so zealously advocated and brought about this party; and secondly, for driving on a road so dangerous, though this latter matter had been the choice of others, not mine. By the time that we reached home, nevertheless, all had recovered their good-humour, and were more inclined to laugh at the ludicrous parts of the adventure than to regret what had happened, except the worthy old doctor. He cast most cutting looks and speeches at many of us, but more especially at me, over his dinner and his wine, and persisted that we had done for him, and had actually cut him off in the middle of his days. The worthy old man yet lives, however; though he never has, and never will, forgive our laughter."

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

February 24.—Feast of St. Matthias.

THIS apostle is supposed to have suffered crucifixion, A. D. 61 or 64.

Shrove-Tuesday (1846).¹

In the north of England, the day preceding the above is called Collop-Monday: and upon it, eggs and collops compose a usual dish at dinner. "It should seem," says Brand, "that on Collop-Monday they took their leave of flesh in the papal times, which was anciently prepared to last during the winter by salting, drying, and being hung up. Slices of this kind of meat are to this day termed collops in the north, whereas, they are called steaks when cut off from fresh or unsalted flesh; a kind of food which I am inclined to think our ancestors seldom tasted in the depth of winter." At Eton School, it was the custom on this day for the scholars to write verses either in praise or dispraise of "Father Bacchus," poets being considered as immediately under his protection. He was, therefore, sung on this occasion in all kinds of metres; and the verses of the boys of the seventh and sixth, and of some of the fifth forms, were affixed to the inner doors of the college. "Verses," says "Peter Parley," in his Annual for the last year, "are still written and put up, but the young poets are no longer confined to the god of wine; and one of the last poems was on the college pump."

Shrove-Tuesday is so termed from the preter tense of the Saxon word *to shrive*, because at this season, prior to the change of religion, every communicant throughout the kingdom was obliged, individually, to confess to his parish priest, as a preparation for the austerities of Lent. The great bell which summoned the faithful early in the morning to this duty was called *pancake bell*, and is still rung in some parishes. Its title is evidently derived from the practice of eating pancakes and fritters at Shrovetide. After the people had made their confession, they were permitted to indulge in festive recreations, although forbidden to partake of flesh. Hence arose the usage, just alluded to,

of eating pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday—a practice which survived the Reformation, and still prevails. In a poem written in 1634, it is jocularly remarked that, on this day, every "paunch,"

"Till it can hold no more,
Is fritter-filled, as well as heart can wish;
And every man and maid do take their turn,
And toss their pancakes up for fear they burn;
And all the kitchen doth with laughter sound,
To see the pancakes fall upon the ground."

Taylor, the Water Poet, writing in 1630, gives the following curious account of the above custom:—"Shrove-Tuesday," he observes, "at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is unquiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, called the pancake-bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity; then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical, magical enchantments, and then they put it, by little and little, into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing . . . until at last, by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily."

A correspondent in Hone's "Every Day Book," relates that the old curfew bell at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, still exists, and has, from time immemorial, been regularly rung on the morning of Shrove-Tuesday at four o'clock, after which hour the inhabitants are at liberty to make and eat pancakes until the bell rings again at eight o'clock at night. He adds, that this custom is observed so closely, that after that hour not a pancake remains in the town.

Allusion has been made to the festive amusements anciently tolerated by the Church of England on this day. If we may credit the author of the "Popish Kingdom," they were certainly of a jocose nature. He says—

"Puddings everywhere
Do swarm: the dice are shook and tossed, and cards apace they
tear:

In every house are shouts and cries, and mirth, and revel rout,
And dainty tables spread, and all beset with guests about:
With sundry plays and Christmas games, and fear and shame away.
The tongue is set at liberty, and hath no kind of stay.
And things are lawful then and done, no pleasure passed by,
That in their minds they can devise, as if they then should die;
The chiefest man is he, and one that most deserveth praise,
Among the rest, that can find out the fondest kind of plays.
On him they look and gaze upon, and laugh with lusty cheer,
Whom boys do follow, crying fool, and such like other gear."

The poet then proceeds to describe the "plays" above alluded to. Some of the revellers, he relates, carried staves, or fought in armour; some disguised themselves as devils, and frightened the boys; some scampered along the streets with nothing on but masks; some ran about attired like kings or monks, accompanied by guards and "other stately things;"

"Some hatch young fools, as hens do eggs, with good and speedy
luck,
Or as the goose doth use to do, or as the quacking duck.
Some like wild beasts do run abroad in skins that divers be
Arrayed; and eke with loathsome shapes, that dreadful are to see,
They counterfeit both bears and wolves and lions fierce in sight,
And raging bulls. Some play the cranes with wings and stilts
upright."

(1) We propose to notice the moveable holydays on the days on which they fall in the present year.

Some dressed like apes, and some like fools: some bore, what Hone delicately terms an "unsavoury morsel,"

"That on a cushion soft they lay,
And one there is that with a flap doth keep the flies away,"

Others stuffed a "doublet fair" and hose with straw or rags,

"Whom as a man that lately died, of honest life and fame,
In blanket hid they bear about, and straightways with the same
'They hurl him up into the air, not suffering him to fall; &c."
And this they do at divers times the city over all."

Men wore women's clothes, and women, dressed as men, entered their neighbours' or friends' houses, and ate and drank to excess.

If the snow lay deep on the ground, the poet records, battles were fought with snow-balls, to the discomfiture of old matrons and sober individuals, who were constrained to stay at home in consequence. These processions and mockeries, as we learn from the same writer, had for their spectators "noble men, the rich, and men of high degree," who came abroad with "waggons finely framed before," drawn by a "lusty horse, and swift of pace," covered with trappings, and decorated with "a hundred jingling bells." These waggons were occupied by the wives and children of their owners, who stood behind—

"Well armed with whips, and holding fast the bridle in their hand."

In this fashion—

"With all their force throughout the streets and market-place they run,
As if some whirlwind mad, or tempest great from skies should come,"

to the great peril of the "amazed people," on foot: and not content "to use this madness all the day," they continued their rough "pastime" till midnight, whereby they disturbed the slumbers of the more sober citizens, and caused their heads to ache sorely. The records of Norwich relate that, in 1440, one John Gladman, who is there styled a man "who was ever, and at this hour is, of sad disposition, and true and faithful to God and the King," made a "disport" with his neighbours, crowned as king of Christmas, on horseback, having his horse bedizened with tinsel, &c., and preceded by the twelve months of the year, each month disguised as the season required; after him came Lent, clothed in white and red herring skins, and his horse trapped with oyster shells, "in token that sadness should follow, and a holy time," and so "rode in divers streets of the city," with other people in masquerade dresses, "making mirth, disports, and plays."

Till within late years Shrove-Tuesday was the great holiday of the apprentices, who used chiefly to amuse themselves upon it by punishing persons of evil fame, assailing houses of dubious répute, and carting the inmates through the city. Football was formerly, and remains, a game played on this day in various parts of Britain. The author of a "Statistical Account of Scotland," 1795, relates that at Inveresk, county of Midlothian, there is, on Shrove-Tuesday, a standing match at football between the married and unmarried women, in which the former invariably are victors. The same writer says, that in the parish of Scone, county of Perth, every year, on this day, the bachelors and married men draw themselves up at the cross

of Scone on opposite sides. A ball was then thrown up, and they played from two o'clock till sunset. The game was this: he who, at any time, got the ball into his hands, run with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party, and then, if he could shake himself loose from those on the opposite side who seized him, he run on; if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by the other party; but no person was allowed to kick it. The object of the married men was to hang it, that is, to put it three times into a small hole in the moor, the *dool*, or limit, on the one hand; that of the bachelors was to *drown* it, or dip it three times in a deep place in the river, the limit on the other. The party who could effect either of these objects won the game; but if neither party won, the ball was cut into equal parts at sunset. This custom is supposed to have had its origin in the days of chivalry. An Italian, it is said, came into this part of the country, challenging all the parishes under a certain penalty in case of declining his challenge. All the parishes declined except Scone, which beat the foreigner, and, in commemoration of this gallant action, the game was instituted. "With regard to the custom of playing at football on Shrove-Tuesday," says the antiquary Brand, "I was informed, that at Alnwick Castle in Northumberland, the waits belonging to the town come playing to the castle every year on Shrove-Tuesday, at two o'clock P.M., when a football was thrown over the castle walls to the populace. I saw this done Feb. 5th, 1788."

Hutchinson, in his "History of Cumberland," relates:—"Till within the last twenty or thirty years, it had been a custom, time out of mind, for the scholars of the free school of Bromfield, about the beginning of Lent, or, in the more expressive phraseology of the country, at Fasting's even, to *bar out the master*; that is, to depose and exclude him from his school, and keep him out for three days. During the period of this expulsion, the doors of the citadel, the school, were strongly barricaded within; and the boys, who defended it like a besieged city, were armed, in general, with *bore-tree* or elder pop-guns. The master meanwhile made various efforts, both by force and stratagem, to regain his lost authority. If he succeeded, heavy tasks were imposed, and the business of the school was resumed and submitted to; but it more commonly happened that he was repulsed and defeated. After three days' siege, terms of capitulation were proposed by the master, and accepted by the boys. These terms were summed up in an old formula of Latin Leonine verses, stipulating what hours and times should, for the year ensuing, be allotted to study, and what to relaxation and play. Securities were provided by each side for the due performance of these stipulations, and the paper was then solemnly signed both by master and scholars.

"One of the articles always stipulated for and granted, was the privilege of immediately celebrating certain games of long standing; viz. a football match and a cock-fight. Captains, as they were called, were then chosen to manage and preside over these games: one from that part of the parish which lay to the westward of the school; the other from the east. Cocks and foot-ball players were sought for with great diligence. The party whose cocks won the most battles was victorious in the cock-pit; and the prize, a small silver

bell, suspended to the button of the victor's hat, and worn for three successive Sundays. After the cock-fight was ended, the foot-ball was thrown down in the church-yard, and the point then to be contested was, which party could carry it to the house of his respective captain; to Dundraw, perhaps, or West Newtown, a distance of two or three miles; every inch of which ground was keenly disputed. All the honour accruing to the conqueror at foot-ball was that of possessing the ball. Details of these matches were the general topics of conversation amongst the villagers, and were dwelt on with hardly less satisfaction than their ancestors enjoyed in relating their feats in the border wars."

The above was not the only place where cock-fighting was practised on Shrove-Tuesday; the custom has now generally fallen into disuse, and is one of those which we do not wish to see revived. Cock-fighting was prohibited in England under Edward III. and Henry VIII., yet the latter brutal tyrant indulged his sanguinary tastes by patronising this cruel amusement.

In the old town of Leicester is an open space called the Newarks, of a cross form, accessible by three gates, and surrounded by tall buildings. In the afternoon of Shrove-Tuesday, three men take possession of this place, armed with waggon whips, and each attended by another man carrying a bell. These worthies, who are called Whipping Toms, claim a right to flog everybody entering or passing through the Newarks whom they can catch, and this as long as the attendant bellman can keep ringing his bell. The amusement consists in surrounding the bellman and silencing his bell; for during the cessation of ringing, the whipper is powerless. This, however, is a service of some hazard, and requires the combined address and activity of the young men who take part in the frolic. As soon, however, as a Whipping Tom finds his companion silenced, and subject to the laugh of the spectators, he hurries, with his attendant bell, to the rescue; and the scene becomes one of considerable mirth and animation, and many daring attempts are made to capture the succouring bell on the one hand, and to liberate the captured bell and get both whips into action on the other. By the three outlets from the place escape is easy, and the fourth contains a nook called "Little London," within which you are entitled to sanctuary. The bustle, activity, and address elicited by the whole affair, and the merriment of the spectators, as bells are captured, or luckless wights subjected to whipping, render it an afternoon of great excitement, which the young especially talk of for months before and after.

The common people formerly, at this time, assumed a privilege of breaking down doors for amusement. Of this there are, perhaps, some remains, in a practice which still exists in some remote districts, of throwing broken crockery and other rubbish at doors. In Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, if not in other counties, the latter usage is called *Lent Crocking*. In the former county, the boys sometimes go round in small parties; and the leader knocks at the door, leaving his followers behind him, armed with a good stock of potsherds, the collected relics of the washing-pans, jugs, dishes, and plates, that have become the victims of concussion in the hands of unlucky or careless housewives for the past year. "When the door is opened," says a correspondent in Hone's "Year-

Book," "the hero, who is, perhaps, a farmer's boy, with a pair of black eyes sparkling under the tattered brim of his brown milking-hat, covered with cow's hair and dirt, like the inside of a black-bird's nest, hangs down his head, and, with one corner of his mouth turned up into an irrepressible smile, pronounces, in the dialect of his county, the following lines:—

'I be come a shrovin',
Vor a little pankiak,
"A bit o' bread o' your biakin',
Or a little truckle cheese o' your own miakin',
If you'll gi' me a little, I'll ax no moore,
If you don't gi' me nothin', I'll rattle your door.'

Sometimes he gets a piece of bread and cheese; and at some houses he is told to begone, when he calls up his followers to send their missiles, in a rattling broadside, against the door."

In Wiltshire, the begging of pancakes, &c. is omitted, and the Lent crockers pelt the doors as a matter of course. The fragments of pots and dishes originally signified, that, as Lent was begun, those cooking vessels were of no use, and were supposed to be broken; and the cessation of flesh-eating was intimated in the petitioning for pancakes and bread and cheese.

An anonymous writer records, in 1826, that at Ludlow, on Shrove-Tuesday, the corporation provide a rope, three inches in thickness, and in length thirty-six yards, which is given out by a few of the members at one of the windows of the market-hall, at four o'clock; when a large body of the inhabitants, divided into two parties, commence an arduous struggle; and as soon as either party gains the victory by pulling the rope beyond the prescribed limits, the pulling ceases; which is, however, always renewed by a second, and sometimes by a third contest; the rope being purchased, by subscription, from the victorious party, and given out again. In the end the rope is sold by the victors, and the money, which generally amounts to two pounds or guineas, is expended in liquor. The origin of this singular custom is involved in obscurity.

Very like, though rather more refined than the old English Shrovetide revels, is the Italian carnival, celebrated on Shrove-Tuesday and the nine days preceding. In the Catholic districts of Germany, carnival is still celebrated as in Italy, during the three days in February ending with Ash-Wednesday, though not with the same native gusto and spirit as amongst the Italians. The next approach to this is in Cologne, and in Mayence, with which Mannheim, Worms, and other Rhine cities, have sometimes attempted to vie. In Cologne, in particular, the people give themselves up to it heart and soul. They have their public processions, generally intended to satirize some public or private occurrence of the day, or to amuse the people with grotesque representations of historic scenes and personages. Others again are got up to recall the romantic ages in all their splendour. In 1841 Mannheim exhibited a procession of this kind, intended to rival the most magnificent ones of Cologne. It was the entrance of a princess of England as the imperial bride, the emperor of Germany and a great number of princes being assembled to receive her. There were electors, princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, bishops and knights, in great numbers; all on horseback, in the most gorgeous chivalric costume

and array. There was the travelling kitchen, the travelling apothecary with his shop, belonging to the imperial train. There was old father Rhine, Michael Scott the necromancer, Saracens, &c. All was conceived and executed with the most correct historic or poetic propriety, and formed a most splendid spectacle as it paraded the streets. Those, however, who were accustomed to the carnival of Italy, or even of Cologne, complained that it was too silent and pantomimic; that it wanted all the attractions of masking figures, and witty encounters in the streets. These are to be found in Cologne. Here, immediately after New year's day, committees are formed, who make it their business to strike out and prepare costumes, characters, witticisms, &c. in readiness for the carnival, or Fasching, as it is called in Germany. The Fasching committees meet in general assembly once a week, in a hall fitted up for the purpose, with raised platforms and rostra for orators. This is called the great council, and is presided over by a select council and a president. Here, in sittings of from two to three hours' length, they appear in hundreds, in their costumes and in many-coloured caps. Here are proposed such plans as have been laid before the different committees; and orators, generally clad in old Roman costume, address them from the rostra, in advocacy or rejection of these proposals. Then commence warm and often humorous debates, and resolutions are adopted, amid the loudest outcries and clamours of applause or disapproval, attended with the playing of flourishes and marches by a numerous orchestra.

These assemblies, as the carnival approaches, are held still oftener. They are opened with the general singing of some patriotic song, and the three days of the public carnival make it but a small portion of the real one, which is going on almost daily before the arrival of the public exhibition. The great points of splendour in the carnival are the procession and the masked-ball, the latter, at Cologne, being held in the great gothic hall of the Kauffhaus, highly adorned for the occasion.

February 25.—Ash Wednesday, (1846.)

This is the first day of Lent. It is called Ash Wednesday, from an ancient Christian ceremony. The people flocked to church, and the priests strewed them, as they knelt, with ashes, signed them with the cross, and said, "Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris." "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return."

The Lenten Fast.

LENT (which, as we have intimated, begins on Ash Wednesday,) is so called from the time of the year in which it is observed: Lent, in the Saxon language, signifying Spring. This is a solemn fast, lasting forty days, and "was taken up," says Bishop Sparrow, "by holy Church in imitation of Moses and Elias in the Old Testament; but principally in imitation of our SAVIOUR's fast in the New Testament."

OLD CUSTOMS.

Among the ancient customs of this country which are now disused, was a singularly odd one, continued even to so late a period as the reign of George I. During Lent, an officer, called the King's cock-crower, crowed the hour each night within the precincts of the palace, instead of pub-

lishing it in the ordinary manner of watchmen. On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., sat down to supper, this officer abruptly entered the apartment, and, according to accustomed usage, proclaimed in a sound resembling the shrill pipe of a cock, that it was "past ten o'clock." Taken by surprise, and imperfectly acquainted with the English language, the astonished prince supposed the assumed crow was some mockery intended to insult him, and instantly rose to resent the affront; nor was it without difficulty that the interpreter explained the nature of the custom, and satisfied him that a compliment was designed, according to the court etiquette of the time.

It is mentioned by Mr. Fosbroke that ladies wore friars' girdles in Lent. This custom may be illustrated by an amusing anecdote. Sir Thomas More finding his wife scolding her servants during this season, endeavoured to restrain her. "Tush, tush, my lord," she replied, pointing to her friar's girdle; "look, here is one step to heavenward." "I fear me," he answered with his accustomed humour, "that one step will not bring you up one step higher."

Other Lenten customs will be noticed in our remarks upon the days on which they were observed.

Reading for the Young.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

(Concluded.)

WHEN nearly fourteen years of age, Mary Anne, who had rather outgrown her strength, became languid, low spirited, and irritable; and, although she had gained such an ascendancy over herself as to restrain her numerous caprices, there yet remained enough, when excited by illness, to try her mother's patience severely, who, fearing by contradiction to increase her malady, endeavoured by extreme gentleness to lead her back to her former reasonable manner of conducting herself; and, at those moments, she felt ready to adore her mother for her forbearance.

One day that Madame Thibourg happened to be present at one of those scenes of ill-humour, she endeavour to reason with Mary Anne, but, disgusted at her sharpness, and at the disrespectful manner in which she answered her mother, who was endeavouring to calm her, she told her some very unpalatable truths, which so offended her, that she left the room in such a flood of tears as threatened a fit of hysterics. Her mother, who followed her immediately on the departure of Madame Thibourg, found her still trembling, but calm, and thoroughly ashamed of what had passed, although she endeavoured to excuse it by pleading that Madame Thibourg had irritated her.

"She wished to prove to you, my child, that she was right and you were wrong; you wanted to do the same; and supposing that you both desired to be thought right, was it not your place to yield?"

"Ah, mamma! but that is not the way you deal with me," said Mary Anne, on whom the remembrance of her mother's kindness fell with redoubled force.

"My child," said Madame Leroi, "I am bound to sacrifice every feeling of my heart, rather than allow you to entertain one which would injure

either your disposition or your health. Mary Anne, can there exist another person who feels for you as your mother does?"

Deeply affected, and still suffering from the effects of the late scene, Mary Anne threw herself into her mother's arms, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, it is you alone who know how to manage me; and I yield more readily to you than to any other person."

"Yes, my child, you will, and you ought to do so; and you will one day repay me all my love with usury. Calm yourself, my dear; your mother has patience to await your restoration to tranquillity."

Mary Anne vowed in her heart to devote herself to her mother's happiness, and, re-assured by her gentle words, she gradually regained her former happy state of mind. She watched over herself, and succeeded, by her mother's assistance, in conquering her impetuosity. But her lowness of spirits, and her emaciation, increased to such an alarming degree, as to draw from the physician an opinion, that unless country air was resorted to, he would not answer for her life. This was a dreadful blow to Madame Leroi, whose slender means had been already nearly exhausted. Madame Thibourg, to whom she communicated her anxiety, proposed to join her in hiring a small country house at St. Mandé, which she knew was to be let for six hundred francs. The saving we shall make by living together, will amply reimburse us for the extra expense of the hundred crowns that it will cost each of us. Madame Leroi, however, was quite aware that, on the contrary, her expenses would be much increased by a residence with Madame Thibourg, who studied her own comfort, and was much more expensive in her tastes; but, too much rejoiced at any plan which would benefit her child to make difficulties, she acceded at once, with a resolution to work still harder to obtain the hundred crowns which were demanded in advance for the rent of the house. For this purpose she parted with her eiderdown quilt, and the four fine engravings which ornamented her apartment, and made up the rest of the money, as well as that which was necessary for her removal, by adding a sum which she had destined to the purchase of a stove for their small dining-room, or rather closet; for, dreading to run any risk of dirtying or tarnishing her work, and suffering much from cold, she, with her child, had hitherto eaten in the kitchen, where the coal-smoke had affected her head and chest. These sacrifices could not be concealed from Mary Anne, and great was the grief they caused her. She was become so exquisitely sensitive upon all subjects, that, notwithstanding her great desire to go into the country, the idea of her mother's selling her eiderdown quilt, an article she knew to be so essential to her comfort, threw her into such a state of excitement, that Madame Leroi found it necessary to use rather severe measures with her.

"Do you forget, Mary Anne," said she, "that you should strengthen yourself, to be useful to me one of these days?"

Her remark was happily timed, as it diverted the thoughts of her daughter, who assisted in the preparations for departure with a zeal which afforded her poor mother at least a gleam of hope and joy.

The gates of Paris were hardly passed before Mary Anne experienced a change in her feelings, and a week's residence in the country made so

great a difference in her, as to astonish all her friends; her mother regarded her with tearful eyes, and every glance which Mary Anne directed towards her, served to confirm her happiness. Her usual gaiety and ardour returned with health, and she found herself able to accomplish all that she had before imagined unconquerable. Her understanding becoming fully developed, she devoted herself to the acquirement of new accomplishments, and to the practice of those in which she still felt a deficiency. Her mother's unvarying affection had made so indelible an impression on her heart, that she worried herself in schemes for requiting her. She determined to regain the time she had lost during her illness by intense application to her studies; and she looked for her mother's approbation as her dearest reward; but with a feeling of dissatisfaction with herself, she would say, "It is all very well, mamma, you are pleased for me, because you think that my improvement will benefit me; but when shall I be able to do any thing exclusively for you?"

"Patience," said her mother; "the time will come."

"Oh, that it were already come," would she say, and fall to work again still harder than before.

Much pains did she take to re-establish herself in Madame Thibourg's good opinion, which by her former conduct she had lost. Alas! how little do young people consider the injury they are doing themselves, while exposing their faults to strangers, who, judging only by what they see and hear, become impressed with notions extremely disadvantageous to them, which are seldom effaced. Madame Thibourg treated Mary Anne at first with harshness, suspecting her of even more faults than she really possessed; this made her very angry, until her mother explained the cause of this apparent injustice to her.

"Well, if she be unjust," said Mary Anne, proudly, "so much the worse for her."

"No, my child; so much the worse for you, since it is your fault. If you had not given rise to this injustice by once placing yourself in an unfavourable light to her, you might resign yourself to hear it quietly, but as it is, you must put an end to it."

After a few outbreaks of that temper to which Mary Anne had been so subject, but which she generally overcame immediately, she felt the truth of her mother's remarks, and resolved to keep so strict a watch over herself as to leave little cause for blame. A look from her mother was sufficient to induce her to refrain from a repetition of the fault, and to make amends with the most engaging candour. Thus, at the age of sixteen, after a nine months' sojourn at St. Mandé, a most astonishing improvement was observable in her mind, manners, and appearance.

At the beginning of winter they returned to Paris, for nothing would have induced Madame Thibourg to remain in the country during that season; and the road being nearly impassable, owing to the bad weather, Madame Leroi could no longer traverse it on foot to return her work to her employers; indeed, her health had been severely tried, and was now evidently giving way under the severity of the winter. Mary Anne was convinced that the want of the eiderdown quilt very much increased her mother's sufferings; and she was at times in a state of feverish anxiety for the arrival

of that time when she might hope to assist and console her.

The spring was cold and late, and their stock of wood was exhausted. Madame Leroi, whose ill health had prevented her working as much as usual during the winter, being averse to contracting a debt, declared that she could very well do without a fire; but Mary Anne, who knew how much she suffered, wept each morning when, on opening the window, she found the cold as intense as ever. She would willingly have assisted her mother with her tapestry, but, although a tolerable worker, Madame Leroi had not encouraged her to neglect her more serious employments for the sake of perfecting herself in embroidery, and she had not yet entrusted her with any thing of much consequence.

"Do not fear, Mary Anne," said she, "you will work soon enough for me."

On a day that Madame Leroi had returned to her bed with a bad sick headache, a piece of tapestry was sent to her with an order to work it as quickly as possible, to repair an accident caused by the falling of a lamp. The chair which it was to match was sent with it as a pattern. Mary Anne promised that it should be finished by the following week; and, agitated by an idea which had just entered her head, she shut all the things together in a place where her mother was not likely to find them. Madame Leroi having been asleep at the time of this occurrence, knew nothing of it. Mary Anne found, to her great joy, that her mother's box of silks contained all that was necessary for her work.

With the assistance of the porter's wife, to whom she confided her scheme, she dragged from the garret an old work-frame, and fixed it in an uninhabited room, of which this woman had the key. Before her mother awoke, the frame was mounted, the chair placed before it, and the needle threaded; and the following morning, being unable to sleep, from impatience, she silently escaped to her work, to which she also devoted the two hours which were usually spent in a walk with Madame Thibourg and her daughters. She communicated her intention of surprising her mother to Madame Thibourg, but said not a word about the privations which that mother had undergone. The harp was a little neglected, to be sure; for, while practising, she thought only of the shades of her silks; but in time she found herself quite equal to her undertaking. As she had only to copy, and was now endued with that perseverance which conquers all difficulties, this her first attempt succeeded to admiration; and on the seventh day, the porter's wife, and Madame Thibourg and her daughters, who were summoned to a consultation, declared that the copy could not be distinguished from the original. The good woman was commissioned to take the work home, and receive the money, which Mary Anne destined to the purchase of half a load of wood.

The next morning, while Madame Leroi was still in bed, Mary Anne, who was now very much delighted at the coldness of the atmosphere, had the wood put in the fire-place, while the porter's wife, nearly as much pleased as herself, brought a good stoveful of lighted coals. Madame Leroi, awaking at the noise of the crackling wood, asked what it was, and reproached Mary Anne with having bought a faggot.

"A faggot, indeed!" said the woman, proudly; "come and look if the kitchen faggots are like that;" and Mary Anne, opening the curtains of her mother's bed, showed her such a nicely-burning fire as she had not seen for many weeks; then, without answering a question, she threw a dressing-gown over her, took her to the kitchen, where the good creature had piled their store of wood, and, after placing her by her sitting-room fire, she related all that had occurred.

"My dear child—" were the only words her weeping mother could utter.

Mary Anne pressed her mother's hand, and exclaimed, in an animated, yet serious tone, "Now, mamma, I do indeed belong to you!"

"Yes, my love, and I take possession of you," replied the mother, with great emotion; "now is your turn to give yourself to your mother,—the time is come." And Mary Anne, falling at her mother's feet, covered her hand with kisses.

From that day she assisted her mother in working, without stealing from her hours of study; her strength and activity never failed, for the good feelings that put them in action were inexhaustible. At the age of eighteen, she was quite qualified to give lessons, having tried her first efforts in teaching on Madame Thibourg's youngest daughter. Her next pupils were the young ladies of a school, and, as she became more known, she taught in several respectable families. At first, the porter's wife used to attend her to and from the houses of her pupils; but in a short time, Mary Anne's good sense, and the modest, serious manner which the thought of her peculiar position required her to adopt, induced Madame Leroi to allow her to go alone; and this enabled her to make more extensive engagements. The expenses of their house was thus defrayed; and if, on Mary Anne's return, she found her mother looking fatigued, she would take the work from her hand, saying, "I belong to you, mamma, you must do as I please."

Madame Leroi's health became worse and worse, but she felt no anxiety about it, while her child remained well. At such moments as these, Mary Anne rejoiced in the consciousness of her health and strength.

On receiving an advantageous offer of marriage, she felt that in accepting it, she would not only deprive herself of the pleasure of working for her mother, but also rob that mother of the charms of her society,—and she declined it. Fortunately the announcement was made to herself, and she studiously concealed her refusal from her mother (who would never have consented to such a sacrifice) until some time afterwards, when, seeing her mother deeply affected, and nearly angry at this intelligence, she fell at her feet, exclaiming, "Mother, I have but one favour to ask of you, that of being allowed to belong to you always!"

"My child," said her mother, with a sigh, "be happy in your own way;" and she concealed her deep regret at the failure of this marriage.

Not very long afterwards, mention was made, in Mary Anne's hearing, of an officer, whose wounds compelled him to retire from active service, although little more than thirty years of age. He had lost his left arm, and his former good looks had disappeared, under an accumulation of sufferings. Full of ardour for his profession, but sadly depressed at the reflection of so early a termination to his once brilliant expectations, he had devoted

himself to solitary meditation. He would not think of marriage, having, as he said, but his own wretched self to offer to a woman. Mary Anne, whose natural disposition, and habits of thinking, led her to delight in generosity of sentiment, replied, with warmth, that she thought the whole charge of a husband's happiness a sufficient offering to any woman. This speech being repeated to M. de Luxeuil, the officer, together with the comments on Mary Anne's character which it elicited, excited his curiosity to know more about her; and, when he was informed that she had hitherto devoted her life to her mother, he conceived the idea, that by assisting her in this pleasing task, he should give himself a claim to her gratitude and affection.

The person who had mentioned Mary Anne to him (not without design), encouraged the idea, and managed so well, that from talking of her, M. de Luxeuil became desirous she should hear of him, and he then thought it might be possible for him to make himself agreeable to her.

To make my story short: in course of time, the proposal was made, and joyfully accepted; and after their marriage, M. de Luxeuil took his wife and mother-in-law to a charming country house which he possessed, about thirty leagues from Paris. On arriving, he conducted Madame Leroi to the apartments which he had ordered to be arranged for her use, and Mary Anne beamed on him a smile of fond affection, as if in thanks. The rest of the house excited new admiration at every step. In the drawing-room, Madame Leroi's arm-chair was placed in the most comfortable corner, and care had been taken in planning their future style of living, that it should be such as best suited her health, tastes, and habits. "My children," said she, looking affectionately at her son-in-law and daughter, "I perceive that you have already talked a great deal about me."

Mary Anne's happiness was complete, and M. de Luxeuil began a life of such bliss as he had never before even dreamed of. Formed, by their mutual tastes, to become dearer to each other, and most grateful for their reciprocal happiness, Mary Anne and her husband felt almost alarmed at this untroubled stream of joy. Madame Leroi hardly knew how to respond to this double affection. "Leave me alone," she would say; "what am I to do with two causes of happiness at once."

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE STORY OF HORSLEY HALL.

(J. E. M.)

THE lady was sitting alone in her grief,
Yet her proud flashing eye scorn'd to weep for relief,
While these half-mutter'd words from her pale lips comest
Gave vent to the passion that swell'd in her breast:—

"Am I thus then cast off, like a plaything laid by?
Has he sated his lust? has he wearied his eye?
Has his fickle heart, yearning again to be free,
Learnt another is younger and fairer than me?

"Where's the love he once swore should be strong in all time,
Should soften our age as it gladden'd our prime?
The flame then so hot has grown suddenly cold,
Like a dream that is fled, like a tale that is told.

"His want of affection and love I could bear,
With a heart ill at ease, and a proud, careless air;
But to meet such a slight, such a mark of disdain—
Oh, my God! it o'erpowers and maddens my brain.

"Was his easy neglect not enough of disgrace,
That he needs must caress here my maid to my face?
'Twere better to die than a bye-word to live—
Life to me now no pleasure save vengeance can give."

'Twas a sight full of dread in that old chamber dark,
The lady's fine face how it worked to mark:
Far better to meet with a she-wolf at bay
Than encounter a woman when balked in her way.

She heard a low knock, and serene grew her face,
Like the sea when a cloud passeth o'er without trace:
As, the door softly opening, her maiden stepp'd in,
You'd have thought her a creature too lovely for sin.

Said the lady, with voice that dissembled her hate,
"I forgot that the evening was drawing in, Kate;
Thou shalt dress me, good wench, to the best of thy power,
For Sir Thomas, I hope, will be here in an hour."

Her forehead is bound with a chaplet of pearl,
And her dark raven locks on her snowy neck curl;
O never, I ween, had that lady, so fair,
Seem'd fairer than then, or more sprightly her air.

She leaned through the casement her beautiful head,
"He is coming at last—he is coming," she said;
"Now nearer and nearer his horse's hoofs fall,
He will quickly be here; let us haste to the hall."

Through the gallery long the unfortunate pair
Arrived at the head of the broad oaken stair;
When the maid, by her mistress (as old people tell)
On a sudden pushed down, o'er the bannister fell.

One instant, her white robes were fluttering in air;
The next, she was dashed at the foot of the stair.
You may still see the stain on the mouldering wood,
Where the floor of the hall was bespatter'd with blood.

As the lady descended the staircase alone,
She thought once she heard her in agony moan;
But when on the last step she listen'd; no sound
Save the clock's heavy tick broke the silence around.

When Sir Thomas and she o'er the dead body met,
There was that in her eye man might never forget:
One glance spoke the whole of her heart's deadly hate,
And told how the maiden had come by her fate.

Neither utter'd a word—for their souls felt within
That each knew the whole of the other one's sin;
But they gazed on the blood-spotted face of the dead,
And learnt that in life all their pleasure had fled.

'Twas deemed that Kate's foot slipped—for none saw the blow—
Yet at times there were whisperings, though secret and low,
That some terrible thing did that lady appal,
Whenever she ventured to pass through the hall

They buried the corpse in the pleasant churchyard,
At the foot of a yew by the western gate hard;
And still does a tomb, with a quaint arch built high,
Mark the place where the bones of that young creature lie.

Yet a curse seemed to rest on the house. The proud dame
Soon to foreign lands passed, nor again ever came;
But sought in a convent, by praying and tears,
To atone that sad deed all the rest of her years.

When Sir Thomas died early, the last of his race,
No kinsman attended his bones to their place;
But buried by strangers, uncared for, unwept,
With his fathers in Birkenhead Abbey he slept.

The above Ballad is intended to embody an old story of Horsley Hall, on the borders of Denbighshire and Cheshire, once the seat of the Powells, a family which became extinct in the last century. They were people of much consequence in that part of the country, and the possessors of the abbey lands at Birkenhead: so that their history seems to confirm the opinion of a curse attending such kind of property. How far the facts of the case are adhered to in the Ballad, is extremely doubtful. One account represents Sir Thomas as the murderer, and not his lady.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

SUBURBAN VILLAGES FOR THE LABOURING POOR.

A PROJECT for the improvement of the condition of the industrious poor who have been expelled from the crowded localities of St. Giles's, Lambeth, Westminster, Wapping, Spitalfields, and other equally populous districts of the metropolis, by the new streets which have been lately formed, and other public improvements, has been set on foot, and it seems to be one of fair pretensions and promise. It is argued, that private charity, being too limited to accomplish all that is required for the full attainment of an object of this description, the cooperation of the wealthy and speculative classes is desirable; and that, since the enterprise of the day is running in favour of the establishment of railways, a railway should be made the medium of the proposed benefit to the labouring multitudes who have been disturbed by recent alterations. We extract a passage from the "suggestions" circulated by the promoters of the scheme:—"The plan proposed is to build villages in the surrounding neighbourhood of the metropolis, sufficiently distant to ensure a pure atmosphere, and healthy soil, on which dwellings may be erected, at a moderate price, yet so connected with the metropolis by distinct lines of railway, and stations to each, as to leave no portion of London more than one mile distant from some one station; thus bringing the daily place of occupation of the working classes within ten minutes distance of their residence, and enabling them to resort to the one and the other with the same order and facility as though still inhabiting the precincts of the great city itself." It is added, that each village should contain about 5,000 cottage residences, covering 500 acres of land; and that, taking the probable average of the inhabitants of each cottage at seven in number, it will give to each village 35,000 inhabitants; making a total population, supposing the ten villages to be in the course of time erected, of 350,000 removed from the dens of the metropolis. It is contemplated to erect only ten cottages to an acre, which, built in pairs, will give to each residence a good garden—will secure perfect ventilation, and incite the occupant to industry, regularity, and neatness. It is intended that churches, chapels, cometeries, and other religious and social conveniences, should be attached to each village, as well as public baths and washing establishments, for the promotion of cleanliness and health. The parties to be principally benefited, are to be, if disposed, allowed to participate as shareholders in the undertaking contemplated.—*Newspaper*.

NATURAL INSTINCT.

FOR some time past the workmen engaged in renovating the Glasgow cathedral had observed an unusual concourse of sparrows always coming regularly to a hole, in one of the slanting walls of the old Consistory Court, which is now being taken down, and holding a great ado, "cheeping and chirping," and apparently feeding some birds within. For a brief space of time this was thought nothing of, as it was known the young brood were just about flying; and it was imagined that it might be some of these, not so strong as the others, whom the parents were feeding. The meetings being continued, however, a gentleman in the neighbourhood induced the men to get a ladder, and examine the cause of all those noisy doings; when it was found that the female sparrow, after all her brood had left her, had got so warped about the leg with some of the threads composing her nest, that it was impossible for her to escape, the leg being considerably swollen by the attempts she had made to effect it. In the above dilemma, how beautiful it is to perceive that she was constantly consoled with, and her wants sup-

plied by her fellow sparrows; sparrows of humanity and generous feeling they must have been. Let mankind take the lesson. It is needless to say the poor bird was let away.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE V. THE LIGHT-FINGERED FRATERNITY.

A TRAVELLER by the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway, on lately leaving the station in the former city, missed his pocket-book, containing 700*l*, and immediately returned to the train to make inquiries. The stoker told him that a fellow-traveller, whom he had supposed to be his servant, followed him from the station, and afterwards returned, took his place in a train that was starting for Glasgow, and was now on his way westward. The gentleman ordered an express train; but there was little hope of overtaking the other, for some time was lost in getting up the steam. However, off he went, the stoker accompanying him; and when they were approaching the inclined plane which leads into Glasgow, they saw the train ahead. The whistle of the "express" engine was violently blown, and the conductor of the passenger train, inferring danger, removed to the other line of rail. The "express" shot past, and got to the station in time to admit of arrangements for apprehending the pickpocket. The train then came in, the suspected person was seen and identified by the stoker, and the pocket-book and money were found upon his person. The owner, overjoyed at recovering his property, offered a handsome reward to the stoker, which was resolutely refused, and the gentleman, therefore, enclosed 100*l*. to the directors, requesting them to take pay for the express, to reward their servant *ad libitum*, and to return the change (if any). The directors returned the whole, stating that they would make no charge for the engine, and would themselves reward the stoker.

SINGULAR FACT.

A SOMEWHAT novel incident occurred very recently at the terminus of the South-Western Railway at Vauxhall. A carrier pigeon was seen in an exhausted state; it was caught by hand, but died shortly afterwards. A label was appended to one of its legs, addressed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, which stated that three pigeons were thrown up at the island of Ichaboe, and bore date July, 1845. The distance is computed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 miles from the place where the pigeon appears to have been liberated, to its destination in London. The bird, with its appendage, was immediately forwarded to Apsley House, and the Duke of Wellington, by an autograph note, the next day courteously acknowledged the receipt from the party who sent the bird. It has been stuffed, and in the process it has been discovered that the bird was shot, otherwise there can be no doubt that it would have reached home, and it is supposed not to have had strength to cross the Thames.

THE favourableness persecution of any good cause is the lash of lewd tongues, whether by bitter taunts or scurrilous invectives, which it is as impossible to avoid as necessary to condemn.—*Bp. Hall*.

Erratum.—In the poem, "Nature and Art," No. 16, page 240, the Author's name should have been printed, agreeably to our rule, at the end. We had no intention of claiming it as an original contribution.

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GRAY'S ELEGY, AND STOKE PAGES.

THE manuscripts of celebrated men, whether poets who have stirred human souls to action, or philosophers whose lessons have guided nations, must ever possess a peculiar charm for succeeding ages. The places where illustrious men have lived and died, have their natural interest increased by becoming the depositaries of their writings.

Could we enter the room where a Milton or a Shakspeare thought and wrote, and gaze upon the very pages over which their fingers have passed, we should enter into a closer fellowship with the poets on whose memorials we reverently gaze. The former homes of men ennobled by lofty thoughts are the appropriate resting-places of their writing.

These thoughts have been suggested by the recent sale of the manuscripts of the poet Gray. They were bequeathed by him to his biographer, Mason; from him they passed into the hands of a Mr. Bright, whose sons offered them for sale with the poet's books. Two of the most valuable MSS., the original copies of the "Elegy" and "Long Story," were purchased by Mr. Granville Penn, of Stoke Poges.

At Stoke the author of the world-famed "Elegy" lived; there that undying work was written; and in the church-yard Gray is buried; to no place, therefore, could these MSS. have more appropriately returned.

The "Elegy" and "Long Story" arose, unquestionably, from the suggestive character of the scenery of Stoke Poges, and the gothic glories of the ancient manor house. To the lovers of Gray, a brief description of the localities connected with these admired pieces may prove acceptable.

The church-yard is the first object of a stranger's visit. From a distance nothing is seen save the white spire, rising from the midst of a circling belt of trees. So closely is the church veiled from the gaze of busy man, that, were it not for the indicating spire, no passing traveller would suppose the clustering mass of foliage girdled one of the most tranquilly beautiful church-yards in England. The visitor passes through a portion of Stoke Park towards a sombre group of trees, until a gentle turn of the path brings before him the still and solemn resting-place of many generations. All here is calm and peaceful; no stormy blast passes into this home of the departed; aged trees interlace their gnarled branches, to guard the sacred circle from the strife of the elements; neither do the burning rays of summer fall with rude heat on the clustering graves, but with a gentle and subdued light gild the ivied tombs and hillocks, on which violets lovingly dwell.

In this place Gray held communion with the spirit of solemn poetry; here descended upon him the deep expressive calm which breathes through the "Elegy." In yonder quietly carved and antique porch he sat, as imagination composed the histories of the dead.

One of these mouldering heaps suggested—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Many years have passed since that time; the graves have increased, and the poet himself sleeps here; but the church-yard is yet marked by that solemn stillness recorded by Gray. The tumult of life has not violated the spot. Windsor's proud keep is seen afar; the fashion and pride of the land moves in the distance; but no jarring sounds enter here. Two sombre yew trees keep guard over the graves, which are thickly grouped beneath their shadow—

"Where heaves the turf, in many a mouldering heap."

The "ivy mantled tower" still affords to the "moping owl" a home, and imparts to the ancient walls a venerableness which time alone confers.

But where is the tomb of Gray?

You may look around for some sculptured memorial, significant of his burial-place. You examine a lonely tomb in the north-eastern corner of the church-yard; another at the north side of the chancel; all in vain. At length a small stone slab is perceived, fixed in the eastern wall, on which we read the following inscription:

"Opposite to this stone, in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, who died August 1st, 1771."

No epitaph tells of the poet; the only lines on the tombstone relate to his mother and aunt. The epitaph

on the former is Gray's own composition,—a short but expressive eulogy on a departed mother by her only surviving son. The words are—

"In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful and tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 7th, 1755, aged 66."

Many have expressed surprise not only at the absence of an epitaph, but also of a sepulchral memorial in the churchyard, to the poet's memory. This does not arise from forgetfulness of Gray; for a cenotaph was erected to his memory in Stoke park, in 1799, by Mr. John Penn. Three sides of this monument are inscribed with selections from the works of Gray. It may here be noted, that everything connected with the burial of the poet wears an appearance of extreme simplicity. What can be more brief than the entry of his burial in the parish records? where all we read is—

1771. Thomas Gray, Esq. was buried August 5th.

A few yards eastward from the church are the remains of the ancient manor-house, the scene of Gray's humorous piece, entitled "the Long Story." The opening stanzas intimate the history, and describe the former appearance of the house:—

"In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands,
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

The mansion was taken down, excepting a wing, in 1789; when the present manorial residence was erected, by Mr. John Penn, the uncle of the present possessor.

Gray's house is still preserved, and every room connected with his history regarded with reverence. It is called "West End House;" and is about two miles from the church. The stone summer-house, where the poet often studied, is carefully preserved, but the mansion is undergoing extensive changes, under the direction of its proprietor, Mr. Penn.

Upon the poetic character of Gray, his finished eloquence, and varied learning, we need not here dilate. That he preserves the admiration of cultivated minds, must be inferred from the numerous visits made to his tomb. Travellers from the most distant parts of the earth often diverge from the great western road, for the church-yard of Stoke.

Frequently, in the bright days of summer, a party is seen to enter the quiet enclosure, and gather around the tomb. Some, poring over the enriched tombstone, attempt to decipher the epitaph; others, resting on some grave-hillock, sketch the most impressive point of view. Not unfrequently a twig of ivy is plucked from the church wall, and carried off as a treasured memorial to distant lands.

Thus, whilst the resting-places of the Huntingdons, the Hungerfords, and the Molines, are forgotten or neglected, homage is paid to the memory of him, whose only nobility was that of the mind.

The rapid sale of the late illustrated edition of Gray's poems, published by Mr. Williams, of Eton, is a further proof that his works retain their former hold upon poetic minds.

The stranger desirous of visiting the grave of the poet, has but to inquire at Slough the road to Stoke church, and half an hour's walk will bring him to the spot. If he can select a tranquil summer day, the quiet beauty of the scenery will repay his trouble, whilst a host of rich associations will be stirred up within him, and long remain a source of bright thoughts and pleasing reflections.

THE LAST WORD OF THE SINGER.

CHAP. I.

"It is a singular event," said Counsellor Bolnau, to an acquaintance whom he met on the High-street of the town of B——; "it is clear we live in evil times."

"You mean the history in the north," replied the other. "Have you, then, commercial news? Has the minister of foreign affairs, for the sake of old friendship, told you some of the particulars?"

"Ah! politics and state papers are nothing to me; as far as I am concerned things may go as they will. No, I mean the story of Bianetti."

"The singer? How, is she again engaged? It was said the conductor of the orchestra had quarrelled with her."

At this the counsellor of the board of trade drew himself up in astonishment, and exclaimed, "In what cavern do you live, that you know not what goes on in the town? So, then, you know nothing of what has happened to Bianetti?"

"Not a word, upon my honour; what is the matter?"

"Well, nothing more is the matter but that yesterday evening she was stabbed by some villain, and is now dying."

The counsellor passed among his acquaintances as a wag, who, when he took his morning walk on the High-street, between eleven and twelve, liked to entertain people with any thing which chanced to hit his fancy. His friend, therefore, was not much affected by this frightful piece of news, and only answered, "Do you know nothing more than this to-day, Bolnau? You must indeed be at your wit's end when you lay on the colours so strongly. When you again meet me in the street, do think of something more reasonable; otherwise I shall be compelled to make a circuit as I go home from the chancery office, in order to keep out of your way."

"So you don't believe it!" exclaimed the counsellor; "you don't believe it! Had I told you that the Emperor of Morocco was killed, then you would have pocketed the news with thanks, and asked for more, because you know that there such sort of things happen. But when a singer here in B—— has been wounded, and perhaps murdered, no one will believe it until he sees the funeral procession. However, friend, this time it is true,—as true as I am an honest man."

"Sir! consider what you are saying," replied the other, with horror. "Did you say Bianetti was really murdered?"

"She certainly was not dead an hour ago, but she lies in the last agonies; so much is certain."

"But, tell me, for heaven's sake, how could any one murder a singer? Do we live in Italy? Of what use is our much-extolled police? How did it happen? Assassinated? Impossible!"

"Do not cry out so murderously," answered Bolnau, soothingly; "the people are already putting their heads out at the windows to see what all the noise is about. You may lament, however, *sotto voce*, as much as you please. How did it happen? Ah, that is the matter; but as yet not a soul knows. Yesterday evening the pretty child was at the masquerade, as amiable and charming as ever, and at midnight the physician Lange was called out of bed with these words: 'Signora Bianetti is dying; she has been stabbed to the heart.' The whole town speaks of it of course, but speaks the greatest nonsense. The unfortunate circumstance is, that no one can get at the real truth; no one is permitted to be in the house but the physician and the persons who wait on Bianetti. It is known even at court, and an order was given that the guards were not to pass the house; the whole battalion was obliged to make a circuit, and go through the market-place."

"Shocking news, indeed! but does no one know how it happened? has no one the least clue?"

"It is difficult, in the midst of the various reports, to get at the truth. Bianetti, it must be granted, is a most respectable person, with whose conduct none can find the smallest fault. Yet now the people, and especially the women, when the good conduct of the poor girl is spoken of, shrug their shoulders, and insist on knowing every thing of her earlier life. Of her early life! she is scarcely seventeen, and has already been here half-a-year. Poor child! what do they call her early life?"

"Do not dwell so long on the preface, but come at once to the point," interrupted the other. "Does no one know who committed the deed?"

"That is precisely what I wish to know. It is said, a rejected or jealous lover has killed her. Indeed the circumstances are absolutely singular. It is likewise reported, that she spoke last night a considerable time to a person in a mask whom no one knew, and some persons say they saw the same mask get into her carriage. Nothing further is known as certain, but I shall soon get at the bottom of the affair."

"I know you have your own private channels of news, and no doubt you have some serviceable spirit in the house of Bianetti, who can inform you what goes on. There are people who call you 'the chronicle of the town.'"

"Too much honour! too much honour!" smiled the counsellor, yet appearing somewhat flattered. "This time, however, I have no other spy but the doctor himself. You must have observed, that I do not, according to my usual custom, walk up and down the whole length of the street, but that I keep between Charles-street and Frederic-street. Dr. Lange comes every day about twelve o'clock through this street on his way to the palace, and I stand here on the watch, just to catch him as he turns the corner."

"Then I shall remain likewise," said the friend, "with your permission, for I must hear exactly all the story about Bianetti."

"Worthy sir, do not so inconvenience yourself," replied the other; "I know you dine at twelve, and do not let the soup get cold. Besides, Lange may not be inclined to speak out before you; come rather after dinner to the coffee-house; there you shall hear every thing. Now you had better go, for here comes the doctor round the corner."

"I do not consider the wound absolutely mortal," said the physician Lange, after the first greeting. "The thrust appears not to have been surely given. She is again quite restored to consciousness, and, except from the weakness caused by so much loss of blood, there is, at least for the present, no danger to be apprehended."

"I am delighted to hear that," answered the counsellor, slipping his arm confidentially into the doctor's; "I shall accompany you a few streets until you reach the palace. But tell me, for heavens's sake, the particulars of this matter; we cannot at all understand how it could have happened."

"I confess to you there is a strange mystery in the affair. I had scarcely fallen asleep, when Johann awakened me with the news that a person dangerously ill desired to see me. I threw on my clothes, ran out, and in the passage there stood a girl pale and trembling, who whispered so low that I could scarcely hear her, that I must bring my materials for bandages, &c. with me. This rather astonished me; I leapt into the carriage, made the pale damsel sit beside Johann on the box, in order to show him the place, and away we went to the Lindenhof. I got out before the entrance of a small house, and asked the girl who the sick person was."

"I can readily imagine your astonishment."

"Astonishment, indeed, when I heard in answer, 'It is the Signora Bianetti!' I knew her only, it is true, by having seen her at the concerts; I scarcely ever had seen her more than thrice; but the mysterious manner in which I had been called to her, the dressings for a

wound which I had been requested to bring with me; altogether, I must own I was most anxious to learn what could have befallen the famed singer. A few steps led me to the entrance hall. The girl went in first, let me wait a few minutes in the dark, and then returned, sobbing and paler than ever. 'Step in, doctor; step in,' said she; 'but I fear you are come too late; the signora cannot live.'—I entered; it was a fearful sight."

The doctor stopped short; looked thoughtful and sad; a vision seemed to come before him, from which he appeared in vain to be able to free himself.

"Well, what did you see?" cried his companion, impatient at the interruption. "Do not keep me in suspense in this way."

"I have met with much in my lifetime," began again the doctor, after composing himself; "much which has made me shudder, much which has horrified me, but never any thing which so affected me as that sight. In a small, dimly-lighted apartment, lay a young woman on a sofa, pale as death. Before her knelt an old servant, who pressed a cloth upon her heart. I stepped nearer. White and rigid as a statue, the head of the dying one lay back,—the jet-black hair falling down in tresses: the dark brown eyelashes of the shut eyes formed a strange contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the forehead, the face, and the beautiful neck. The snowy drapery richly folded, which doubtless was the dress she wore when at the performance, was marked with crimson streaks which seemed to have come from the heart. All this in an instant shewed me it was Bianetti the singer. The old servant removed the handkerchief, and I saw with surprise a wound as if from a poniard, very near the heart. This was not a time to ask questions, though many were on the tip of my tongue. I examined the wound, and applied the bandages. My patient during the whole operation showed no sign of life, except shrinking with pain when I probed the wound. I then let her rest, and watched her sleep."

"But the girl and the old servant;—did you not ask them how it had happened?"

"I will own to you, counsellor, as you are my old friend, that when I saw nothing more could be done for the lady, I most plainly told them, that unless they explained every thing to me I would not move another step in the matter."

"And what did they say? Do tell me."

"About eleven o'clock the singer had returned home, but accompanied by a tall man in a mask. I must have looked rather suspiciously at both the women when they said this; for they again began to weep, and to assure me, with the most solemn protestations, that I must think nothing evil of their mistress; they had served her now for a long time, and she had never permitted any gentleman to cross the threshold except during the day. The younger one, who must have read many novels and romances, maintained that the signora was an angel of innocence."

"That I likewise affirm," said the worthy counsellor; "no one can speak evil of Bianetti. She is a gentle, good child, and how can she help that she is beautiful, and must earn her bread by singing?"

"Believe me," replied Lange, "in this the physician has an unerring psychological measuring rod. One glance at the pure countenance of the unhappy girl convinced me more of her goodness, than all the asseverations of her waiting women. But hear the rest. The young lady came with the stranger into the apartment, and bid her maid withdraw. The damsel, however, lingered near the door—from curiosity, doubtless, at the unusual occurrence of such a late visitor. She heard a vehement exchange of words between her mistress and the deep hollow voice of the man, carried on in French. The signora at last burst into tears, wept bitterly, and the man used shocking oaths. Suddenly she heard her lady scream, and, no longer able to contain herself, she rushed into the room, while at the same moment the stranger flew past her into the passage and towards the

steps. She followed him a few paces, heard a terrible noise as if he had fallen, and believes he must have tumbled down stairs in his haste. She then heard as if from the bottom of the staircase a groaning and sighing like some one in pain; but she was afraid, and ventured no further. She came back,—ran to the signora, whom she found bathed in blood, with her eyes shut. The girl knew not well what to do; however, she awoke the old servant to watch beside her mistress, while she came to me, in order, if possible, still to save the signora."

"And did Bianetti herself say nothing? Did you not interrogate her?"

"I went instantly to the police, aroused the inspector, and even then at midnight, every inn, every beer-shop, every corner of the town was searched; no one had passed through any of the gates; and, since that, every person has been strictly examined. The people who live in the upper part of the house first knew of the accident when the police came to search the place. It was incomprehensible how the murderer could get away, for he must have been much hurt by his fall, as a quantity of blood was seen at the bottom of the stairs, and it is not at all unlikely that in falling he had wounded himself with his dagger. It is the more surprising how he could have escaped, as the house-door was locked. Bianetti awoke about ten o'clock next morning, and, in the report to the director of the police, said that she was utterly ignorant of who the person was, and could not give the slightest information. All the surgeons and physicians have received orders, that, if they should be called to any patient who has been injured by a fall, or by a wound from a dagger, notice should immediately be given, so that, if possible, the murderer may be traced in this way. Thus the matter stands. However, I am as thoroughly convinced as I am of my existence, that a deep mystery hangs over the affair, which the singer will not unfold. Bianetti is not the person who would permit any one perfectly unknown to her to accompany her home. Her waiting maid, who was present at the examination when the report was given to the police director, thinks so likewise. When she saw her mistress wished nothing to be known, she said not a word about the quarrelling she had heard, and gave me an imploring look not to betray her. 'It is a horrible affair,' she said, as she accompanied me afterwards to the door; 'but nothing on earth shall tempt me to reveal what the signora wishes to remain concealed.' She, however, confessed one circumstance to me which may be the means of throwing some light on the matter."

"Well, and may I not be made acquainted with this circumstance also?" asked the counsellor. "You see in what a state of anxiety I am: do not, for heaven's sake, keep me in suspense, or I shall be certain of another fit of illness."

"Listen then, Bolnau; collect your senses, and tell me, does any other Bolnau live in this town except yourself? If another exists in the world, can you tell me where?"

"With the exception of myself, not one in this town," answered Bolnau. "When I came here eight years ago, I was thankful that I was not called Black, White, or Brown, not Meyer, Miller, or Bauer, for in that case all manner of unpleasant confusions might have happened. At Cassal I was the only man of the family, and now there is no longer a Bolnau on the face of the earth except my son, that music-mad fool, who, since he sailed to America, has left us uncertain whether he be dead or alive. But why do you ask about my name, doctor?"

"Well, it cannot be the counsellor, and his son is in America. It is now a quarter past twelve, the Princess Sophia is ill, and I have already talked too long, so adieu: au revoir!"

"Not a step," cried Bolnau, holding him firmly by the arm, "not a step until you tell me what it was the girl told you."

"Well, if you must have it, Bolnau, keep it quiet.

The last word of the signora before she fell into that faint, was *Bolnau*!"

Counsellor Bolnau had never been seen to walk along with such a sad and earnest face as on that day when Doctor Lange had left him before the palace. Formerly he had been accustomed to step on briskly and merrily, greeting all the ladies he met, old and young, with the most friendly smiles, laughing with his acquaintances of the other sex, telling them all manner of news, so that few would have thought he was a man of sixty. He seemed, likewise, to be in possession of every comfort; had amassed by speculation a tolerable sum of money; and now, satisfied with his fortune, he lived in the town of B— with his wife, contented and free from care. The only drawback to his comfort was a severe nervous disorder, which now and then attacked him. Year after year passed away happily and pleasantly. He had an only son, whom the old gentleman had destined to run the same business career as himself. The son, however, only lived and moved in the kingdom of sound; music to him was everything, and the trade and commerce of his father he despised as low and vulgar. The father was of an obstinate disposition, so was the son; the father was easily excited, so was the youth; the father carried everything to its extreme, so did the son: thus it may be easily conceived that it was impossible for them to live with each other. When the son had reached his twentieth year, his father was fifty, and he wished now to retire from business, give it up to his son, and live in quietness and peace. All, indeed, was soon peaceful enough; for, one fine summer evening, the son, along with some pieces of music, disappeared, and was no longer to be found. He had arrived safely in England, however, and afterwards he wrote a friendly epistle to his father, saying that he was going to America. The counsellor wished him a happy journey, and retired to B—.

Thoughts, however, of the music-mad fool, as he called his son, now and then oppressed him; for he had commanded the latter never again to appear before him, and of course it was not to be expected that he would return uncalled for. Indeed, at times, the old gentleman fancied that he had done wrong in wishing to compel his son to devote himself to business. But time, society, and a cheerful disposition did not permit these reflections to rest long in his mind. He lived happily and pleasantly, and those who wished to see him in all his glory had only to walk, between eleven and twelve o'clock, along the broad street of B—. If they met there a tall thin man, whose neat dress, eyeglass, riding whip, and whole outward bearing seemed but ill to agree with his grey hairs, who was seen greeting almost every one in passing, chattering with much gesticulation now to this one, now to that, they might rest assured that this was Bolnau. The worthy counsellor was in short one of the *characters* of the good town of B—.

But to-day all was changed. The sad story of Bianetti had affected him almost too deeply, and the last words of the doctor had completely unhinged him. "*Bolnau*," Bianetti had uttered, just before she became unconscious! His own honourable name she had mentioned under such suspicious and dangerous circumstances! His knees trembled, his limbs seemed scarcely able to support him, his head sunk heavily and thoughtfully on his breast.

"*Bolnau*!" he ejaculated; "counsellor of his majesty's board of trade! What if the singer should die! if the waiting maid should unfold what she knows, and make the inspector of the police acquainted with all the particulars of the murder, and with that ominous word? What might a skilful advocate not make out of one single word! especially when his vanity would be stimulated in shewing his acuteness in such a '*cause célèbre*'?" He eyed, with a most despairing look, the house of correction, whose gable was seen in the distance. "In that place, *Bolnau*! by special favour, and in consideration of so many years' service.

When an acquaintance passed and nodded to him, he instantly thought, "Ah! he already knows about the matter, and gives me to understand as much." If another passed without greeting him, nothing appeared more certain than that he did so intentionally, to avoid coming in contact with a supposed assassin. "Little is wanting," he thought to himself, "to bring me in guilty of murder!" It was, therefore, no wonder that he made a long circuit in order to avoid the office of the police; for might the inspector not be standing at the window, see him, and call out, "Worthy sir, will you have the kindness to walk in for a few minutes? I have something to say to you." Was he not aware of a certain shuddering? Did he not feel as if his features were assuming the expression of a poor criminal, lest it should be believed that it was he whom the singer with her last word had accused?

It now occurred to him how injurious such excitement was to his constitution; he anticipated a fresh attack of his disorder: agonizingly he looked for panes of glass to divert his mind, and to calm himself by counting them; but houses and streets all danced before him, the very steeples seemed to bend mockingly towards him, a delirious terror seized him, he ran through the town, until, exhausted, he sank down in his own house, and the first question, after he had in some measure recovered, was, whether there had not been a police officer asking for him?

Towards evening, when Doctor Lange visited his patient, he found her much better than he had anticipated. He seated himself by her bedside, and entered into conversation about the unhappy accident. The signora rested her arm on the pillow, while her delicately formed hand supported her beautiful head. Her countenance was still very pale, but even the exhaustion of her strength seemed to lend an additional charm. Her dark eye had lost nothing of that fire, of that peculiar expression, which had attracted and interested the physician when he first saw her in public. Although Doctor Lange was a man of grave habits, and past the age when imagination lends its aid to our admiration of the beautiful, he nevertheless confessed that such a finely formed head, such a lovely countenance, he had seldom if ever beheld. The features were far from regular, yet over the whole there was such harmonious grace and repose as almost puzzled the good doctor to account for. But his psychological studies eventually solved the riddle. It was that purity of mind, that nobleness of nature, which shed over those youthful features such spiritual brilliancy and loveliness.

"You appear to be studying my countenance, doctor," said Bianetti, smiling. "You sit looking at me, so quiet and thoughtful, that you forget what I asked you. Or is the answer too unpleasant, you think, for me to hear? May I not be made aware of what is said about this accident?"

"Of what benefit could it be were you to know all the foolish conjectures which idle people first invent, and then repeat? I have just been thinking how distinctly your soul is imaged in your countenance. You have peace in yourself; why, then, should you trouble yourself about the opinion of others?"

"You evade my question," she replied, "and seek to escape from it by complimenting me. Should I not be anxious about the opinion of the public? What right-minded young girl ought thus to place herself beyond the opinion of society, and be quite indifferent to what may be said of her? Or perhaps you think," added she, more earnestly, "I should ask nothing about it, because I belong to a class who are but little esteemed? Confess to me, then, that you believe me to be light-minded."

"No, certainly not," replied Lange; "I have never heard anything but what is good of you, *Mademoiselle Bianetti*, and of your quiet retired manner of living; you are much respected, although you are so isolated, and exposed to so many cabals. But why will you know

precisely what people say, when I, as your physician, do not think such news at all good for you?"

"I pray you, doctor, do not torture me," she exclaimed; "I read plainly in your eyes that evil is said of me. Why will you keep me in suspense, which is much more dangerous than even the truth itself?"

This last reason the doctor found undeniable;—during his absence, might not some loquacious lady come in, and repeat things much more annoying than he could say?

"You know the people here," he answered. "The town is tolerably large; but a piece of news of this kind shows how very village-like our citizens can gossip. It is true you are the topic of conversation; this cannot surprise you; and, as nothing certain is known, then—all manner of strange tales are invented. For example, it is reported that the person in the mask, who was seen speaking with you at the masquerade, and who, without doubt, is the same who committed the deed, is a——"

"Well, do speak out," entreated the signora, in the greatest anxiety; "finish the sentence."

"It is said he was a former acquaintance, who had loved you elsewhere under other circumstances, and who, out of jealousy, sought to kill you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, while tears came into her eyes, "how hard is the lot of a poor girl who is without defence and support! But speak on, doctor, I beseech you; there is still something behind, which you do not tell me. In what town do the people say I——"

"Signora, I thought you had been stronger," said Lange, grieved at the excitement of his patient. "Indeed, I now repent of having said so much. I never would have done so, had I not feared that others, unasked, might have come, and repeated these idle stories."

The signora quickly dried up her tears.

"I will be calm," she said, smiling sorrowfully, "calm as a child in repose; nay, I will be cheerful, as if these people, instead of now condemning me, were showering upon me a thousand bravos. Only tell me the rest, dear, kind doctor!"

"Well, the people speak stuff," continued the doctor, in a tone of vexation. "It is said, that, when you lately played in Othello, there was a foreign count in one of the front boxes, who claimed acquaintance with you, and who had seen you some years ago in a certain house in Paris. But—bless me! you become paler and paler!"

"It is nothing; merely the shadow of the lamp. Go on—go on."

"This tale at first was reported only in the higher circles, but now it has become quite public; and, since this accident has happened, the two things are put together—the former connexion in that wretched house in Paris, and the present catastrophe."

During this speech, the most deadly paleness and the deepest crimson passed alternately over the expressive features of Bianetti. She had raised herself higher, as if not to lose a word of the horrid recital. Her burning eye seemed to fix itself on the lips of the speaker; she scarcely breathed; the beating of her heart was arrested.

"Now it is over," she said, raising her eyes with a sweet expression towards heaven. "Now it is ended; should he hear this, it will be too much for him. Ah, wherefore did I not die yesterday? then should I have been in heaven with my dear parents, and their child would have been comforted for the scorn of this cruel world."

AN INCIDENT OF EMIGRANT LIFE.

(From Rowcroft's *Tales of the Colonies*.)

THIS most interesting volume has now been some time before the public, and is very generally known and

(1) *Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant*. By Charles Rowcroft, Esq., a late Colonial Magistrate. Fourth Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1845.

appreciated. The events narrated in it are, doubtless, for the most part, fictitious, but yet, we have reason to believe, have so far a foundation in fact, that they may be relied upon as presenting a true, as they certainly do a very vivid, picture of the adventures, the struggles, difficulties, and successes, of an Emigrant in Van Diemen's Land. We regret that the extract we here give does not bring the adventure it relates to its final conclusion. To do so would have carried us far beyond the limits within which we are obliged to confine ourselves. But we may as well set the minds of our readers at ease, by informing them, that it ends happily.

The family which we were hastening to help had not arrived on their land more than three weeks, and consisted of a Mr. Moss, his wife, a daughter about seventeen, and two young boys of seven and six years of age. They had been well off at one time, but a succession of misfortunes had reduced their means to an income too small for a bare subsistence in England, but amply sufficient for a prosperous establishment in Van Diemen's Land. Mrs. Moss had been highly educated, and her daughter was possessed of more than the usual accomplishments of her age, and of their former station. The arrival of this young lady at our settlement seemed, as a young friend of mine expressed himself, "like the springing up of a beautiful flower in the wilderness." We all felt a strong interest in these new settlers, and we were ready to risk much to serve them.

It was my plan to cross the river by the trunk of a tree, which had fallen over from the opposite bank, and formed a natural bridge, a rough one, and not easily to be passed by day; and in the dark the passage over it was rather a dangerous experiment. There was a dead silence around, which seemed more terrible than the cries by which we had recently been alarmed, and filled us with ominous fears for the fate of our neighbours.

We quickly reached the crossing-place, and in a low whisper I warned my companions of the dangerous points of the bridge. My young neighbour, Beresford, was particularly anxious on this occasion. I did not remark it at the time, as we were all active and excited; but subsequent events made me remember it. The river at this spot is narrow, and flows with the rapidity of a mountain torrent. I observed in the gloom that Beresford's two companions hesitated at the sight of this difficulty.

"I wish we had light for this work," said one; "I can see the foam of the water, and I think I can see something which I suppose is the tree lying across it; but it's an awkward job this."

"Speak low," said I; "you don't know what ears may be listening to you."

"Speak low!—why, the roaring of this water is enough to drown all the noise that we shall make on this side. The river seems to be angry to-night. I hope you are sure of your tree-bridge. I should not like to find myself in that boiling gulf below; if I did, I'm inclined to think no one else would find me."

"It's an ugly sight," said the first speaker; "but if Thornley is sure of the passage, I'll venture it; and don't let us lose any time, for if we are to do any good, we must be quick about it."

"Well, we are in for it; we can't go back; who leads the way?"

"I'll lead the way," said Beresford; "I'm the youngest of the party; now, follow me."

"No," said I, "that's my business; I know the passage best...."

"Perhaps not better than I do," said Beresford; "come on."

"How can that be?" said I; "you have not occasion to cross the rivers so often as I have."

Beresford said something which the noise of the waters prevented me from hearing. I led the way, and began to crawl over on my hands and knees.

I must confess that it was not without a momentary tremor that I beheld the white foam of the torrent dashing furiously past beneath me. A single false movement was death; and the disagreeable feeling came over me, that if an enemy should have had the foresight to guard this point, I and my companion in our defenceless position were exposed to sure destruction.

With these thoughts agitating me, and the darkness of the night, the incessant rushing of the water, and the danger of our expedition, all tending to inspire doubt and fear, it is impossible to describe my sensations, when, stretching forward my arm to feel the way before me, my hand encountered what seemed to be a human head of hair. I was clinging to the trunk of the tree, in a position disabling me from the use of my weapons, nor indeed did the necessity of holding fast allow me to have more than one hand momentarily disengaged in my creeping posture. All sorts of fears were instantly conjured up in my horror and bewilderment.

My first thought was that the bushrangers, suspecting our intention, were lying in ambush, and every instant I expected to receive a volley from the opposite bank. Then visions of the natives arose, and I actually crouched up, the better to defend myself against the shower of spears which I knew would be the beginning of their attack. My companions behind me, embarrassed by my stoppage, and not knowing the cause, urged me to proceed, as the swift running of the white waters beneath their eyes was beginning to produce giddiness. For nearly a minute I was totally at a loss what to do. At last the mist with which the sudden alarm had enveloped my brain began to disperse; I reasoned with myself rapidly and decisively.

I knew that to go back over our perilous bridge was, in the dark, and encumbered as we were with our arms, impossible. Go on we must. As I formed this resolution, it suddenly occurred to me that the form before me must be in the same embarrassment as to advancing or retreating as myself; and that, at any rate, the chances were equal in the event of a struggle for mastery. Emboldened by this thought, I stretched out my hand again, and met with the same object. It seemed certainly a human head! It was motionless, and had remained, as well as I could judge, in the precise position in which my hand lighted on it before. But the second time, the hair struck me as being softer, and the sensation flashed across me that it was not a man's hair that I was feeling. My wonder increased by this new discovery, and my fears yielding to my excitement, I extended my arm, and traced the long ringlets of a woman! My alarm was now changed to wonderment and horror! Laying my hand on her face, I found it deadly cold; her arms were encircled round the trunk of the tree, but they hung lifeless; and I at once guessed that the female, whoever she might be, in attempting to cross the river by this dangerous place, rendered more dangerous and frightful by the darkness, had been terrified by the roar of the raging waters, and had fainted.

What to do in this unexpected dilemma, I was at a loss to imagine. My companions began to be alarmed, and the infection of superstitious fear was beginning to unnerve them. In these perplexing and dangerous circumstances, I felt the necessity of coming to some prompt decision. The female before me had evidently either fainted, or, perhaps, overcome by fear and exhausting excitement, was dead! But her lifeless body formed an obstacle to our further progress; and I considered that, at that very moment, while I was deliberating, the work of death might be going on among our neighbours, whom we were endeavouring to succour, and that our assistance was prevented by an impediment to whom all help, perhaps, now was vain.

With this feeling, that four lives were at stake on the trunk of the tree, trusting to my guidance, and that

other lives were jeopardized by the delay of our assistance, the exquisitely painful thought came over me, that stern necessity justified the sacrifice of the one for the many; and that we must risk the dislodging of the body of the woman, for the purpose of completing our passage across the river. The form lay motionless, and on the balance on the slippery trunk of the tree; the slightest motion was sufficient to overturn it into the boiling and roaring gulf below! My companions urged me to proceed. I explained to them in a few words the cause of my stoppage; but they still continued to press me to go forward, their fear of the present peril overcoming their apprehension of the remoter hazard, should the bushrangers be in ambush on the other side, and waiting for us to rise up to get the surer aim; they vehemently and angrily complained that they could no longer keep their hold, and that they could neither recede nor advance.

Impelled by the imminency of the danger, my senses benumbed by the cold, and my mind confused by the unceasing roaring and foaming of the furious waters, my presence of mind almost forsook me. I stretched out my hand again; the form was still motionless; but I traced the outline of the small and delicate features of that cold face, and quick as lightning the thought of my own daughter flashed across me. That thought restored my wandering senses. I became instantly calm and collected; and, with a sort of desperate energy, I raised myself to a sitting posture across the tree, and propelling myself with my hands towards the object before me, I took firm hold of her long tresses, to prevent the body from slipping from its dangerous resting-place. All continued to be still around, except the noise of the river. I now raised my voice to overtop the roaring of the waters, and turning my head towards my wondering companions, I communicated to them my intention to preserve the body, dead or alive.

"It is the form," said I, "of a young girl."

"A young girl!" exclaimed Beresford. "Then ——"

"In the name of Heaven," said the man behind him, "do not stay talking. Man or woman, young or old, we must pass now to the other side. Necessity has no law. Move on quickly, for I shall not be able to hold on half a minute longer."

"Yes," cried out the hindmost, "move on—move on—I dare not attempt to move backwards. As it is, the cold has so benumbed me, and I am so giddy with the roaring of these waters under me, that every moment I expect to slip off. Move on, I say; this is no time for fine feelings; our own lives are at stake. We are lying here to be murdered, if there are really bushrangers abroad—and this affair looks like it. Move on, I say, or by —— I shall be tempted to make a way for myself."

"Stop," said Beresford; "stop—for God's sake, stop; I have a horrible presentiment of who this poor girl must be. We must make an effort to save her. Let me try to pass you (speaking to me); or stay—I think I see a branch below, that the water is rushing against; I will make the attempt to save her, if I perish."

With that my young friend, passing his fowling-piece to me to hold for him, threw himself by a bold and active movement under the tree; and clinging by the broken boughs, by a succession of desperate struggles succeeded in gaining a position on the other side of the female, where the thick part of the trunk afforded a surer footing. He then gradually drew the motionless form towards him, and taking it in his arms, bore it to a small distance from the river, and laid it on the grass, glistening with the white frost. In the meantime we had all succeeded in crossing the bridge safely; and the men finding themselves on firm ground, soon recovered their presence of mind and courage, and were ready for action. There was no time to be lost. The spot which we had to reach was less than a quarter of a mile distant, and we were all eager to move forward. But what was to be done with the lifeless female? Young Beresford

had been endeavouring to restore warmth by chafing the hands of the inanimate body, but without success. It seemed as dangerous to leave it on the cold ground, should life be not quite extinct, as to bear it with us. But decision was necessary; and, yielding to the entreaties of Beresford, whose interest in the inanimate form seemed overpowering, we hastily agreed that he should bear the body with us, while I advanced before, being best acquainted with the locality, his two friends following close after me. In this order we approached the spot where our new neighbour had raised his homely dwelling. * * *

All this time Beresford had not spoken a word. I found him, as I passed, stationed close to the door. There was a light outside the hut now, as some of the party had kindled a fire in front of it, which threw its glare around for a considerable distance. All our party now assembled together; and it was agreed that we should keep watch round the place during the night, and that at daybreak we should go in search of our neighbour. We made a diligent examination of the parts about, as we conjectured that the bushrangers might have bound and gagged him, and left him at a distance from the hut; but we could find no traces of him or of them. With one accord I was chosen the leader of the present expedition, as being the oldest settler, and the one best acquainted with the bush. I had mustered my party with the view of allotting to them their different stations, when a cry from the hut arrested our attention, and young Beresford came running to us, and crying out,—

"She is saved! She is saved! She is alive! She is breathing!—And now," said he, "for her father; that's the next thing to attend to. It's the first inquiry she will make when she recovers her senses, and if she should suspect the worst, the consequences in her present state I am sure would be instantly fatal."

"That is our object," said I; "we must find the poor fellow. And now let us make our arrangements. There are twelve of us; I dare say we are strong enough to cope with the other party; for we have the right on our side, and that is a tower of strength. I propose that at break of day we should remove this family to my cottage. In the mean time it is necessary that we should prepare ourselves for bushing it, for some days perhaps. Let four men go to my cottage, and procure all the necessaries that we shall want, and don't forget the kangaroo rugs, for the nights are cold, and we shall need them."

"Don't forget some brandy," said one.

"Nor the tea and sugar," said another; "there's nothing like a cup of tea in the bush; it's more refreshing than all the spirits in the world."

"Bring plenty of pannikins," said a third; "one apiece will not be in the way."

"Take care to bring plenty of rice," said I; "it lies in a small compass, and is more handy for the bush than flour; but tell them at home to make as many small dampers as we can carry; and bring away all the baked bread in the house. My men will help you to carry the things."

"How are your powder-horns?" said young Beresford.

"Plenty of powder, but little shot."

"Ask for the bag of slugs and the little bag of balls that hang by my bed's head," said I; "and bring a dozen or two of spare flints with you—and anything else that you think will be useful."

"Would it not be well," said one, "to give notice to the magistrates?"

"Right," said I; "who will volunteer to go over the plain this dark night, and tell the one farthest off?"

"That will I do," said a spirited young fellow; "I know every inch of the way; if I meet with anything, I will fire off my piece."

"You can tell one of my servants to apprise the other magistrate of this night's work, as his house is in a line from my cottage. If he is at home, he will be with us

by daylight, you may depend on it; for he is young, and has no wife nor child, and he likes these expeditions. It may be useful, too, to have a magistrate among us to sanction our proceedings, so ask him to come with us, and say that we should be obliged to him if he would be our leader; and you may as well say that no one could do it so well as himself. There's nothing like being civil, and we all like to be flattered a bit. Who knows what it is o'clock?"

"Not eleven yet."

"Then we have the whole night before us."

"And so have the bushrangers; they may get well away before morning."

"No," said another; "it is impossible to travel fast on a night so dark as this. Let us have daylight before us and get well on their tracks, and they can't escape us."

"Shall we try the dogs after them?"

"No; the kangaroo dogs are of no use as blood-hounds; they will track those they are used to for any distance, but they don't understand being set to track strangers. But we must take some dogs with us, for we shall want to pull more than one kangaroo for our dinners before we have done, I'm thinking."

"Here is one to begin with," said I, as I felt a cold nose thrust into my hand. "Hector and Fly are growing old now, but here's one of their breed, and here's another. They have found me out, you see. Now let some one get two more, so that the four may not all belong to one party, in case of being separated. Shall we take any horses? I have three in the stable, and four more in the bush that are sure to come for their corn in the morning. Perhaps they're in the open stable now, for they often come up and get under shelter when the nights are wet or cold."

It was agreed that four of the party should be mounted, to act as scouts; but as it was likely that the marauders would choose the most inaccessible paths, where a horseman would be taken at great disadvantage, it was thought best that the rest of the party should be on foot.

"Take another horse, as a pack-horse," said one, "to carry our provisions, and let one of your men lead him."

"A bright thought!" said I, "and now I think we shall be well prepared for the bush; so I recommend all to sleep as much as they can till daylight, that we may be the fresher for the work."

"Oh, never mind sleep; we are too much excited to sleep to-night; but let us have some supper."

"Will you come to my cottage, or stay here?"

"Oh, stay here; we will not leave the poor woman to-night; no, we'll sup here, and make a bush night of it to begin with; but it's terribly cold. There," said the speaker, throwing a heavy log on the fire, which made the sparks fly up like a fire-work; "there's some food for you; and there's another and another. By George, we'll have a jolly fire, and make a merry night of it. I say, how's the young woman?"

Beresford required no further hint than these words; looking at me, I gave him a nod, and he disappeared in an instant. He tapped gently at the door of the hut, and returning to us immediately, whispered to me—

"She lives! she has not spoken; but she sleeps."

"Good," said I; "and now do you sleep too; we shall want all your strength to-morrow."

He smiled, and shook his head—"I will never sleep," said he, "till I have found her father."

"I do not doubt," said I, "that you will spare no exertion to recover him; and now let us try to get some information about this sad affair. Is the mother cool enough to tell us her story? It would be a help to us to know something of the character and numbers of the party who attacked the hut. We should not lose any time by it, as it would be useless to start in pursuit of the bushrangers till daylight. See if the poor lady can leave her daughter for a while; the surgeon can sit by

her while the mother is away; and we ought to know all the particulars as well as she can tell them."

Beresford went to the hut, and presently returned with Mrs. Moss, from whom we were happy to learn that her daughter still breathed and slept. We placed the afflicted lady on a log of wood before our bush-fire, and our sentinels being planted in suitable places, to guard against surprise, she described the attack in the following terms:—

"I hardly know where to begin:—I have very little to tell. It all seems now to have passed in a moment. We were sitting round the fire, I and my husband, and my poor Lucy and the two children. Since we came up here, my husband always used to keep his gun in his hand, or else close by him, ready for use, for our greatest horror was these bushrangers, and I don't know really whether I was most frightened to see him always carrying that eternal gun about with him, or to see him without it; though it would have been but little protection against so many! Perhaps it's all for the best. If he had fired, and killed one of them, it might have exasperated them, and they might have done worse. Well, we were assembled round the fire, as I said, and my husband was particularly cheerful; he was sitting in the corner close to the window, with his gun leaning against the wall close to his hand, when he got up to close the shutter on the other side, as the wind was chilly.

"It seems that we had been watched all the evening, and I suspect one of our men (we have only one man besides the shepherd) was a spy on us, for my husband had left the corner where his gun was, only for a moment, when a man in a kangaroo jacket rushed into the room, and got between my husband and his weapon, which he seized hold of, and pointing his own gun at my husband, commanded him to throw up his hands over his head, or he would fire.

"We were all in a cluster together, and my husband fearing, I dare say, that we might be wounded or killed, held up his arms. On this the bushranger threw his gun over his arm; but my husband in an instant rushed at him, and clasped him round the body. In the struggle, the bushranger's gun went off. But in the meantime more bushrangers had come; two of them immediately seized my husband from behind, and the first struck him over the head with the end of his gun, which I think stunned him for a time. They then bound him tightly hand to foot, and at the same time, two of them held me and bound me also, and another man took hold of the children. Looking round, I missed Lucy, and guessed that she had escaped from the back window of her little bedroom. God help her! I hardly know whether to wish she may be restored to life and consciousness or not. But God's will be done!

"Well, gentlemen, when they had bound my husband, they asked him where he had put his money; for being new settlers, we had been so imprudent as to bring nearly a thousand dollars with us, besides a little plate, and our watches, and other articles of value, of which, no doubt, the bushrangers had information. My poor husband was scarcely recovered from the stunning blow of the bushranger's gun, but he declared that we had no money; that we were poor settlers, and had nothing with us but a few necessities, such as flour and tea and sugar.

"The man who had first pointed his gun at him, now placed it close to his head, and swore most horribly that if he did not instantly tell him where the money was hid, he would blow out his brains. This man seemed to be the leader.

"Money," said he, "we will have; we know you have got it, so tell us where it is, or—and here he swore a dreadful oath—"you shall have the contents of this barrel through your brains."

"I was held by two men, who had tied a handkerchief over my mouth, and it was in vain that I struggled to

get loose. The bushranger put his finger on the lock of his gun, and I heard a click; I knew well what that click meant. In another instant I expected to behold my poor husband's head shattered to pieces. With a desperate strength, which nothing but despair could have lent to me, I loosened one arm, and tearing the handkerchief from my mouth, I exclaimed, 'Oh! tell them, tell them! For God's sake tell them!—life is better than money...'

"Oh—ho!" said the leader, "so there is money after all. Then I think I'll find a way to get it. Here," he said to one of the men, "put your musket close to this gentleman's head; that's right—now cock it—now put your finger on the trigger, and if he offers to cry out—fire! And now for the lady. Just put the handkerchief over her mouth again, and this time take care she doesn't get it off again; a woman can't hold her tongue though her husband's brains may be blown out from her talking. In the mean time, ma'am," said he, with a sort of mock politeness, "I'll trouble you to walk into the inner room. I should not like to shock a lady's nerves, nor a gentleman's neither, with what is usual in these cases."

"I will not move," said I, horrified at his words. "I will not move; I will not leave my husband and my children. Kill me, if you will, but here I will stay."

"By no means," said the mocking bushranger; "we never wish to kill anybody if we can help it, that's not our game; but if you will not walk, you must be carried."

"The two men who held me then lifted me up in an instant, and carried me into the bedroom, where they threw me on the bed.

"Now," said the leader, "is the lady put comfortably to bed?"

"Ay, ay," said the man who held me down; "we've got her tight enough."

"You see," he said to my husband, for I could hear him speak plainly, as the two rooms are separated only by the log partition, "you see how things are; you had better tell at once, before we proceed to further extremities."

"Extreme terror and faintness had kept me silent till this moment, but now fear for my husband and my children, as well as the horror of my own condition, overcame all other feelings, and I cried out, 'I'll tell, I'll tell. Don't fire. Take up the stone before the hearth—the money is there.'"

"The leader immediately desired some one outside to bring a strong stake to lift up the stone, telling him to be quick, for they had no time to lose, as they had far to travel before morning. Then I heard them remove the stone, and the dollars clinked as the man pulled out the bag and threw it on the floor. The sight of the heavy bag, and the sound of the money, I fancy, put the party in good humour, for the men who held me relaxed their hold, and one left, telling the other not to lose sight of me.

"Presently I heard the leader say—

"Where's the young girl?"

"No one seemed to know.

"By —," said he, "the young husky has escaped, and she will give the alarm. Be quick, my men, quick—quick; leave nothing behind that you can carry away—blankets, sheets, clothes—everything. We shall want them when we get to the lake. It's a pity, though, that the girl has escaped. She will set her father free, and that may be awkward for us. Stay; we'll take him with us, and then he can't give any information about us."

"To shoot him is the shortest way," said one.

"Hang him," said another. "Chuck him into the river, and there he'll be snug till somebody finds him."

"Don't stand talking about it," said a third; "shooting him would give the alarm, and throwing him into the river is unnecessary trouble. Just lend me a bit of cord, or a silk handkerchief, and I'll warrant he'll be quiet enough after."

"I conjectured he was about to strangle my helpless husband, for I heard the leader say—

"Step!—no murder, if we can help it. We can do that with him at any time, if his living is likely to harm us. For the present, we will take him with us. Loose his legs, and bind his arms behind his back. And now, let us be off. But first let us make the lady safe."

"I was taken accordingly into the sitting-room; and then they bound me fast, and left me as you found me. My husband had been silent all this time, with the object, no doubt, which he carried into effect when he was removed outside the hut. When he found himself on the outside, where his voice could be heard, he immediately set up a loud shout for help, that made the woods ring; he was answered by screams near the river, which proceeded, I do not doubt, from Lucy. My husband's cries were instantly silenced.

"Gag him!" cried out a voice.

"Let us knock that young vixen on the head before we go," said another voice; "she will rouse the neighbourhood, and our plan will be defeated."

"It's too late," said the leader; "the alarm is given already. It would do us no good to put the girl out of the way now; we should only lose time; we must be quick, and place a good distance between us, before we can be pursued. We shall gain a march, for we cannot be tracked till daylight; but we can travel all night, and so get well a-head."

"With that they left me, threatening me and my children with instant death if I uttered the least sound of alarm. I think I must have fainted; for I remember nothing more, till I was aroused by the door of the hut being burst open, which the bushrangers, I suppose, before they left, had fastened on the outside."

"How many in number," said I, "do you think they were?"

"I cannot tell; I think there must have been eight or ten at one time in the hut; at the same time, I heard the voices of some outside. All those whom I saw were armed with a gun of some sort. They were very wild-looking; the leader had on a kangaroo-skin jacket, and he did not look very ferocious, but he was very determined."

"It was your husband's and your daughter's cries," said I, "that we heard on the other side of the river; and it is plain, from your story, that your daughter endeavoured to cross the river for help, but was terrified by the roar of the waters and the difficulty of the passage, and that, overcome with exhaustion, she fell into the fit on the trunk of the tree in which we found her. Let that fortunate escape," added I, "inspire you with the hope that we may be successful in finding your husband uninjured."

The lady then returned to her daughter; and our companions, who had gone on their several missions, having returned, we passed the remainder of the night by the fire, planning our next day's expedition, and giving and receiving mutual information on the best course to be pursued, and the likeliest track of the bush-rangers.

THE

SHEPHERD OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.¹

From the German of Fouqué.

BY S. M.

Love ye to listen to a goodly tale,
Full of simplicity, yet full of marvel,
Brightness, and beauty, like the days of old?
Then follow me,
Back through full many a hoary century!
Come to the Giant Mountains,
Which separate Silesia from Bohemia—

(1) See Engraving, p. 289.

Deep in the deepest of their shadowy glens,
Just at the hour when Eve her dewy mantle,
Streaked with a few faint lines of sunny gold,
Spreads forth, admonishing to sweet repose!
But in the mountain-woods
The shepherds roan in terror to and fro,
Gaze upward fearfully, and, if a sound
Cleave the gray clouds above like rustling wings,
Dive under bush and reed, and murmur hoarsely,
"The griffin! ah, the griffin! God defend us!"
One only of their band,
A tall slight youth, with waving locks, and face
In its smooth freshness well-nigh maidenly,
Sits, seemingly untroubled, on the brow
Of a green eminence, now steeped in light
By the red glory of the sinking sun,
And plays upon his pipe.

And sings full many a careless verse between.
Sweet, sweet, their melody!
Then wrath was mingled with the anxious fear
Of the old cowherd Hans, and thus he spake:—
"Nay, Gottsche," (thus it was the peasants' manner
To call that graceful youth amid his friends,
Though Gottschalk was the name he truly bore)—
"Nay, Gottsche, trillest thou the merry pipe
And singest, like a gay unreasoning bird,
In the midst of such great peril?"
Young Gottschalk nodded with a friendly smile,
And still pursued his strain.
Ill-pleased, the old man shook his reverend head
And greatly marvelled. "Well," he said at length,
And, as he spake, clombe upwards to the youth;
"Well, well, the peril's over for to-day;
The griffin's in her nest, and there she feeds
A brood of growing griffins like herself;
Who shall, in days to come, be our destruction."
Herewith the garrulous old man began
A piteous tale of plunder and distress,
Reckoning the numbers of the monster's prey.
"I too," young Gottschalk, with a nod, replied—
"I, too, have lost the fairest of my flock;
Six of my lambs the ravening beast hath seized."

HANS.

And there he sits and trifles with his pipe,
As though 'twere nothing! Nay, but tell me, Gottsche.
What, thinkest thou, will be the end of this?

GOTTSCHALK.

I know not, good old Hans; in truth, I know not:
I prithee, let me play!

HANS.

Nay, thou must hear me:

I'll picture thee the fashion of the end:
I see each step in detail to a hair.
First, one by one, it will devour our flocks,
Sheep, oxen, calves, and lambs; when none are left
Of all the herds, then comes the herdsman's turn!
Ay, even now, I've watched it through the clouds,
If suddenly a man hath come in sight,
Roll hungrily its cursed and glowering eyes
As if impatient for its prey.

GOTTSCHALK.

Fear nothing,

Thou good lean Hans, 'twill make no meal of thee.

HANS.

Jest on. But who can say? All things are relished
When hunger's in extremity. There's no help—
That which we cannot cure, we needs must bear.

GOTTSCHALK.

Ah, mine old friend, I think with thee entirely;
Could we but bring the griffin where a band
Of vigorous shepherds like myself might greet her,
And battle with her on the firm free ground,
Methinks her appetite were soon appeased.

But lightning-like she shoots
Out of the lofty air, and grasps her prey,
And lightning-like is back again. How now?
There's nothing to be done.

HANS.

I know it, Gottsche,
And for this cause I mourn.

GOTTSCHALK.

Nay, for this cause
I play and sing.

HANS.

But does it profit thee?

GOTTSCHALK.

And do thy lamentations profit thee?
Now, hold thy peace, and hearken for a space;
I'll sing thee a fair strain I made but now.

"O fir-tree! O fir-tree!
Thou wear'st a noble mien,
Green art thou in the summer,
And in the winter green!"

HANS.

Right sweetly made! Come, come, 'tis an old song;
I sang it when no higher than thy knee.

GOTTSCHALK.

Nay, hear me out. Somewhat that is not old
I've added to the strain. The fir-tree answers:

"O shepherd! O shepherd!
Green must I ever be,
For in summer and in winter
The same sweet light I see"
"O fir-tree! O fir-tree!
Now name to me thy light!
My heart is like thy branches,
For ever green and bright.
Like the heath upon the mountain,
Or the May-dew soft and sheen—
O fir-tree! O fir-tree!
Speak, why art thou so green?"

The tree now answers for the second time:
Attend, now comes the beauty of my lay.

"O shepherd! O shepherd!
A vision passed me by,
Fair as the youthful morning
In cloudless radiance,
Fragile as spring-side willows,
Slight as my fir-stem high,
Soft as the river-lily,
Young as a butterfly!"

HANS.

Methinks thou speakest of the duke's fair daughter
Who trod of late our woodland floors; at least
Her image rises up before mine eyes,
Clearly and brightly, while thou sing'st. go on,
For the lay pleases me.

GOTTSCHALK.

"The vision is a maiden
Of high and noble blood,
With squires and ladies round her,
And all of gladsome mood.
For this my mood is gladsome,
My boughs are green with hope,
Because she will come back again
When the first violets ope!"

HANS.

True for the violets; but, alas, dear fir-tree,
The griffin's hovering shape will scare her hence.

GOTTSCHALK.

"O fir-tree! O fir-tree!
Bold are we both, I ween;
The self-same hope hath made us
For ever fresh and green!"

HANS.

What says the fir-tree now?

GOTTSCHALK.

The lay is ended.

HANS.

Ah, gentle shepherd, that is well for thee.

GOTTSCHALK.

Why?

HANS.

For, methinks the tree could only say,
"O shepherd! O shepherd!"
I cannot fashion thee the phrase in rhyme,
But thus, in simple prose, the tree must answer:
"O shepherd, thou art crazy! Sing of hope,
And, in the same breath, name the duke's fair daughter!
Why, her next visit to our woods will quench
The last faint spark of reason in thy brain.
Ah, Gottsche, I must laugh at thee! Poor Gottsche!"
Hear'st thou, thus speaks the tree.

GOTTSCHALK.

Nay, I can give the fir-tree leave to laugh,
If he desire it; 'tis the same to me.
A fair good night, old Hans.

And blithely sprang he homewards down the mountain.
Awhile the old man stood, and shook his head,
And gazed upon him, murmuring to himself,
"Young blood—mad thoughts! The proverb is a true
one!"

II.

A herald winds his clarion in the woods,
And Gottschalk, who beholds him from afar,
And loves to look upon all noble sights,
And loves to listen to all novel tidings,
Leaps, lightly as a bird, from crag to crag,
Till, standing in the valley, he salutes
The stranger courteously. Right graceful seemed
The agile shepherd in the herald's eyes;
Reining his snow white steed, which proudly wore
Its brodered housings as a robe of honour,
He answered graciously. Then Gottschalk spake:
"O gentle herald,
Fain would I ask thee, if I fitly may,
On what fair errand thou art hither sent?"
Then smiled the herald, stroked his sable beard,
And answered thus:
"I bring a message, friendly shepherd youth,
To all the knights and lords of mountain castles,
By which, if such be God's good will, shall come
Deliverance to you dwellers in the vale."
"May I not hear this message?"

"Readily

I'll the ears of all the world I must proclaim it."
Herewith upon his golden horn he blew
A blast reverberant, and with mighty voice
Challenged the forest-echoes in these words:
"Greetings and favour from our lord the duke
To every Christian dweller in the land!
Whereas 'tis known to many, that for long
A monstrous griffin hath devoured the flocks
And scared the trembling shepherds, unopposed
Spreading its devastation o'er the plains;
Our gracious master, to the valiant man
Who shall subdue and slay this hideous monster,
Offers, as prize and pledge of victory,
The hand of Adiltrude, his only daughter,
So peerless in her beauty and her grace.
Up, warriors, to the fight! Arm, heroes, arm!"
Again the trumpet pours its echoing note;
The herald turns to ride upon his way;
But Gottschalk steps, with flashing eyes, before him,
And speaks:
"What was thy message only to the knights?
Nay, it hath wider span—its terms embrace
Each Christian dweller in the land!"

"'Tis true,

Shepherd, 'tis true; yet only by a knight
Could such a deed of marvel be achieved.
Go to thy flocks, and guard them from the griffin!"
He went his way, and Gottschalk sought his flocks,

Musing, and heedless of the fleecy treasure,
So that his mates scarce recognised the youth,
Who made but now the mountain-woods resound
With the blithe music of his careless songs;
And, stranger even than this, from time to time
The clear eyes of the silent youth would flash
As with the pride and joy of victory!

III.

"Where's Gottsche, to make music for the dance,
And join its mazes in his gladsome manner?"
Thus cry the maidens—thus the shepherds cry—
In vain!
Far through the twilight's late and deepening shadows
The youth had wandered forth;
Through the most trackless chasms of the mountain,
Where never yet the foot of man hath been,
He boldly climbs; before, with heavy wings,
Slowly, half-wearied with the weight she carries,
And heedless of the youth's pursuing steps,
Rushes the griffin. Gottschalk plants his foot
Softly, scarce audibly, and holds his breath,
Watching, with wary ever-restless eyes,
The progress of his devastating foe.
The griffin stoops—doubtless her nest is here,
In the tall branches of yon monstrous oak,
Right on the towering cliff's most lofty crest.
Ha! hark how suddenly the ancient branches
Do stir and rustle!
Hark to that shrill and hissing sound, and see
How from the leaves a group of scaly throats,
With various hues all hideous in their brightness,
Stretch forth to meet their booty-laden mother,
Who hisses her shrill answer of grim joy.
And now begins the banquet (close at hand
The shepherd, peering from his giddy height,
Looks sheer upon the horrors of the nest);
Now do the bones of strangled oxen crack
Like dry boughs smitten with the axe, and now
The greedy griffin-brood break off their revel
To quarrel for the dainties; curl and twist
Their ghastly necks in many a filthy knot,
Biting each other, and with barbed claws
Clutching and gripping at each other's throats.
The aged griffin, barbarous peace-maker,
Lashes her angry children with her wings;
Wild howl the savage brood, and then again
Renew their feasting, fight, and howl again,
While, from the oak's tall stem,
Gushes a hideous stream of mingled blood
From strife and banquet poured—from slain and slayer.
Reeling with horror, Gottsche well-nigh sank
From his tall crag, but manned himself, and grasped
The side, and firmly stood; and having seen
All that he sought, with slow and cautious steps
Clombe downwards unperceived, and paused once more,
Safe for the present, in the peaceful vale.

IV.

Now, with his herdsman's staff, iron-tipped, and sharp-
ened
Like a good battle-axe, upon his shoulder,
Gottschalk sets forth upon his dreary way,
Beneath the burning noon,
When, as he knows, the monster leaves her nest,
And seeks her prey amid the distant plains.
By scattered boughs and fragmentary rocks,
And many another sign which his quick eye
Had noted heedfully, he finds his path:
The mountain-desolation deepened round him,
And he must press through many a narrowing pass
Where youth's slight form and swift dexterity
Can scarce avail to save him. Torrents there
Rush on with wild lamenting sounds, and pines
Groan in the howling tempest. Nature seems
To cry with an articulate voice, "Back, back,
Thou hapless shepherd of the gladsome heart!"

Back, or thy doom is fixed, for ever fixed!
Thou diest alone amid the dreary mountains,
And thy poor body finds not even a tomb!"
His young and buoyant heart did well-nigh sink;
But then he took his pipe, true friend and faithful,
Which never left his side, and drew therefrom
Sounds of blithe melody, and sang this lay:

"When weary shepherds lie asleep
Beneath the noonday's sultry sky,
Then Gottschalk leaves his harmless sheep,
And seeks the mountains wild and high.
'O shepherd youth, where wouldst thou go?
'O daring heart, thy pride must fall!'
'Nay, sleepers, nay, ye must not know;
My secret is above you all.'"

Soft as the murmurs of a whispered tale
Dies the pipe's lingering echo, gently, gently.
And in the shepherd's heart
There woke a light benign,
And airily he trod, as if on wings.
'Twas but a transient courage, for not yet
Hath he the rightful source of strength explored;
Once more dark shadows fall upon his soul,
And terror creeps along his quaking limbs;
Then he kneeled down beside a mossy stone
Reverently, as though it were the holy altar
Within the village-church;
And to the music of a murmured hymn
The shepherd lifted up his voice and prayed:
"O dear and gracious God! Thine eye is on me;
Thou seest I seek no evil. I am bent
To slay the monsters which devour our flocks;
And this I seek, to serve my lawful prince,
And save my friends and fellow-countrymen.
Why sufferest Thou my soul to grow so dark?
Thou know'st the deepest secrets of my breast;
Thou know'st my heart is set on somewhat more,
Somewhat most glorious. Ah! is this a sin?
Now, if it be a sin, release me from it!
Withhold from me that peerless prize; reserve it
To grace another and a better man!
Only vouchsafe me victory in Thy strength,
To bless our groaning land;
Or, if that may not be, vouchsafe me death!"
A voice gave answer in his heart, and said,
'Go forward in thine innocence, and fear not!'

(To be concluded in our next.)

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

March.

THIS was the first month of the ancient year. Romulus so placed it in his kalendar, and the Hebrews began their ecclesiastical or sacred year about this time, in obedience to the divine command. In France, March was generally reckoned the first month, until 1564; and it retained that precedence, in various legal points, in this country, even until 1752. The Romans named it after Mars, the god of war, in honour of their first monarch, "the reputed son" of that deity, and also, as some suppose, "from the fierce and blustering winds generally prevalent at its commencement." By the Saxons, March was called *Hyld-monath*, or the stormy month; *Lenct-monath*, or the lengthening month, because the days now begin to be longer than the nights; and *Rhede* or *Rheth-monath*, a term derived either from one of their idols named *Rheda*, to whom sacrifices were offered in March, or from *Ræd*, the Saxon word for council, because at this season the gothic tribes usually undertook their wars and expeditions.

March is represented as a man of a tawny colour and fierce aspect, with a helmet on his head, leaning on a spade, holding almond blossoms and scions in his left hand, with a basket of seeds on his arm, and in his right hand the sign of *Aries*, or the *Ram*, which the sun enters on the 20th of this month, thereby denoting the

augmented power of the sun's rays, which in ancient hieroglyphics were expressed by the horns of animals." The above portrait is drawn by Mr. Brady. Our great poet Spenser has sketched a rather different one. He says:—

"Sturdy March with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent, (1)
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame, (2)
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fill'd her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment."

This month is characterized by the severity of its chilling blasts, which, however unpleasant to the aged and the invalid, are necessary to dry up the superabundant moisture caused by the snow, rains, and thaws, of February, and so prepare the soil for the labours of the husbandman, and the genial influence of the sunshine and showers of spring. The importance of this being a dry season is expressed in the old proverb:—

"A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

Another adage affirms, that this month "comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb;" in other words, that in the early part of March the weather is rough and stormy, but mild and soft towards its close. March, however, exhibits more of the temper of the lion than the lamb, as, although the sun has now acquired so much power that on a fine day we often feel the cheering warmth of spring, mild and pleasant weather is seldom of long continuance.

The animal creation is now all alive and active. The thrush sings from the beginning of the month, and blends his notes with those of the lark, blackbird, and golden-crowned wren: the pheasant crows: the ring-dove coos: the goose, hen, and pigeon set, and the duck and turkey lay: crows, rooks, and hedge-sparrows are all busy in building or repairing their nests. Of rooks it has been remarked, "highly amusing it is to observe the tricks and artifices of the thievish tribe, some to defend, and others to plunder, the materials of their new habitations. These birds are accused of doing much injury to the farmer, by plucking up the young corn and other springing vegetables; but some think this mischief fully repaid by their diligence in picking up the grubs of various insects, which, if suffered to grow to maturity, would occasion much greater damage. For this purpose they are frequently seen following the plough, or settling in flocks on newly turned up lands." In the course of March, the winter birds of passage, as the field-fare, red-wing, thrush, and woodcock, begin to leave our shores, for Norway, Sweden, and other northern regions. The reason why these travellers quit the North of Europe in winter, is clearly to escape the severity of the frost; but why at the approach of spring they should retire to their native haunts is not so easily assigned. It cannot be scarcity of food, for if they can subsist in this country during the winter, they surely may fare sumptuously during the summer; neither can their departure be occasioned by a dislike to warmth, for the season when they migrate is by no means so hot as the Lapland summer. It is well known that the crane, stork, and other birds, which were formerly natives of England, have left it as cultivation and population have extended, and possibly the same cause forbids the red-wing, thrush, and fieldfare, &c., which are naturally of a timid and retired disposition, to make choice of it as a place of sufficient security for breeding and incubation. Their loss is supplied by the bunting, red-sparrow, red-legged sea-mew, stone curlew, chaffinch, and wheatear, which now visit us. Young lambs, most of which are yeaned in this month, come tottering forth in mild weather. Snakes, newts, and lizards, which during winter lay torpid, now begin to appear. Frogs rise from the bottom of ponds and ditches, in large numbers; at first they only peep occasionally above the surface of the water, but, as soon as they begin to couple, they wax bolder,

(1) Seised.

(2) Collected together.

and croak vociferously in chorus. Their eggs have been compared to a mass of jelly filled with little black spots. Smelts or sparlings run up the rivers in order to spawn. Of the insect tribe, gnats are now numerous; beetles and lady-birds appear, as do also the "humming-bird sphynx," and "march moth," and the "sulphur," "orange-under-wing," and "light-under-wing," butterflies. Bats show themselves about the close of this month, and bees venture out of their hives. About the same period, the primrose, crocus, celandine, violet, hyacinth, narcissus, scarlet ranunculus, great snow-drop, anemone, mazeroon, daffodil and hepatica, are in beauty. The fields are green with the young grass, but can yet boast but few wild-flowers. The "modest daisy," however, may be seen in the dry pastures, and the glossy yellow blossoms of the pile-wort enliven the moist banks of ditches. The buds of most shrubs and trees are swelling, and the leaves of the elder, lilac, laurustinus, bay, rose, and honeysuckle, begin to open. Firs, pines, and larches, are also in flower. The hazel shows its catkins, and the willow, aspen, and alder-trees are in full blossom. In the gardens, the cherry, apricot, peach, and nectarine trees are covered with their pink or snowy blossoms. The gardener prunes his trees, digs and manures his beds, and sows his seeds, both in the flower and kitchen garden; and, as soon as the winds have sufficiently dried the land, the farmer "extends the exercise of his plough," and begins sowing oats and barley, spring-wheat, flax, grasses, broom, hemp, &c. He also "dresses and rolls his meadows," and plants quicksets and osiers.

Towards the end of March, the *equinox* occurs, when day and night are of an equal length all over the globe; or rather, when the sun is an equal time above and below the horizon. This takes place again in September. The one is termed the *vernal*, and the other the *autumnal*, equinox, at which times storms and tempests are particularly fierce and frequent.

An able writer, before quoted, remarks, that in Scotland the three last days of March are the subject of a strange and obscure popular story, which leads the mind back into the earliest stage of society. These three days are called the *Borrowing Days*, being alleged to have been a loan from April to March. The idea is also prevalent in England, where there is a proverb thus given by Ray in his collection:—

"April

Borrows three days from March, and they are ill."

In an ancient Romish kalendar, to which frequent reference is made in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, there is an obscure allusion to these Borrowing Days under the 31st March; it is to the following effect:—"A rustic fable concerning the nature of the month: the rustic names of six days which shall follow in April, or may be the last of March." The most common rhyme on this subject, in Scotland, goes thus:—

"March borrowed from April
Three days, and they were ill:
The first o' them was wind and weet,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze
It froze the birds' nebs to the trees."

A Stirlingshire version is more dramatic, and gives the name of one of the months in nearly the original French:—

"March said to Averil,
'I see three hogs on yonder hill;
And if you'll lend me days three,
I'll find a way to gar them die!'
The first o' them was wind and weet,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze,
It froze the birds' feet to the trees,
When the three days were past and gane,
The silly pair hogs cam hirpling hame."

"What," continues the author of "Traditions of Edin-

burgh," "could have inspired March with so deadly a design against the three sheep, is one of those profound questions which can only be solved by the cottage fire-side, 'between gloaming and supper-time.' Certes, however, the three last days of March are still occasionally observed to be of the kind described in these rhymes—and that in defiance of the statute 24 Geo. II. cap. 23. It is purely vain to point out to one of the sages who keep an eye upon the Borrowing Days, that the three last days of March are not now the same as they were before the year 1752, but in reality correspond with that part of the year which was once the 18th, 19th and 20th of the month. 'Gae wa,' said one old man, to whom we had explained this circumstance, 'd'ye think the ALMIGHTY cares for acks o' parliament?'"¹

BILLS OF FARE FOR MARCH.

I.

Boiled chickens.
A dish of stewed oysters.
A grand sallet.
A roasted breast or loin of veal.
A pigeon or chicken pyc.
A dish of soles or smelts.
A dish of young rabbits.
Custard, capon and tart.²

II.

FIRST COURSE.—Brawn and mustard. A fresh neat's tongue and udder in staffaldo. Three ducks in staffaldo. A roasted loin of pork. A venison pasty. A steak pyc. SECOND COURSE.—A side of lamb. Six teal, three larded. A lamb stone pyc. Two hundred of asparagus. A warden pyc. Macinated flounders, jellies, gingerbread, and tarts-royal.³

March 1—4.

March 1.—The name of St. DAVID, the tutelary patron of Wales, and the great ornament and pattern of his age, occurs on this day in the kalendar of the Church of England. He was uncle to the famous King Arthur, and son of Xantus, prince of Cardiganshire. Trained for the priesthood in the celebrated monastery of Bangor, he was early distinguished for learning and sanctity, and esteemed one of the noblest and most able of the preachers of Christianity to the Britons. After his ordination he became an ascetic in the Isle of Wight, whence he removed to Menevia, a city of Pembrokeshire, on the most western promontory of Wales; in and near which place he founded twelve monasteries. In 519, at a synod held at Brevy, in Cardiganshire, to suppress the false doctrines of the Pelagians, St. David confuted and silenced their heresy by his learning, eloquence and miracles. Shortly afterwards, St. Dubritius, archbishop of Caerleon, resigned his see to St. David, who presided in it till his decease, with exemplary piety. He departed this life in 544, at a very advanced age, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew, from which, in 962, his relics were translated with great solemnity to Glastonbury, together with a portion of those of St. Stephen, the protomartyr.

Of St. David, many miracles are related. It is said that his birth was predicted thirty years before it took place; that at the synod above mentioned he restored a child to life; that a snow-white dove descended from heaven and sat on his shoulder, when he expounded Holy Scripture; that, on one occasion, the ground on which he stood rose under him till it became a hill, on the top of which a church was subsequently built; that the waters of Bath received their warmth and healing qualities solely from his benediction; that an angel constantly attended and ministered unto him; and that, when the hour of his departure was come, "our LORD JESUS CHRIST vouchsafed His Presence, to the infinite consolation of our holy father, who, at the sight of Him, exulted." "Not only in Wales," says a catholic writer, in 1632, "but all England over, is most famous the memory of St. David. But in these days, the greatest part

of this solemnity consisteth in wearing a green leek, and it is a sufficient theme for a zealous Welchman to ground a quarrel against him that doth not honour his cap with the like ornament that day." The custom here alluded to is the theme of much facetious conversation in Shakspeare's Henry V., and still exists. Its origin is somewhat doubtful. Brady affirms that it grew out of the following circumstance. In the year 640, the Britons, under king Cadwallader, gained a complete victory over the Saxons, at Hethfield Chase, in Yorkshire; and St. David is considered not only to have contributed to this triumph by his prayers, but also by the judicious regulation he adopted for rendering the Britons known to each other, by wearing leeks in their caps, drawn from a garden near the field of combat; while the Saxons, for the want of some such distinguishing mark, frequently mistook each other, and dealt their fury among themselves, almost indiscriminately slaying friends and enemies. King James says, in his *Royal Apothegms*, "The Welchmen, in honour of the great fight by the Black Prince of Wales, do wear leeks as their chosen ensign." Owen, in his *Cambrian Biography*, suggests that "the wearing of the leek on St. David's Day probably originated from the custom of *Cynhortha*, or the neighbourly aid practised among farmers, which is of various kinds. In some districts of South Wales," he adds, "all the neighbours of a small farmer without means, appoint a day when they all attend to plough his land, and the like; and at such a time it is a custom for each individual to bring his portion of leeks, to be used in making pottage for the whole company; and they bring nothing else but the leeks in particular for the occasion." "The commemoration of the British victory," says Brand, with whose opinion we concur, "appears to afford the best solution of wearing the leek."

On St. David's Day, at Jesus College, Oxford, an immense silver gilt bowl, containing ten gallons, the gift of Sir Watkins Williams Wynne, in 1732, is filled with a pleasant liquor called "Swig," and handed round to those who are invited to the festive board. "Formerly," says Horace Smith, "it was the custom with the London populace, on St. David's Day, to insult the Welsh, by dressing up a man of straw, to represent a Cambrian hero, which was carried in procession, and then hung in some conspicuous place; a provocation which probably did not always pass unavenged by the cholerie sons of the principality." On this day, also, "taffies"—small figures of white "parlement," like gingerbread, moulded into the semblance of "a Welchman riding on a goat, affixed to a skewer of wood"—were wont to be exhibited in the shop windows of the gingerbread bakers, small pastrycooks, and chandlers in the metropolis, and large towns in the country. The skewer was inserted as handhold for the children, their purchasers. These ancient "nie-naes" have entirely disappeared from their accustomed place within these few years. St. David's Day in London is now only celebrated by the Society of Ancient Britons, who dine together to promote subscriptions for the Welsh charity-school in Gray's Inn Road.

March 4th.—Ember Day (1846). The Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of this week are called Ember Days, and the week in which they occur, Ember Week. As early as the third century, Calixtus, bishop of Rome, set apart Ember days and weeks for imploring, by prayer and fasting, the Divine blessing on the produce of the earth. He also directed that the same seasons should be especially devoted to the preparation of the clergy before their ordination, in imitation of the apostolic example. At first these days were not uniformly observed by different churches at the same period; but the Council of Placentia, in 1095, decreed, that the spring and summer Ember days should be the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays after the first Sunday in Lent, and Whitsunday; and those of autumn and winter upon the same days after the festivals of Holy Cross

(1) See "Popular Rhymes, &c. of Scotland," pp. 38, 39.

(2) The second part of "Youth's Behaviour," &c. 1664.

(3) "The Family Dictionary," &c. 1705.

(September 14th) and St. Lucy (December 13th). The above-named days of the week were chosen, because on Wednesday our blessed Lord was betrayed by Judas; on Friday He was crucified; and on Saturday, says Bishop Sparrow, "we represent the apostles' sorrow for the loss of their Lord lying in the grave." The Church of England commands the observance of the Ember seasons with prayer and fasting, as in former times; and that her clergy shall be ordained "only upon the Sundays" which immediately follow them. They "have been called Ember days," writes an old author, "because that our fathers would on these days eat no bread, but cakes made under embers; so that by eating of that they reduced into their minds that they were but ashes, and so should turn again, and wist not how soon." Sir H. Spelman conjectures that they were so named from the Saxon word *ymbrem*, a circuit or revolution, because these fasts are "set seasons in the circuit of the year."

THE WINE OF CHIOS.

Is the splendid isle of Chios there lived, in the olden time, a noble minded man, who had come over from the land of Asia, and had built himself there a dwelling, not far distant from the sea-shore. He had also planted vine-trees on the sunny hills—the precious fruit of his native land: these grew more beautiful than he expected, and produced the richest and noblest wine which Greece or the islands afford. But Philos—such was this man's name—was benevolent, and loved his fellow-men. And he thought within himself how he might show his gratitude to the good Being who makes the earth fruitful, for the great gift of wine, and the sweet blessing of the vine-branch. Thus he spoke:—"He has shown me good, and my heart rejoices: I will also do good to other men, and will make their hearts glad. This will be the best thanks I can render to Him who stands in need of nothing from his creatures."

He rejoiced and comforted the sick and sorrowful around his dwelling, and the strangers who resorted to him. And these praised the beauty of the wine, and said, "It is a gift of God." But more still they praised the goodness of the man; for they said, "He is a man of God."

One day there was a storm on the sea: and the waves ran high and roared greatly. A ship was tossing upon the billows; and the seamen trembled and were dismayed before the force of the storm. Philos stood on the shore, full of anxiety and pity for the poor sailors; for the storm increased, and the ship was driven towards the island. But there were many hidden rocks on the shore, and when the ship came near, it struck upon them, and parted asunder in the middle, and was swallowed up by the waves. The ship's crew threw themselves upon planks, which enabled them to swim; and at last the waves cast them ashore upon dry land. The ship's captain and the pilot lay torn and bleeding in the head and limbs, for the fury of the waves had thrown them against the rocks. Then Philos commanded that they should be carried into his house; and he poured oil and wine into their wounds, and refreshed them with draughts of the richest and noblest of the juice of his grapes; and they began to revive, and fell into a quiet slumber. Then Philos spoke to the people of the ship, and said, "Go you likewise, and be refreshed;" and he caused his servants to supply them with bread and wine, which they did. Philos now conducted the chief passengers, of the ship who were disciples of the sage Pythagoras, to a shady retreat under the elms and palms of his garden, and regaled them with the good things of his house. And when their hearts were warmed and gladdened, they opened their lips, and spoke of the Almighty Ruler of all things, and of the destinies of man; of the immortality of the soul, and of the joys of paradise; and they sung a hymn of praise to Him who gives life and happiness to all his creatures. In such converse the

time passed, while their souls flowed into each other, even as the juice of berries flows together into one bowl, and makes up one rich and precious drink. Thus they sat by their wreathed goblets until the evening star rose over their heads.

Then suddenly an uproar was heard from the house, and a loud noise, as of many voices in fierce discord. Philos sprang up, together with the wise men, and ran into the house; and they were amazed and alarmed at the sight. For the strength of the wine, immoderately drunk, had stirred up the rude tempers of the ship's people to a deadly strife. They had pulled to pieces the dwelling of the good-hearted man, destroyed his household goods, and turned the peaceful wine-cups into implements of war. The earth ran with the blood of the slain and wounded; and frightful tumult filled the air with noise.

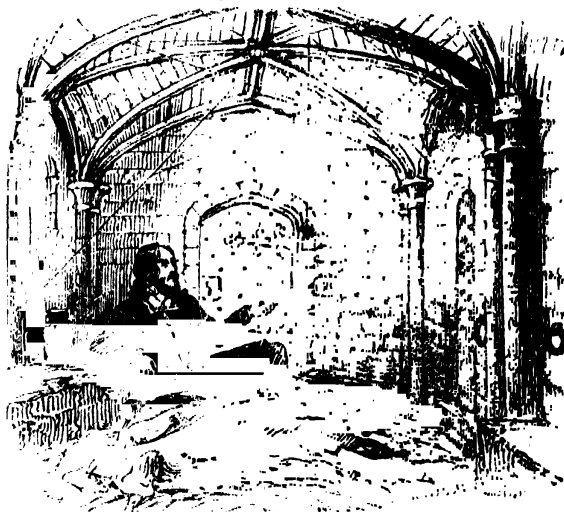
Philos was vexed in his spirit, and thus spake: "You ungrateful men! is this the return you make for the favours you have received, and for the noble gift of God which you so greatly abuse? Go back to the rude waves of the sea, which have cast you out, and which you too much resemble in your conduct. You are not worthy to remain under my roof."

Thus saying, he thrust them forth. But the others he kept and nourished, and often raised the sparkling goblet, saying, "We will not let the gifts of God suffer for the outrageous conduct of evil men."

Even the sun—which, by its genial heat, promotes the growth of the vine—produces also, by its heat, the poisonous vapour from the soil. So also men misuse knowledge, which was given for peace and joy, converting it to misery and bloodshed. But, to the wise and faithful in the land, it remains a tree of life. —*From the German.*

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]



KING ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

J. M.

LONELY on his bed of anguish,
Hopeless, pale, and blood-beaprent,
Lay the Bruce, in woe lamenting
Scotland from his sceptre rent.
"Six times on the field of battle
I've withstood the tyrant's course;

(1) By a mistake of the Printer, the cut intended to accompany this Poem was placed at the head of the poem of "Count Lauzun and the Spider," in No. 14. We now place here the cut which was intended for that poem. Our readers will have the goodness to suppose them transposed to their right places.

Six times crownless have retreated,
 Master'd by o'erwhelming force.
 Hunted on my native mountains
 To the death, like beast of prey,
 All my faithful followers scattered,—
 Where can hope find rest or stay?
 Spilt upon the sand like water,
 Life hath pass'd—its aims undone;
 Like a torch in gloom extinguish'd,
 Like a flower without the sun.
 Take my crown, ye robber minions,
 Hope and strength my soul have left;
 Blessed Jesu! take my spirit,
 Of all earthly joys bereft."
 Thus while Bruce, for death preparing,
 Turn'd to God, his only stay,
 Straight his eye beheld a spider,
 Swinging in the sunny ray.
 From the mullion'd window pendent,
 There the spider kept her hold,
 Fixing every line and threadlet,
 Like a workman skill'd and bold.
 But, alas! the vain endeavour
 Seem'd to say each time, "give o'er,"
 For, as still success look'd certain,
 Down she dropp'd upon the floor.
 Six times thus the spider falling,
 Bravely set to work again;
 Six defeats could ne'er convince her,
 That her struggle was in vain.
 Bruce the while, intently gazing
 On the spider's steadfast aim,
 Felt within his bosom rising
 Self-reproach and burning shame;
 And he vow'd that should the spider
 At the seventh time have success,
 Bruce, his languid couch forsaking,
 Scotland's wrongs would yet redress.
 See! the persevering spider
 Boldly mounts the breach again;
 See, the brave, determin'd spider
 Wins the field without a stain.
 Starting from his bed of anguish,
 New-born vigour fires the Bruce:
 Hark! his voice o'er Scotland swelling,
 Rouses from inglorious truce.
 See his banner proudly flying,
 Striking terror in the foe;
 See, from every vale and mountain,
 Stream on stream his warriors flow.
 Dauntless on his path proceeding,
 Every day fresh trophies yields;
 Till the day of Bannockburn
 Crown'd the whole—great field of fields!
 On his throne when seated glorious,
 Twined with victory's proudest bays,
 Still he dwelt, with thankful bosom,
 On the humble spider's praise.
 And his sons were told the story,
 From a grateful father's lips,
 How a feeble spider rescued
 Scotland's freedom from eclipse.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE HEART OF NAPOLEON.

THE following curious circumstance was stated to me on good authority:—When the body of Napoleon was opened at St. Helena, his heart was taken out, and, preparatory to its final destination, put in a basin of spirits and water, and left for the night on a table in the bed-

room of the medical man who had charge of the matter. In the course of the night, the doctor was awakened from a light slumber by a heavy splash from the basin, and starting up alarmed, he rested on his elbow, and by the light of a taper looked eagerly round the apartment before he should spring from bed. Not the shadow of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Had that mighty heart, scorning to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still leaping with life? Ha! catching the appearance of something moving in the corner of the room, he saw the heart of Buonaparte going into a hole in the wall; and jumping from bed was just in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat. The blood of Ahab was licked up by dogs. And it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that, after the body of Charles II. had been disembowelled, the servants of that licentious and heartless palace, utterly regardless of dead royalty, emptied their basins, containing some of the inward parts and the fatty matter of the entrails, into an open sewer, and many of the clotted lumps were seen for days sticking to a grate over the mouth of a drain into which the sewer ran. How nearly had a still more marked visitation come on the remains of Napoleon—to have his heart eaten by rats!—*The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*. By T. AIRD.

RATHER EXPENSIVE DIET.

A GENTLEMAN, residing at no great distance from Lancaster, bought three pounds' worth of postage stamps the other day, and put them in one of the drawers of a book-case; but, to his mortification, on opening the drawer next morning, he found half of them eaten by mice, and the remainder gnawed through in such a manner as to be totally unfit for use. The adhesive substance with which the stamps were coated is supposed to have been an irresistible temptation to these mischievous little vermin.—*Newspaper*.

THE COST OF RAILWAYS.

In a recent work, prepared and published by Mr. Weale, we find these considerations strikingly presented and enforced. After detailing the engineering principles of the timber bridges, framed viaducts, and pile foundations adopted in the American railroads, the author exhibits a tabular view of the primary expense of the railways in different countries, from which it appears that the cost of the English lines has averaged 30,000*l.* per mile (in round numbers); the Belgian, 15,000*l.*; the Prussian, 9,000*l.*; and the American, 4,000*l.* And as a singular instance of economical construction, the works of the Utica and Syracuse railway, 166 miles in length, are described with much minuteness, that line being carried, at an expense of 3,600*l.* per mile, over a country presenting engineering difficulties little less formidable than those encountered in forming our own Liverpool and Manchester railway (including the passage over a deep swamp very similar in character to the celebrated Chat Moss)—the English line having cost somewhere about 47,000*l.* per mile.—*Railway Examiner*.

LAZINESS grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—*Hale*.

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See page 316.

POPULAR NOTIONS OF SCIENCE.

In this age of progress and enlightenment, when nothing is too marvellous to be believed, (except the faith of our childhood), nothing too difficult to be accomplished, (except the practice of self-distrust or humility), when the elements are subject to man as to a necromancer of old, when he paints portraits with the sunbeams, and binds down the very airs of heaven to labour at his chariot-wheels, it may seem strange to propose the question, whether the world be really any wiser than it used to be? What! have we gained nothing by throwing off our shackles, and emancipating ourselves from the tyranny of prejudice? Have we not exchanged the Black Art for Homœopathy?—the incredible absurdities of Astrology for the sober truths of Mesmerism? Instead of the monsters and miracles of the olden time, the barnacle-trees and the unicorns, “the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” have we not Lamarck’s “Theory of Development,” according to which, the resolute and repeated endeavours of an animal are capable of supplying it with new organs, which are transmitted in more perfect forms to its offspring—just

as, in ordinary life, a mother who obstinately persists in preferring a dirty face to a clean one, has not only the power of keeping her own face dirty, but also of causing her children to be born black? Or, might we not quote that recent hypothesis, more simple and far more satisfactory, which evolves one species from another by the ordinary mode of birth, and traces the Howards, the Montmorencys, and the Sforzas, to one common origin in the Chimpanzee! The probability of this latter view may be demonstrated by a sum of simple proportion, wherein the author of it represents one of the terms; viz. as a monkey is to a man, so is the writer in question to a philosopher. There is the same ingenious mimicry of deportment, degenerating every moment into caricature; the same marvellous activity of movement, displayed in jumping *over* arguments and *at* conclusions; the same want of a mind capable of guiding, comprehending, and harmonizing its own efforts. But to return to our comparison, have we not the nebular hypothesis of Comte to set against the crystal spheres of the ancients? Is not the chemist, who actually makes insects, a greater man than the alchemist

(1) See “Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.”

who only tried to make gold? Are not quarrels about boundaries, and wars to force opium on the Chinese, more in accordance with the spirit of Christianity than the Crusades? Is not an Union Workhouse a finer sight than a Cathedral or an Abbey? And lastly, could Cicero be for a moment compared to —, or Bacon to —?

But the argument is becoming unfair. We compare the greatness of the past with the littleness of the present, and the consequences are of course inevitable. Neither was the irony with which we commenced, though more plausible, a perfectly fair method of putting the question. The progress of the human race is not to be tested by reckoning the absurdities of one age against those of another; the items and total of the sum will always be themes of mournful and indignant wonder to the reflecting observer. To confess the truth, in comparing the world of the nineteenth with the world of the ninth century, we feel disposed to reproach the former somewhat as a schoolmaster might wind up his lecture to "the biggest boy" after some unpardonable ebullition of boyishness, "I am not so much surprised at your little brother, but surely *you* were old enough to know better!" Neither shall we obtain our answer by comparing among each other the great men of all times. That glorious company stand ever above, and apart from, their fellows, guiding and contemplating, rather than joining the movement and tumult of the multitude. They may differ, as "one star differeth from another star in glory," but they are all stars, and we watch, but cannot follow, their course. True genius is, by its very nature, immortal; it is the citizen of all worlds, the contemporary of all ages, and when, in the Valhalla of our imagination, we gather together the few noble who have in turn adorned and left desolate the earth, we can discover no rule of precedence by which to marshal that illustrious assembly. Shakespeare is proud to sit beside Homer, and Newton does willing homage to Copernicus.

But those upper regions are ever in communication with the earth beneath them: there is a downward process of filtration going on, by which gradually and partially the mass is permeated by a spirit foreign to itself. Tedious enough is the work of digestion and assimilation, constantly impeded by difficulties, often interrupted by disease; nevertheless, by it the intellectual life of that great body, the public, is supported; and, without it, there would be atrophy or torpor. Now, as the greatness of an individual mind may be fairly tested by the influence which it exercises upon contemporary minds, still more by the durability of the lessons which it bequeathes as a legacy to after generations, so will an examination of the mental advancement of the great mass of educated persons at any given period, supply one of the surest methods of testing the intellectual character of that period, of estimating the measure by which it has outstripped any previous era, and even of conjecturing how far it will probably be left behind by the coming age. Let us then inquire how much we, Englishmen and Englishwomen of the 19th century,—we, the middle classes, the boast, and (in our own opinion, for here too it is the man, not the lion who writes) the ornament of our country, are wiser than our grandfathers. In what degree have the gentlemen and ladies whom one meets in society, the swallows of hot soup, and frequenters of club drawing-rooms, the polka-dancers and duett singers, the men of business, and the men of leisure, the readers of newspapers, and the readers of novels, in what degree have all or any of these approached, we will not say to a knowledge, but to an intelligent interest in the gigantic advances of science, and a respectful appreciation of the sublimity of her truths? Is it common to meet with persons whose acquaintance with electricity extends beyond the fact that they must not stand under a tree in a thunderstorm, or who comprehend anything more of meteorology than is necessary

to enable them to open their conversations with the eternal remark upon the weather? Did you, my dear reader, ever meet with any person who was able to tell you off-hand at a moment's notice, the meaning of Palæontology? Do you not honestly think that it would often be referred to the author of the evidences? Do you perfectly understand it yourself? But we will not question you too closely. We ourselves are acquainted with an elderly gentleman, of respectable average abilities, who utterly denies the existence of astronomy; and we have heard a well educated and highly talented lady profess her opinion that all maps of the moon must be purely conjectural. What can be the reason of this ignorance and this apathy concerning matters of such deep and universal interest? We shall proceed to suggest a few.

There is an unity in the multiplicity of truth; and the character which she demands of her worshippers is likewise uniform. The same blindness and earthliness of spirit, which it is needful to cast aside in order to receive rightly the revealed word of God, are found to clog our footsteps and darken our path when we would study His works. Here, too, the knowledge at which we would arrive springs from no other source than the mind of Deity:—here, too, we must walk reverently, if we would walk securely; and here, too,—alas! that it should be so!—"fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and the thousand and one heresies which distract the Church—the false and foolish systems of theology which have prevailed, more or less, in all ages—the infidelity, the rationalism, or the pantheism of men, are scarcely subjects of more profound amazement to the thinking mind, than the insane presumption which would explain, harmonize, or even question, the phenomena of the visible universe, without a long, a humble, a laborious study of their nature. Therefore is it that the irreverence, which has been pronounced to be one great characteristic of these our days, is a bar to the general spread of scientific truth. Therefore is it that, among the half-informed, we find bold hypotheses in the place of patient inquiries; among the wholly ignorant, arrogant judgments in the place of respectful attention. What we would advocate is rather accuracy of estimate, than fulness of knowledge: rather a reverence for truth in every shape, than a minute acquaintance with it in any. This, surely, need not be stigmatized as the dream of an enthusiast,—thus far surely the multitude might attain, if they would. But so long as some will talk on subjects concerning which they know nothing,—so long as others will coolly dismiss all mention of the wonders and magnificence of the world in which they live, or the greatness of those among their fellow men, by whom such wonders have been in part explored and understood, with the words, "that is not in my way—I have no taste for such things,"—so long as he who rejoices in prize oxen, and lives on the thoughts of mangel-wurzel—who speculates in railroads or in stock till every faculty of his intellect is absorbed by the miserable process of reckoning pounds, shillings, and pence for gain, is honourably distinguished from him who lives among the everlasting truths of Science and Art, as a "PRACTICAL MAN,"—so long is it hopeless that the general mind should become elevated, or the general taste refined. That popular phrase, "a practical man," may be called the very watchword of barbarism. With how expressive a sneer of quiet self-approval is it uttered! How completely does it imply that the mere garments of humanity, the tangible flesh-and-blood matters of every-day life, the gloves and shoes, the food and physic of a man, are greater things than the immortal and unquenchable fire within him—that the body is better than the soul!

We come to another besetting sin of our age—Utilitarianism. It is strange that the prevailing popular acceptance of the word has never been considered purely in a ludicrous point of view. The absurdity of it is boundless. Taken in its ordinary sense, it means

literally what has just been said, that the body is greater than the soul. Of course the Utilitarian denies this; but practical proofs are abundant. Tell a man of this stamp that Lord Rosse's telescope has penetrated the mysterious vistas of space, and opened to our view, not new worlds, not new systems, but, as it were, a new universe, bowing our very souls before the vague conception of infinity which it lets in upon them, and he will mouth out his "cui bono," with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, in which the implied superiority is a sore trial to the temper. Tell him, however, that a clever application of mechanical force has produced a new and admirable variety of easy-chair, and, with the thought of an after-dinner nap softening his heart, he will shake you by the hand, and tell you that science is, after all, a very good thing in its way. Still more cordial will he become, if you show him that science may be made to earn money. The marvellous discovery which could win but a negligent smile, as a truth destined to enlighten and delight the wise of all ages, rouses him to rapture when it is shown to have filled the pockets of one insignificant mortal.

But of Utilitarianism in its higher and true sense we profess ourselves zealous disciples, only desiring that the Useful should be properly defined. All things that improve, soften, and strengthen the character, make the spirit holier, and the life purer; these are useful in the first and highest degree. All things that refine and elevate the intellect, ennoble the imagination, and kindle that steadfast enthusiasm to which a due consciousness of the greatness of nature and the littleness of man is but an incentive and encouragement to exertion; these compose the second class. The things that minister to the body come last of all, as being immeasurably meaner in their nature, and lower in the ends at which they aim. But let not our friends the Utilitarians cry out upon us for talking what they are pleased to call high-flown nonsense. We know, as well as they do, that man is subject to the degrading necessities of eating, drinking, and sleeping. We speak not here of the needful support, nor even of the needful comfort, of the body. But, for all beyond this point, for the luxuries of civilization, the ingenuities of caprice, and the feebleness of self-indulgence, we proclaim our utter contempt. Study and love these things if you will, but be content, while you do so, to rank low in the scale of rational being, and arrogate not to yourselves an equality with those who are disciples of a loftier school.

There remain, ere we close this rapid and most imperfect sketch, two "popular notions of science," that is to say, two obstacles to the progress of scientific knowledge among the people, which we cannot leave wholly unnoticed. Both are plausible, and both false. The first is the idea, that a deep and accurate acquaintance with the mysteries of nature impairs a due sentiment of their grandeur—a kind of superstition with which we feel some sympathy even while we condemn it. We have walked through scenes of matchless beauty with a botanist, who was so engrossed by groping after "specimens" with her face up against a bank, that she had not a glance to bestow on the loveliness around her, except, indeed, in compliance with our summons, which, in sheer disgust, we soon desisted from repeating. But the fault lies here in the nature of the individual, not of the science; and the disadvantageous impression which it produces is traceable to that habit of generalizing from particular instances of which it would seem impossible to cure mankind. "Many a clear manuscript," says Goethe, "is illegible in twilight;" but the man whose dim apprehension renders it unintelligible, will certainly persist in attributing the obscurity of which he is conscious, not to himself, but to the work. Do we suppose that he, who would "peep and botanize upon his mother's grave," was an affectionate son till his heart was hardened by the study of botany? Would the matter have been much mended if he had known

nothing at all of botany, but had haggled with the apothecary for the amount of his bill, immediately after his mother's funeral? We might as well charge the extravagancies of Munsö upon the Bible, as tax Science with the follies of her votaries. But we are apt to fancy that the moment in which a fact first becomes apparent to our senses, is the starting point of its existence, and, because the meanness of a man's mental stature becomes glaringly manifest when he stands on the eminence of knowledge, and breathes its liberal air, we speak as though such "dwarf dimensions" did not exist in an equal measure, while he was grovelling in the valley below. The mind of man is like one of those landscapes made of layers of silver paper—apparently blank while it lies in the shadow, assuming a thousand shapes when it is held up to the light; yet the light does not create those shapes—it only makes visible that which previously existed unseen.

No one who has a due comprehension of the intimate alliance between Truth and Beauty, can suppose it possible that, as we approach the one, we must needs separate from the other. There is no truth which is not beautiful; there is nothing beautiful which is not true. The loftiest imaginations of the poet, the most magnificent creations of the artist—aye, even the mysterious harmonies of the musician, are only so far valuable as they represent or symbolize a part of our nature; dimly understood, indeed, and often scarcely recognized, but not the less real for that;—or as they approach instinctively, and with imperfect consciousness, to the conception of something beyond and above that nature, though in accordance with it. The mystery of beauty is unfathomable, but it is certain that truth lies at the bottom of it. We have, however, been speaking here as if it were necessary, or even possible, for the generality of men to acquire that "deep and accurate acquaintance" with science which is erroneously supposed to interfere with the enjoyment of nature. It was needful thus to argue, for it is marvellous how fearful the *very* ignorant are of becoming too learned. Since the days of Pope's melodious fallacy, the danger of a little learning has been more generally acknowledged, than the difficulty of a great deal; and it is no uncommon thing to meet with persons who, after confessing that they know nothing on this or that subject, close their sentence by the declaration, "I hate a smattering; I never do things by halves; so as I have not time to make myself master of it, I prefer leaving it quite alone." Alas! the most persevering of enquirers seldom obtains half that which he seeks, and it would take somewhat more than a lifetime to make a man *master* of any single science. Those who seem to us as masters, are but pupils in a higher class, as they are themselves the first to acknowledge. If people would but attempt to acquire that *smattering* of knowledge which they so proudly despise, they would often find it difficult enough to tax their highest abilities, and delightful enough to repay their utmost efforts; while, that it would raise them not a little in the social scale, many a spender of long days, and sufferer of morning visits, would gratefully confess.

That "joyful amazement" (*freudiges Erstaunen*) to use Humboldt's expressive phrase, which is experienced by the student of nature as she unfolds new marvels to his eyes, begins with his first doubtful step into her realm of enchantment, and increases in intensity and refinement the farther he advances. That there are those who have no eyes for all this beauty; no ears for this chorus of inexhaustible harmony; no senses to drink in this balmy and bracing air; it would be folly to deny. Such are the menials of science, and, place them in what sphere you will, they must continue menials; unless, indeed, you locate them in the region of popular Utilitarianism, where they may be monarchs if they please; just as a man may always be king of his company, by descending low enough to look for subjects. Whether they are not more respectably employed in

gathering materials for the architect whose labours they are incapable of imitating, than in pelting his fabric with stones and dirt, is another question. In the first case they help on the progress of the work, in the second they impede it; but, however indignant the workman may feel, let him take comfort in reflecting that they are in reality powerless, and that, when their clamour and their dust are gone by, his edifice will remain to challenge the admiration of the enlightened, as though they had never been. The wise men of Spain could not keep Columbus from discovering America, nor has the world yet learned from Voltaire to look down upon Shakspeare.

The second objection has been well-nigh answered already, though not specifically stated. It is the unhappy idea that Knowledge stands necessarily in antagonism to Faith, and that a man cannot fathom the mysteries of Nature without learning to doubt those of Revelation. This may be true of those who mistake *laws* for *causes*, but in such an error they sin as deeply against Science, as they do against religion. If God be the source of all Truth, natural as well as revealed, is it not impiety to suppose that the study of the one volume cannot be pursued without casting doubts upon the authenticity of the other? The man who thinks thus, is indeed wise to abstain from such a study, for he holds his faith in so feeble a grasp, that a breath would blow it away. In everything there is reaction and compensation. With every new taste, we acquire a new want—with every friend gained, we have an additional source of possible unhappiness opened to us, to balance the positive enjoyment acquired—and every increase of power, whether mental or physical, is for good or for evil, according as we choose to employ it. Let not him who feels within himself the seeds of consumption, attempt to scale the mountain-side; to him, the fresh breezes are poison, the invigorating exercise is death. But let him remember that the evil is in himself, and that the efforts so injurious to him, impart all the energy of health to a stronger frame. And if there be a few melancholy instances that would seem to justify the opinion we have been combating, if there are to be found some who have intruded themselves into the sanctuaries of Nature only to deny the God who should there be worshipped, let us, while we deplore their blindness, and condemn their presumption, remember these two things:—

First, that their unbelief arises out of their own evil hearts, and is, in all cases, a high treason against the majesty of truth, whether natural or revealed, whether scientific or theological; secondly, that those who would charge the sin upon Science, should be the last to judge the sinner. If they are so morbidly sensitive to the danger of the trial, let them be merciful to him who falls beneath it.

But we thank God that these are only the exceptions, and while we can appeal to such names as those of Bacon or Copernicus, of Newton, of Cuvier, or of Herschel, we may fearlessly proclaim the truth, that the Almighty intended all the faculties he has bestowed to be exercised, and all the revelations he has vouchsafed to be studied, and that the man who hides his talent in a napkin, is doing the will of his Creator as little as he who perverts the gift to his own destruction.

B. S.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

NO. III.

DECORATED.

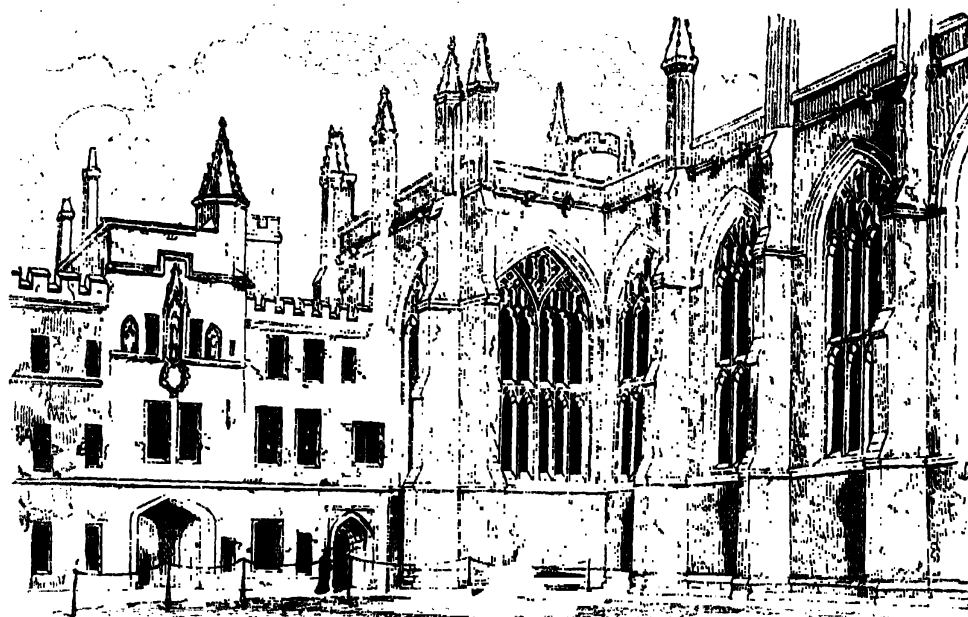
In Exeter Cathedral this style may be said generally to prevail, although some parts are of earlier, and some of later date. Great part of Lichfield Cathedral was also built during the 14th century,

as were also the Lady Chapel and chapter-house of Wells Cathedral. The cloisters at Norwich are among the most beautiful we have; they were commenced so early as 1297, but not finished for more than a century. Many country churches are of this date. That of Shottisbrooke, in Berkshire, was built (in the form of a cross) by Sir John Trussell, about the year 1387; Winnington church, Bedford, is of the same date. During this century additions were made, in this style, to older churches; such as aisles, transepts, and chantry chapels, in all of which more or less of the beauty and elegance of the style is observable.

PERPENDICULAR.

We have now arrived at the last style of pure Gothic architecture which was adopted in the 14th century. This style began to creep in as early as the close of Edward III.'s reign, about the year 1375, and it prevailed for a century and a half, or rather more, till late in the reign of Henry VIII., about the year 1539. It has been sometimes called the *Florid* style; but as this seems not sufficiently to distinguish it from the Decorated, the name of *Perpendicular* has been of late usually given to it; and this name is both distinctive and appropriate; for the manner in which this style is distinguished from the Decorated is mainly by the change from the flowing tracery and outlines of the last style, to straight mullions in the windows running up vertically to the very top, and divisions of ornamental panel-work, in parallel perpendicular lines. Indeed the whole character of this style agrees with this perpendicular arrangement of its details.

Of the arches of the style none is confined to it, except the four-centred arch, commonly called the *Tudor* arch, from the name of our royal family during this period, which is almost peculiar to this style alone: the windows of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, are of this shape; in them may be observed also the way in which the tracery, instead of diverging into wavy lines, runs up, almost straight, into the head of them, something like bars. In the windows of Merton College antechapel may be seen another feature of this style, viz. the *transome*, a horizontal stone division, cutting the lower part of the window into two stages: it has a small battlement on it in this case—a common ornament at that time. The mouldings used in windows were very shallow, hollow mouldings; which also appear in door-ways and pier-arches, and under parapets, and the windows of the clerestory were usually square-headed. The piers in this style are generally formed of a square or parallelogram placed diamond-wise, with the angles fluted or hollowed, and a slender shaft with base and capital attached to the flat face of each side of the pier, as at Croydon, and in many other places. In some churches these shafts are attached to the angles instead of the sides of the piers. A richer looking variety of pier is formed by a lozenge with hollowed sides, in which are single shafts, and a cluster of them at the angles. Of this style of pier good specimens are seen at St. Mary's, Oxford. We must also mention that panelled compartments are often found in this style running up the inside of the piers, and the under part of the arch (called the soffit.) Of the door-ways of this style there is a great variety: the most common is the depressed four-centred arch, within a square-head or frame,



NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

as it were; sometimes the same arch is found without the square hood-mouldings, as at Lincoln cathedral: other shaped arches are also met with, with the hood, as at Adderbury, Oxfordshire.

The porches of this style are very frequent, and profusely enriched with panel-work, tracery, and niches for statues. They are also vaulted, and sometimes have small chambers over them. The south porch of Gloucester Cathedral, and the south-west porch of Canterbury, are very fine specimens; as is also the west porch at Peterborough, under the centre arch of the west front.

The roofs of this period are usually of so low a pitch as to appear almost flat from without. Timber roofs are common, and are usually very highly decorated, particularly in the cornices. They often have no tie-beams (where the pitch is very low), but the principal rafters are so united as to serve as a tie, and the whole roof is subdivided, by the smaller beams and purlins, into squares. The roof of the south chancel aisle at Evesham Church, in Oxfordshire, is a very good specimen of the timber roof of this period. They were usually painted. In some cases a shaft is carried up to the wall pieces, from the inner face of the piers.

The stone vaulting of this period is very rich, and is found covering vast buildings, without any apparent adequate support. The groining is very much complicated, and at every intersection, highly-wrought bosses with flowers and foliage, or sometimes shields with sacred emblems, are introduced. A very rich specimen is the vaulting of the choir of Oxford Cathedral, which was inserted quite at the end of the perpendicular period, by Cardinal Wolsey. Winchester cathedral was also vaulted in a similar manner (that building being Norman as well as Oxford cathedral), by William of Wykeham, who was the great patron and improver of the perpendicular style. A very rich and peculiar kind of vaulting is one composed of pendant semi-cones, with rich panel-work, called *fan-tracery*, from the design resembling a fan spread open. The roofs of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, and of King's College

Chapel, Cambridge, are well known, and most splendid examples of it.

A feature peculiar to this style is the panel-work with which the interior and exterior of many buildings of this period are ornamented. Specimens of this on the exterior are the Beauchamp Chapel, at Warwick, the west front of Winchester Cathedral, and Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster.

The parapets used during this period were either the plain embattled, with coping mouldings, as at St. Erasmus' Chapel, Westminster, or else the pierced, as at Redcliffe Church, Bristol, which has a broad, shallow moulding, with square flowers in it, just below it—an ordinary ornament at this time.

Of minor ornaments, we may mention the rose (the badge of the two houses of York and Lancaster), which is frequently met with; as also rows of a trefoil or lozenge-shaped leaf, somewhat like a strawberry leaf, with a smaller trefoil intervening: this is known by the name of the *Tudor flowers*. The tendrils, leaves, and fruit of the vine are also often introduced in the broad, shallow mouldings of this style. In general, a squareness of outline prevails in the ornaments and foliage of cornices, panels, &c. of this period.

The buttresses were either very simple, divided into stages, with plain offsets, as at New College, Oxford: or else panelled, and highly ornamented with tracery as at Evesham. The buttresses at the Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, are unusually bulky and projecting, in order to support the weight of the stone vaulting, but their heavy look is removed by the rich paneling with which they are covered.

Among the early buildings in this style, we may mention the tower of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, which was begun in 1373, and finished in 1395. Westminster-Hall was begun in 1397, by King Richard II., (for the old one was almost utterly destroyed), and finished in 1399: the entrance has the square hood over it, and the spandrels, or parts, between the arch, and this hood, are filled with sunk panel work: both the end windows are divided into perpendicular com-

partments, and have a horizontal division by the usual transom; the wooden roof is a splendid specimen of the kind; it is, perhaps, the earliest perpendicular roof we have. Of the late structures of this style, the Abbey Church at Bath is a specimen; it already exhibits some symptoms of a decline of the style; the tracery, and shapes of the windows, are heavy and tasteless. The foundation of Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster, was laid in 1502, but it was not completed till the reign of Henry VIII. It is the richest specimen of this style on a large scale, and is completely covered, externally and internally, with panel-work, niches, statuary, and other decorative work. But one of the most beautiful specimens of a late date, on a small scale, is the church of Whiston, Northants, built 1534, by Antony Catesby, Esq., Isabel his wife, and John their son. It consists of a tower, decorated with panel-work, and finished with handsome pinnacles at the angles; a nave divided from the aisles by arches within square compartments, the spandrels being filled in with foliated panels; these arches spring from piers, placed diamond-wise with semi-cylindrical shafts at the corners: there are no clerestory windows, and the chancel and aisle windows are obtusely-pointed four-centred arches. The wooden roof is a good specimen. Somersetshire is particularly noted for its many churches, erected at the close of the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth century: they are often rich in carved wood-work, whether of screens, pulpits or seats. The towers are especially fine, and decorated with great variety.

We have to say but a few words on the subject of the decline of Architecture. It commenced about the year 1530, and is but too readily recognized by a hundred various signs of decay. The designs generally now become clumsy and meagre, and show no appearance of a change from one style to another, but rather to none at all, or to a puerile mixture of styles, hardly deserving any name. One great cause of this decline of Christian art, was the devastation of monasteries, and other such institutions, which followed their suppression; this both discouraged the study of the art, which had grown up within their walls, and went far to put a stop to the spirit of erecting and enriching churches, which had flourished for so many ages in our land. For the revenues of the religious houses, which were always largely bestowed on this object, were now seized upon by the King, and given to private individuals, who squandered in licentious living, or vain pomp, the revenues once devoted to so different purposes; and, besides this, the erection of additional chapels to the churches, and the decoration of churches generally, by the pious munificence of individuals, were put an end to by the abolishment of ancient usages, and still more by the prevalence of the Puritanical spirit, which, taking its rise shortly after the Reformation, continued to increase till it reached its climax in the temporary overthrow of the Church and monarchy in the next century.

A common custom in the sixteenth century was the insertion of stones, bearing the date of any alterations made at this period, and for about a century after the Reformation: this custom enables us to pronounce with certainty in many cases, as to the time which must plead guilty to the disfigurement of our churches, by clumsy and unsightly alterations. Thus at Wolston Church in

Warwickshire, a fine decorated window has the tracery taken out, and two square-headed windows, one above the other, inserted instead; over the uppermost is the date 1577, over the lower, 1621. At Bilton Church in the same county, a fine window has been blocked up, and a heavy, clumsy, square-headed window has been inserted, over which is a stone slab with the date 1609. At Hilmorton, in the same county, is another similar instance; and here is also in the south wall of the tower (which is low, heavy, and clumsily built) a stone, with date of its erection, 1655. At this period also, was introduced a taste for classic details and emblems, which are frequently inserted with wonderfully bad taste and incongruity into buildings, calling themselves gothic. Thus, on either side of the east window of St. Peter's College Chapel, Cambridge, is a classic niche with emblems of heathen sacrifices about them. Several of the College Chapels in Oxford are built in this debased style—for instance, Brazen Nose, and Oriel. The windows at Oriel Chapel (one of them is round-headed) are filled with inelegant tracery, and the large oval openings in the heads being without the tracery proper to gothic tracery, have a bald and harsh effect. We will not multiply instances of the misapplication of detail and neglect of harmony of proportion which characterize the churches of the early part of the eighteenth century; they were often constructed of red brick, with urns, torches reversed, garlands, heads of oxen, and such like heathen emblems, carved in stone, and stuck here and there, by way of ornament to buildings, whose proportions seem to indicate a town-hall or an assembly-room, rather than a Christian Church.

THE LAST WORD OF THE SINGER.

CHAPTER II.

THE doctor, astonished at these mysterious words, was trying to soothe and console her, when the door of the room was thrown open with much noise, and a tall young man entered. His face was strikingly handsome, but a wild haughtiness darkened his features, his eyes rolled, and his hair hung carelessly over his brows. He had a roll of music paper in his hand, which he waved backwards and forwards before he found breath to speak. When the signora perceived him, she uttered a loud cry, which the doctor at first thought was from pain, but soon saw it was from joy, for a beautiful smile lighted up her countenance.

"Carlo!" she exclaimed, "Carlo! at last you have come to see me!"

"Wretched one!" replied the young man, stretching his arm majestically towards her, and flourishing the roll of music, "cease thy siren song—I come to judge thee!"

"Oh, Carlo!" said the signora, interrupting him, in tones soft and touching as the breathings of a flute, "how can you thus speak to your Giuseppa?"

The youth was on the point of replying, when the doctor, dreading the effect of such a scene on his patient, threw himself before him.

"Worthy Master Carlo," he began,—at the same time offering him his snuff-box,—“have the kindness to remember that Mademoiselle is in a state of health which renders such scenes far too exciting for her weak nerves.”

The young man looked haughtily at the speaker, and pointed the roll of music towards him, exclaiming, with a deep threatening voice,

"Who art thou, earthworm, who darest thus to come between me and my wrath?"

"I am the physician Lange," answered the other calmly, shutting the lid of his snuff box; "and in my title of 'Medicinalrath' I find nothing synonymous with an earthworm. I am master here as long as the signora is ill, and I tell you in good earnest, either to take your departure, or to modulate your 'presto assai' to a reasonable 'larghetto'."

"Oh! let him remain, doctor," cried Bianetti, in accents of agony. "Let him remain, do not irritate him. He is my friend. Carlo will do me no harm, although wicked men have spoken to him against me."

"Ha! so thou still dost venture to trifle with me? But know, a flash of lightning has burst open the door of this mystery, and has illuminated the dark night in which I wandered. Therefore was I not to be told from whence thou camest, and what thou wert! For this, thou didst shut my lips with thy kisses, when I asked about thy life! Fool that I am! to have been charmed by the voice of a woman, in which there is nothing but deception and lies! Only in the voice of man is there truth and virtue. Alas! alas! how could I thus be deluded by the roulades of a—"

"Oh, Carlo!" whispered the poor girl, "if you only knew how your words pierce my heart, how your horrible suspicions penetrate more deeply than the steel of the assassin!"

"Truly, it was quite right, sweet innocent," exclaimed the other, with a fearful laugh, "that thy lover should be blinded, in order that thou mightst treat him as it pleased thee! That Parisian, however, must be a clever fellow, that he after all found his gentle dove."

"This is going too far, sir," cried the doctor, taking hold of the madman: "walk instantly out of this room, else I shall call the people of the house to hasten thy exit."

"I am going, I am going," screamed the madman, pushing the doctor back, who luckily fell into an arm-chair behind him. "Yes, Giuseppa, I go, never more to return. Live a better life, or rather die, unhappy one, and hide thy shame in the grave; and in that other world, hide thy soul where I may never meet it, for in this world thou hast shamefully cheated me out of my love and of my life."

He uttered these words, waving at the same time the roll he held in his hand; but his wild, restless eye filled with tears as he threw a last look towards Giuseppa, and rushed, sobbing, out of the apartment.

"Run after him; bring him back," cried the signora; "my peace of mind depends upon it!"

"By no means," replied the doctor, rising from the arm-chair; "this scene must not be repeated. I shall prescribe a soothing mixture, of which you will take two spoonfuls every hour."

The unhappy Bianetti had sunk back on her pillow, her strength was utterly exhausted, and she again lost all consciousness. The doctor called in the waiting maid, endeavouring, with her aid, to restore her mistress to life; yet he could not refrain, while pouring out some essence, from scolding the servant well.

"Have I not commanded you most strictly to permit no one, no person whatever, to come in? and yet you admitted this madman, who has almost a second time killed your good signora."

"I have certainly let in no one else," said the girl weeping, "but him I could not refuse. My lady sent me three times to-day to his house, to entreat him to come, were it only for a few moments: indeed, I was obliged to say she was dying, and that she wished to see him once more before her death."

"Indeed! And who is then this?"

* A title given to certain physicians.

The signora opened her eyes. She looked now at the doctor, now at the servant, and then her eyes wandered searchingly round the room.

"He is gone, for ever gone," she sadly whispered. "Ah! dear doctor, go to Bolnau."

"How! what can you want with the unfortunate counsellor? He has suffered enough already on your account, since he is obliged to keep his bed: how can he help you?"

"I have made a mistake," replied Bianetti; "you must go to the foreign leader of the orchestra; he is called Boloni, and lodges at the Hôtel de Portugal."

"I remember I have heard of that person," said the doctor; "but what am I to do, or to say to him?"

"Say to him, I wish to tell him every thing—that he must come once more; but no, I cannot tell him myself. Doctor, if you—yes, I have confidence in you, to you I will tell all, and then you can repeat it to Boloni: will that not do?"

"I am at your command," answered the doctor; "whatever I can do to promote your happiness shall most gladly be done."

"Well, come early to-morrow morning; to-day I can speak no more. Farewell, then—yet stay one moment; Babette, give the doctor his pocket-handkerchief."

The girl opened a drawer, and handed to the doctor a yellow silk handkerchief, which perfumed the whole apartment with a rich scent.

"This is not my handkerchief," said Dr. Lange; "you are mistaken,—I have lost none."

"It must be yours," said the waiting maid, "for we found it last night on the floor; it belongs to no one in the house, and there was no other person here except you."

The doctor met the look of the singer, which rested on him in expectation of his answer.

"Might this handkerchief not belong to some other person?" he asked, looking steadfastly at her.

"Shew it to me," she said anxiously, "I never thought of that."

She examined the handkerchief, and found in the corner some initials entwined: she turned pale, and trembled.

"It appears you know this handkerchief, and the person who has lost it," continued Lange. "It may lead to something; may I take it with me? may I make use of it for that purpose?"

There seemed to be a struggle in the mind of Giuseppa. She reached out the handkerchief, then again drew it convulsively back.

"Be it so," she at length said; "and though that wretched one should come again, and strike my wounded heart more surely a second time, yet I will venture it. Take it, doctor. To-morrow you shall have some elucidation of this matter."

One may easily suppose how exclusively this sad event occupied the mind of Doctor Lange. His extensive practice became as burthensome to him, for the time, as it had formerly been a pleasure; for did not the numerous visits which he had to make before seeing the signora again prevent him from being with her at an early hour, to hear her details, and the explanation for which he was so impatient? Yet, as he had to visit at least thirty or forty different places, where he was sure of meeting with many persons, he thought to himself that he might as well listen to what was going on, as his patients and others would of course be making remarks about the Italian singer, and the events that had happened; he might likewise be able to gain some information about her friend, the director of the choir.

When the singer was spoken of, people shrugged their shoulders, and were more severe in their judgments in proportion to the disappointment they felt that nothing official or certain was yet known. Her rivals—and what distinguished vocalist, should she also be beautiful and only eighteen, has not many?—her rivals made the most malicious remarks. The more temperate said,

Strih, strah, stroh!
Summer-day comes once mo!
Violets and sweet flowers
They bring us summer hours.
We hear the keys a ringing,
Something for us they're bring-
ing;
Bretzel steeping in red wine,
And for us all dainties fine.

A golden table the master we
wish,
With plenty thereon of baked
fish.
We wish the mistress, since she's
so kind,
With linen her presses all deeply
lined.
The daughter we wish a husband
good,
Who'll hold her as dear as his
life's blood.
Strih, strah, stroh!
This day next year we are here
once mo!

"On summer-day, also," says Mr. Howitt, "two men go round, one dressed in moss and straw, as Winter, and the other in ivy, or other evergreen leaves, hung with garlands and ribbons, like our Jack-in-the-green; or rather, they go round in a sort of covering of this, out of which they can creep at pleasure; and in this form they beg from house to house."

Reading for the Young.

DORNIE BACH.¹

(See Engraving, p. 305)

AT a farm in Cowal, on the side of Loch Fine, opposite to the Duke of Argyle's beautiful castle, dwelt a cotter and his wife; poor persons of the lowest class of Scottish peasantry; yet though poor, they were loved and respected, for they were as obliging as industrious; and by their industry were frequently enabled to assist their neighbours—whom habits of expense or idleness had reduced to straits.

Such privations as they endured came light to them, because they referred all things to the will of God; and that singleness of heart and simplicity of belief blunts the edge of suffering, while it enhances the value of happiness. Next to this blessed resignation of mind, the best boon of Heaven is, perhaps, a love of employment; for labour, when it is not too severe, beguiles care. Come when you might to Gillespie's cottage, you always found the good man and the good wife busy: as often as Gillespie dived in the potato-yard, he might be heard singing,

"A cosie wee house, a cosie wee fire,
A bonnie wee bodie to praise and admire;
A sonsie braw bairn upon my knee,
To crowdie, and cry Daddie to me;
And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet:
A bonnie wee bodie has been my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't."

And *canty*—that is, cheery—he ever was, for there is a spirit in employment which gives health to the mind, as exercise does to the body; besides, there is a promise attached to diligence: "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule, but the slothful shall be under tribute." (Prov. x. 24.) But, to return to my story and my cotters. They had two fine children—the pride, and joy, and comfort of their lives—a boy and girl. The girl was ten years old, the boy seven; already these children were useful in their family and station. Many a well-dressed lordling and little lady cannot say as much; happier would it be for them if they could. The girl helped her mother in the kale-yard in the daytime, and at night spun the yarn "*maist as weel as herself*." The little boy lay all day patiently herd-

ing his sheep and the black cattle, and was already as perfectly acquainted with the wilds and hill-side as boys that were twice his age.

He was a fearless little fellow, and when accompanied by his faithful black and white collie,² "Dornie Bach," he apprehended no danger—no, not even when he passed the cairn, where it is said a poor girl, in a fit of insanity, had killed herself: and yet such a sad tale might naturally make a child feel awe; but he remembered what his father had told him, and what he read (for he could read) in his Bible, that they who do no wrong need fear no evil; so he played with his dog, and cut hazel-sticks, and gathered fern to make a bed for the cattle when he should return at night, which he carried home on his back, bound together with a withe of the birch-tree; at other times he gathered wild-ash berries, and strung them in necklaces for his sister: their bright scarlet colour pleased his eye; and there was besides a virtue ascribed to this tree, according to Highland lore, which could keep all hurtful things from her.

Such notions arise out of the wild romantic features of that country, the lonely lives of the Highlanders, and the proneness mankind have to commune with some kindred spirit; so that when society is denied to them, they make to themselves creatures of their own imagination, spirits of good and evil, out of trees, and stones, and rocks, and nature, and derive interest and pleasure from these, which the dweller in busy cities can have no idea of.

These children had learned many lessons taught by Nature; they knew well the aspect of the heavens, and without any clock could almost always tell the hour of the day; they knew well also when to expect a storm, and when to drive their beasts to a place of safety before its coming fury; they instructed their dog, Dornie Bach, too, in his duties; and it would have been a dainty sight for a painter to have seen the grave face of the collie, one ear cocked up, the other down; his tail "hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl," as he listened to the commands of his young mentors, while they, by gesture and sound of voice, could make him understand everything they required of him.

The children were the happiest of the happy. After a day of freedom and delight spent in the moors, as was often the case, they did not return home empty-handed: Johnnie's bundle of fern was always larger than on other days, and his sister was laden with a pint stoup of blueberries for her mother, who dearly loved to eat them with a bowl of thick cream.

Mrs. Gillespie was celebrated for making a particular sort of cheese, which was considered a great dainty; and one of these cheeses, together with one of the famous Dornie Bach's offspring, was designed for some friends that dwelt across the moor, over the hills to the north, in the wildest part of the country. These were presents of no mean value, for Dornie Bach was of rare quality, and so was the cheese, and Mrs. Gillespie took counsel with her husband to decide whom she would entrust with such valuable gifts.

"There's not one I would sooner trust than Elspey," said her father; "that child never told an untruth in her life, and she's trustworthy in every sense of the word."

(1) From the *Christmas Box*.

(2) A particular species of sheep dog, famous for sagacity, immortalised by Burns.

Elspey gloried in her father's praise, and she felt her eyes fill with tears of modest joy.

"But it's a lonesome way for the bairn," said the mother; "I would go myself but for the sickness of our neighbour M'Arthur's wife."

"And I," said the father, "must go to the fishing, or the meal-chest must stand empty."

"Oh," cried Johnnie, "I've got my stick and Dornie Bach, and we'll take very good care of Elspey; there's nothing will harm us."

His sister joined her entreaties to be allowed to go; and after much demurring, it was decided that Elspey and Johnnie should set off early the next morning. Elspey carried the basket in which the cheese was deposited, and Johnnie took charge of the pup—young Dornie Bach—who was not able yet to follow on foot. Many were the directions the parents gave their children when they departed on their little journey, not to loiter on the way, but to behave "*wise-like*;" and, blessing them, they departed. Johnnie was often tempted to run here and there, and cut a stick, or fly a stone for Dornie Bach the elder, but his sister restrained him as much as she could; and they had reached nearly half way in safety when a violent storm of sleet and snow came on: it drove right in their faces, and blinded them so that they could not see, and in a very short space of time the whole surface of the earth was one glittering sheet of snow; here and there a point of a bush or brier was to be seen, but no track by which to guide these hapless children to their destination remained visible.

They continued to wander far and wide; far, indeed, out of their road, among bogs and morasses, which would have swallowed them but for the frost and their light weight; and they endeavoured to wade on through the drifting snow without knowing whither.

Night set in, and they had no shelter. Then, for the first time, Johnnie began to weep bitterly; and, though Elspey still endeavoured to comfort and keep up his spirits, he complained of cold and hunger till her very heart ached for him—much more for him than for herself, although she was suffering likewise; but he was younger, she said, and it was no wonder his courage and patience gave way under such trials. He besought her to let him eat the cheese. "What, Johnnie! the cheese we were to take in safety to Donald Bawn; ye would not think of that!" and she endeavoured to explain to him that one must sooner die than break a trust. She assured him that she was as hungry as he could be, but bade him place confidence in God, and remember that ere long, doubtless, their parents would seek them out and save them; and in this belief she rested, finding it utterly impossible to use any exertions in their own behalf.

Down they sat, therefore, just where they chanced to be, under a rock, determined, as Elspey said, to await God's will. She now took off her plaid, and all her upper garments, to cover her brother, who had fallen asleep; and the only relief she kept for herself was the least of the two dogs, whom she placed across her breast. The faithful Dornie Bach was his little master's comforter. All that night they were exposed to the inclemency of the season; but providentially for them a mass of snow fell from the rock under which they sat, and buried them in its bosom. This supplied the place of

covering, and saved their lives. Johnnie slept on, but Elspey continued (to use her own words) to "call on the name of God" all that night.

It was not till the middle of the next day that the parents and the inhabitants of the whole country round, whom they had called together, came to the spot where the children lay; they made the air ring with their shouts, but the little ones were no longer able to make themselves heard. Johnnie, indeed, his sister feared, was dead; but Dornie Bach saved them: he barked faintly—his bark was heard, and joyfully cheered. The children were dug out of their snowy bed; and the half-distracted parents expressed their joy in alternate thanks to God, and to those who had assisted them in their search. Johnnie recovered; and after proper care Elspey too became once more the stout lassie she had ever been, except a slight turn in her head, which remained an honourable mark of her heroism for the rest of her life.

It may be doubted whether she should not have let her brother eat the cheese; but she said, "Life was worthless without honour; and besides, I trusted in God for delivery."

POEMS AND PICTURES.¹

Who is there that, in his fond recollections of the home of his childhood, does not, among all the memories connected with those happy days, give a cherished place to the large book full of pictures, which it was his highly prized privilege and reward, after a well conned task or some other special good conduct, to be permitted to carry off to his own corner, that he might there gloat over its fascinations till bed time? It was, indeed, a perennial spring of delight, which never palled upon the sense, and never stinted in its flow. The more familiar those representations became to the eye, the greater was the enjoyment they afforded. The plumed warrior, contending in mortal struggle with his foe,—the gallant ship, with sails full set, nobly breasting the waves,—the regal lion, pacing the desert sands in solitary majesty,—the striped tiger, or spotted leopard, creeping through the thicket, and gathering his crouching limbs beneath him for a spring upon his unsuspecting prey,—the gaunt and hungry wolf, pursuing, with long unwearied gallop, the retreating sledge over the snow,—the eagle, screaming with fierce delight, as he drove his talons into the heart of his helpless victim, and bore it aloft to his rock-built eyrie;—each of these, as it told through the eye its tale of fear, or wonder, or sorrow, stamped deep and clear an impression upon the childish mind, which not all the long years of after life, and all the rough friction undergone in buffeting with the world and its cares, have been thenceforth able to efface.

The keen susceptibility of enjoyment which admits so many pleasures to the mind through the avenue of the senses, is the especial privilege of our early years. In after life, the number of our directly pleasing sensations decreases, and the intensity of the pleasure conveyed through such as remain becomes weakened, day by day. Our senses become deadened to the capacity of enjoyment, and our taste, grown fastidious, becomes more observant of blemishes which mar and destroy it. But we have, even then, a compensation for the absence or rarity of direct present gratification of this kind, in the memory of those enjoyments which are past. The mind, with providential frugality, husbands its store of early pleasures, and preserves the impressions of them with care, to be reproduced and renewed, when the path by which they were wont to be conveyed from without

(1) Discreetly, properly.

(1) "Poems and Pictures." London; James Burns. 1846.

becomes choked up,—when the dulled sense forgets its office, and the mind itself, wearied and exhausted, no more cares to look abroad for new objects of delight. Then it is that we feel the value of those impressions, long forgotten, perhaps, but never effaced, which were stamped upon the mind in youth. A new fountain of enjoyment is opened to us. The recollection of pleasure supplies the place of the sense of it, and, as present impressions of beauty become dim and indistinct, a reflected light brings back old ones subdued and mellowed before the eye; we return, in a far better sense than is usually attached to the words, to a second childhood, and live over again, in the renewed feelings of days long gone by, the best and happiest portion of our lives.

It is thus that, while in appearance we are only amusing a child, we may in reality be providing a store of enjoyment for an old man. Every happy day we give to the one, is the pledge of many an oft-returning feeling of tranquil pleasure to the other. How much importance does not such a consideration attach even to the trifles by which we endeavour to catch the attention of children,—to every thread which is woven into that chord of association between inward feelings and external objects, which, first sounded in early years, ceases not to vibrate, and to convey to the innermost seat of feeling its never-failing thrill of pleasure or pain, while life remains! How much of the destiny of the man does he hold in his hands, who has the power of directing the first associations of the child! But this is rather leading us away from our present purpose, which is merely to suggest how objects which the wise among us are apt to deem too trivial to deserve much attention, things apparently fitted only for the momentary gratification of beings who are "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," may, perchance, be in their results the most important things of all; transmitting over the whole region of life an influence more extended and more powerful than the greatest and most momentous events; just as it may be that the character and social condition of a people may be more powerfully influenced by their nursery ballads, than by the most solemn acts of their legislature.

It must not be supposed, from what we have said, that the book now before us is one for children; or that its value consists, by any means, in its fitness to amuse or please the young. But it is a book of pictures, and more, it is one full of pictures;—and thus, by a natural association, carried us back to those early days, when, we shall not say such a book,—for there were no such books then,—but a book so filled with pictorial enchantments, with its borders, head and tail pieces, and initial-letters, adorned with intricate tracery of leaves and flowers, in which we were perpetually making new discoveries of little faces peeping out from the corners, and other the like wonders, was to us an exhaustless treasury of delights, and a source of thoughts, and feelings, and anticipations of a world yet untried, of which, if the stream has now run dry, the channel remains as distinctly marked as ever.

The prevailing fashion of profusely illustrating almost every kind of publication, if it indicates that we have become highly luxurious in our literary appetites, that we think it necessary to recommend the plain intellectual fare which sufficed for our fathers to our palates by all manner of piquant sauces and elaborate condiments, must be acknowledged to be, in many respects, a great improvement upon the old mode of managing these matters. Where the execution is meritorious, our enjoyment is heightened by the contemplation of so much additional talent employed in presenting the subject to our minds; as, in seeing a well acted play, we have, added to the pleasure derived from the beauty of the language, the development of the plot, and the interest of the dialogue, the still further gratification of witnessing the successful embodiment of feeling and passion, and the vivid representation to our senses, by voice and gesture, of that which was before more dimly

exhibited to our bare understanding. We have the tale twice told to us, with so much of a difference—once to the ear and once to the eye,—that the effect is equal to that of perfect novelty. Nay, we know not whether there is not, in beholding our own dim conceptions of an admired scene or description assuming form and body under the artist's pencil, and standing out in living reality before us, a pleasure greater than we should have derived from an entirely new and equally successful effort of the same genius which first created it for us.

A more beautiful book than this of Mr. Burns's we have never seen. It is a volume of poems, partly original, partly selected; and, of course, of very various merit;—but almost all worthy of a place in a book, not intended to be read through once and then laid aside, but to be returned to over and over again. The poems, however, are but a secondary attraction; the beauty of the book consists in its illustrations; which are crowded upon it with a lavish profusion altogether astonishing when we consider their uniform excellence. There is scarcely one of these illustrations—we do not know that we should make even one exception—which, by itself alone, would not be a very valuable ornament to any publication; when we state that there are a hundred such, (exclusive of ornamental borders to each page, of endless variety of design) in a quarto volume of two hundred and fifty pages, the attraction which such a book must present to the lovers of art will be easily estimated. We see from Mr. Burns's list of artists and engravers, that almost every name of eminence in this department of art has been employed upon his book, and the result is worthy of their united talents. We can with difficulty conceive that engraving on wood can be carried to a higher pitch of excellence.

We have been favoured with Mr. Burns's permission to transfer some specimens of his illustrations to our pages. We give at present the illustration of a poem by Professor Whewell, which originally appeared in a volume entitled "The Tribute," edited by Lord Northampton, and which, borrowed by Mr. Burns from that source, we now borrow from him. Carefully as the illustrations in this Magazine are always printed, we fear we shall scarcely succeed in conveying an adequate idea of the effect which this one produces on Mr. Burns's hot-pressed pages.

THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS.

(See Engraving, p. 320.)

BENEATH Vienna's ancient wall
Lie level plains of sand,
And there the pathway runs of all
That seek the Holy Land.
And from the wall a little space,
And by the trodden line,
Stands, seen from many a distant place,
A tall and slender shrine.¹
It seems, so standing there alone,
To those who come and go,
No pile of dull unconscious stone,
But touch'd with joy or woe;
Seems to the stranger on his way,
A friend that forth hath set,
The parting moment to delay,
And stands and lingers yet.
While to the long-gone traveller
Returning to his home,
It seems with doubtful greeting there
Of joy and sorrow come.
Smiles have been there of beaming joy,
And tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met and parted, by
The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

(1) A Gothic cross of the architecture of the thirteenth century, somewhat resembling Queen Elinor's crosses in England, stands at a little distance outside the city of Vienna, and is commonly called "Die Spinnerinn am Kreuz."

Young Margaret had the gentlest heart
Of all the maidens there,
Nor ever fail'd her constant part
Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the Sabbath-morn had smiled,
And early prayer was o'er,
Then Marg'et, gentle, still, and mild,
Had happiness in store.

For then with Wenzel side by side
In calm delight she stray'd,
Amid the Prater's flowery pride,
Or in the Augarten's shade.

"Gretchen beloved! Gretchen dear!
Bright days we soon shall see;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Will link my lot with thee.

And there, upon the Kahlen's swell,
Where distant Donau shies,
He gives a cot where we shall dwell,
And tend his spreading vines."

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
And at her eyes ran o'er,
Few words she spoke for good or ill,
Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the Sabbath-bell
Had struck on Wenzel's ear,
A sadder tale had he to tell,
And Margaret to hear.

"Gretchen beloved! Gretchen dear!
Joy yet;—but patience now;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Has bound him with a vow;
And he must to the Holy Land,
Our Saviour's tomb to free;
And I and all his faithful band
Must with him o'er the sea."

A swelling heart did Margaret press,
But calm was she to view;
Meekly she bore her happiness,
Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
Where saints did live and die.

But from the Holy Land soon came,
Returning pilgrims there,
And heavy tidings brought with them
For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
A hundred coins of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
A single piece of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill,
When other hope is gone;
Shall she who loves so well be still,
And he in prison groan?

She felt within her inmost heart
A strange bewilder'd swell,
Too soft to break with sudden start,
Too gentle to rebel.

And what she hoped or thought to earn
Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
A thoughtful, hopeful view.

And by the stone where last they met,
Each day she took her stand;
And twirl'd the thread till daylight set,
With unremitting hand.

Her little store upon the stone
She spread to passers-by;
And oft they paused and gazed upon
Her meek and mournful eye.

And e'en from those who had but few,
Full oft a coin she won,
And faster far her treasure grew
Than e'er her hopes had done.

Through shine and rain, through heat and snow,
Her daily task she plied;
And wrought for two long twelvemonths so,
And then she gently died.

[But all in vain it grew, alas!
Her destined ransom store;
For from the Holy Land there pass
The travellers once more.]

And when to her their news they said,
All cheer and hope were gone;
For Wenzel is in prison dead,
His captive sorrows done.

Then on her face what woe was set!
Yet still she spun and spun,
As if her hands could not forget
The work they had begun.]

They took the treasure she had won,
Full many a varied coin,
And o'er the stone where she had spun,
They raised that shapely shrine.

And still Vienna's maids recall
Her meekly suffer'd loss,
And point the fame beneath the wall—
THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS.

Rev. W. Whewell.

[1 This and the three following stanzas, do not appear in Mr. Burns's book, nor in the Tribute. They have been kindly supplied to us by Professor Whewell himself.]

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—Montaigne.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

An old man stood at the window, at midnight, between the old and new year, and cast a long look of despair towards the immovable starry heavens above him, and upon the pure, white, silent, earth beneath, on which there was none so joyless, so sleepless as himself. For his grave was close beside him, it was covered only with the snow of age, not with the verdure of youth; and he had brought nothing with him out of a long and busy life, nothing but errors, sin, and disease; a wasted body, a barren soul; a breast full of poison, an age full of remorse. His fair youthful days stood before him like ghosts, and dragged him back again to that young bright morning, when his father placed him upon the diverging road of life, which, on the right hand, leads along the bright and sunny path of virtue to the land of light, and of good angels; and, on the left, conveys the traveller down among the mole-hills of vice, into a black cavern, full of dropping poison, of hissing snakes, and of dark oppressive vapours.

Alas! the serpents hung upon his breast, and the poison-drops upon his tongue, and he knew now where he was!

Horror-struck, and in tones of inexpressible anguish, he looked up to heaven, and exclaimed, "Give me my youth again! Oh, my father, place me again upon that starting-point of life, that I may choose otherwise!"

But his father and his youth had long since departed. He saw *Ignis-fatuus* dancing upon the moraine, and disappearing in the churchyard, and he said, "Those are my foolish days." He saw a shining star shoot from



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heaven, and fall down extinguished on the earth. "That is myself," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-fangs of remorse pierced deeper into its wounds. His excited fancy showed him night walkers gliding upon the roofs, and the windmill seemed to lift its arms threateningly towards him, while a solitary skull, that had been left behind in the empty charnel-house, gradually assumed his features

In the midst of his horrors, there sounded suddenly from the church-tower, the music of the new year, like distant holy hymnings. He became softened and more composed. He gazed around upon the horizon, and upon the wide earth, and he thought of his early friends, who, as teachers of their fellows, fathers of happy children, honest and virtuous men, were all happier and better than himself; and he said, "Oh! I, too, on this first night of the new year, might have fallen asleep, like you, with dry eyes, if I would. I, too, dear parents, might have been happy, if I had followed your new-year's wishes and counsels."

In this feverish recollection of his youth, it seemed to him as if the skull, with his features in the charnel-house, raised itself; and, at length, the superstition which, on New-Year's Eve, sees ghosts, and the events of the future, gave it the form of a living youth, in the attitude of the beautiful sculptured boy of the capital, who is taking a thorn out of his foot. He fancied he saw his own blooming youthful figure represented in bitter mockery before him.

He could bear to look at it no longer; he covered his eyes; thousands of scalding tears streamed upon the snow; and, in low, broken, despairing tones, he sighed out, "Oh! come again, my youth, come again!" And it came again; for he had only been dreaming a horrid dream on this New-Year's Night: he was still a young man. But his errors were no dream; and he thanked God that he had still time left to retrace the

steps he had taken in the dark passages of vice, and to place his feet upon the bright sunny path, which leads to the pure land of blessedness.

Turn back with him, young reader, if thou hast entered, like him, upon the path of error, otherwise, this frightful dream will, in future, be thy judge, and then, if, with a voice of anguish thou shalt cry, "Return again, fair youth,"—Alas! it will never return!—*Jean Paul*

EDUCATION.

THELWALL thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I shewed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge*.

To be humble to superiors, is duty; to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors is nobleness; and to all, safety, it being a virtue, that, for all her lowliness, commandeth the souls it stoops to.—*Sir Thomas More*.

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(See page 335.)

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.

THE most interesting description of biography is that which deals most largely with the private life of public men, and which exhibits them to us most clearly in those familiar relations which are common to them with the general herd of mankind. The subject of the biography must have borne, in some degree, a public character, otherwise its deficiency in dignity fails to invest it with such interest as will command general attention. We cannot bring ourselves to care much for commonplace details regarding men who have nothing that is not commonplace in their histories. On the other hand, if the life of the individual is merely used as a guiding line along which to trace the narrative of public and historical events, then it is nothing else than history, imperfectly and inadequately written. That biography is the most successful, which, laying before us most fully the feelings, affections, and passions, the points of weakness and strength, of men, whom otherwise we should know only in their connexion with, and as influencing the course of, the great and stirring events which affect the fortunes and determine the struggles of nations, throws most of a human interest over characters whose position somewhat tends to raise them out of the region of general sympathy.

It is not every man, however, whose biography can thus be written. There are some in whom the private

individual is so entirely absorbed by the public man, that, were we to exclude from the record of their deeds all that is not matter of general history, we should leave little or nothing worth knowing. Such men are mere historical monuments, convenient—perhaps necessary—for giving some degree of individuality of interest to historical events; if very eminent or very successful, then, it may be, concentrating in their own persons the greater part of the historical interest of their day of glory; but as *men*, having human hearts in their bosoms, and standing towards other men in the varied relations of private life, we know them not, or care not for them; the marble effigies, which remain to represent them in the national depositories of memorials of the illustrious dead, are not less interesting to our feelings.

Corresponding to the interest which we take in all that is purely personal to public men, is the pain with which we are too often obliged to pass from feelings of gratitude for great public services, and of admiration for splendid achievements in statesmanship or war, to those of stern moral reprobation for personal vices, or of compassion and humiliation for lamentable weaknesses and inconsistencies. The jar which is occasioned to our whole moral frame, by the encounter of feelings so opposite to each other, is one of the most unpleasant experiences to which the student of history, or of human

to write a line or two very often, to tell me how she does. I am quite pleased at the account you give me of my girls. If it were peace, I do not think there would be a happier set of creatures in Northumberland than we should be." Again: "It is a great comfort to me, banished as I am from all that is dear to me, to learn that my beloved Sarah and her girls are well. Would to heaven it were peace! that I might come, and for the rest of my life be blessed in their affection. Indeed, this unremitting hard service is a great sacrifice, giving up all that is pleasurable to the soul, or soothing to the mind, and engaging in a constant contest with the elements, or with tempers and dispositions as boisterous and untractable. Great allowance should be made for us when we come on shore; for, being long in the habit of absolute command, we grow impatient of contradiction, and are unfitted for the gentle intercourse of quiet life. I am really in great hopes that it will not be long before the experiment will be made upon me, for I think we shall soon have peace; and I assure you that I will endeavour to conduct myself with as much moderation as possible. I have come to another resolution, which is, when this war is happily terminated, to think no more of ships, but pass the rest of my days in the bosom of my family, where, I think, my prospects of happiness are equal to any man's." Almost every letter which he wrote at this period is in the same strain.

The peace of Amiens gave him a short enjoyment of the two great objects of his desire—peace and home. The short period of happiness and rest he then enjoyed, he employed in superintending the education of his daughters, and in continuing habits of study, which had long been familiar to him, and the fruits of which are very visible in his exceedingly well-written letters. On the recommencement of hostilities in 1803, however, he was again called away into active service.

We shall not dwell on minor incidents, but proceed to the next great event of his life—the battle of Trafalgar. He was here, as is well known, second in command to Nelson; and upon him devolved the task, a melancholy and painful one it proved, of completing the victory which Nelson lived only long enough to render certain. We cannot burden this brief sketch with details of mere fighting: it will be understood at once that Collingwood behaved with his usual distinguished gallantry, and justified to the full the confidence which Nelson reposed in him, which was, he said, as great as one man could have in another. Admiral Collingwood, on succeeding to the command, issued a general order immediately after the battle, appointing a day "of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for his merciful goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of his divine mercy, and his constant aid to us in defence of our country's liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of man are naught." The day after the battle a violent storm sprung up, which rendered it impossible to secure the prizes; and most of them escaped, though in a wretched condition, or were sunk. The kindness with which Collingwood treated such prisoners as fell into his hands, elicited the warmest expressions of gratitude from the Spanish officers on the coast, and was the source of an abundant return of good services to the English. He thus writes to his father-in-law: "To alleviate the miseries of the wounded, as much as in my power, I sent a flag to the Marquis Solana, to offer him his wounded. Nothing can exceed the gratitude expressed by him for this act of humanity: all this part of Spain is in an uproar of praise and thankfulness to the English. Solana sent me a present of a cask of wine; and we have a free intercourse with the shore. Judge of the footing we were on, when I tell you he offered me his hospitals, and pledged the Spanish honour for the care and cure of our wounded men. Our officers and men, who were wrecked in some of the prize-ships, were most kindly treated: all the country was on the beach to receive them; the priests and women distri-

buting wine, and bread, and fruit, amongst them. The soldiers turned out of their barracks to make lodging for them; whilst their allies, the French, were left to shift for themselves, with a guard over them to prevent their doing mischief."

A letter from the king's private secretary, Colonel Taylor, conveyed to Admiral Collingwood his majesty's warm admiration of his conduct during and after this engagement; and the Duke of Clarence presented him with a sword, an honour he had previously conferred on Earl St. Vincent and Lord Nelson under similar circumstances. He was raised to the peerage; received the thanks and freedom of the principal cities of Great Britain; and a pension was granted by parliament of 2,000*l.* per annum for his own life, and, in the event of his death, of 1,000*l.* per annum to Lady Collingwood, and of 500*l.* per annum to each of his two daughters. We cannot refrain from quoting the letter which he wrote to his wife on this occasion:—"It would be hard if I could not find one hour to write a letter to my dearest Sarah, to congratulate her on the high rank to which she has been advanced by my success. Blessed may you be, my dearest love, and may you long live the happy wife of your happy husband! I do not know how you bear your honours, but I have so much business on my hands, from dawn till midnight, that I have hardly time to think of mine, except it be in gratitude to my king, who has so graciously conferred them upon me. But there are so many things of which I might justly be a little proud,—for extreme pride is folly,—that I must share my gratification with you. The first is the letter from Colonel Taylor, his majesty's private secretary, to the Admiralty, to be communicated to me. I enclose you a copy of it. It is considered the highest compliment the king can pay; and, as the king's personal compliment, I value it above every thing. I am told, that when my letter was carried to him, he could not read it for tears, joy and gratitude to Heaven for our success so entirely overcame him. I have such congratulations, both in prose and verse, as would turn the head of one a little more vain than I am.—How are my darlings? I hope they will take pains to make themselves wise and good, and fit for the station to which they are raised."

This was the last of Lord Collingwood's battles. The remainder of his career of service was spent in a manner less congenial to his taste, though probably not less important to the interests of the country, in watching the operations of the enemy in the Mediterranean, counteracting their designs, promoting the political views and upholding the influence of his government, encouraging and supporting their allies, and overawing their enemies. The mass of business, which these numerous employments heaped upon his shoulders was too much for his strength. His constitution was naturally a very hardy one, but it had been undermined by the long hard service he had passed through, and it gave way altogether under this accumulation of new and harassing labours. The constant confinement on board ship, and long bending over a desk, while engaged in his voluminous correspondence, (for so high was the opinion entertained of his judgment that he was consulted from all quarters, and on all occasions, on questions of general policy, of regulation, and even of trade,) brought on a contraction of the pylorus, which occasioned him the greatest suffering. Still he remained unflinchingly at his post: his friends repeatedly urged him to surrender his command, and to seek in England that repose which had become so necessary in his declining health, but he would not make any attempt to quit the station which had been assigned to him until he should be duly relieved, urging, that his life was his country's, in whatever way it might be required of him. It was only when he became literally unable to bear the slightest fatigue, and an immediate return to England was declared necessary to preserve him for any time in life, that, on the 3d of March, 1810, he surrendered his command. But it was now too

late; for he expired within four days after, at the age of fifty-nine, with a calmness and composure which was as remarkable as the heroism of his life, after having served his country fifty years, of which forty-four were passed in active service.

There never yet was a man who made greater personal sacrifices for the service of his country than Collingwood. To the fearlessness and contempt of danger of a British sailor, and the sound judgment and prudence of a wise statesman, he added the suffering constancy of a martyr. It was not merely that he continued working at his post long after his failing health warned him that it was time to retire, but that he did so in spite of the most powerful and tender inducements. He was no mere Commodore Truncheon, so wedded to the sea as to be unable to appreciate or enjoy the pleasures of quiet and retirement. His heart was ever a-thirst—panting as the hart after the water-brooks—for the delights and endearments of home. He would have given anything to be able to return and spend his days with his wife and children, but he could not sacrifice his sense of duty even to so cherished an object as that. For this his name will ever be honoured by all who can appreciate the rare union of the loftiest courage, and the most unflinching perseverance in duty, with the tenderest feelings of the heart; and few will be able to refuse a tear of sympathy for the sufferings which bowed down his noble and manly spirit to the grave.

The following lines, from an anonymous poem lately published, form an appropriate conclusion to this brief sketch:—

"Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,
Each softer pulse is stirr'd;
It is the sickness of the heart,
Of hope too long deferr'd.

"He's pining for his native seas,
And for his native shore;
All but his honour he would give
To be at home once more.

"He does not know his children's face;
His wife might pass him by,
He is so alter'd, did they meet,
With an unconscious eye.

* * * *

"Amid the many names that light
Our history's blazon'd line,
I know not one, brave Collingwood,
That touches me like thine."

REASON AND FEELING.

It cannot fail to be frequently remarked, how little the education of the feelings is attended to in comparison with that of the intellect. In connexion with the latter, we are told that we must be able to perform all manner of feats, and at the same time be capable of giving a great many reasons why we do them, and by what means they are accomplished. Our reasoning faculties are to be racked to the utmost, while those agents which are the cause of all the evil on the earth, as well to their possessors as to others, are left to manage themselves, and to take that direction to which by nature they may be disposed. The passions and sentiments ought surely to have another sort of training than what is now allotted to them, in the system which goes by the name of education—the education, it may be called, of a portion of the man, but one which, in neglecting so essential a part, neglects that which, perhaps, best repays the labour bestowed upon it. From the preponderance given to the cultivation of our reasoning powers, we might be led to conclude that reason was a very infallible guide,

that it could by no possibility lead its possessor astray, or immerse him in a sea of doubts, difficulties, or contradictions. Far from us, indeed, be the presumption, that the reason thus bestowed upon us is to be lightly regarded; but seeing that, in common with all things else, this light is imperfect, and shines but dimly, it should not be considered so much superior to the sentient part of our being,—that part which has the prerogative of dispensing pleasure of the highest kind, or pain of the most intense description.

We must remark here, that we use the word reason in its ordinary acceptance, as a something in contrast to feeling; though it appears to us, that thus to separate their powers, and give to one the pre-eminence over the other, as is generally done, is false; for our *higher* sentiments are as much a part of our intelligence, as the faculty which enables us to know that a circle is not a square. We take as if for granted, that no alliance can exist between what is often called the weakness of feeling, and the strength of reason, yet the two in reality compose the human being perhaps in equal portions, and in equal poise are the agents which alike sway the destiny of individuals and nations. We seek in vain to prove ourselves more the recipients of the one than the other; and we commit an error, when we would exalt the one at the other's expense. The object of a true education ought to be, equally to educate the head and heart, that they may help to guide each other, since we have such continual proofs that we possess feelings which, unfortunately, as often lead us wrong as right, and against whose errors, in the former case, reason is by itself unable to contend.

But, it may be asked, why should reason *not* teach us to be just, give us strength to practise what is right, resist and control feeling when that feeling is wrong, and compel implicit obedience to its dictates? "Reason," says a recent writer, "is not a power, it is only a light; its office is not to vanquish, but to enlighten." It would seem as if reason could only show our feelings the way in which they could best be exerted, leaving feeling to wage war with feeling, until the strongest proclaim the victory. We have only to review the past history of the human race, in order to consider whether reason or feeling has governed the world; we have only to look around us, and see which now prevails; we have daily examples of the force of feeling opposed to the light of reason, even where we least expect to find it,—when the philosopher is carried out of sight by a whirlwind of passion, leaving in his place the man of strong feelings. The reasoning faculties, by themselves, have done but little for the happiness of mankind, whose fate, in one sense, seems to depend more upon the expression or form taken by the sentiments and feelings. We have many giants in reason, while yet slaves to sense; and few of those greater beings, whose reason and feelings being equally cared for, and happily in unison, are equally obeyed and revered. By a retrospect of the past, we may judge of what might occur in the future: placing before us the actions of men, during those ages which were distinguished as *ages of reason*, we are compelled to own (judging by the reason now in our possession) that reason, instead of being enthroned in man as a supreme power, had altogether deserted its followers, and abandoned them to madness. We are astounded, as we well may be, at the reason which could not only tolerate, but applaud the enormities, the nameless crimes perpetrated during the reign of the Roman emperors, in the times when a Virgil wrote, and a Seneca taught—and taught morals, too!—during periods perhaps the most resplendent in the intellectual history of Rome. In like comparison, we may advert to modern times, and in a Christian kingdom, where, amidst the horrors of the French Revolution, and its reign of terror, reason fled, as if affrighted at the monstrous audacity of man, and left in its stead the demons of insanity and fury, though man blindly could compliment his fellow man, at the

moment, upon the pitch of wisdom to which they had aspired, and, as they conceived, attained. Yet it was the *feeling* of oppression and disgust at tyranny which occasioned this revolution, and it was *feeling*, become madly impassioned and blind, which deluged the country with the blood of its own children. It was afterwards the *feeling* of ambition which led the same people to trample upon other powers; it was not reason, but *feeling*, which beset their leader with the idea of absolute dominion; and it is *feeling* which makes the nation he so despotically ruled (though with a rod so dazzling, that in appearance it ceased to be a rod) still deify their ambition-mad hero. Finally, when we see insanity, in the majority of its cases, produced by over-excited and ill-governed feeling; when we are so fully aware that love and hatred, pride, envy, ambition, divide with reason the possession of the human heart, and divide the empire of the world, it surely cannot be less than folly, in those who profess to teach the human mind, to turn their almost exclusive attention to the development of its thinking part alone, leaving the other to its own uninstructed and unguided inherent tendencies.

It is difficult to believe that emotions were given us merely to be crushed, or that affections were bestowed upon us merely that they might be frozen. It is true that some feelings ought to be indulged but sparingly, or they promote any thing but the happiness of the possessor, and there are others which in excess the human frame could not long endure: the former are those which centre chiefly in ourselves rather than radiate towards others, and are properly called selfish; while the latter, threatening to rend asunder body and soul, are the rarely felt profound emotions, such as agony of mind, or its joy in excess. While such cases are infrequent, yet hundreds die slowly from wounded sensibility or disappointed hopes, even while reason tells them it is unwise to be thus sorely grieved. It has never yet been found that the men of the most genial feelings have been wanting in intellect; and it seems to us that the reason which is most cultivated must show the greatest respect for that which is generous and noble-hearted. Feeling is assuredly oftener the prompter of reason than the latter is willing to confess; it silently receives energy from the former, yet never acknowledges the obligation, but, on the contrary, loudly asserts that opinions are impartial or worthy of trust, exactly as they are uninfluenced by personal or other feeling. We are often startled by hearing men loud in the assertion of their possession of unadulterated reason, while all the time they scarcely make use of a single argument which has not personal feeling as a large ingredient in its composition—nor can it be otherwise, however much the contrary may be asserted.

To judge from the outward characteristics of the present time, there appears to be arising a craving for the ideal or the spiritual. Even in the midst of this age of practice and utility, it would seem that man cannot, for any length of time, be tied down to the visible only. This spirit evermore claims consideration, and asserts its claims even when its slumber seems to be longest and deepest; the voice of the past unites with that of the unseen future; and man thus proclaims his relationship with the spiritual, as well as with the material world. The visible seeks a something unseen, beyond itself; and though somewhat paradoxical, the invisible seeks to be clothed with the visible: at every progressive stage a portion of the desired unseen becomes a tangible reality, and the realization of one paramount desire becomes the parent of another, which, in like manner, awaits a future embodiment. Our wishes are illimitable, stretching across the boundless ocean of the infinite, and alike infinite must be their fulfilment; for, as Fénelon says, "It is, indeed, true. I do not deceive myself in saying, I carry, though finite, an idea within me, which represents to me a thing infinite."

THE SHEPHERD OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.

(Concluded.)

V.

Up from his knees he sprang—
There seemed a sudden dawn of deathless light—
Fresh life and hope exultant nerve his limbs;
And, as he climbs along the rugged way,
He dares to think upon his peerless prize.
"Hideous and spiteful griffin-brood! I see
Your grim looks watching me, I hear your voices
Lift up their shrill and hissing scream. I know ye!
Ye crave my bones to grace your ghastly banquet!
Ha! how ye stare upon me! Hans was right;
Ye would devour us all. Your hour is come.
Ay, roll your fiery eyes in wrath, and whet
Your crooked claws, and rear in rage malign
The bright and bristling crests upon your heads!
I care not!
I love to see ye look so terrible,
Else might it pain me thus with fire to burn
Your living forms! Now to the work of death!"
A branch he kindles on a lofty stem,
And lifts it up with toil to touch the nest.
Ha! how the dry bark catches, flames, and flares!
The oak itself, so often steeped in blood
That its parched leaves no longer greenly flourish,
And its stiff boughs are hollow, dried, and dead—
The oak itself is kindled by the fire—
It hisses, it rustles, it cracks,
And through the tumult of the rising flames
Pierce the shrill howlings of the tortured brood.
Far on her bloody way
The mother-griffin heard,
And measuring a league with every stroke
Of her colossal wings, she rushes upward,
Shadowing the mountain with a fearful darkness.
Then Gottschalk thought, "the dream of life is past!"
And gave his soul into the hands of God.
But, heedless of revenge,
The griffin strikes and strives to quench the flame
With her huge wings; strikes with such eager fury,
That Gottschalk marvelled how so fierce a monster
Should yet preserve her children by the risk
Of her own life. In vain! The grisly brood
Lie scorched and stifled in the pangs of death;
And, lo, the flame hath caught the griffin's wings,
As if in thirst for vengeance!
The reeling monster falls upon the grass.
Now, shepherd, now! Where is thy ready staff?
Now! Lose no moment! For the wrathful beast,
Frantic with rage and pain, hath reared itself
On its broad feet, and stands, half-tottering,
But dreadful still, and eager for the fight:
Then had the hapless youth been crushed to nothing.
But that he lifted up his heart to God,
And that a vision of inspiring beauty
Rose on his soul, and bade him not despair!
Stroke upon stroke he hurls against the foe:
He stabs it in the fiery eye—the beast
Rears in wild rage, then, quick as thought, the staff
Pierces its undefended breast, and sinks,
Sure, deep, and deadly, in the ruthless heart!
It roars as with the congregated voices
Of thousand oxen; reels, and strikes its wings
Once more, with impotent fury, on the earth—
And all is over!
The terror of the land lies stiff in death!

All breathless Gottschalk leans
Upon his conquering staff, and looks around
Upon the scene, now steeped in evening coolness;
Soft airs steal up, as if in gratitude,
Fanning his weary brow, and lifting thence
The wavy curls of his abundant hair;
While his young face, all glowing from the battle,
Smiles forth refreshed, in tranquil joyousness.

VI.

The shepherd stood before the ducal castle,
 And at his side the slaughtered monster lay;
 Laboriously, by strength of linked cords,
 His hands had drawn it from the hill; and now,
 Blushing for shame, he stood and eyed the ground,
 Girt by a ring of gazing lords and knights.
 Scarce dared he think upon the peerless prize,
 So poor he seemed, and worthless, to himself.
 The duke stood deeply musing; first he gazed
 Upon the griffin, then upon the youth,
 And then into the depths of his own heart.
 He waves his hand,—a page departs in haste
 And seeks the palace-hall,
 To summon thence the Lady Adiltrude.
 Then stepped a baron forth, and whispered low
 In the duke's ear:
 "Can this be earnest? Give you to a peasant
 That queen of loveliness?"
 "He slew the griffin;
 The prize is his."
 "Ay, if he were a knight!"
 "My words were spoken to all Christian men."
 "Great duke, how could so wild and strange a dream
 Enter the thought of man?"
 "Nay, it hath entered
 The thought of God."
 "Most noble prince,
 Thou knowest I hoped myself—"
 "Fair sir, your pardon;
 Why was it not thyself that slew the griffin?"
 Now, blushing, trembling, shrinking,
 Forth from her chamber comes fair Adiltrude;
 Silent are all, and shadowed every eye,
 And even the duke's proud heart grew sorrowful;
 Yet he bethought him of his plighted word,
 And raised his head, and looked upon the throng
 With steadfast and indomitable eyes.
 The maiden stepped into the wondering circle,
 Her soft hands folded on her breast, her looks
 Fastened on heaven: so stood she for a moment,
 Then, full of trustful joy and glad submission,
 She took the youth's right hand,
 Bent low before her noble sire, and spake:
 "By this brave arm our hapless land was freed;
 Mine honoured father, bless the shepherd's bride!"

VII.

Lo, with the earliest beams of breaking morn
 Once more young Gottschalk drives his flocks afield!
 What means he? Is he not a mighty lord,
 Ay, a duke's son?
 Or has the prince recalled his plighted word?
 Or is fair Adiltrude unfaithful found?
 Forbid it God! Those true and lofty hearts
 Are changeless in their purity. But thus
 The honourable duke hath mildly said:
 "My son, thou needest castles, lands, and lordships,
 As fitting portion for my gentle child.
 So, when the first faint gleam
 Of rising daylight smiles upon the mountain,
 Take in thy hand thy conquering shepherd-staff,
 And, for the last time, drive thy fleecy herds
 Forth, over field and hill, nor pause to rest
 Till sinks the sun upon thy weary steps;
 The space of earth which in that space of time
 The circle of thy wandering course contains,
 I grant to thee and to thy shepherd-bride."
 It was for Adiltrude! How eagerly
 The agile Gottschalk led his willing flocks!
 How merrily his lambs tripped after him!
 They timed their marching to the mirthful pipe;
 And amid other lays,
 Whose joyous notes beguiled the busy way,
 This gladsome strain the conquering shepherd sang:
 "Land and lordship who winneth to-day,
 That the bride of his love may have meet array?
 The shepherd! the shepherd! 'tis he!"

Look down, thou glittering sun! Give ear,
 Ye brooklets, murmuring deep and clear!
 And ye familiar woods and dear,
 Listen, and marvel, and see!

"What troops are marching in warlike pride
 To conquer castles for that sweet bride!
 Hark to the tinkling bell!
 Look at the lambs, as in sport they glide
 Through the shadowy reeds so twisted and tall—
 Look, and listen, and marvel all,
 Sun, forest, fount, and well!"

And, lo, when sank the dewy eventide,
 Young Gottschalk, with his merry pipe and song,
 Had paced around a piece of land so goodly
 That it was named a county! As he drove
 His flocks again before the ducal castle,
 Smiling the prince beheld him from the casement,
 And thought within himself: "This is God's will,
 And therefore must be good." Far other thoughts
 Sir Baldwin cherished in his haughty heart—
 (This was the knight of whom I spake but now,
 And told ye how he whispered to the duke)—
 He stood before the gate, with smiles of scorn
 Greeting the shepherd: "Good luck, gentle Gottsche!
 Gramercy, Gottsche, but thy sheep are swift!
 Gottsche, thy sheep have won thee wondrous honour!"
 The youth beheld him with his cloudless eyes,
 And spake:
 "Proud lord, to-day I must not answer thee,
 But I shall find an hour for meet reply!"
 And, singing still, he passed into the castle.

VIII.

Now through the painted windows of the chapel
 The consecrated torches pour their light,
 Solemnly beautiful; in cope and alb
 The priest awaits that wondrous bridal pair;
 The hallelujah sounds,
 The stately train begins,—
 Then kneeled the shepherd youth before the duke
 Lowly upon his knee, and spake these words:
 "My prince, thy generous bounty hath endow'd me
 With goodly lands and noble store of wealth
 For grace and nurture of my gentle bride;
 But, ah! the grace and nurture of the soul,
 And knightly skill in martial exercise,
 And many another high and noble gift
 Pertaining to the character of knight,
 Which I so covet—these, as yet, I have not.
 Therefore, I pray you, keep awhile for me
 My matchless pearl in your high guardianship,
 Until I earn the knightly spurs, and all
 Own me a fitting warder for her brightness.
 Not gold itself is deemed a worthy setting
 For a rare gem till it be purified."
 A glad assent the gracious monarch gave,
 And to a grey-haired knight of noble race
 And high renown in arms he led the shepherd,
 To learn the fair profession which he sought.
 Well pleased, the hero hailed the gallant student;
 And, as they left the castle, side by side,
 The lady Adiltrude stretched forth her hand,
 White as a swan's soft breast, and suffered him
 To seal their parting by a single kiss.

IX.

More than twelve moons had slowly waxed and waned,
 And yet no tidings of the shepherd came.
 Far in a lonely castle,
 Girt by mysterious shades
 Of mighty forests stretching far and wild,
 The exiled master and his pupil dwelt.
 When, on a sudden, to the duke's fair palace
 There came a stranger knight:
 His mail was silver bright, his pacing steed
 White as the driven snow. Was this the shepherd?
 To every heart it seemed impossible:
 For with high courtesy and fearless grace,
 Like a young prince, bred from his nurse's arms
 'Mid stately heroes and illustrious dames,

He to the ladies pays his fair devoir ;
 Before his lovely bride
 Full reverently he bows,
 His helmèd forehead crowned with waving plumes.
 Far sweeter now the blushing maiden's smile,
 Than that wherewith she graced the shepherd Gottschalk
 When he stood humbly by his tutor's side.
 In joyful doubt the wondering duke must gaze,
 Until the grey-haired knight stepped proudly forth,
 And spake before them all : " Behold my pupil !
 Three days ago, his trial fully past,
 He took the gift of knighthood from this hand ;
 And now he begs a field, and here defies
 Sir Baldwin to the combat,
 For that he scorned him when he drove his flocks
 Before the castle-gate." The duke consents.
 Proud in his gleaming mail stands stern Sir Baldwin :
 The lists are ordered in the castle-court,
 While in the heaven-blue eyes of Adiltrude
 Glimmers one pearly tear.
 The clarion sounds. With what a stirring clash
 The mail-clad warriors meet in lightning course !
 Each, like a meteor, flashes past the other ;
 Each, like a statue, stirs not in the saddle ;
 Yet upward, with a quick and crackling sound,
 Spring their far-splintered lances. Now they draw
 Their glittering swords, and spur their gallant steeds
 To fierce encounter.
 Wildly and fast Sir Baldwin showers his blows ;
 Blithe-hearted Gottschalk, dexterous, light, and swift,
 Shuns every stroke and parries every thrust,
 Making his snowy steed curvet and dance
 As though in sport, and dallying with his sword
 As if it were a plaything. Baldwin seemed
 The peasant, wearing his first mail, and fighting
 In his first battle. Gottschalk bore himself
 A graceful hero well approved in arms.
 How should this be ? 'Twas that Sir Baldwin felt
 His skill o'ermastered, and grew furious—
 But strong and fearless was the shepherd knight,
 And therefore could he trifle with his danger ;
 At every well-aimed thrust he proudly thought,
 " My bride beholds my prowess ! " Joyfully
 His lady watched him ; from her gentle heart
 Fear, like a cloud, departed ; with a smile
 She looked upon the duke, who proudly gazed
 Round on the circling crowd of knights and lords,
 And seemed to say, " See, nobles, what a bridegroom
 The grace of God hath granted to my child ! "
 Meanwhile Sir Baldwin
 Urges the fight with such unguarded fury,
 That, by a sudden charge, his foe unhorsed him.
 Light from his steed the shepherd leaps upon him,
 Wrests from his grasp the useless brand, and hurls it
 Out of the lists, then gently raises him,
 And speaks : " Sir Baldwin, I have wiped away
 The shame which I, in former time, endured ;
 Therefore I pray you, wear this sword of mine
 As a memorial and a sign of friendship."
 He placed the glittering weapon, all embossed
 With golden crosses and with jewelled hilt,
 In the grasp of his astonished enemy.
 Mutely Sir Baldwin bowed—
 But soon his nobler nature conquered him ;
 He loosed his vizor's clasp, and showed his face,
 Glowing with generous shame, to all the world ;
 Confessed his fault in honourable words,
 And cast his arms about his victor's neck.
 The prince cried, stooping from his balcony,
 In gratulating tones,
 " Come to my heart, my true and gallant son ! "

X.

Now raised the duke the kneeling knight, and spake,
 While o'er his shoulders Lady Adiltrude
 Flung a rich scarf which bore her colours, thus
 Proclaiming him her hero to the world.

" I would, dear son, I had aught else to give thee,
 In sign of my paternal love and grace ;
 But I have given thee all in this sweet child !
 Yet, if thou hidest in thy heart a wish,
 Fear not to speak it freely—it is granted,
 If I have power to grant it." Thus at once
 The youthful knight gave answer to his words :
 " My lord and father, as I crossed the vale,
 I met a grey-haired shepherd, who, of old,
 Was, in my days of humbleness, my friend ;
 To him, when I forsook my hut, I gave
 My fleecy herd, in memory of our love.
 Now joyfully I greeted him : ' Good Hans,
 How farest thou ? ' Familiarly he answered,
 As in times past, ' Right well, beloved Gottsche ;
 Thy sheep, too, have not suffered any harm.'
 Thereat I mused right deeply in my mind ;
 And now methinks
 That lowly name, and those mine innocent sheep,
 Must be my crown of honour, not my shame.
 Therefore I pray you, for all future times
 Let these my rich possessions bear this name,
 This honourable name, ' The shepherd's kingdom ! '
 Did not King David, he, a man of God,
 A king, in all his pomp and pageantry,
 Love to bethink him of his shepherd-youth ?
 And why not I, a poor and humble knight ?
 And certain am I, such humility
 Seems dear and gracious to my gentle bride—
 Speak, Adiltrude ! " In modest tenderness,
 For the first time, she proffered him her lips,
 Soft as a bursting rosebud. Joyfully
 The duke beheld, and thus, consenting, spake :
 " My son, thy words are right. By God's good will,
 On the firm base of this humility
 Thy house shall stand for many a century."

The aged prince's prophecy was true :
 Firm stands the house of Gottschalk at this day ;
 And from his wondrous race in honour grew
 Full many an hero and full many a lay.
 But other bards their fame in song may tell ;
 For me, my lute is sounding its farewell.
 Blithe-hearted German heroes ! ever be
 True to your God, in brave humility.

S. M.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

No. I.

IN most civilized countries there exist a number of architectural remains, possessing more or less interest, as their origin can be traced to a period more or less remote, or as they may be illustrative of the history of such countries, ecclesiastical or civil.

Where the date of these structures remains altogether dubious, and the uses to which they were applied little more than a matter of conjecture, the subject becomes a fruitful source of inquiry and of controversy among learned men. Witness the discussions on the supposed druidical remains of England, on the vitrified forts of Scotland, and on the round towers of Ireland. The history of the last-named edifices has latterly received a full and able investigation, the results of which are presented to the public, in Mr. Petrie's elaborate " Inquiry into the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland." ¹ From the less abstruse portions of this valuable work, we may glean something that will be

(1) The ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland, anterior to the Anglo-Norman invasion, comprising an " Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland," which obtained the gold medal and prize of the Royal Irish Academy. By GEORGE PETRIE, T.H.A., V.P.R.I.A. Second Edition. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, Grafton Street. 1845.



GREATER ROUND TOWER OF CLONMENOISE.

interesting to our readers, when taken in connexion with commonly known facts.

The round towers of Ireland formerly existed in considerable numbers throughout that island. At present, they are only about eighty-three in number, and of these little more than twenty remain entire. These edifices are all of the same peculiar and striking form, and, with the exception of two similar towers in Scotland, there are no buildings like them in any part of Christian Europe. They are round cylindrical edifices, usually tapering upwards, and varying in height from fifty to, perhaps, one hundred and fifty feet. Their external circumference at the base, is from forty to sixty feet, or upwards. The masonry of these towers is of that description called "spawled rubble," in which small stones, shaped by the hammer, are placed in every interstice of the larger stones, so that very little mortar appears to be intermixed in the body of the wall; and the outside, therefore, presents an almost uninterrupted surface of stone. In some instances, however, the towers present a surface of ashlar masonry, both on the outside and inside, though more usually on the exterior only. The wall towards the base is never less than three feet in thickness, but is usually more, and occasionally five feet, being always in accordance with the general proportions of the building. The interior of the edifice is divided into stories, varying from four to eight, as the height of the tower permits, and usually twelve feet high. These stories are marked, either by projecting belts of stone, set-offs, or ledges, or holes in the wall to receive joists, on which rested the floors, which were almost always of wood. In the uppermost story, the wall is pierced by two, four, five, six, or eight openings, but most usually four, which sometimes face the cardinal points, and sometimes not. The lowest story, or rather its place, is sometimes composed of solid masonry; and even when not so, it has never any opening, the entrance doorway being in the second floor, at

a height of from eight to thirty feet from the ground. The middle stories are each lighted by a single opening, placed variously, and usually of very small size, though, in several instances, that immediately over the doorway is nearly as large as the doorway itself, and would almost appear to have been a second entrance. The building is finished at the top with a conical roof of stone.

In the architectural features of these towers, considerable diversity is observable. When the tower is of rubble masonry, the doorways seldom present any decorations, and are either quadrangular, and covered with a lintel, of a single stone of great size, or semicircular headed, either by the construction of a regular arch, or the cutting of a single stone. But, in the towers of Kildare and Trinahoe, we have instances of very richly decorated doorways, although the buildings are of rubble masonry. In the more regularly constructed towers, the doorways are always arched semicircularly, and are usually ornamented with architraves, or bands, on their external faces. The upper apertures are generally of a quadrangular form, and without ornament. They are, however, sometimes semicircular headed, and still oftener present the triangular or straight-sided arch.

Such are the celebrated round towers of Ireland, which for ages have formed a subject of doubt and difficulty with antiquarians, and which have been thus well characterised by a writer in the Quarterly Review:—"Tall, slender, cylindrical, cone-topped piles, too small for habitations, too simple for ornament, too vast for mere appendages to the little buildings with which they seem to have been connected, too uniform in structure to be accidental caprices of taste, and yet too varied to be all reduced under one age, rising up, as they often do, among the bleakest mountains, by a gloomy lake, or on some desolate island, or even from a group of ruins clustered round them by ages later than their own, as on the rock of Cashel, they produce a singular effect of

mysterious, ghost-like grandeur, far beyond any composition of the most elaborate architecture."

No wonder that edifices such as these should have given rise to strange and varied theories as to their origin and use; no wonder that the native Irish often view them with superstitious awe, and attribute their erection to their mythic hero, *Goban Saer*, whose building exploits, according to their tradition, became renowned in distant lands; and no wonder, also, that even the laborious researches and careful conclusions of Mr. Petrie are insufficient universally to remove the idea of very remote antiquity, as attaching to these towers. Let us now briefly view the separate theories respecting the round towers, including the last and most important as propounded by the above-named author.

First, as to their origin. This has been ascribed to the Danes, but the only ground for this ascription appears to have been the simple observation of the celebrated John Lynch, author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, that "the Danes, who entered Ireland, according to Giraldus, in 838, are reported to be the first builders of these towers." This timid surmise was strangely assumed as a certainty by later historians, one of whom (Peter Walsh,) writes thus:—"It is most certain that those high, round, narrow towers of stone, built cylinder-wise, whereof *Cambrensis* speaks, were never known or built in Ireland (as, indeed, no more were any castles, houses, or even churches, of stone, at least in the north of Ireland) before the year of Christ 838, when the heathen Danes, possessing a great part of that country, built them in several places, to serve themselves as watch-towers against the natives. Though, ere long, the Danes being expelled, the Christian Irish turned them to another and much better (because a holy) use, that is, to steeple-houses, and belfries to hang bells in for calling the people to church. From which latter use made of them it is, that ever since, to this present time, they are called in Irish *clotheachs*, that is, belfries or bell-houses; *cloc* or *clog* signifying a bell, and *teach* a house, in that language."

This opinion of the origin of the round towers is contradicted (according to Mr. Petrie) by the whole tenor of the Irish annals; from which it may be seen that the Danes, a rude and plundering people, were so far from being the builders of ecclesiastical edifices, except in a few of their own maritime towns of Ireland, that, almost invariably, during their settlement in the country, they were the remorseless destroyers of them. It might be conceded, that, on their conversion to Christianity, they may have founded a round-tower belfry in Cork, or any other town inhabited by them; but of this there is no proof, while probability is much against the supposition.

A second theory as to the origin of the round towers ascribes them to the Phœnicians, Persians, or Indo-Scythians; but this theory appears to be altogether romantic and groundless. According to the differing opinions of those who support it, the towers were employed as fire-temples, or they were used as places from which to proclaim the Druidical festivals, or they were gnomons, or astronomical observatories, or they were Phallic emblems, or Buddhist temples. By one author it is stated, that there can be no doubt of the round towers of Ireland having been fire-towers. The construction, he says, was well adapted for the purpose; the door being always from twelve to fifteen feet from the base, the sacred fire could not be molested by the wind; it was covered by a cupola at top; and four small windows in the sides, near the top, let out the smoke. The diameter was no more than sufficient for the priest to perform his sacred office; his prayers were not to be heard by the congregation, as in the service his mouth was covered, lest he should breathe on the holy fire, so that he mumbled or muttered his words: when he had done, he probably ascended to the door or to the top, and gave his benediction. The sacred fire was fed by the wood of a sacred tree, i. e. the oak. The same writer goes on to state, that, from history it is evident, that, as in ancient

Persia, so in ancient Ireland, there were two sects of fire-worshippers, one that lighted the fires on the tops of mountains and hills, and others in towers; an innovation said to be brought about by Mogh Nuadhat, or the Magus of the new law.

All this sounds very plausible, until we learn from Mr. Petrie that Irish history furnishes no such facts as are here stated. It mentions that fires were lighted by the Druids on the tops of mountains and hills; but there is not one word to be found in that history respecting fires having been lighted in towers, nor about the innovation said to have been brought about by Mogh Nuadhat.

The similarity of form between the Persian and Hindoo fire-temples, and the Irish round towers, has been, no doubt, the reason of the prevalence of this opinion respecting their original use. Hanway, in his *Travels in Persia*, describes four remaining temples of the fire-worshippers, as being "round, and above thirty feet diameter, raised in height to a point near one hundred and twenty feet." These must certainly have borne a strong resemblance to our round towers, but they were nearly three times their average diameter. There are towers also in the interior of Hindostan, which greatly resemble the Irish towers, and Mr. Petrie confesses himself far from wishing to deny the remarkable conformity between many edifices, whether Christian or Mahometan, and our round towers: his aim is to establish, from that very conformity, sufficient grounds for belief that they are all derived from the same source, namely, the early Christians.

Before we dismiss this part of the subject, it is but fair to state, that the supposed pagan origin of these temples has been advocated by high authorities, and that Moore, the great national poet of Ireland, has lent his talents to sustain the hypothesis, as will be seen by the following passage:—

"As the worship of fire is known, unquestionably, to have formed a part of the ancient religion of the country, the notion that these towers were originally fire-temples appears the most probable of any that have yet been suggested. * * * To this day, as modern writers concerning the Parsees inform us, the part of the temple called 'the place of fire' is accessible only to the priests; and, on the supposition that our towers were, in like manner, temples, in which the sacred flame was kept safe from pollution, the singular circumstance of the entrance to them being rendered so difficult by its great height from the ground is satisfactorily explained. But there is a far more striking corroboration of this view of the origin of the round towers. While in no part of continental Europe has any building of a similar construction been discovered, there have been found, near Bhangulpore, in Hindostan, two towers, which bear an exact resemblance to those of Ireland. In all the peculiarities of their shape—the door or entrance elevated some feet above the ground, the four windows near the top, facing the cardinal points, and the small rounded roof,—these Indian temples are, to judge by the description of them, exactly similar to the round towers: and like them, also, are thought to have belonged to a form of worship now extinct, and even forgotten." After noticing other theories, this able writer thus gives his judgment as to the attempt to claim them as Christian edifices:—"An ingenious writer, in one of the most learnedly argued, but least tenable, of all the hypotheses on the subject, contends that they were erected by the primitive Coenobites and bishops, with the aid of the newly converted kings and toparchs, and were intended as strongholds, in time of war and danger, for the sacred utensils, relics, and books, belonging to those churches in whose immediate neighbourhood they stood. To be able to invest even with plausibility so inconsistent a notion, as that, in times when the churches themselves were framed rudely of wood, there could be found either the ambition or the skill to supply them with adjuncts of such elaborate workmanship,

is, in itself, no ordinary feat of ingenuity. But the truth is, that neither then, nor at any other assignable period within the whole range of Irish history, is such a state of things known, authentically, to have existed, as can solve the difficulty of these towers, or account satisfactorily, at once, for the object of the buildings, and the advanced civilization of the architects who erected them. They must, therefore, be referred to times beyond the reach of historical record. That they were destined originally to religious purposes can hardly admit of a question; nor can those who have satisfied themselves from the strong evidence that is found in the writings of antiquity, that there existed between Ireland and some parts of the East an early and intimate intercourse, harbour much doubt as to the real birth-place of the now unknown worship, of which these towers remain the solid and enduring monuments."—*Moore's History of Ireland.*

In the year 1841 diligent search was made in the round towers of Ireland, to discover whether they might not, among other uses, have been employed as burial-places by their supposed pagan architects; and, in fact, sepulchral remains were found in several of them. In the base of the tower of Ardmore, the remains of two skeletons were found deposited in a bed of sifted earth. Above this was a floor of concrete, over which were four layers of large stones, closely fitted to each other, and over these another floor of concrete. Three skeletons were also found in the base of Cloyne Tower. Human remains have also been discovered in the towers of Ram Island, Roscoe, and Dromboe. An urn was likewise discovered in the tower of Timahoe; and fragments of others were found in the towers of Abernethy and Brechin, in Scotland. These discoveries are robbed of some of their apparent importance, when we consider that skeletons are often found in similar situations when there is occasion to dig to a greater depth than common; and that it is quite possible the towers may have been erected on the site of ancient cemeteries. Respecting the urns, if proved to be really pagan relics, the evidence would be much more satisfactory; but Mr. Black, under whose direction the round tower of Brechin was excavated, has so little faith in the matter, that he thinks the articles found had been tossed in at what, in Scotland, is called the Reformation; and that the fragments of urns and jars were just the remains of culinary vessels belonging to the different kirk officers.

Mr. Petrie, also, is by no means satisfied with these alleged discoveries; and is of opinion that, if we wish to ascertain whether our pagan ancestors erected the round towers as sepulchral monuments or not, we should determine the question, not by the short process of digging in the bases of towers, but by the more laborious examination of the ancient literature of the country, which is still abundant in amount, and rich in information, on the usages of early times. He then proves, from one of the most celebrated Irish manuscripts, that the Irish, in pagan times, had regal cemeteries in various parts of the island, appropriated to the interment of the princes of the different races; and that such cemeteries were well known to the people in Christian times, though no longer appropriated to their original purpose, except in one or two instances, where the localities were consecrated to the service of Christianity. The document in question refers distinctly to the principal burying-places; and in these there is not, at the present day, a vestige of a round tower. In another article we shall follow Mr. Petrie in his theory of the Christian origin and uses of the Round Towers.

THE LAST WORD OF THE SINGER.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the signora had concluded, the doctor affectionately took her hand.

"I congratulate myself," he said, "that I am one among the few persons you have met with in your career. It is certainly not in my power to do for you what her Eccellenza did, but I shall endeavour to aid in unravelling the mystery which hangs over your singular history. I shall go to your friend, that fiery fellow, and try to soothe him. But tell me, whence comes this Signor Boloni?"

"You ask me too much," she replied. "I only know that, on account of family matters, he was obliged to leave his country several years since. He has been residing in England and in Italy, and has now been here nearly a year."

"So, so. But why did you never tell him what you have just related to me?"

Giuseppa blushed at this question, cast down her eyes, and said—

"You are my physician, my fatherly friend; when I speak to you, I feel like a child who speaks to her parent. But how could I relate such things to the young man? Besides, I know his terrible jealousy, his easily aroused suspicion; and I never could muster sufficient courage to tell him from what snares I had escaped."

"I honour, I admire your principles," said Doctor Lange; "you are a good girl, and it does an old man's heart good to meet with these proper feelings of the good old time; for, alas! now it is too often considered a proof of 'bon ton' to throw all such away. But still you have not told me all: the evening at the masquerade—that dreadful night!"

"It is true, I must continue my story. I had often thought, when reflecting on my deliverance, how fortunate it was that the people in that house were under the impression that I had thrown myself into the river; for it was only too certain that if that vile man had had the most remote idea that I was still in existence, he would have found out and dragged his victim back, or else have destroyed her. For this reason, as long as I was in Piacenza, I declined many good offers of engagements at the theatre, as I dreaded being seen in public. However, after I had been there some time, the Lady Scraphina one morning brought me a Paris newspaper, in which was announced the death of the Chevalier de Planto."

"Chevalier de Planto!" interrupted the doctor: "was this the name of the man who took you out of your stepfather's house?"

"Yes, that was his name."

"I was now quite relieved from my fears, and happy at the thought that there was no longer any barrier to my becoming independent, and ceasing to be a burthen to my benefactress."

"A few weeks after this, I came to B—, and the evening before last I went to the masquerade in excellent spirits. Boloni did not know in what costume I meant to appear; I wished to tease him a little, and then to surprise him. As I was going through the room, in a moment a voice whispered in my ear—

"'Schepper! how is your uncle?'"

"I was struck as if by a thunderbolt. I had never heard this name since I had been taken away by that fearful man. I had, indeed, no uncle; and only one person had lived who gave himself out to the world as such—the Chevalier de Planto. I had scarcely sufficient presence of mind to answer—

"'You are mistaken, Mask!'"

"I wished to hasten away and hide myself in the crowd; but the mask pushed his arm in mine, and held me fast."

"'Schepper!,' said the unknown, 'I advise you to come with me quietly, else I shall tell the people here in what company you formerly were.'"

"I was stunned; one feeling only had possession of my mind—the fear and dread of shame. Darkness came over my soul. What could a poor helpless girl do? Should this man, no matter who he were, spread such reports, the world would believe him; and Carlo—ah! Carlo might not have been the last one who would have condemned me. Unwillingly I accompanied the mask. He whispered the most dreadful things to me. 'My uncle,' as he called the chevalier, 'I had made miserable, and brought ruin on my stepfather and his family.'"

"I could endure this no longer: I tore myself from him, and ordered my carriage. As I looked round while standing on the steps, the fearful form was behind me.

" 'I will accompany you home, Schepperl,' he said, with a fearful laugh; 'I have a few words to say to you.'"

"My senses forsook me; I felt myself fainting, and only recovered in the carriage, where I saw the mask seated beside me. I alighted when we reached this house, and went to my room; he followed, and immediately began again to speak to me. In an agony lest I should be betrayed, I sent Babette out of the way.

" 'What do you want here, wretched man?' I exclaimed in anger at seeing myself thus insulted. 'What evil can you say of me? Without my consent I was taken to that horrid place, and left it when I saw what awaited me.'"

" 'Schepperl! do not be ceremonious; there are only two ways of saving yourself: either pay down to me instantly ten thousand francs in gold or jewels, or go back with me to Paris; else, rest assured that to-morrow the whole town shall know more of you than will be agreeable to you.'"

"I was beside myself. 'Who gives you a right to make such proposals?' I exclaimed. 'Tell the whole town what you please, but leave this house instantly, or I shall call in the neighbours.'"

"I had advanced some steps towards the window; when he rushed after me, and seized me by the arm.

" 'Who gives me the right? your father, little dove—your father!'

"A diabolical laugh burst from his lips; the light of the taper fell on a pair of grey piercing eyes, which were only too well known to me. It was evident who stood before me: I now knew that the announcement of his death had been a deception devised by him, to serve his own ends. Despair gave me supernatural strength: I wrenched myself from his grasp, and endeavoured to pull off his mask.

" 'I know you, Chevalier de Planto,' I exclaimed; 'and you shall give an account in a court of justice for your conduct.'"

" 'We are not yet come to that, sweet dove,' he cried; and at the same moment I felt his dagger in my breast. I then thought I was killed."

The doctor shuddered: it was bright day, yet he felt that sort of shivering which people are apt to experience when in the dim twilight they listen to stories of apparitions. He imagined he heard the hoarse laugh of this fiend; he fancied he saw glancing from behind the curtains of the bed the grey twinkling eyes of this monster in human form.

"You think then," he said, after a pause, "that the chevalier is not dead, and that it was he who attempted to murder you?"

"His voice, his eyes, convince me of it; and the handkerchief which I gave you last night leaves no room for doubt. His initials are marked on it."

"You empower me, then, to act for you? May I disclose all you have related to me in the court of justice?"

"I have no choice: you may repeat all. But are you not going to Boloni, doctor, to tell him what I have said? He will believe you; he was also acquainted with the Lady Seraphina."

"And may I not be told the name of the ambassador," continued the doctor, "in whose house you were concealed?"

"Certainly: he was called Baron Martinow."

"How!" cried the physician joyfully, "Baron Martinow? Is he not in the service of S—?"

"Yes; do you know him? He was ambassador from the — Court, in Paris, and afterwards in St. Petersburg."

"That is good, very good," said the *medicinalrath*, rubbing his hands with pleasure. "I know Baron Martinow; he arrived here yesterday, and has sent for me to come and see him: he is at the Hôtel de Portugal."

A tear glistened in the eye of the singer; she clasped her hands, and seemed to be overcome by a feeling of pious gratitude.

"Thus has God in his mercy willed that a person should come here to attest my innocence, whom I had believed to be hundreds of miles distant! Go to him. Ah! Carlo also may listen to him, when he confirms to you the truth of what I have said."

"He shall, he shall go to him; I will set about it directly. Farewell, my dear child: and keep yourself perfectly quiet: all will yet be well with you. Be sure you take the mixture every hour." So said the good doctor, and went away.

Bianetti thanked him by her grateful looks. She became more cheerful and tranquil. It seemed as if by the disclosure of her secret a heavy weight had been removed from her heart. She looked with more confidence towards the future, as a gracious Providence appeared to have compassion on the poor girl.

Baron Martinow, to whom Lange at a former period had had it in his power to render an important service, received him with much kindness, and gave him the fullest satisfaction with regard to the Signora Bianetti. He not only corroborated every word she had said, but added the highest commendation of her character, and promised that, wherever he went in the city, he would make a point of speaking in her favour, and of contradicting the reports which were abroad. He kept his word so well, that, by uttering his opinions, showing the interest he took in her, and writing to her friends, the sentiments of the public underwent a wondrous change, as if touched by an enchanter's wand.

When the *medicinalrath* Lange left the elegant apartment of the ambassador, he ascended the stairs which led to the smaller rooms on the highest floor. In chamber 54 was lodged the music director, Boloni. He stood to recover his breath, for the steep steps had fatigued him. Strange sounds reached his ear; there seemed to be a person within in great distress: he heard groans and sighs, apparently proceeding from one in anguish. Intermingled with the moaning of pain were horrible oaths, uttered in French and in Italian, in which impatience appeared to find vent, while a wild laugh of despair was again succeeded by the deep groans which had first arrested the attention of the doctor. Lange shuddered.

"Have I not already seen symptoms of insanity in the *maestro*?" thought he; "has he now become quite delirious, or has he become ill through grief?"

He had bent his finger to knock, when for the first time he observed that the number of the door was 53. How had he been so stupid? he had almost entered the room of a perfect stranger. Annoyed at himself, he went on to the next door, which was 54. Here likewise there were sounds heard; but how different! A rich deep manly voice was singing, and accompanying his song with the piano. The doctor entered, and recognised the young man whom he had seen the day before at the signora's.

In the apartment lay music paper, guitars, violins, flutes, all kinds of stringed instruments, in admirable confusion; in the midst of which stood the musician, in a wide black dressing-gown, with a scarlet cap on his head, and a sheet of music in his hand. The doctor

afterwards confessed that he brought to his mind Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage.

The young man seemed not to have forgotten the scene of the previous day, and received the doctor but coldly. However, he was polite enough to toss a pile of music from a chair on to the floor, that he might offer his visitor a seat. He himself with great strides paced up and down the room, while his flowing robe swept most diligently the dust from the tables and books.

The doctor had not long to wait before conversation began. The professor cried out to him:

"You come from her! At your age, are you not ashamed to be the messenger of such a woman? I will hear no more. I have buried my happiness in the grave. You see I mourn for my loss. I wear a black dressing gown, which, if you dive deep into psychology, should be a proof to you that I regard that person as dead to me. O Giuseppa! Giuseppa!"

"Most worthy sir," interrupted the doctor, "only hear me."

"Hear you! what know you of hearing? Listen, if you would speak of hearing! I will prove, old man, whether you really have any ear. Behold, this is woman," he continued, opening a piano, and striking a few chords, which to the doctor, who was no great judge of music, seemed much like other music: "do you hear this tenderness, this softness, this pliancy? but do you not also perceive, in these transitions, the unstable, fleeting, characterless nature of these creatures? But hear farther," he exclaimed, with a more elevated voice and sparkling eye, while he shook back the wide sleeve of his mourning robe; "where man works there is power and truth: here can be nothing imperfect; it is a pure, a heavenly sound." He hammered with great force on the keys of his piano, but to the doctor it still seemed like common music.

"You have a peculiar way of characterizing people," said Dr. Lange: "since you have done so much, might I beg of you, honoured sir, to represent to me a *medicinalrath* upon the piano?"

The musical enthusiast looked scornfully at him. "How can you, with your one squeaking note, earthworm, interrupt such harmony?"

The reply of the doctor was cut short by a knocking at the door; a little deformed figure entered, made a bow, and said—"The gentleman in No. 53 civilly begs that you will not make such a dreadful noise with your playing, as he is in a bad state of health, indeed almost dying, and the partition between your rooms is very thin."

"Make my most respectful compliments to the gentleman," answered Boloni, "and as far as I am concerned, I care not how soon he takes his departure from this house. He disturbs me all night long with his moaning and groaning, and what is far more hateful, with his godless swearing and mad laughter. Does the Frenchman imagine that he alone is master in the Hôtel de Portugal? If I disturb him, so does he me, and in a far worse manner."

"But consider, sir," said the little figure, "he cannot hold out long; will you not permit his last moments—"

"Is the gentleman so very ill?" asked Doctor Lange, sympathizingly. "Who attends him? What is the matter with him? Who is he?"

"Who he is I don't know," replied the dwarf; "I am only his hired *valet de place*. I think he is called Lorier, and comes from France. Until the day before yesterday he was well enough, though somewhat dull, for he never went out, and had no desire to see the wonders of this city; but yesterday morning I found him ill in bed. It seems as if the night before he must have had a fit of apoplexy. But he will not hear of any doctor being sent for. He swears dreadfully when I propose to go for one. He applies remedies himself. I think some old wound which he had received in the war must have broken out."

At this moment the sick man began to call out in a

hoarse voice, with many oaths. The lacquy crossed himself repeatedly, and went away.

The physician once more endeavoured to make an impression on the obdurate lover; and this time he appeared to succeed rather better. Boloni had taken up a sheet of music, which he sang over to himself in a low voice. The doctor took advantage of this calm mood, and began to relate to him the story of the signora. At first the *maestro* did not seem to pay any heed to it: he busied himself diligently with his piece of music, as if no one were in the apartment but himself; gradually, however, he became more attentive—he ceased to sing—now and then raised his eyes from the paper and glanced at the doctor; finally, he dropped his sheet of music, and fixed his anxious gaze stedfastly on the face of the speaker: his interest increased; his eyes sparkled; he came nearer, grasped the arm of the doctor; and, as the other concluded, he rose up in great emotion, and hurried up and down the room.

"Yes," cried he, "there may be truth in this, an appearance of truth, a probability; it is possible; it may have been so, but—but may it not also be a falsehood?"

"That is what in your art is called 'decrecendo,' I believe, sir director; but wherefore in this matter descend so low as from truth to falsehood? If I were to bring an indisputable proof, a witness of the truth, what would you then say to me?"

Boloni remained standing before him as if lost in thought. "Whoever, Medicinalrath, could be such a witness, I would set in gold; the very thought deserves a princely, a regal reward. Yes, whoever could assure me—Yet, all is so dark, such a labyrinth—no way out, no leading star."

"Honoured friend," interrupted the doctor, "I rather think you have stumbled on a scrap from Schiller's *Robbers*, as it stands in Cotta's pocket edition, if I remember aright. Yet I know such a surety, such a witness, such a guiding star."

"Whoever shall thus assure me," cried the former, "shall be esteemed my friend, my guardian angel."

"It is true that, in the passage quoted, the reference is to a sword which, with a deep wound, shall destroy the brood of vipers; but for all that, I shall be able to convince you. The ambassador who received poor Giuseppa into his house, now, by accident, lodges in this hotel, in No. 6. Be so good as put on a coat, and tie on a cravat; then I will conduct you to him. He has promised me to convince you."

The young man, much affected, pressed the hand of the kind doctor. Still he could not altogether lay aside his pathos. "You are my good angel," said he: "what thanks do I not owe you for this! I fly instantly for my coat, and will follow you immediately to the ambassador."

Giuseppa's health appeared to derive greater benefit from the reconciliation with her lover, than from the most skilfully prepared mixtures of the physician. Her health visibly improved, and she was soon so much restored, that she was able to sit up and receive the visits of her kind friends. This improvement in her health was waited for by the inspector of police, before he proceeded to take further steps in the matter. He was a very sagacious man, who had all his wits about him; and report said that when he had once cast his eyes on any one, they would not easily escape, although a hundred miles and more away. The history of the signora had been communicated to him by the physician; he had then a consultation with the ambassador, and gained information which was of great importance. The ambassador had told him, that, in consequence of the affair of the young Bianetti, he had taken an opportunity of making known to the proper authorities, the vicious life led by the Chevalier de Planto. He did not fail to place in its true light the fact that this poor child had been actually bought. The notorious house was soon after this seized by the police, and the

baron seemed to think that this was chiefly in consequence of the active part he had taken in the matter. He had heard of the death of the Chevalier de Planto, but believed, with the director of police, that this was a mere trick, in order to continue his trade with greater safety; neither of them had any doubt but that the attempt to murder the singer originated with that vile man. But it was difficult to trace the murderer; the strangers who were then residing at B— were all, as the director assured him, beyond suspicion. There were only two things that might lead to some clue: the handkerchief which had been found in the apartment of the Signora Biancetti might, if another could be found like it, lead to a discovery; an exact description had been given of it to all the seamstresses and the washerwomen who were in the habit of washing for the strangers who visited B—. The inspector likewise suspected that a second attempt would be made on the life of the Italian girl, if the murderer were still lingering in the neighbourhood.

As soon as Giuseppa had gained sufficient strength, the inspector of police often visited her in company with Dr. Lange, when various measures for obtaining their object were discussed. Some plans appeared good, but difficult to put in execution; while others were altogether rejected. Giuseppa herself at length thought of a way which was highly approved of by the two gentlemen. "The doctor," she said, "has promised to permit me to go out in a few weeks; if he has no objection I should like to appear again amongst the people at the last masquerade of the carnival. I feel desirous of first appearing there where my misfortune began. If we make this intention sufficiently public in B— beforehand, and if the chevalier is still here, in all probability he will again come masked into my presence. He will certainly be on his guard against speaking; he will take care not to betray himself; but he will not give up his design of revenging himself on me, and I could recognise him amidst thousands. What do you think, gentlemen?"

"The plan is not a bad one," said the inspector. "When he hears you are to be at this ball, he will not, I am certain, stay away, were it only to see again the object of his vengeance, and to add fresh fuel to his wrath. I think, however, you should not wear a mask: he will then know you the more easily, approach you the sooner, and fall into the snare. I shall dress a few stout fellows in dominoes, and give them to you as an escort: at a sign from you they will lay hold of him."

Babette the waiting maid had gone out and in during this conversation: she had heard the resolution expressed by her mistress of finding out the murderer or his assistant; she considered herself, therefore, bound in every way to aid in his detection. She went to the police inspector, took courage, and said, "She had made the doctor aware of a circumstance which might lead to discovery, but that he did not seem to be of her opinion."

"No circumstance is unimportant, young woman, in such an affair as this," answered the officer of the law, "if you know anything."

"I think the signora is almost too reserved, and that she does not speak out plainly; when she received the stab, and fell fainting into my arms, her last word was, Bolnau."

"What!" exclaimed the inspector, angrily; "and this has been hidden from me till now! Such an important circumstance! Are you certain you heard correctly?"

"Upon my honour," replied the damsel, laying her hand solemnly on her heart, "the signora said 'Bolnau,' and said it so sadly, that I never doubted it was the murderer's name; but I beg of you not to betray me!"

It was a maxim of the inspector's that no man, however respectable he might appear, was altogether beyond suspicion. The counsellor of the board of trade, Bolnau

(and he knew no other in the city of that name), was, indeed, known to him as a most orderly person; but were there not cases where persons, against whom nothing could be said according to public appearance, were precisely those who gave the officers of justice most trouble? Might Bolnau not be acting secretly in concert with this Chevalier de Planto? Pursuing such reflections, he took his way towards the broad street, as it occurred to him that the counsellor was in the habit of walking there about that hour, and he was determined to sound him a little. Just at that moment Bolnau came down the street, and, as usual, was saluting and speaking to his acquaintances on all sides; he was laughing, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. He was within about fifty steps of the inspector, when he caught the first glimpse of this functionary: he became pale, turned round, and was in the act of slipping down a side street. "A suspicious, a most suspicious circumstance," thought the inspector, as he ran after him, and called him by his name, which made Bolnau stand still. The counsellor seemed the image of woe; in hollow tones he uttered a *bon jour*, tried to smile, but his features became convulsed, his knees shook, and his teeth chattered.

"It is a rare thing to meet you now, sir," began the inspector. "I have not seen you pass my house for some time. You do not appear to be quite well," added his tormentor, with a piercing look. "You are very pale. Is there any thing the matter with you?"

"No, I am only rather cold; I was certainly not very well for a few days, but, Heaven be thanked, I am now better."

"So you have not been well," continued the inspector; "I should not have thought it, for I fancied that I saw you at the masquerade lately, when you appeared quite cheerful and well."

"Yes, so I was; but the next day I was obliged to keep my bed—one of my old nervous attacks; but I am now perfectly recovered."

"Well, then, I hope you will not fail to be at the next assembly; it is the last of the carnival, and will be most brilliant. I shall expect to see you there. Till then, adieu, counsellor."

"He expects to meet me there!" exclaimed the counsellor, with a rueful countenance. "He suspects me," thought he to himself. "He must know something of the last word uttered by the singer. It is true she is recovering; but may not the suspicion which exists in the mind of this officer of the police become noised abroad? May he not order me to be watched? The secret police will then follow me; whenever I turn, I shall see strange cunning faces! I shall not dare to speak, for each word will be reported, interpreted: I shall be regarded, alas! as a turbulent fellow, a dangerous individual; and yet I have lived as quietly and harmlessly as William Tell in the fourth act."

In this way soliloquized the unfortunate Bolnau. His agony increased, as he thought of the insidious questions about the masquerade; "he certainly thinks I shall not venture near the signora, on account of an evil conscience; but I shall; I must, if only to remove his suspicion. And yet—may I not feel a shivering, a trembling come over me in her presence, just because I know he will be thinking that I must tremble from the stings and torture of an evil conscience?"

He tormented himself with such thoughts; they haunted him the whole day. He remembered that an author had shown, in a celebrated work, how people might have anguish from dread of anguish; and this appeared quite to be his case. But he felt that he must be courageous, and face the danger. He borrowed for the occasion, from the mask-lender, the magnificent costume of the Pacha of Janina: he put it on every day, and exercised himself in front of a large mirror, in order to exhibit in his mask without restraint. He made a figure of his dressing-gown, placed it on a chair, which figure was to represent Signora Biancetti. He

walked about as the Pacha, then approached her, and congratulated her on her restored health.

On the third day he was enabled to play his part without shaking; he therefore thought he might do a little more, and undertake something yet more difficult. He wished to appear quite at his ease, and very polite; and he resolved on offering her pure refreshments. He practised with a glass of water on a plate: at first it rattled sadly in his trembling hand; but he at last overcame this weakness, and was even able to act his part quite easily, so that no mortal would be able to say that they saw him tremble. Ali Pacha, of Janina, now felt himself sufficiently courageous to go to the masquerade, in spite of his anxieties.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE ANCIENT MANSION.¹

To part is painful; nay, to bid adieu
Even to a favourite spot, is painful too.
That fine old seat, with all those oaks around,
Oft have I view'd with reverence so profound,
As something sacred dwelt in that delicious ground.

There, with its tenantry about, reside
A genuine English race, the country's pride;
And now a lady, last of all that race,
Is the departing spirit of the place.
Hers is the last of all that noble blood,
That flow'd through generations brave and good;
And if there dwells a native pride in her,
It is the pride of name and character.

True, she will speak, in her abundant zeal,
Of staidness honour; that she needs must feel;
She must lament, that she is now the last
Of all who gave such splendour to the past.
Still are her habits of the ancient kind;
She knows the poor, the sick, the lame, the blind;
She holds, so she believes, her wealth in trust;
And being kind, with her, is being just.
Though soul and body she delights to aid,
Yet of her skill she's prudently afraid:
So to her chaplain's care she *this* commends,
And when *that* craves, the village doctor sends.

At church, attendance she requires of all,
Who would be held in credit at the Hall;
A due respect to each degree she shows,
And pays the debt that every mortal owes;
'Tis by opinion that respect is led,
The rich esteem, because the poor are fed.

Her servants all, if so we may describe
That ancient, grave, observant, decent tribe,
Who with her share the blessings of the Hall,
Are kind, but grave—are proud, but courteous all,
Proud of their lucky lot! Behold, how stands
That grey-haired butler, waiting her commands;
The lady dines, and every day he feels
That his good mistress falters in her meals.
With what respectful manners he entreats
That she would eat—yet Jacob little eats;
When she forbears, his supplicating eye
Intreats the noble dame once more to try.
Their years the same; and he has never known
Another place; and this he deems his own,—
All appertains to him. What'er he sees
Is *ours*!—"our house, our land, our walks, our trees!"
But still he fears the time is just at hand,
When he no more shall in that presence stand;
And he resolves with mingled grief and pride,
To serve no being in the world beside.

(1) See Engraving, p. 321.

"He has enough," he says, with many a sigh,
"For him to serve his God, and learn to die:
He and his lady shall have heard their call,
And the new folk, the strangers, may have all."

But, leaving these to their accustom'd way,
The seat itself demands a short delay.
We all have interest there—the trees that grow
Near to that seat, to that their grandeur owe;
They take, but largely pay, and equal grace bestow:
They hide a part, but still the part they shade
Is more inviting to our fancy made;
And, if the eye be robb'd of half its sight,
Th' imagination feels the more delight.
These giant oaks by no man's order stand:
Heaven did the work; by no man was it plann'd.

Here I behold no puny works of art;
None give me reasons why these views impart
Such charm to fill the mind, such joy to swell the heart.
These very pinnacles, and turrets small,
And windows dim, have beauty in them all.
How stately stand yon pines upon the hill!
How soft the murmurs of that living rill!
And o'er the park's tall paling, scarcely higher,
Peeps the low church, and shows the modest spire.
Unnumber'd violets on those banks appear,
And all the first-born beauties of the year.
The grey-green blossoms of the willows bring
The large wild bees upon the labouring wing.
Then comes the summer with augmented pride,
Whose pure small streams along the valleys glide;
Her richer Flora their brief charms display;
And, as the fruit advances, fall away.
Then shall th' autumnal yellow clothe the leaf,
What time the reaper binds the burden'd sheaf:
Then silent groves denote the dying year,
The morning frost, and noon-tide gossamer;
And all be silent in the scene around,
All save the distant sea's uncertain sound,
Or here and there the gun, whose loud report
Proclaims to man that death is but his sport:
And then the wintry winds begin to blow,
Then fall the flaky stars of gathering snow,
When on the thorn the ripening sloe, yet blue,
Takes the bright varnish of the morning dew;
The aged moss grows brittle on the pale,
The dry bows splinter in the windy gale,
And every changing season of the year
Stamps on the scene its English character.

Farewell! a prouder Mansion I may see,
But much must meet in that which equals thee!
I leave the town, and take a well-known way,
To that old mansion in the closing day,
When beams of golden light are shed around,
And sweet is every sight and every sound.
Pass but this hill, and I shall then behold
The seat so honour'd, so admir'd of old,
And yet admir'd—

Alas! I see a change,
Of odious kind, and lamentably strange.
Who had done this! The good old lady lies
Within her tomb: but, who could this advise?
What barbarous hand could all this mischief do,
And spoil a noble house to make it new?
Who had done this? Some genuine son of trade
Has all this dreadful devastation made:
Some man with line and rule, and evil eye,
Who could no beauty in a tree descry.
Save in a clump, when stationed by his hand,
And standing where his genius bade them stand;
Some true admirer of the time's reform,
Who strips an ancient dwelling like a storm;
Strips it of all its dignity and grace,
To put his own dear fancies in their place.
He hates concealment: all that was enclosed
By venerable wood is now exposed;

And a few stripling elms and oaks appear,
Fenced round by boards, to keep them from the deer.
I miss the grandeur of the rich old scene,
And see not what these clumps and patches mean.
This shrubby belt that runs the land around
Shuts freedom out: what being likes a bound?
The shrubs, indeed, and ill-placed flowers, are gay,
And some would praise; I wish they were away,
That in the wild-wood maze I as of old might stray.
The things themselves are pleasant to behold,
But not like those which we beheld of old,—
That half-hid mansion, with its wide domain,
Unbound and unsubdued!—but sighs are vain:
It is the rage of Taste—the rule and compass reign.

As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,
A man approach'd me, by his grandchild led—
A blind old man, and she a fair young maid,
Listening in love to what her grandsire said.
And thus, with gentle voice, he spoke:—

"Come, lead me, lassie, to the shade,
Where willows grow beside the brook;
For well I know the sound it made,
When, dashing o'er the stony rill,
It murmur'd to St. Osyth's Mill."

The lass replied: "The trees are fled:
They've cut the brook a straighter bed;
No shades the present lords allow;
The miller only murmurs now;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring;
A cup is fasten'd to the stone,
And I would taste the healing spring,
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,
The rock is gone, the stream is dried;
The plough has levell'd all around,
And here is now no holy ground."

"Then, lass, thy grandsire's footsteps guide,
To Bulmer's Tree, the giant oak,
Whose bows the keeper's cottage hide,
And part the church-way lane o'erlook.
A boy, I climb'd the topmost bow,
And I would feel its shadow now."

"Or, lassie, lead me to the west,
Where grow the elm trees thick and tall,
Where rooks unnumber'd build their nest:
Deliberate birds, and prudent all;
Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,
But they're a social multitude."

"The rooks are shot, the trees are fell'd,
And nest and nursery all expell'd:
With bitter fate, the giant tree,
Old Bulmer's oak, is gone to sea;
The church-way walk is now no more,
And men must other ways explore:
Though this, indeed, promotion gains,
For this the park's new wall contains;
And here, I fear, we shall not meet
A shade—although, perchance a seat."

"O then, my lassie, lead the way
To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn,
That something holds, if we can pay—
Old David is our living kin:
A servant once, he still preserves
His name, and in his office serves."

"Alas! that mine should be the fate
Old David's sorrows to relate;

But they were brief:—not long before
He died, his office was no more:
The kennel stands upon the ground,
With something of the former sound."

"O then," the grieving man replied,
"No further, lassie, let me stray;
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
Of what was grand, of what was gay,
But all is changed, is lost, is sold—
All, all that's left is chilling cold;
I seek for comfort here in vain;
Then lead me to my cot again."

Crabbe.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—Montaigne.

PHYSICAL FACTS.

As an instance of the adaptation between the force of gravity and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cups upwards; others "hang the pensive head," and turn the opening downwards. The positions in these cases depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which supports the flower, or, in the case of the *euphorbia*, the germs. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cups, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have, therefore, here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated, if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth, greater or smaller, denser or rarer, than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the footstalks of all the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in thus considering the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health.—Whewell.

STITCHES IN A SHIRT.

The following singular calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt has been made by a sempstress in Leicester:—Stitching the collar, four rows, 3,000; sewing the ends, 500; button-holes, and sewing on buttons, 150; sewing the collar and gathering the neck, 1,204; stitching wristbands, 1,228; sewing the ends, 68; button-holes, 148; hemming the slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wrist-bands, 1,468; stitching on shoulder straps, three rows each, 1,880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing the sleeves, 2,554; setting in sleeves and gussets, 3,050; tapping the sleeves, 1,526; sewing the seams, 848; setting side-gussets in, 424; hemming the bottom, 1,104—Total number of stitches, 20,649.

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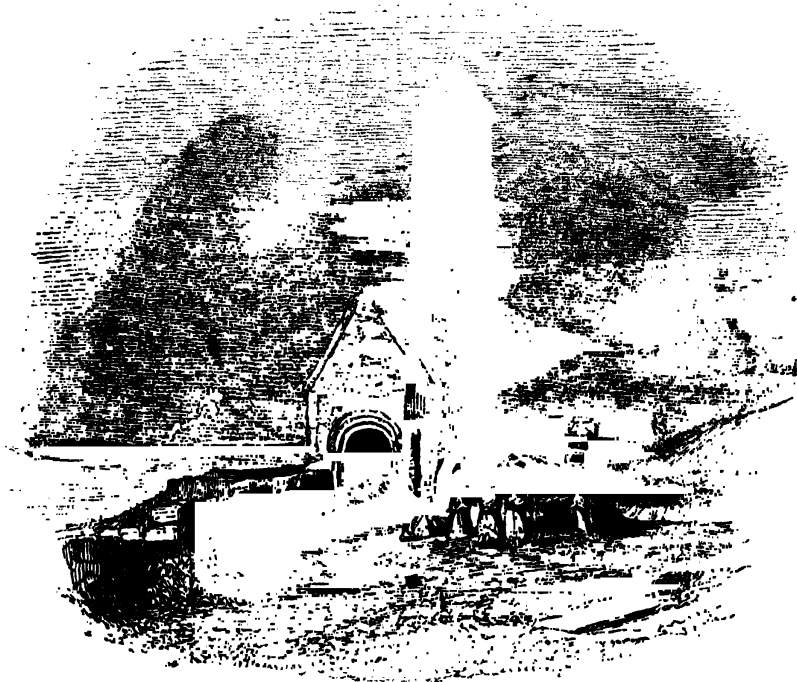
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ROUND TOWER, CLONMACNOISE.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

(SECOND PAPER.)

THE Christian origin of the Round Towers of Ireland has been warmly advocated by several writers, and at various periods; the opinions as to their uses having been:—1. That they were anchorite towers. 2. That they were penitential prisons. 3. That they were belfries. 4. That they were keeps, or monastic treasure-houses. 5. That they were watch-towers, and beacons. The last three theories, not taken separately, as originally advanced by different writers, but united into one, and grounded on the most careful investigations, form the theory now put forth by Mr. Petrie, and of which he gives the following interesting account:—

“The towers have been all subjected to a careful examination, and their peculiarities accurately noticed; while our ancient records, and every other probable source of information, have been searched for such facts, or notices, as might contribute to throw light upon their history. I have even gone further; I have examined, for the purpose of comparison with the towers, not only all the vestiges of early Christian architecture remaining in Ireland, but also those of monuments of known or probable Pagan origin. The results, I trust, will be found satisfactory, and will suffice to establish,

beyond all reasonable doubt, the following conclusions:—

“First, that the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods, between the fifth and thirteenth centuries.

“Secondly, that they were designed to answer at least a twofold use, namely, to serve as belfries, and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics, to whom they belonged, could retire for security, in cases of sudden predatory attack.

“Thirdly, that they were, probably, also used, when occasion required, as beacons, and watch-towers.”

In support of the first conclusion, namely, that the towers are of Christian origin, Mr. Petrie states, that they are *never* found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations. This is not alone sufficient evidence of their Christian origin; for, as it has been reasonably remarked, it might be stated conversely, that the churches were built contiguous to the towers, in accordance with the well-known disposition of the early Christians to accommodate their worship to that of their Pagan proselytes; amongst many evidences of which, was the eager appropriation of heathen temples, and places consecrated to their gods, to Christian uses.

But the architectural styles of the round towers are found, by Mr. Petrie, to exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the original churches with which they are locally connected, when such remain. And here the author endeavours to show, by most elaborate and extended research, that the Irish erected churches and cells of stone, without cement, at the very earliest period after the introduction of Christianity into the country; and he thinks they could not possibly have remained ignorant of the use of lime cement in their religious edifices after the immigration of that crowd of foreign ecclesiastics, Egyptian, Roman, Italian, French, British, and Saxon, who flocked to Ireland, as a place of refuge, in the fifth and sixth centuries. He then considers the remains of the existing churches themselves, which are, indeed, of high interest, and, as figured in his work, carry an undoubting conviction to the mind of very remote age. The ancient quadrangular doorways, the sides inclining inwards towards the top, and covered with a horizontal lintel composed of a single stone, are found almost universally in the primitive churches of Ireland. Yet there are some examples of doorways, apparently of nearly equal age, having the semicircular arch. The windows in these ancient churches are always of a single light, and are extremely simple in their forms. Frequently they are triangular-headed, two large stones being inclined to form the head, and, in none of them, of whatever form, does there appear to be any provision for the reception of sashes, or glass. It would be interesting, though beside our purpose in this brief notice, to follow Mr. Petrie through several of his valuable notices of the ancient churches of Ireland; but, referring our readers to his valuable work for abundant information, we can only give a general idea of the simplicity of these edifices, by noticing that called Tempull Ceannanach, on the Middle Island of Aran, in the Bay of Galway. This little church, wanting in nothing but its stone roof, measures on the inside sixteen feet six inches in length, and twelve feet six inches in breadth; and its walls, which are three feet in thickness, are built in a style quite Cyclopean, the stones being throughout of great size, and one of them not less than eighteen feet in length, which is the entire external breadth of the church, and three feet in thickness. In the extreme simplicity of these churches, their dimly-lighted nave, their total absence of everything which could distract the worshipper's attention, our author rightly judges that there is "an expression of fitness to their purpose, too often wanting in modern temples of the highest pretensions."

Some of the features found in these ancient churches are likewise to be found in the round towers, while, in no one building in Ireland assigned to pagan times, have been found either the form or features of these towers, or, indeed, any characteristics that would imply sufficient skill in the architects to construct such edifices. It is also a fact that on several of the round towers Christian emblems are observable, while others display in their details a style of architecture universally acknowledged to belong to Christian times.

The evidence adduced on these subjects must be examined and weighed by those who would come to a decision on this interesting point; and, if found satisfactory, there will scarcely be much difficulty in agreeing to the reasonableness of the uses assigned to the round towers. Their construction was well adapted to the double purpose of belfries and castles; and, when it is considered that the former kind of building is known to have existed from a very early period in connexion with the cathedral and abbey churches of Ireland, and that no other building suited to the purpose of a belfry has ever been found in connexion with any church of an age anterior to the twelfth century (except a square belfry attached to a church in an island of Lough Ree), there is much reason to think that in these towers we have the belfries in question. It is also well known

that the round towers are considered as belfries by the people of Ireland, whose traditions favour the supposition, and who even use the towers as bell-towers in many parts of the country at the present day.

The opinion that the round towers were fortresses as well as belfries, rests much on some of the peculiarities found almost universally in their construction, particularly on their small doorways, placed at such a height from the ground. The most ancient military towers in Britain, subsequent to Roman times, are invariably of the same lofty and circular form, having their doorways small, and considerably elevated from the ground. That the round towers were designed as places of security, in addition to their other uses, may also be inferred from the fact, that many of their remaining doorways exhibit evidences of their having been provided with double doors.

Mr. Petrie has found good reason to infer that some of the round towers were existing in the seventh century, but he is disposed to assign the great majority to the ninth and tenth centuries, while he is persuaded that some were erected as late as the twelfth, of which their architectural characteristics seem to afford proof. The respective ages of these towers, as determined by a close examination of their architecture, and a comparison of each with the ancient churches, whose dates are determined, or may be fairly presumed, is to form the third part of Mr. Petrie's inquiry, to be published at a future period. But he gives the measurements and interior construction of two of the most ancient towers, *i.e.*, those of the round tower of Clondalkin, near Dublin, and of the tower of Rattoo, in the county of Kerry. The tower of Clondalkin has, it appears, a singular projecting base, which is nearly thirteen feet in height, and composed, in great part, of solid masonry. In this it resembles the tower of Roscarbery, in the county of Cork, which no longer exists, but is figured on an ancient seal; and both these towers resembled, in this respect, the ancient castle of Brunless, in Brecknockshire. Above the base this tower of Clondalkin measures forty-five feet in circumference, and, with the exception of the chiselled stones round its doorway, it is altogether constructed of common rubble masonry, of the calp limestone of the district. The apertures are all quadrangular, and the jambs of the doorway incline, like those of the oldest churches. Of the original ecclesiastical edifices, which were of considerable importance, the tower alone remains.

The tower of Rattoo is remarkable for being placed on a terrace or platform, connected with a causeway, which extends in a line opposite its doorway. The tower is formed of roughly-squared hammered sandstone, the entrance doorway alone being chiselled. It measures forty-seven feet nine inches in circumference at its base, and ninety-two feet in height, the wall being three feet ten inches in thickness at the doorway. The doorway is semicircular-headed, the arch being formed of three stones, and it is ornamented with a flat band, nine inches in breadth. The tower is divided into six stories, that at the top containing, as usual, four large apertures, facing the cardinal points. The tower is enveloped in ivy, hiding the situation of several of the windows. Between the floors of each story, there project from the wall on the interior, rough corbel stones, which have been supposed to be for the purpose of fixing ladders to join the stories, (as there are no staircases in these towers,) or as supports for shelves, on which the precious things were deposited. As in the case of the former tower, so in this also, an ancient ecclesiastical establishment, the seat of a bishopric, once occupied this place. The tower is now popularly known by the name *Giolcach*, by which is understood a bell-house, and which is a local corruption of *cloigtheach*, the general name for the round towers. According to the tradition of the place, there was a silver bell placed in the upper story of the tower, which had a remarkably sweet tone, and this bell is

now concealed in the adjacent river Brick, into which it was thrown for safety during the "troubles." But the bell, though formerly emitting melancholy sounds to show where it lay, is now silent, and cannot be found.

It has been already noticed that some of the round towers exhibit Christian emblems. An example of this occurs in the quadrangular doorway of the tower of Antrim. This doorway, which is placed at an elevation of about twelve feet from the ground, is constructed of large blocks of coarse-grained basalt found in the neighbourhood, some of which extend the whole thickness of the wall, that is, three feet three inches. On a stone immediately over the lintel is a pierced cross, within a circle, sculptured in *relievo*, and somewhat resembling one that exists on the lintel of the doorway of the ancient church of St. Fechin, at Fore. The foundation of the church at Antrim has been ascribed to St. Mochaoi, a cotemporary of St. Patrick's, who died about the year 496, but popular tradition ascribes the erection of the tower to a celebrated builder, Goban Saer, who flourished in the seventh century. The doorway of the round tower of Donaghmore, in the county of Meath, is likewise remarkable in having a figure of the Saviour crucified, sculptured in *relievo* on its key-stone and the stone immediately over it. Those who doubt the Christian origin of the round towers affirm this to be an after work, but there appear to be no just grounds for the assertion. A similarly ornamented doorway, having a representation of the crucifixion, but with richer sculptures, is found in the round tower of Brechin, in Scotland.

Mr. Petrie's remarks have also extended to the minor edifices, connected with the ancient religious establishments of the Irish, such as the houses or cells of the ecclesiastics. In the north and east of Ireland these were usually of perishable materials, such as wood and clay, but in the western and southern parts of Ireland abundant examples occur in stone, from which it appears that the ecclesiastical houses were usually of a round or oval form, and differed little from the ordinary buildings in use among the ancient inhabitants generally. In the earliest religious establishments of Ireland, the abbot, clergy, and monks had each their distinct and separate cells, and such other buildings as the house for strangers, the kitchen, &c., were also separate edifices, the whole being surrounded by a cashel, or circular wall, and forming a kind of ecclesiastical town, like those of the early Christians in the east, and known among the Egyptians by the name of Laura.

One of the most interesting and best preserved of these ancient establishments is that of St. Fechin, on the uninhabited and almost inaccessible island called Ardoilen, or High Island, off the coast of Connemara, on the north-west of the county of Galway. The description of this relic of past ages is too valuable to be abridged. "The Church here," says Mr. Petrie, "is among the rudest of the ancient edifices which the fervour of the Christian religion raised on its introduction into Ireland. Its internal measurement, in length and breadth, is but twelve feet by ten, and in height ten feet. The doorway is two feet wide and four feet six inches high, and its horizontal lintel is inscribed with a cross, like that on the lintel of the doorway of St. Fechin's great church at Fore, and those of other doorways of the same period. The east window, which is the only one in the building, is semicircular-headed, and is but one foot high and six inches wide. The altar still remains, and is covered with offerings, such as nails, buttons, and shells, but chiefly fishing-hooks, the most characteristic tributes of the calling of the votaries. On the east side of the chapel is an ancient stone sepulchre, like a pagan Kistvaen, composed of large mica slates, with a cover of limestone. The stones at the ends are rudely sculptured with ornamental crosses, and a human figure; and the covering slab was also carved, and probably was inscribed with the name of the saint for whom the tomb was designed, but its surface is now much effaced; and as this sepulchre appears to have

been made at the same time as the chapel, it seems probable that it is the tomb of the original founder of this religious establishment. The chapel is surrounded by a wall, allowing a passage of four feet between them; and from this, a covered passage, about fifteen feet long by three wide, leads to a cell, which was probably the abbot's habitation. This cell, which is nearly circular, and dome-roofed, is internally seven feet by six, and eight high. It is built, like those in Aran, without cement, and with much rude art. On the east side there is a larger cell, externally round, but internally a square of nine feet, and seven feet six inches in height. On the other side of the chapel are a number of smaller cells, which were only large enough to contain each a single person. They are but six feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high, and most of them are now covered with rubbish. These formed a Laura, like the habitations of the Egyptian ascetics. There is also a covered gallery, or passage, twenty-four feet long, four feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its entrance doorway is but two feet three inches square. The use of this it is difficult to conjecture. Could it have been a storehouse for provisions?

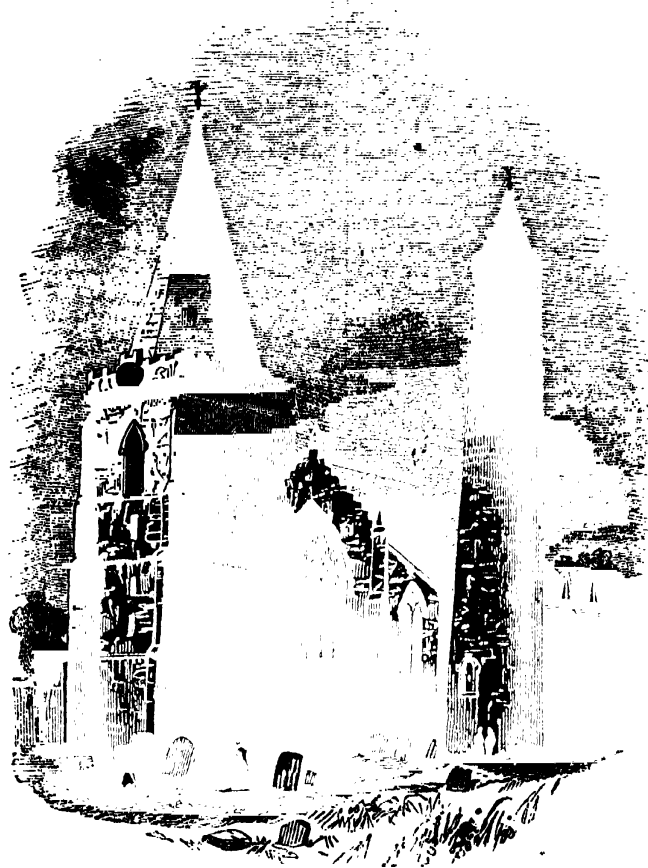
"The monastery is surrounded by an uncemented stone wall, nearly circular, enclosing an area of one hundred and eight feet in diameter. The entrance into this enclosure is at the south-east side, and from it leads a stone passage, twenty-one feet in length, and three in width. At each side of this entrance, and outside the great circular wall, were circular buildings, probably intended for the use of pilgrims; but, though what remain of them are of stone, they do not appear to have been roofed with that material. Within the enclosure are several rude stone crosses, probably sepulchral, and flags sculptured with rude crosses, but without letters. There is also a granite globe, measuring about twenty inches in diameter.

"In the surrounding ground, there are several rude stone altars, or penitential stations, on which are small stone crosses; and on the south side of the enclosure there is a small lake, apparently artificial, from which an artificial outlet is formed, which turned a small mill; and along the west side of this lake, there is an artificial stone path, or causeway, two hundred and twenty yards in length, which leads to another stone cell, or house, of an oval form, at the south side of the valley in which the monastery is situated. This house is eighteen feet long, and nine wide, and there is a small walled enclosure joined to it, which was probably a garden. There is also adjoining to it a stone altar surmounted by a cross, and a small lake, which, like that already noticed, seems to have been formed by art."

Such are the curious relics of antiquity now brought before the public notice, and we are sure that every candid and qualified reader, on examining Mr. Petrie's book, will find abundant reason to prize such revelations of the past, and to look forward with much anxiety for the completion of this beautiful work. And if, with a talented writer of the present day, we believe that to take an interest in the ancient history of Ireland is the best way to win the hearts, and to soften the prejudices of the Irish themselves, we may indeed congratulate ourselves on the appearance of a work so eminently calculated to excite that interest. The following remarks of the writer just alluded to, are worthy the attention of all who wish well to Ireland:—"We do believe that one of the great avenues to the hearts of the Irish nation is by recognising, fostering, appealing to, valuing as a great treasure, in which Englishmen have a common interest, their deeply-cherished, worthily cherished nationality, fed as it is to this day by the traditions and memories of that very period to which Mr. Petrie's researches have carried us back. These memories have been never forgotten among the peasantry; and now that they have been exhumed and set before the more cultivated classes, they will produce on them also a very powerful impres-

sion. The nobility of Ireland are beginning to take in them deep and increasing interest. The formation of the Museum of Antiquities in the Academy, a work, the merit of which must be given to Mr. Petrie, has given a powerful stimulus to his own branch of study. The cultivation of the Irish language is proceeding rapidly, and a class has been formed in the Academy itself. To the same Academy and the prize proposed by it, for the investigation of the round towers, we owe the present volume; and, had the Society accomplished nothing more, it would deserve the support of every lover of Ireland. Within the last year, in consequence of the zealous energy of Lord Adare, three great exertions have been made, all bearing in the same direction. A

large and valuable collection of Irish manuscripts has been purchased, and deposited in the library of the Academy. A College has been founded, (under the highest ecclesiastical authority) for the purpose of providing for the higher classes of Ireland the highest form of education, and giving to them at the same time a knowledge of the Irish language, as the most powerful means of reaching the hearts and understandings of the people, whether as their landlords or their clergy. And efforts, we hope and believe not yet to be wholly despaired of, have been made to bring before the government, and to obtain from it aid in carrying on, one of the most grand designs of topographical and antiquarian research ever projected or commenced."



BRECHIN CHURCH, AND TOWER.

KÖRNER.

As an appendage to the short sketch of the life of Körner which we gave in a previous Number, we now present our readers with two short specimens, one of his prose and the other of his poetical writings, as translated by Mr. Richardson. We have not selected these as by any means the best, but as, from their length, the most suitable for our columns.

We have thought it preferable to place the poetical extract in the column usually devoted to poetry. (See page 351.)

THE HARP.

THE Secretary and his young wife were yet in the gay and glittering spring of life. Neither interest, nor a mere passing inclination, had united them. No; love, ardent, long-tried love, had been the seal of their union. They had early become acquainted with each other's sentiments; but the delay of Sellner's preferment had constrained him to put off the completion of his wishes. At length he received his appointment, and the next

Sunday he led his true love, as his wife, to his new dwelling. After the long and constrained days of congratulation, and of family festivals, they could, at length, enjoy the fair evening, in cordial solitude, undisturbed by any third person. Plans for their future life, Sellner's flute, and Josepha's harp, filled up those hours, which only appeared too short for the lovers; and the sweet harmony of their tones was as to them a fair prelude of their future days. One evening, they had enjoyed themselves so long with their music, that Josepha began to complain of head-ache. She had concealed an indisposition which she had experienced in the morning from her anxious consort; and an, at first, unimportant attack of fever was, by the excitement of the music and the exertion of the mind, the more increased, as she had, from her youth, suffered much from weak nerves. She now concealed it no longer from her husband, but anxiously sent Sellner after a physician. He came, treated the matter as a trifle, and promised that she would be much better in the morning. But, after an extremely restless night, during which she was constantly delirious, the physician found poor Josepha in a state which had all the symptoms of strong nervous fever.

He employed all the proper means, but her illness grew daily worse.

On the ninth day, she herself felt that her weak nerves would no longer sustain this malady; indeed, the physician had already mentioned this to Sellner before. She knew herself, that her last hour was come, and with tranquil resignation she awaited her fate.

"Dear Edward," she said to her husband, as she drew him for the last time to her breast, "with deep regret do I leave this fair earth, in which I have found thee, and found true happiness in thy love; but now I may no longer remain happy in thine arms, yet shall Josepha's love still hover o'er thee, as thy good angel, until we meet again on high!"

Having said this, she sank back, and fell asleep for ever. It was nine o'clock in the evening. What Sellner suffered was inexpressible; he struggled long for life; the shock had destroyed his health; and when, after many weeks' illness, he recovered, there was no more the strength of youth in his limbs; he sank into a hollow melancholy, and evidently faded away. A deep sadness took place of his despair, and a silent sorrow hallowed the memory of his beloved. He had Josepha's chamber left in the same state in which it was before her death. On a work-table lay her needle-work, and in the corner was her harp, silent and untouched. Every evening did Sellner go on a pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love, took his flute, leaned, as in the times past of his happiness, on the window, and breathed, in mournful tones, his regret for the beloved shade.

Once he stood thus, lost in fancy, in Josepha's chamber. A clear moonlight night wafted to him its gentle breezes through the open window, and, from a neighbouring castle tower, the watchman called the hour of nine—the harp woke its tones again, as if swept by the breath of a spirit. Strangely surprised, he hushed his flute, and with it ceased the echo of the harp. He sang now with deep emotion Josepha's favourite air; and louder and stronger did the strings resound the melody, while their tones accorded in perfect unison! He sank in joyous emotion on the earth, and spread his arms to embrace the beloved shade. Suddenly he felt himself breathed on, as if by the warm breath of spring, and a pale and glimmering light flew over him! Strongly inspired, he called out,

"I know thee, beloved shade of my sainted Josepha! Thou didst promise to hover o'er me with thy love, and that promise thou hast fulfilled. I feel thy breath—thy kisses on my lip; I feel myself embraced by thy glory!"

With deeper bliss, he seized anew the flute; and the harp sounded again, but yet lower and lower, until its whispers dissolved in distant and indistinct sounds.

Sellner's whole faculties were powerfully excited by the apparition of this evening; he threw himself, restless, on his bed, and in his feverish dreams the whispers of the harp yet called on him again. He awoke late, and harassed with the phantasies of the night, he felt his whole being wondrously affected; and perceived a voice within him, which was the anticipation of a speedy dissolution, and which indicated the victory of the soul over the body. With infinite desire he awaited the evening, and passed it in Josepha's chamber.

He had already lulled himself into a sweet dream by means of his flute, when it struck nine—and scarcely had the last stroke of the clock echoed, when the harp began to sound softly, until at length it vibrated in full accord. As his flute ceased, the spirit-tones ceased with it; the pale and glimmering light flew over him again, and in his bliss he could only utter the words,

"Josepha! Josepha! take me to thy faithful breast!"

For the present, the harp took leave with light and gentle murmurs, till its whispers again were lost in low and trembling sounds.

Strangely affected by the occurrences of the evening, Sellner, as before, tottered back to his chamber. His faithful servant was alarmed by the appearance of his master, and hastened, notwithstanding his orders to the

contrary, to the physician, who was, at the same time, an old friend of Sellner's. He found him with an attack of fever of the same symptoms as Josepha had had, but of far stronger kind. The fever increased considerably throughout the night, during which he continually raved of Josepha, and of the harp. In the morning he was more composed; for the great struggle was over, and he felt, clearly, that his dissolution was at hand, though the physician did not perceive it.

The patient disclosed to his friend what had taken place on both evenings; and no opposition of the cool-minded man could bring him from his opinion. As the evening came on, he grew yet weaker, and begged, with trembling voice, to be carried to Josepha's chamber. This was done. With infinite serenity he gazed around, hailed its fair recollections with silent tears, and spoke calmly, but firmly, of the hour of nine, as the time of his death. The decisive moment approached, and he desired all to quit his chamber, after he had bid them farewell, except the physician, who persisted in remaining. The ninth hour at length sounded hollow from the castle tower, Sellner's face was transformed, and a strong impulse glowed upon his pallid countenance.

"Josepha," he cried, as if impelled by Heaven, "Josepha, hail me yet once more on my departure, that I may feel thee near, and may overcome death by thy love!"

Then rang the strings of the harp in tones loud and brilliant as the songs of victory, and over the departing one waved a glimmering light!

"I come! I come!" he said, and sank back, struggling for life.

Yet lower and lower rang the tones of the harp, his last strength was now exhausted by convulsion, and as he departed, the harp-strings broke at once, as if torn by a spirit's hand.

The physician, trembling, closed the eyes of the deceased, (who, notwithstanding his contest with death, lay as in a gentle slumber,) and left the house in deep emotion. For a long time, he was unable to dismiss from his mind the impression of this scene; and he observed a strict silence as to the last moments of his friend; until at length, in an hour of social confidence, he imparted to some friends the occurrence of this evening, and at the same time showed them the harp, which he had received as a last legacy from the deceased.

THE NORTHERN MARCHES, AND THEIR WARDENS.

THE word March is of Saxon origin, and signifies a boundary. The German title Margrave, and the English Marquis, are derived from it, and meant, originally, officers who had command upon the marches, or frontiers, of their respective countries. An etymologist would not fail to mention that the tribe, whose name Cæsar has Latinized into Marcomanni, were marchmen, or people who lived upon the confines of the German territory. In England, we have applied the term to the parts lying adjacent to Wales and Scotland, but it is only of the Northern Marches that we intend to speak in the present article.

To such a height did violence and rapine arrive in this district, that functionaries were appointed by the English monarchs under the title of Lord Wardens, at first, for purposes of aggression and defence, but latterly, when the two kingdoms were united under one head, in order to put down disturbances, and punish breaches of the peace, on either side of the border. Their jurisdiction was divided into three parts, distinguished as the East, Middle, and West Marches. The office was one of eminent trust, and usually committed to persons of high rank. Accordingly, we find chiefs of the great families of Clifford, Percy, Scroop, Neville, and Dacre, actively executing the arduous duties of Lord Warden. It is at least as ancient as the reign of Edward I.; at which period, the feelings of

mutual jealousy with which the two nations regarded each other, were exasperated on the part of our northern neighbours, by the frivolous but pertinacious claim of that king to the Scottish crown. The power with which a Lord Warden was armed was of the amplest kind. It extended over life and death; he could hang and imprison at pleasure; he had a court distinct from his sovereign's, in which suits could be carried on, and culprits tried, as in the superior courts; at a moment's warning, he could summon every male, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, within his territory, to arm, and march into the field. Extraordinary as this authority may seem, it will not be wondered at, if the habits of the borderers are considered. The utmost confusion reigned throughout the district; fire and slaughter, abetted by the rival monarchs, robberies and hostile encounters, provoking cupidity, and supplying food for brutal excitement amongst their subjects, raged alternately in the two countries, and sometimes in both at once. There was a perfect organization for offence and defence in both kingdoms. Hills were marked out whereon beacon-fires blazed at times of actual or anticipated danger; bloodhounds were kept at certain places, to assist in the pursuit of fugitives; lines of watches were posted from sea to sea; and every man held himself in readiness to handle his weapons, and mount his horse.

Old Froissart takes an opportunity of mentioning the quarrels of the borderers in his rambling Chronicle. "Englishmen on the one party, and Scots on the other party, are good men of war; for when they meet, there is a hard fight, without sparing. There is no truce between them as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure; but they lay on each other, and when they are well beaten, and one party has obtained the victory, they glorify so in their deeds, and are so joyful, that such as are taken, are permitted to go free, or be ransomed; and, in a short time, both sides are so content with each other, that, on parting, they will courteously say, "God thank you."

More particularly was this state of things the case with that unlucky region, termed the Debateable Ground. There is a story of a favourite cow, belonging to King James, that, not liking her accommodations in England, found her way back, unguided, to Edinburgh. The king remarked, that he was not so much surprised at the animal's instinct in smelling out the road, as that she got through the Debateable Ground without being stolen. Had it been observed to James, that this desire of returning to the north was singular, and, of all his train, only shared by her, it is not unlikely he would have answered, with the same kind of dry humour, that she was a brute, and knew no better.

The rancorous hatred which subsisted between England and Scotland, with the evil deeds to which that feeling led, has been so forcibly sketched by Shakspeare, in "Henry V.," that we shall quote the passage at length. The king is supposed to be conferring with his lords, on the best means of attacking France:—

"We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages."

"They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers."

"We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
Came pouring like a tide into the breach
With ample and brim fullness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
That England being empty of defence
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood."

In these turbulent contests we may trace one main source of the old ballad poetry, and, what is more important, to the external fate of the country at least, from

them sprang the necessity of constructing those chains of strongholds, the very ruins of which are magnificent to this day, to be the dwelling-places and safeguards of the powerful barons of the border. The noble family of Clifford had five mighty castles; the great house of Percy numbered four enormous fortresses amongst their possessions. The Nevilles secured themselves in Raby Castle; the Dacres at Naworth. Here it was that they held their miniature courts, and had their presence-chambers, before "they exchanged the hospitable magnificence of a life spent amongst their kinsmen and clansmen, for the uncertain honours of court attendance, and the equivocal rewards of ministerial favour." Here they were equally ready, as humour inclined, or circumstances compelled, to avenge an insult, or commit an injury. The mottoes borne by the chieftains, were very often a sufficient index to the spirit by which the clans were animated, and to the suspicious or hostile feelings with which they regarded their neighbours. The Murrays bore, "Furth Fortune, and fill the Fetters;" the Douglasses had, "Lock sickle;" the Drummonds, "Gang warily;" whilst the Cranstouns audaciously declared, "Thou shalt want ere I want."

It is amusing to glance over the code of laws established in the marches, and to reflect that the time has but recently gone by, when they were both defied and enforced. Amongst a variety of ordinances, there are the following:—

That every man do rise and follow the fray upon blowing of horn, shout, or outcry, upon pain of death.

That no man practise with rebel, thief, or murderer, but that the same be opened to my lord warden.

That no subject speak with any Scotchman, except upon license so to do of my lord warden or of the deputy wardens.

There are also regulations as to pursuing fugitives and offenders "in hot trod" with hound and horn, with hue and cry; as to the levying of black mail, which was a rent exacted by the upper class of plunderers on pretence of protecting the payers from spoil from others; and, in a more peaceful spirit, it was ordered that if it fell out that any deadly feud were borne against any of the opposite realm for executing any thief by justice, or killing him with red hand where he was found stealing, or clad with stolen goods, or for pursuing to death by whatsoever lawful means, the warden, upon signification of the feud, should apprehend that party, and either cause him then and there to renounce his feud by writing under his hand, or should deliver him to the opposite warden to be kept by him until he made the required renunciation. The form of oath administered upon the trial of an offender was of the utmost solemnity. "You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself." These were English laws, but on the northern side of the border the regulations were equally stringent. It was enacted that no manner of person of any degree should intercommune with any English without special license. That at what time it was seen speedful that the host light down and array themselves, that each man light down at commandment, and whoso did not, should be noted as a traitor, and punished for open treasons. That if there happened a chase, whatever he were that took his fellow's horse, if he won any goods on him, he that owed the horse should have the half of it, and he should bring the horse again to the stake. And if it happened that he fled on that horse, as soon as he came home he should pass to the market of the shire, and proclaim him. That it was lawful to any man to take as many prisoners as he might, both on horse and foot, so that he led them with the strength of Scotsmen; and to take a token of his prisoner with him that he might be sufficiently known, and to leave his token with his prisoner. That if a prisoner were taken, and divers persons contend about him, he should be at the command

of the warden, delivered in even hands, or else in the warden's hands, and the parties should challenge at the warden's court; and that the reward for apprehending a traitor should be a hundred shillings.

Peculiar tenures were the consequence of this state of things, and *csuage*, *drengage* and *cornage* are services by which some lands on the border are holden to this day. The service by *csuage* was when a royal army marched not indeed against the borders particularly, but against the kingdom of Scotland. Those who held by *cornage* were obliged to wind a horn, (*cornu*), to give their countrymen notice of the approach of enemies. Even the diversions of children had reference to border animosities; and in some places the boys have a game at the present time which they call *Scotch* and *English*, an exact picture of the *raid*, that is, the inroad by plundering parties. The boys divide themselves into two companies, under separate captains, one side being *Scots*, the other *English*. They begin their violent recreation by stripping off their coats and laying them in two heaps not far apart. A stone is set up in the middle as a boundary mark between the "two mighty monarchies, whose high upreared and abutting fronts" are in imaginary contention. They then begin to make incursions into each other's territories, the *English* using this reviling expression—"Here's a leap in thy land, dry bellied *Scot*." The main points in the game are to steal away the clothes of the other side, and to take prisoner any one who has invaded his opponents jurisdiction in search of *wad*, or booty. This word *wad* signified originally a pledge, and in this sense it is used in the ballad of "Auld Maitland."

"He spurred his gray into the path
Till baith his sides they bled;
Gray! thou maun carry me away,
Or my life lies in wad."

When a prisoner is captured he is taken to the back part of his adversary's land, where he is supposed to remain in safe custody until one of his own party break in, and by swiftness of foot lay hold of the captive before he himself is touched by an enemy, in which case he has rescued his companion in arms.

The bloodhounds employed to track fugitives were staunch animals carefully trained for this purpose. Various plans for baffling their sagacity were adopted. Robert Bruce escaped on one occasion by wading a short distance down the middle of a brook. The spilling of blood upon the track was a sure way to evade the pursuit, for the discriminating fineness of the dog's scent was thereby destroyed. Sometimes, there was no hesitation in killing a prisoner to effect this object, and there is a story told by Henry the minstrel of Wallace, who made use of this bloody expedient. The hero's hand had been joined by a man named Fawdon, who, from his behaviour, excited suspicion of intended treachery. Wallace was obliged to retreat after a hard fought skirmish with only sixteen followers, and the *English* were in hot pursuit with their bloodhound. Fawdon, at some part of their flight, persisted in going no farther, and Wallace, in a moment of irritation, struck off his head and pursued his way. The bloodhound upon coming up stayed upon the dead body. The story concludes with what Sir Walter Scott thought a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace was alarmed at midnight in the lonely Tower of Gask, where he had taken refuge, by the wild blasts of a horn. He sent his followers in pairs to ascertain the occasion of this circumstance, but none of them returning, he issued out himself, sword in hand. At the gate he encountered the decapitated spectre of the man he had slaughtered in his hasty anger. He retreated in an extremity of terror, and rushing through a window, fled up the river. Upon turning his eyes to the tower he had just quitted, he saw it in a blaze, and the ghost of the murdered man wondrously increased in size, stood upon the battlements, grasping a burning rafter.

(1) Shakspeare's Henry V.

The bale fires, or beacons we have mentioned before, formed in Scotland a fiery chain of communication between the border and the capital. An act of the Scottish Parliament in 1455, directs that one bale or faggot should forewarn the approach of the *English* in any manner; two bales that they were indeed coming; four bales that the enemy was unusually strong. The striking appearance of these beacons blazing through the gloom like prophetic comets, and startling the night, has been graphically sketched by Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"On the high turret sitting lone,
Her blue eyes sought the west a-far,
For lovers love the western star.
Is yon the star, o'er Penchyrst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And spreading broad its wavering light
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?
O, 'tis the beacon blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!
The warden viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war note loud and long;
The blast alarmed the festival hall,
And started forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost.

* * * * *
'Ride, Alton, ride for death and life,
And warn the Warden of the strife;
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise.'
The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blushed the heaven;
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood flag in the sky,
All flaring and uneven:
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
Each with warlike tidings fraught:
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed in many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely eern;
On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lay hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
Till Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the Border."

The first lord warden on the *English* side, with whose name history has made us acquainted, was Robert de Clifford, Lord High Admiral to Edward II., slain in the disastrous battle of Bannockburn. The fine old ballad of Chevy Chase, that stirred Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet, and celebrates the battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, between Percy Earl of Northumberland, and Earl Douglas, in which the former was killed and the latter taken prisoner, had its rise in a quarrel respecting their marches. It would seem an unfit office for an ecclesiastical dignitary to hold; nevertheless amongst the names of secular warriors we find those of the bishops of Durham and Carlisle, and a dean of St. Paul's, who were wardens. But in the olden time there was many a prelate besides the haughty cardinal Wolsey, who was

"More like a soldier than a man o' th' Church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all."

In one great battle three bishops "translated themselves out of the speech of peace," and doffed their "white investments" to assume armour and grasp the sword. When Edward I. undertook his expedition against Scotland, Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, accompanied him, and, if Blind Harry the minstrel is to be credited, he narrowly missed having the "grinning honour" to die by the hand of Wallace in a skirmish on the street of Glasgow. There is a pleasant anecdote told by Lord Bacon, in his *Apophthegms*, of a certain military bishop, on whose account, (having been taken prisoner in battle by the King of Hungary,) the pope addressed a monitory letter to the king, telling him that he had broken the privilege

of Mother Church, and taken his son; whereupon the king in reply sent a message to the pope, with the armour in which the captive had been habited, with this inquiry: "Can this be the clothing of a son of yours?" And even Popes themselves have sometimes exchanged the tiara for the helmet, and laid down the crozier to take up the sword. When Michael Angelo was engaged on the colossal statue in bronze of Julius II., which is not now in existence, his holiness was asked if a book was to be put into his left hand. "No," was the reply, "give me a sword, I am no bookman."

In the reign of the eighth Harry, Sir Thomas Wharton, Governor of Carlisle and Warden of the Marches, performed so brilliant an exploit that it gained him a peerage. With an army of 1400 horse and foot he routed 15,000 Scotch at Solway Moss, taking seven noblemen and almost every other person of distinction prisoners. Eight hundred common soldiers, with all the baggage and artillery, also fell into his hands. It is reported that the Scotch army being deeply offended by the conduct of their monarch, James V., in placing it under the command of Oliver Sinclair, his upstart favourite, utterly refused to strike a blow. It is not improbable that Wharton had beforehand received intimation of the true state of the case, otherwise it is scarcely credible he would have ventured to attack a force so greatly superior to his own. If revenge was the object of this suicidal act, that object was completely attained, for the unhappy monarch died of a broken heart within a month of the engagement. Henry, who hated the Scotch even more intensely than he did the Pope, was overjoyed at the news of this occurrence. He rewarded Sir Thomas with a barony, giving him a special augmentation to his arms in memory of the event, and bestowed on him several valuable estates, the produce of ecclesiastical confiscation. He was continued in his offices, and there is a letter from the king to his Warden yet extant, in which his majesty declares an intention of prosecuting his enterprise against Scotland, "whereby the wars cannot shortly be determined, but be like to have a long continuance." The *carte blanche* presented to his lordship for the diversion of slaughter on a large scale, was not filled up by him with a low figure, as we may gather from a document preserved in the State Paper Office, which professes to give an account of four months' foray. The substance of it is that 192 towns, towers, churches, farmsteads, &c. were cast down or burned; 403 Scots slain, 816 prisoners taken, upwards of 10,000 head of horned cattle, and 12,000 sheep carried off, &c. &c. A large fund of amusement here for those who liked excitement and carnage! Possibly this raid is one of those recommended in "the openyons of Sir Thomas Wharton and others for annoyance as they trust in God shal be done to Scotland this wynter by the West Marchers of Yngland;" another document in the State Paper Office.

A few years later, we find Thomas Lord Dacre filling the office of Warden. A letter from this warlike baron to Cardinal Wolsey (written in 1514, the year after Flodden Field was won, and printed in Ellis's collection), contains this passage, indicative alike of the times and the man: "There never was so mekyl myschiefe, robbery, spoyling and vengeance in Scotlande then there is now without hope of remedye which I praye our Lord God to continewe." It should not be forgotten that this was written by a person whose office was to preserve peace, to a minister of religion. The impiety of these invocations to the Almighty on the subject of deeds so savage and brutal, can only be exceeded by the desecration which the churches of the God of peace have occasionally suffered, when *Te Deums* have been sung, and thanks returned, for sacrifices previously offered up at the temple of Moloch; such as Catherine of Russia commanded after the siege of Ismail, and *le Grand Monarque*, after the devastation of Heidelberg. In another letter addressed to the Cardinal by Lord Dacre, he gives an account of an inroad made upon his estate,

by Nixons, Armstrongs, and other clans, inhabiting the debateable country, to the number of three hundred, who killed eleven of his servants, and took others of them prisoners.

Fuller, the church historian, reckoned the border marauders amongst the wonders of Cumberland, and gives, in his own quaint way, an account of their increase, height, and decay. "When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. The sons are free of the trade by their father's copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and, perchance, many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish Janisary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters! Height—amounting forty years since to some thousands. These compelled the viceroy to purchase their security by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies, the laws of the land, and the Lord William Howard, of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer always does his work by daylight. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of the common stock, who, in such a case, cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse." The Lord William Howard mentioned by Fuller was "Belted Will" of Naworth, whose rigorous measures struck such terror amongst the moss-troopers, that "with his name the mothers stilled their babes," a use to which, according to Shakspeare, the French mothers applied the name of Lord Talbot, who rendered himself so dreaded in the wars with France.

In concluding this account of the Borders and their inhabitants in former days, we may remark, that the two most renowned of all the Paladins, Orlando and Rinaldo, were both border lords, and they are accordingly represented by the poets as possessing that union of courage and rapacity, begotten and fostered by their situation.

"Near a border frontier in the time of war
There's no'er a man but he's a freebooter."

LAST WORD OF THE SINGER.

(Conclusion.)

The physician, Lange, proposed that he should himself have the pleasure of accompanying the singer, when she should appear in public again, the first time after her illness: to this the signora most readily agreed. Doctor Lange had indeed, by his true kindness, his paternal care, won a claim to her warmest gratitude. They appeared together at the masquerade, and it seemed even to the doctor himself, while by the side of the fair and interesting girl, that he was a person of no small consequence. The people in B— were a strange set. At first every one, from the visitors in the highest and most fashionable drawing-rooms, down to the frequenters of the beer shops, had spoken ill of Bianetti; but, when men of consequence took her by the hand, when respectable dames publicly defended her, the weathercocks turned with the wind, and the inhabitants of B—, affected by the fate of the poor girl, ran about the streets almost dead with joy because she had recovered. When she entered the room, it seemed as if she had been waited for as the queen of the festival: people shouted,

clapped their hands, and cried "bravo!" just as they were wont to do when she had executed some difficult roulade. The doctor too came in for a share.

"Look! there he is!" they said; "that is the skilful physician who saved her life."

Giuseppa felt herself pleasingly affected by this applause of the crowd; indeed, she had almost forgotten, in the midst of so many whispered good wishes, that a more serious object had brought her to that place; but the four robust dominoes who followed her steps, and the questions of the doctor, "whether she had yet observed the grey eyes of the chevalier," kept her in remembrance of her purpose. It soon became evident to both the doctor and herself, that a tall, thin man, in the costume of a Turk (called in the city of B—, that of Ali Bassa) kept always near them; as often as the stream of masks forced him away, he returned again and again to their side. The singer made a sign to the doctor, looked significantly at the mask, and said—

"I have observed him for a long time."

The Turk approached with rather uncertain steps; the signora clung more closely to the arm of the physician; two grey eyes were now seen peering from out the mask, and a hollow voice said—

"I am delighted beyond measure, most excellent Mademoiselle, to see you in such desirable health."

The signora turned away in terror, and appeared to tremble; the mask likewise, seeing her draw back, disappeared among the crowd.

"Is it he?" asked the doctor; "compose yourself, for we must proceed quietly, and with much precaution. Do you think it is he?"

"I am not quite certain," she answered; "but I thought I recognised his eyes."

Dr. Lange gave the dominoes the hint to have their eyes on the Turkish mask, and went to another part of the room with the signora. Scarcely had they gone a few steps, when they saw the same figure, who seemed to be watching every movement of the singer.

The medicinalrath went into the banquetting-room with Giuseppa, as he thought she would be the better for some refreshment after her fright: he looked round; there was the Turk standing close by! The Pacha, who had now some sweetmeats and a glass of lemonade on a small plate, approached the singer: his eyes trembled; the glass seemed ready to fall, and made a sad noise on the shaking plate. He had now come close up to her, when he presented the plate, and said—

"Madam, would you not like a glass of lemonade and a few sweetmeats?"

Bianetti stared at him, became pale, pushed the plate from her, and cried—"Horrid man! It is he, it is he; he wishes to poison me."

The Pacha of Janina stood dumb and motionless; he seemed to give up all thought of defence, and quietly allowed himself to be led off by the four dominoes.

Almost at the same moment the doctor felt some one pull his black cloak with violence; he turned round, and saw the deformed little valet from the Hôtel de Portugal, standing beside him, pale, and evidently in extreme terror.

"For the love of God, sir, come with me directly to No. 53, before the devil drags away that French gentleman."

"What are you babbling about?" said the doctor, impatiently, seeking to push him aside, that he might follow the prisoner to the police station.

"I implore you," cried the dwarf, almost howling; "he may perhaps still be saved; you are the principal physician—indeed, the city doctor; and it is your duty to come and visit the strangers in the hotels."

The physician swallowed an expression of impatience and vexation he was on the point of uttering; he saw he had a duty to perform, however disagreeable it might be; he beckoned to the music director Boloni, gave Bianetti to his care, and quickly left the room.

Lange hastened with the valet to the Hôtel de Portugal. It was nearly midnight; all was still and desolate

in the large building; the lamps in the passages and in the staircases burned faintly and dimly, and the doctor experienced an uncomfortable sort of feeling stealing over him, as he ascended the steps to visit this lonely invalid. The valet threw open the door; the doctor entered, but almost felt inclined to go back; for a being whose form and appearance had haunted him continually both when asleep and when awake, now lay before him in reality. He was a tall thin elderly man, and had a high pointed woollen nightcap drawn far over his forehead: his contracted chest and his bony arms were clothed in flannel; from beneath the cap projected a large sharp nose, a haggard yellow face, which might have been that of a corpse, had it not been for the keen grey eyes, which gave him an appearance of life, and a most hideous fear-inspiring expression. His long thin fingers with their meagre joints were hanging far out of his sleeves, and with a hoarse delirious laugh he was twisting the coverlet of the bed.

Like this, precisely like this man, the doctor had conceived the Chevalier de Planto to be; those cunning grey eyes, those demonlike features, that withered form, all were here, just as the signora had described him. But might not another man have grey eyes? Was it to be wondered at if a sick person looked pale and ghastly? And had he not just come from the capture of the chevalier?

The doctor smiled to himself, drew his hand across his brow as if to banish such thoughts, and approached the bed. Yet in all his practice he had never experienced such fear and horror as now oppressed him, while he stood at the bed of this man; the shuddering which he felt was inexplicable to himself, and he in vain sought to free himself from it; he involuntarily drew back when he touched the damp cold hand, in order to feel the pulse.

"That stupid fellow," said the sick man, in a hollow voice, mixing French, bad Italian, and broken German together; "that stupid fellow has, I believe, brought me a doctor. You will pardon me, but I never had much faith in your art. The only thing which can cure me are the baths of Genoa; I have already told that villain to order post horses; I shall leave this place to-night."

"He will, indeed, leave this place," murmured the dwarf, "but with six coal-black horses, and not for Genoa, where the holy Fiesco drank, but to a much worse place."

The doctor saw that little could be done; he perceived the fearful approach of death in the eyes of the sick man; his restlessness and wish to be removed were all symptoms of a speedy close. He advised him to lie down and keep himself quiet, and promised to prepare for him a cooling draught.

The Frenchman laughed fiercely. "Lie! lie quietly down! Were I to lie down I should cease to breathe: I must sit up in the carriage, I must sit, and away, far away! What are you saying, fellow? Have you ordered the horses? Dog, have you packed my trunk?"

Dr. Lange took again the hand of the man. "Have confidence in me," he said; "my art may yet be able, by the blessing of Heaven, to do something for you. Your servant tells me that an old wound has broken out; will you permit me to examine it?"

Pointing to his side, the dying man grumblingly assented. The physician removed a badly-made bandage, and found—a dagger wound near the heart. Strange! it was the same size and of the same description as that of the singer.

"This is a fresh wound," said the doctor, looking at the sick man very suspiciously; "how did you get this?"

"You think perhaps that I stabbed myself! No; I had a knife in my breast pocket, fell down a stair, and scratched myself a little: that is all."

"Scratched himself a little!" thought Lange; "and yet he is dying from this wound!"

Meanwhile he had prepared some lemonade, and

offered it to the invalid, who carried it with an unsteady hand to his lips; it appeared to refresh him, and for a few moments he was calm and quiet. When he perceived that he had spilled a few drops on the coverlet, he began to curse and swear, and asked for a handkerchief. The valet ran to a small box, opened it, and took out one. The doctor looked at it—a fearful suspicion entered his mind—he looked again; it was of the same colour, the same sort of material, as the one found by the signora. The doctor shook in every limb; there was no longer a doubt. The Chevalier de Planto, the murderer of Bianetti, lay before him. It was a helpless, sick, dying man who lay there; but to the doctor it appeared as if every moment he might leap out of bed and seize him by the throat. He snatched up his hat, and hastily left the presence of the miserable being.

The terrified valet laid hold of him by the coat when he saw him going away.

"Ah, noble sir!" groaned he, "you surely will not leave me all alone with him. I cannot stand it; if he should now die, and then, as a flanneled ghost, with that pointed cap on its scull, walk up and down the room! For heaven's sake, do not leave me!"

The dying man grinned fearfully, laughing and cursing by turns; he seemed as if coming to the help of the dwarf: he stretched one long withered limb out of bed, and extended his bony fingers towards the doctor. The latter could stand this no longer; he threw off the desperate valet, and hurried out of the room. Even on the lowest steps of the house, he heard the horrible laugh of the assassin.

Next morning a handsome carriage stood before the door of the Hôtel de Portugal; three persons alighted from it, a veiled lady and two elderly gentlemen, who entered and immediately went up stairs.

"Is the referendary Pfälle above?" asked one of the gentlemen of the waiter who was attending them.

The latter answered in the affirmative, and the other continued—

"A most singular interposition of Providence, that he should fall down stairs, wound himself with his own dagger, so that he was prevented from getting away; and that you, Lange, should have been called to him!"

"Certainly," added the lady. "There was likewise a peculiar Providence in his leaving his handkerchief with me, and asking for another like it at the very time the doctor was beside him!"

"So it was to be!" said the second gentleman; "and nothing can be said on the subject but that so it was ordered. But in this whirlpool I had almost forgotten something: tell me, what have you done with the Pacha of Janina? The signora must surely have been mistaken. Have you set him at liberty? Who was the poor creature?"

"On the contrary," replied the other gentleman, "I have convinced myself that he is an accomplice of the chevalier. I have had my eye on him for some time past, and have commanded that he should be brought here, to confront him with the prisoner."

"Not possible!" exclaimed the lady; "an accomplice?"

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, smiling slyly; "I know various things, though people do not choose to tell me them. But here we are at No. 53. Mademoiselle, have the kindness in the meanwhile to step into No. 54; the director Boloni permits it, and will not turn you out. I shall remain here; and when you are to be examined, I shall send for you."

It is not necessary to say that these three persons were the singer, the physician, and the inspector of police; they came to accuse the Chevalier de Planto of an attempt to murder. The physician and the official entered. The sick man was sitting up in bed, as the doctor had seen him the night before; but now, in the light of day, his features appeared more hideous—the expression of his eyes, which begun to be fixed, more awful. He looked,

first at the doctor, then at the police director, with vacant looks; then he seemed to be reflecting on what was passing around him. The referendary Pfälle had placed a table before him, laid on it a pile of paper, and held in his right hand a pen, ready to note down the evidence.

"Beast!" cried the invalid, "what do these gentlemen want? you know I receive no visitors."

The police functionary stood close to him, looked at him steadfastly, and said emphatically:

"Chevalier de Planto!"

"Qui vive?" replied the sick man, lifting his right hand to his cap, as if saluting him in military fashion.

"Sir, are you the Chevalier de Planto?" continued the other.

His grey eyes began to sparkle: he threw piercing glances upon the referendary and the inspector, scornfully shook his head, and replied:

"The chevalier has been dead some time."

"Indeed! who are you then? Answer me; I ask in the name of the king."

The Frenchman laughed. "I am called Lorier. Fellow, give these gentlemen my passport."

"It is not necessary. Do you know this handkerchief, sir?"

"Why should I not know it? You have taken it from my seat. Wherefore are all these questions? What is all this about? Gentlemen, you annoy me."

"Be pleased to look at your left hand," said the inspector, "there you will find your handkerchief; but this one was found in the house of a certain Giuseppa Bianetti."

The sick man cast a look of fury on those around him; he clenched his fist, ground his teeth, but remained doggedly silent, although the inspector repeated the question. The latter now gave the doctor a hint, who went out of the room, and soon returned with the singer, the director Boloni, and the ——— ambassador.

"Baron Martinow," said the inspector, turning towards that gentleman, "do you know this man to be the same person whom you knew in Paris as the Chevalier de Planto?"

"I recognise him to be the same," replied the Baron, "and again repeat the statements I made formerly, when called upon to give my deposition."

"Giuseppa Bianetti, do you know this individual to be the same person who took you from the house of your stepfather, who led you to his house in Paris, and who lately made an attempt on your life?"

The signora shuddered at the sight of the wretched being; she was going to reply, when he spared her by his own confession. He raised himself higher in his bed, his woollen cap seemed to stand up more pointedly, his arms were rigid, he appeared to move them with great difficulty, and his fingers bent convulsively; his voice came faintly and hoarsely from his breast, even his laugh and his oaths had sunk into a kind of whisper.

"Do you come to visit me, Schepperl?" he said.

"Well, that is kind of you. Are you not delighted with my appearance? I am truly sorry that I did not hit you better; you would then have been spared the pain of seeing your uncle insulted, before his departure, by these German brutes."

"What need have we of farther evidence?" observed the inspector. "Mr. Referendary Pfälle, make out a writ of imprisonment against——"

"What are you about?" exclaimed the doctor. "Death is already at his heart. He cannot live many hours. Make haste, if you have any more questions to ask; or rather go and send for a priest, if yet the wretched being may have time to confess his sins, and repent."

The inspector left the room. The dying man however appeared to sink more and more rapidly; his eyes became fixed; yet, as he turned them towards Giuseppa, rage and fury were still perceptible.

"Schepperl," he went on to say, "you have made me miserable; you have ruined me, and for that you deserve death. You have also ruined your father, and sent him to the galleys, because he sold you to me for gold; he entreated me to destroy you. I am sorry I trembled. Cursed be these hands, which did not at once strike surely!"

His frightful oaths, uttered against Giuseppa and himself, were interrupted by a message from the inspector, that Bianetti's presence was required in another apartment. There a singular sight presented itself. Two officers of justice led in a man attired as a Turk; it was the unfortunate Pacha of Janina; the turban covered the head of the sorrowful Counsellor Bolnau. All were astonished, and the music director seemed in a state of great excitement; he became red and pale by turns, and turned away his face.

With a most rueful countenance the Turk looked around him.

"I knew it would come to this," he began, in a melancholy tone. "I had long foreboded it. But, Mademoiselle Bianetti, how could you bring upon an innocent man so much misery?"

"What do you want with this gentleman?" asked the singer. "I do not know him. What has he done?"

"Signora," replied the inspector, gravely; "there should be no tampering with justice, nor forbearance shown to any one. You must know this gentleman: he is the Counsellor Bolnau. Your own waiting-maid declared that at the time of the accident she heard you call out his name."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the Pacha, "to have my name mentioned in connexion with such suspicious circumstances!"

Giuseppa was amazed; a deep crimson suffused itself over her beautiful countenance; she seized the director by the hand in great emotion.

"Carlo!" she cried, "now you must speak; I cannot any longer keep silence. Yes, I may have uttered this name at that awful moment, yet I meant not this gentleman, but——"

"Me!" said the choir-master, stepping forward; "I am called not Carlo Boloni, but (if my dear father there permits it) Charles Bolnau!"

"Charles! musician! American!" exclaimed the counsellor, embracing him; "that is the first sensible word you have spoken in your life; you have rescued me from a great calamity."

"If the matter stands thus," said the man of justice, "you are at liberty; we have only now to deal with the Chevalier de Planto."

* * * * *

They returned to the sick-room. Here an awfully different scene was before them. The inspector approached the bed of the terrible being. There stood the doctor, in a solemn attitude, holding the hand of the murderer; he laid it slowly and quietly on the cover, and closing the fixed eyes—

"Inspector," said he, "now he stands before a higher Judge."

All understood him; and they quitted the apartment of the dead, filled with thoughts too awful to admit of farther conversation at that time.

The next meeting of the singer and the doctor, with the counsellor and his now restored son, was a happy one. The singer hid her face on the bosom of her lover, and wept; but these tears were the last she shed over the unhappy events of her life. The counsellor went smiling away from the affectionate pair, and seemed to have come to some great determination: he spoke aside to the doctor, and then returned to his son and the signora.

"Dearest young lady," he began, "I have suffered much on your account. You have mentioned my name under such sad circumstances, that I beg you will exchange yours for it. Yesterday you despised my offers of attention, will you push me away again when I pre-

sent to you Master Charles Bolnau, my musical son, and request you to accept him as your husband?"

Bianetti did not this time say, No; she kissed with tears of joy the hand of the counsellor. Charles folded her with rapture in his arms, and seemed for the present entirely to have forgotten his sublime speeches. Counsellor Bolnau grasped the hand of the physician.

"Lange," said he, "could I ever have fancied that it should lead to this, when you made me tremble in every limb, when you recounted the story of Bianetti's accident, and when you said to me her last word was Bolnau!"

"And what could have been better?" replied the doctor, smiling; "it was well I told you that, for who knows if all this would have happened, but for THE LAST WORD OF THE SINGER!"

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

(March 22 to 30.)

March 22d.—This day received the appellation of Mid-lent Sunday, because it is the fourth, or *middle* Sunday between Quadragesima, or the first Sunday in Lent, and Easter Sunday. It has also been called *Dominica Refectionis*, or the Sunday of Refreshment, probably from the Gospel for the day (St. John vi. 5), which treats of our blessed SAVIOUR'S miraculously feeding five thousand persons, and from the first lesson (Gen. xliii.) in the morning, which contains the relation of Joseph entertaining his brethren. It is also named *Rose Sunday*, because the Pope on this day carries a golden rose in his hand, which he exhibits on his way to and from the celebration of the Mass. *Mothering Sunday*, however, is the name by which it is popularly known, a term expressive of the ancient Catholic usage—practised by the faithful in each diocese—of visiting their mother or cathedral church, and making their voluntary offerings at the high altar. Although this custom (probably derived from the *Hilaria*, a festival celebrated by the old Romans, in the ides of March, in honour of the mother of the gods) has long been discontinued, we retain the ancient epistle for Mid-lent Sunday, which expressly alludes to Jerusalem, the *mother* of all Christian churches. The public processions formerly usual on this day, have ceased since the middle of the thirteenth century, and the contributions, above mentioned, have dwindled into the dues now known by the name of *Easter offerings*. It is still a usage on Mid-lent Sunday, in Monmouthshire, Cheshire, and some other parts of England, for servants and apprentices to visit their *natural* mother, instead of the mother *Church*, and present her with cakes, money, trinkets, or other small tokens of filial affection, and receive, in return, her blessing and a regule of firmity,⁽¹⁾ a porridge composed of whole grains of wheat boiled in milk, sugared and spiced, and sometimes mixed with currants and raisins. The following allusion to this usage in the seventeenth century occurs in Herrick's *Hesperides*:—

"I'll to thee a simnel bring
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering,
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

"This mark of filial respect," says Brady, "has long since been abolished in the south, though another custom to which it gave way, of the landlords of public houses presenting messes of this nature to the families who regularly dealt with them, is much within the memory of many persons yet living."

On this day, in former times, the boys carried about the villages, with acclamation, a figure of *Death* made of straw, suspended on a pole. Some persons received this pageant kindly, and, after refreshing those who

(1) So called from the Latin word *Frumentum*, i.e. wheat. The connexion of firmity with Mid-lent Sunday, may arise from the mention of "Benjamin's Mess" in the first lesson in the morning.

brought it with milk, peas, &c., the usual diet of the season, sent it home again. Others, considering it a presage of coming evil, forcibly drove it away from their respective districts. Hone supposes that this "mawkin" "purported the death of winter," and was "only a part of another ceremony conducted by a larger number of boys, from whom the death-carriers were a detachment, and who consisted of a large assemblage carrying two figures to represent spring and winter." The author of the "Popish Kingdom" thus describes this pageant and its accessories, which, however, he asserts, was displayed on *Care*, or *Carle* Sunday, i.e. the fifth Sunday in Lent.

"The boys with ropes of straw doth frame an ugly monster here,
And call him Death, whom from the town, with proud and solemn cheer,
To hills and valleys they convey, and villages thereby,
From whence they straggling do return, well beaten commonly.
Thus children also bear, with spears, their cracknels round about,
And two they have, whereof the one is called Summer stout,
Apparelled all in green, and drest in youthful fine array;
The other Winter, clad in moss, with hair all hoar and gray;
These two together fight, of which the palm doth Summer get.
From hence to meat they go, and all with wine their whistles wet.
The other toys that in this time of holy fasts appear,
I lothe to tell, nor order like, is used every where."

The custom here described appears to have been only a variation of those before referred to. We learn from "Doblado's Letters," that, on this day, at Seville, there is a usage, evidently the remains of an old custom. Children, of all ranks, appear in the streets fantastically dressed, somewhat like English chimney sweepers on May-day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the "crusade bulls" of the preceding year. During the whole day they make an incessant din, with drums and rattles, and cry, "Saw down the old woman." At midnight, parties of the commonalty parade the streets, knock at every door, repeat the same cries, and conclude by sawing in two the figure of an old woman representing Lent. This division is emblematical of Mid-lent.

In a sermon preached by the Dean of Canterbury, in the cathedral, on Mid-lent Sunday, 1808, he introduced the mention of a custom, in some parts of the country, of private families assembling in the house of the head or senior of their respective branches, and making it a day of innocent and cheerful festivity, upon the purest principles of religious and moral consideration; for the express and laudable purpose of consigning to oblivion, and thus happily terminating, all domestic differences; renewing and strengthening the ties of relative connexions, and impressing on their hearts and minds those important duties, on which the happiness of private life so essentially depends.

March 25th.—The Feast of the Annunciation, commonly called Lady Day.

Passion or Carle Sunday.

March 29th.—"This," says Bishop Sparrow, "is called *Passion Sunday*; for now begins the commemoration of the Passion of our Lord, and, after a long funeral pomp and train, the corpse follows on Good Friday." According to some writers, it was so named because certain rites peculiar to Good Friday were formerly solemnized on this day, to dispose the minds of the people to a due feeling for the sufferings of the Redeemer. Durandus says, that, on Passion Sunday, "the Church began her public grief, remembering the mystery of the Cross, the vinegar, the gall, the reed, and the spear."

Among the other old ceremonies of this day, soft hallowed beans were distributed, as a kind of dole, to denote this season of sorrow: a custom probably derived from paganism, and sanctified by the Church: offerings of that species of pulse having been considered by the heathens peculiarly propitious in appeasing the ghosts of the departed. It is possible, however, to cite a modern author, that there may have been no connexion

between the heathen funeral rite of giving beans, and the Church donation, if the latter was given in mere charity; for there was little else to bestow at such a time of the year, when dried pulse, variously cooked, must have been almost the only winter meal with the labourer, and a frequent one with his employer. An old writer attributes the practice to an imitation of the conduct of the Disciples, when they plucked the ears of corn, and rubbed them in their hands. "Instead of beans," says Brady, "our northern countrymen use peas in their repast of this day, especially in Northumberland: in some places they are first par-boiled, and then parched; in other districts they are only parched." Mr. Brand remarks, that at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and many other places in the north of England, peas, after having been steeped a night in water, are fried with butter, given away and eaten, at a "kind of entertainment," on the Sunday preceding Palm Sunday. The peas so eaten were called *carlings*, and the mess seems to be identical with that alluded to in a Scottish song of the close of the 17th century:—

"There'll be all the lads and lasses
Set down in the midst of the ha',
The Sybows, and Rifarts, and *Carlings*,
That are both sodden and raw."

The day is still known by the name of *Care*, *Carl*, or *Caring* Sunday, in Durham, Northumberland, and the adjacent counties,—titles it once universally bore in England, though they are now no longer noticed in our kalendar. Why it is called *Care* Sunday is very uncertain. Brady affirms that it signifies "a day of especial care or devotional attention." The only attempt, says Hone, at the derivation of the word *care* is, that "the Friday on which Christ was crucified, is called in German both *Gute Freytag* and *Carr Freytag*;" and he thinks the inference is corroborated by the fact (above alluded to) of the Good-Friday ceremonies having been formerly used on this day. A writer in "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" suggests that it took its name from the parched peas or carlings, and that the word *carling* "in time softened into *care*." "But how is it," inquires another author, "that *Care* Sunday is also called *Carl* Sunday, and *Carling* Sunday; and that the peas or beans of the day are called *carlings*? *Carle*, which now means a churl, or rude, boorish fellow, was anciently the term for a working countryman or labourer; and it is only altered in the spelling, without the slightest deviation in sense, from the old Saxon word *ceorl*, the name for a husbandman. The older denomination of the day, then, may not have been *care*, but *Carl* Sunday, from the benefactions to the *carles*, or *carlen*. These are still the northern names for the day; and the dialect in that part of the kingdom is nearer to Saxon etymology."

Mr. Nichols, in 1785, remarks that he had heard an old Nottinghamshire couplet, in the following words:—

"Care Sunday, care away;
Palm Sunday, and Easter Day."

"The vulgar," says Brand, "in the north of England, give the following names to the Sundays of Lent:—

'Tid, Mid, Misera,
Carling, Palm, Paste-egg-day.'

The first of the above lines is supposed to have been formed from the beginning of the psalms, *Te Deum*, *Mi Deus*, *Miserere mei*.

We learn from the last-cited authority, that in Yorkshire the rustics go to the public-house of the village on *Care* Sunday, and spend each their *carling* groat; i.e. that sum in drink, for the carlings are provided for them gratis: and a popular notion prevails there, that those who do not do this will be unsuccessful in their pursuits for the following year.

March 30th.—The memorable massacre of the French in Sicily, known by the name of the SICILIAN VESPERS, commenced at Palermo, on this day, 1282. The French had become hateful to the Sicilians, and a conspiracy

against Charles of Anjou was already ripe, when the following occurrence led to develop and accomplish it. On Easter Monday, the chief conspirators had assembled at Palermo, and while the French were engaged in festivities, a Sicilian bride happened to pass by with her train. She was observed by one Drochet, a Frenchman, who, advancing towards her, began to use her rudely, under pretence of searching for arms. A young Sicilian, exasperated at this affront, stabbed him with his own sword, and a tumult ensued; two hundred French were instantly murdered. The enraged populace now ran through the city, crying out, "Let the French die!" and, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, they slaughtered all of that nation they could find, to the number of eight thousand. Even such as had fled to the churches found no sanctuary there; the massacre became general throughout the island.

SKETCHES AMONG THE ALPS.

No. I.—EN ROUTE.

"SWITZERLAND again!" the reader will exclaim; "those everlasting Alps; are we never to have done with them?" Truly, it seems so, for descriptions continue so to abound of the mighty mountains, and the land they barricade, as almost to rival in number the travellers who gaze upon them. Pens and pencils are worn down in illustration of their wonders, till we might fancy description embodied in an avalanche of paper sufficient to overwhelm us. Without apology we add a few sheets more to the pile—principally to please ourselves—it may be to please others, or at least for an hour to cheat them out of the common occurrences of every-day life; make them turn aside from the monotony of its dull beaten track, and walk for a while amidst the sunshine of the grand and the beautiful.

Long had there flitted before us visions of the stupendous Alps; their bases fixed indeed on earth, but their magnificent heights towering as it were into the very heavens. In our imagination hovered pictures of valleys higher in surface than the mountains of other lands; and of lakes, wherein the lofty images of their mountainous protectors were shadowed forth in the rarest clearness and splendour. But these illusions, like the most graphic descriptions and the most artistic sketches, were as nothing to the sublime beauty of the reality, a reality which, the longer it was enjoyed, became only the more fascinating; which the more it was receded from, was only coveted the more; and in whose presence it was vain to attempt to deceive ourselves with the hope that absence would occasion indifference, when remembrance could alone be retained. It seemed then, as now, that those who behold this most scenic portion of Europe may afterwards wander where they will, but "never expect to look on the like again;" the attractions of other countries may recall, but can never efface, the delight and awe which is felt in traversing Switzerland.

As we are no poet, our present attempt may be considered presumptuous by those who maintain "that none but they who are poetical should describe scenery." Yet, since the land of Tell lacks not poets, its glories having been celebrated as much in verse as in prose, we are content to bear the odium, and indulge our prosaic mood.

From a height of two thousand feet above the sea level, the mighty walls of rock, the shooting summits of the proud bulwarks, were first apparent. During the ascent,

the view had been entirely cut off; but the height once gained, the superb scene had all the advantage of the deprivation in the contrast. How many have said of their first sight of the Alps, that such a sight was never to be forgotten! and how many have experienced, years afterwards, that memory, treacherous memory, could not, with its utmost efforts, recall anything like the same distinctness of vision, or depth of sensation, which were then, the one so clear, and the other so vivid; and are reminded how inadequate are the most minute details, or the most emphatic language, to do justice to the scene which once lay before them! The wide extent of mountains was still many miles distant, but their snowy sides glanced in the summer mid-day sun; masses of white clouds hung over their frost-bound pinnacles, somewhat obscuring the horizon there, while the sky overhead was of the most serene blue, in which the central planet moved on, its dazzling light reflected from the vast surface whose fair purity rivalled the effulgence which had travelled to meet it. We miss much in life for want of knowing where and how to look upon it; and thus might it then have fared with us, through an unprepared or transient glance at the Alps, had we not been aware of deceived vision, unaccustomed to gaze on snowy mountains, unused to look upwards to such airy heights, or downwards on such deep abysses; when cloud may be taken for mountain, and mountain for its fleecy attendant—for a moment. To the lengthened gaze the gigantic outlines belonging to earth became more distinct, and the bright reflection more dazzling, while the masses around were discovered to be poised in air; the huge cold solitudes, their peaks shrouded in their atmospheric veil, might be fancied as lost where no human eye could follow them, while their desolation beneath awed while it enchanted. Let no one look on them unless alone; the thrill of wonder and of delight is lost amidst society.

Some sagacious reader will here perhaps ask, how much of this wonderful Switzerland we could explore alone—alone without any one to help us? Could we climb Mont Blanc, or storm the Jungfrau? and what is the rest of the wild country to them? Jacques Balmont was nearly crazed when he set out to explore by himself; and, probably, if we heard a right account of the matter, so was the solitary chamois hunter, when he lost his road, and wandered to the top of the Jungfrau for want of knowing a nearer way home. Now we grant the truth of these observations, and further, that travellers who abide by steamboats and stage coaches, if they have money, can renew the fares when others cannot renew their frost-bitten feet or their snow-blinded eyes; moreover that, when danger must happen, it is a consolation to share it in company. The education of guides may be improved by making them speak in tongues foreign to them, and talking may possibly keep evil thoughts out of their heads, such as taking us prisoners, or tumbling us over a precipice. But, withal, we like not, amidst such sublime loneliness, the rumbling of carriage-wheels, or the chattering of the guide-machine, unconscious, seemingly, of the splendour around him, perhaps wearied of its daily recurrence, yet, in its absence, often becoming the despairing nostalgic patient, morbidly attracted to his mountainous parent without knowing why, except that the home was his.

In the descent we crossed a turbulent river by a covered bridge, whose roof was rude and strong; strong as was needed to resist the enormous pressure that at times found rest on it, and steep-sided was it to help the snowy fall. Entering a wide plain there arose before us the remains of some ancient Roman structures, telling of the death of man and the so-far life of his deeds; names are superfluous, for they are in every hand-book, labelled on every sketch. Next, on an imposing height stood an old and ruined castle, a time-worn relic of the middle ages, whose owners then were great,—as they are yet, but whose rule is now over another country. The outline of the dark and crumbling edifice stood

clearly out, the setting sun throwing his parting beams with power and brilliance upon its one side, while the whole of the solitary tower was distinctly defined against the cloudless sky; it stood in the deep repose which no living thing was there to break; solemn was the silence around it, still as the voices of those who once dwelt there, but were now passed away from that mouldering remnant of Helvetian feudality. There, from its commanding platform, centuries since jealous eyes had looked down on the extended plain beneath, and on its doubtful vassals; there imposing trains had passed through the portals to dazzle by their gorgeous pageantry, or to overawe by their stern and warlike array. The grey watchtower had a near companion, too, and years ago in its desertion, a fitting and a noble one; but the tenants of the latter are now the drivelling idiot and raving maniac; where the nun worshipped in "breathless adoration," amid the solitude of the cloister, the madman howls. On this spot was royalty, in the hour of death, deserted by its followers, and aided by a stranger—a female peasant, one who had perhaps trembled at the very name of the imperial ruler whom she then fearlessly assisted; and here, too, did the blind fury of feminine royalty scruple not to sacrifice a thousand of such peasant victims, to atone for the regal relative it had lost. Woman's nature in excitement often startles us; much of devotion followed the outburst, yet a stubborn priest thought that the penance had more to do with the head than with the heart.

As evening advanced the valley at whose termination we rested for the night, was long bathed in a flood of golden light, shone upon by a glow which might have streamed on paradise; while, however, its brightness, deep and rich as it was, allowed the sight to rest upon it in perfect repose, unlike the distraction of vision caused by the glare of noon. The flowing river, and the verdant plain, the mounted castle and the compact town beneath, glittered with radiance; it was a scene to rivet the eye of the observer for a far longer time than the scorching of the sun permitted him to enjoy; and as the darkness crept stealthily but inevitably on, regret could only be mitigated by the hope that some such other feast was yet in store. Each dawn in the transit through this varied country, brings before us a different view; yet we wonder at our departure from each, whether novelty can still abound, and we think, were but the ocean here, the eye would embrace perfection. We were now to be charmed with fertility in fields, vineyards and gardens, in this low part of Switzerland, where the valleys were neither guarded nor contrasted with the mighty elevations of the high Alps. We hastened through some places devoted to the bustling importance of traffic, fearful lest a picturesque ruin might be seen, reared up anew, for a location for steam, or some fairy spot beheld transmuted into the tortured producer of food.

An old inn was sought out, where no throng of guests beset the entrance, in whose neighbourhood, and within whose walls, complete repose might be expected, though in an age of luxury, amidst what must be called inconvenience to a considerable extent. The town rejoices at once in dismembered battlements and busy industry; therefore it is to be hoped, also in peace and plenty. Thanks to the ambition of the Roman Church, and the piety of its followers, the cathedral still towered in architectural majesty high above the town, the murmuring waters in its vicinity nearly the only object, except the old battlements, with which it might be supposed to have communion.

We had now skirted a lake, having little pretension to grandeur of scenery, but the whitewashed cottages on its shores brought England to our recollection. Perhaps no Swiss lake can be rightly called tame; yet tame this lake might be considered, when compared with the others. This was forgotten, however, when, through the trees that lined the road, were once more seen the white sides of the Alps, shining in the morning sunlight,

pure and lustrous, overtopping by thousands of feet the wooded hills that bounded the lake; scorning proximity to the haunts of men, whose fuel and food came from the humbler, though more friendly eminences at hand. What was the buzzing of machinery to their proud masses! impelled, though it were, by the streams they had created, then spurned, they condescended not to yield productions, to be squeezed, pinched, and wrought upon; but in stern defiance ranged afar and aloft, claiming kindred only with barrenness and unapproachability, waiting for Titans like themselves to tenant them.

There came through the clear air the sweet sound of a church bell, calling perhaps to the mid-day repast, perhaps to prayers; the tones were distinct and beautiful, while the long pauses between the strokes gave time for the music to dwell on the ear; heard thus, amidst silence and solitude, every object around in accordance with such harmony, we need not wonder that the old Catholics held their bells in reverence; to them, they were associated with life and death, joy and sorrow, with subjects of most interest in this world, and those of a future one.

The mountains on one side of the lake, rivalling the loftiest in our own country, were now dwarfishly reduced, and the lake had become like a river; a poor *char-a-banc* rattled past, swinging fearfully from side to side; it rushed down the steep descent, apparently all but upset, an event of perhaps no great moment in such a vehicle; down the slope it went, its pace far excelling the aristocratic and heavier carriages of the great highways.

A thickness came on in the atmosphere, which made the form of the mountains appear confused and diminished in height, though it had the effect of bringing them nearer to the observers.

A combination of perfections, it may be supposed, would weary us, and therefore it is seldom met with; if a bird has bright plumage, it has not song; if a woman is fair, she is often a fool; and no landscape exists, which has not some defect, or at least what we think such. The Right, on which we shortly afterwards stood, may appear in the mind of a poet as if intended for a standing place of easy ascent, from whence to look upon its greater neighbours, and therefore its homely form ought not to disappoint us; should it give way some day, like its opposite companion, we shall miss it; not so much, however, for its beauty, as its utility.

A DEVONSHIRE FAIRY TALE.¹

NEAR a Pixy field in this neighbourhood there lived, on a time, an old woman, who possessed a cottage and a very pretty garden, wherein she cultivated a most beautiful bed of tulips. The Pixies, it is said, so delighted in this spot, that they would carry their elfin babies thither, and sing them to rest. Often, at the dead hour of the night, a sweet lullaby was heard, and strains of the most melodious music would float in the air, that seemed to owe their origin to no other musicians than the beautiful tulips themselves; and whilst these flowers waved their heads to the evening breeze, it sometimes seemed as if they were marking time to their own singing. As soon as the elfin babies were lulled asleep by such melodies, the Pixies would return to the neighbouring field, and there commence dancing, making those rings on the green which showed, even to mortal eyes, what sort of gambols had occupied them during the night season. At the first dawn of light the watchful Pixies once more sought the tulips; and, though still invisible, they could be heard kissing and caressing their babies. The tulips, thus favoured, retained their beauty much longer than any other flowers

(1) From Mrs. Bray's "Description of the Part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and Tavy."

in the garden, whilst, though contrary to their nature, as the Pixies breathed over them, they became as fragrant as roses; and so delighted at all this was the old woman who possessed the garden, that she never suffered a single tulip to be plucked from its stem. At length, however, she died, and the heir who succeeded her destroyed the enchanted flowers, and converted the spot into a parsley-bed—a circumstance which so disappointed and offended the Pixies, that they caused it to wither away; and, indeed, for many years, nothing would grow in the beds of the whole garden. But these sprites, though eager in resenting an injury, were equally capable of returning a benefit; and, if they destroyed the produce of the good old woman's garden when it had fallen into unworthy hands, they tended the bed that wrapped her clay with affectionate solicitude, for they were heard lamenting, and singing sweet dirges, around her grave: nor did they neglect to pay this mournful tribute to her memory every night, before the moon was at the full; for then their high solemnity of dancing, singing, and rejoicing took place, to hail the queen of the night on completing her silver circle in the skies. No human hand ever tended the grave of the poor old woman, who had nurtured the tulip-bed for the delight of these elfin creatures; but no rank weed was ever seen to grow upon it, the sod was ever green, and the prettiest flowers would spring up without sowing or planting, and so they continued to do till it was supposed the mortal body was reduced to its original dust.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

COPERNICUS.

BY S. M.

THE Mountain church of Frauenburg
Hath many a narrow bed,
Where the oaken cross points upward
And peasants weep their dead;—
Stand we beside yon graven stone,
And veil the reverent brow,
And muse upon the mighty one
Whose body lies below.

Earth lay in darkness;—as a Star
He rose upon the night,
And outlines of the things that arc,
Shone dimly by his light.—
How dreamy seems the World's wild youth
To us of elder time,
Familiar with God's steadfast truth,
So simple—so sublime!

He first it was, whose piercing eye
Through the thick midnight saw,
In endless changes, Unity,
And in confusion, Law.
Though other hands unwound the clue
To realms of clearer day,
All honour to the First is due
Who pointed them the way.

He moved through Life, as one who hears,
And answers from within,
Faint music from celestial spheres
Through Earth's discordant din.
Well might he stand with brows inclined,
In silence and apart,—
A thought of the Creator's mind
Had passed into his heart!

What nights of happy toil were his,
Toil that itself repays,
Scanning creation's mysteries
With no irreverent gaze!
Oh, hour of hours, when first he seemed
To grasp the truth, long sought,
And the solitudes of starlight teemed
With multitudinous thought!

Strange is the destiny of Life,
Wondrous is Fame's behest,
Passing the labour and the strife—
Crowning the time of rest!
Long years of lonely watching o'er,
There came at last the hour,
When to the dying Sage, they bore¹
The Record of his power.

They would have kneeled around the place
Where, pale and faint, he lay,
But, silent, with unaltered face,
He motioned them away;
Earth's greatness vanished there, as snow
Melts from the summer sod—
His soul had done with time, and now
Stood face to face with God!

ST. DOROTHEA.

A LEGEND.

WHEN our bless'd Saviour Lord, to whom
Be glory for evermore!
Had suffer'd all his bitter doom,
In heathen days of yore;

In Greece there liv'd a gentle maid,
Who tended her garden bowers;
To whom our Lord his love display'd,
Among the trees and flowers.

She nurtur'd her garden, so fond, so kind,
With a gay and childlike joy;
And the faith was pure of her innocent mind,
As gold is without alloy.

And once, when in her garden shade,
In sleep the maid reclined,
The Lord a dream of bliss display'd
To her pure and holy mind!

That hallow'd vision of love was given
From the bright and the blissful land;
An angel came down from the gates of heaven,
With three roses in his hand!

He gave her the roses, with looks of love,
And he gave her a holy kiss;
Then he flew at once through the realms above,
Back to his home of bliss.

And as she awoke from this joyful rest,
She thought of that vision of heaven;
And she found three roses on her breast,
Which her angel love had given!

And her young heart glow'd beyond control,
To reach those bowers above;
And she praised the Lord in her inmost soul,
For the gifts of heavenly love!

And two days more the daylight woke,
And chased the midnight gloom,
And as soon as ever the third day broke,
The roses began to bloom!

On the fourth day the angel flew to her side,
As a bridegroom flies to his love;
And he bore the roses, and bore the bride,
To the bowers of bliss above!

Kürner.

(1) The first proofs of the work in which Copernicus proclaimed the order and harmony of our system, were brought to him on his deathbed.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

CHANNEL ISLANDS OYSTER FISHERIES.

THE English reader is aware that the British Channel is distinguished as the seat of a very extensive and lucrative oyster fishery. Connected as this fishery is with the island of Jersey, it forms one of the staple branches of its commerce. Fortunes have at former periods been made from success in this species of traffic, and the value of the annual exportation of oysters from Jersey is probably as great as from any other single fishery in the kingdom. Prestonpans, a small seaport in the vicinity of Edinburgh, is considered the principal oyster fishery in the British dominions. It is that locality whence come the famous Pandore oysters, which, from their peculiar shape and flavour, command a higher price than any other species brought to the London market. The oysters alluded to are rarely above two inches in diameter, and the clear transparent nature of their shell is a quality altogether peculiar to themselves. The oysters of Jersey, unlike those found on the eastern coast of Scotland, are remarkable for their magnitude. At full growth, their shells are seldom less than five inches in breadth. They are of a dark brown colour, and their rough and rugged appearance constitutes a general distinction, which, to the oyster dealer, is a never-failing characteristic in determining their place of breeding. It has become frequently a matter of inquiry what peculiar influences tend, through the course of time, to cause a departure from original generic identity. Fish of the same genus are to be found in a hundred different seas, but certain peculiarities which one possesses in opposition to another have warranted naturalists in classifying them under different species. The several sorts of oysters found in the different waters of the globe claim each the same generic origin; yet in size and general appearance they are all essentially different. The richest pearl in the tiara of royalty is extracted from the shell of the oyster inhabiting the Indian main; the oyster of the Pacific is sometimes not less than a foot in diameter; the Irish oyster is larger than the Scotch; and those found in the English Channel are considerably larger than either. To attempt to trace the circumstances to which all this difference is owing were fruitless, involved as these differences must be in physical circumstances, which even philosophy will probably never be able to unravel. First established at the period when the celebrated Sir Walter Rayleigh was governor of the island, the traffic in oysters for many years formed the staple commerce between this country and England. With the retirement, however, of that illustrious man, the trade so well began gradually dwindled away, and two centuries had been allowed to elapse before it began again to emerge into any sort of importance. The date of the revival of the fisheries may be assigned to about the year 1797. Situated as Jersey is, in almost immediate contiguity to France, the trade in oysters carried on in connexion with this island has always been subjected to not a little vexatious interference on the part of the latter country. The disputes which have from time to time occurred have given rise to various legislative enactments. In 1822, according to a stipulation entered into between the two countries, it was agreed that the French and English should have an exclusive right to fishing oysters to an extent of one league between water marks along their respective coasts, and the space intervening between these lines of demarcation to be enjoyed by both, but in the exclusive right of neither. This stipulation, however, was never properly adhered to, and in the year 1824 another was drawn up, which limited the approach of British fishermen to the coast of France to the distance

of three leagues. This latter resolution is the law which regulates differences between the fishermen of the two countries. Since its enactment, however, disputes have by no means lessened. A strong feeling of hostility still as formerly pervades both parties. Blood has not unfrequently been shed, and two boats' crews of opposing fishermen have only to meet together to cause a skirmish of sometimes even a deadly nature on the open sea. The larger portion of individuals engaged in the Jersey oyster fisheries are not natives of the island, but of England—chiefly from the coasts of Kent and Sussex. The season annually commences on the 1st of September, and finishes on the 1st of June. Vessels begin to arrive about the close of August, gradually increasing in number as the season waxes later. The real activity of the trade, however, is only to be witnessed between the months of February and May. Between these periods the weekly value of the exports to England is not less than 5,000*l.* sterling. It is only oysters, however, of a certain size, which are allowed to be thus exported. According to an act of the local legislature, no oyster can be brought to shore of a diameter less than two inches and a half. This enactment was passed with a view to prevent the beds being drained and ruined by the withdrawal of the younger oysters. The oysters, however, generally exported, are of a size immediately bordering upon the prescribed limits. When taken to England they are deposited in what are technically called "parks," along the coast of Essex and on the margin of the Thames. From these "parks" they are gradually withdrawn to the London market as occasion may require. The average price at which oysters are purchased from fishermen may be stated at about 3*s.* per tub, each tub containing three bushels. They are to be purchased in small quantities throughout the island at about the rate of 2*d.* per dozen. The harbour in which the oyster vessels rendezvous is that of Gorey, a small town situated on the eastern coast of the island. There are sometimes a fleet of not less than 500 sail to be witnessed at one time in quest of oysters, and upon a moderate calculation 3,000 individuals may be said to be employed in the busy season in this species of traffic.—*Jersey Newspaper*.

It has been said (and, with regard to one of them, with truth) that Tacitus and Machiavel, by their cold way of relating enormous crimes, have in some sort appeared not to disapprove them; that they seem a sort of professors of the art of tyranny; and that they corrupt the minds of their readers, by not expressing the detestation and horror that naturally belong to horrible and detestable proceedings.—*Burke*.

THE mixture of those things by speech which by nature are divided, is the mother of all error.—*Hooker*.

WHOEVER has the regulation of the associations of another from early infancy, is to a great degree the arbiter of his happiness or misery.—*Stewart*.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses—it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty, a staff when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns you—a pillow in death.

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The Dying Father.

(See page 368.)

THE RIVER TEES AND ITS POETICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Rokeby*.

THE scenery of this country is excelled in grandeur by that of other lands; yet, in variety of hill and dale and level ground, and in a peculiar sweetness of landscape effect, it stands unrivalled. The intermixture of wood and cultivation enriching our distant and widely extended views, the embellished and park-like

appearance of a large portion of the country, and the taste and elegance of our landscape gardening, cannot fail to strike the eye of a foreigner as great and peculiar beauties. Neither are we deficient in the wilder features of landscape. Our rivers, lakes, and mountains, are extremely varied and beautiful; and the haziness which often invests them, like a thin veil, sweetening their hues, and softening them into harmony, is another feature adding greatly to their charms, though not always considered as a desirable part of English scenery.

The beauty and variety of our rivers call for especial

notice. In different parts of their course many of them assume every character that can be desired by the lover of varied scenery. They are spreading, winding, or rapid, according to the nature and acclivity of their beds; and these often present sudden and numerous variations.

The river Tees, sung by the author of *Rokeby*, and by other poets, is, perhaps, one of the most romantic and lovely of English streams, on account of the great variety of moorlands and mountains through which it flows in the early part of its course; the delightful pastures traversed by it in the middle course; and the fine promontories and commanding scenery where it joins the ocean. The pen of the accomplished Gilpin has recorded some of the charming scenery of this river. Describing the forest of Langley-dale, or Tees-dale, which latter name it assumes from running along the banks of the Tees, he says: "When the woods of this forest were in perfection, they must have afforded a great variety of picturesque scenery; for the Tees is one of the most romantic rivers in England, and forms many a furious eddy, and many a foaming cascade, in its passage through the forest, particularly that celebrated cataract which, by way of eminence, is called 'The Fall of the Tees.'"

The Tees rises on the eastern side of the mountain of Crossfell in Cumberland. This mountain is nearly three thousand feet high, and forms the highest portion of the ridge called Crossfell, running northward in that county. The other great ridge to the south-west reaches a still greater elevation, the principal peak being that of the noble Skiddaw, 3166 feet above the level of the sea. Some accounts, however, make Crossfell the higher mountain of the two.

Crossfell is characterized as a mountain that is generally ten months buried in snow, and eleven in clouds. Being encompassed by other desolate and barren mountains, it retains the snow much longer than other British heights. Skiddaw, on the contrary, is surrounded by the most romantic and attractive scenery; and is, therefore, proclaimed in terms of the warmest admiration by travellers, while we seldom hear the praises of the more wild and desolate Crossfell; indeed, few persons like to encounter the dreary and wearisome ascent. One who took it many years since, thus described the immediate rise of the mountain itself, after a journey over what he calls "almost impervious wastes." "We were now so much environed with large and extended morasses, rocks, and mountains, that they exhibited a frightful appearance; not the vestige of a house, except some old *shielas*, where formerly the people had resorted, like the Asiatic Tartars, to graze their cattle in summer—a practice now disused. There were a few sheep, but no deer that we could see; and, notwithstanding the extraordinary drought, the water followed our horses' footsteps, for miles together. At the place called Bulman's Cleugh there are some lead works. When we had gradually ascended about three miles, through very broken morassy wastes, the mountains began to rise in three very formidable ascents, steep, and, like Mount Lebanon, piled one above another, with large and extensive plains to each of them, and loose, shivery stones on their brows, very troublesome to the horses, which we were now sometimes obliged to quit. This continued for two miles more, when we arrived at the summit of the highest, which forms a capacious plain of several hundred acres, if you reckon from the east ascent, but of such a barren soil that there was not a single leaf of grass, herb, or plant to be found." Other persons have found the ascent much less difficult than is here represented, and have seen the whole of the summit covered with moss of various kinds, intermixed with the mountain hair-grass, heath mat-grass, and mountain dock. These observations were made in August, when the snow had entirely disappeared; and, if so much of a gloomy character invested the mountain at that beautiful season of the year, we may easily suppose, that it must be a

bleak and dreary scene when wrapped in fogs and covered with snow. The Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, when tracing the beautiful scenery of the English lakes, seems to have given only a passing glance at Crossfell. He says: "As we proceeded towards Penrith, the bleak Crossfell arose to view in the distance on our right; a long ridge of mountains, 2,907 feet above the level of the sea, whose summits were covered with snow. From the force and direction in which the wind met us, we were informed that the *helm-wind* was then blowing down that fell and the adjoining Token-fell. We observed a thick cloud on the summit, covering it like a helmet (whence this phenomenon takes its name), and at some distance from it, in an opposite direction, a thick undulating mist, apparently more dense than those which usually rise from the lofty mountains of this country. These appearances, we were told, were certain indications of the existence of the *helm-wind*, which blows with tremendous fury."

Such is the birth-place of the Tees, which takes its rise on the eastern side of this mountain, traversing barren moors and wild scenery through the early part of its course, and receiving those lesser mountain-rills and rivulets which gradually augment its bulk and importance. For the first few miles of its course, it forms the boundary between Cumberland and Westmoreland. It is then joined by two *becks*, or smaller rivers, called Trout and Crook becks. At its junction with the latter it forms the southern boundary of Durham, separating it for a few miles from Westmoreland, and then from the North Riding of Yorkshire. The course of the river is at first tolerably direct; it flows through a narrow valley among the hills, and receives various tributary streams from the counties of which it marks the boundary. Among those on the Westmoreland and Yorkshire bank, the chief are the Maize, the Lune, and the Bolder; while, on the Durham side, the Harwood, in junction with the Langdon-beck, the Eitersgill, the Bowles, the Hadshope, and the Eglestone, are the principal.

At the junction of the Maize, or Mary's-beck, the waters of the Tees swell out into a kind of lake, called the Wheel, and then discharge themselves in the most beautiful cataracts which England can boast of. These are caused by a ridge of trap-rocks, across which the river flows at Caldron Snout, about three miles above the grand falls at High Force. The scenery in the vicinity of Caldron Snout is exceedingly wild and romantic, and a sensible tremor is communicated to the adjacent rocks by the rushing of the torrent, where "the maddened Tees with maniac fury foams." For several miles a succession of beautiful falls, and the most picturesque scenery, delight the eye of the tourist. Highly attractive is that part of the river where the waters—

"Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a rush more strong,"

hurry over another ridge of coarse-grained grey columnar basalt, which crosses the torrent, and causes the majestic fall, called High, or Mickel Force.

Speaking of the falls of this river, Surtees remarks on the different kinds of cataracts which may be observed in this country. He says: "High up the Tees, in this parish (Cotherston), but not till after it has become a considerable river, is one of the finest cataracts in the island, whose roar is audible long before it is perceptible to the eye. Its character is that of the falls of Aysgarth, but the scale is beyond comparison more magnificent, the projection much deeper, the mass of waters more entire, and equally precipitous. Cataracts in this country may be divided into two classes; first, the falls of considerable rivers, of which the expanse is necessarily grand, while the depth is seldom very great, because their course has ceased to be very precipitous before they acquire so great a bulk of water; the second consists of mountain torrents, of no ample dimensions, but precipitated down the abrupt and

often perpendicular chasms of glens and gullies, with a force, and to a depth, which amply compensate for their narrowness. Of the former kind, the falls of Aysgarth and Tees stand, perhaps, unrivalled in Britain. To the latter, which are far more numerous, may be referred the Welsh *pietils*, the forces of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Richmondshire, as also those of Ambleside and Airedale, the singular fluid column of Hardraw, the falls of Fyers, and a hundred others in Scotland."

A few miles below High Force, and about three above the village of Middleton in Teesdale, the banks of the river are formed of similar rocks, which support a slight bridge composed of a plank two feet wide, with low handrails, suspended by iron chains across the river, which is here sixty-three feet wide. This apparently dangerous bridge has an elevation of fifty-six feet above the water; and its tremulous motion is such that few travellers are disposed to trust themselves on it, with an impetuous river rushing beneath their feet. The scenery near Winch Bridge is exceedingly picturesque. Waters boiling over a rocky channel; bold promontories extending on either side into the river, and giving a winding character to the stream; rich foliage occasionally fringing the banks in wild profusion, and relieving the bleak appearance of the rocks; a massive background of distant hills;—all these, blended and combined, with "a grace beyond the reach of art," make up the enchanting picture. Several of the glades of the Tees, and also the tributary streams, are distinguished by names that seem little accordant with their character. Some of these names were given by the Danes; and are thus noticed by Sir Walter Scott:—

"When Denmark's Raven soared on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke;
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blacken'd each cataract and spring;
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High Force;
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,
Rear'd high their altars' rugged stone,
And gave their gods the land they won.
Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line;
And Woden's Croft did title gain,
From the stern Father of the Slain;
But to the Monarch of the Mace,
That held in fight the foremost place,
To Odin's son, and Sif's spouse,
Near Startforth high they paid their vows,
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name."

To these lines the following note is appended:—

"The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field, upon the banks of the Tees, is also termed Woden's Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thorsgill is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eglistone Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreaded giant-queller; and, in that capacity, the champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunheim. There is an old poem in the Edda of Sæmund, called the Song of Thrym, which turns upon the loss and recovery of the mace, or hammer, which was Thor's principal weapon, and on which much of his power seems to have depended. It may be read to great advantage in a version equally spirited and literal, among the miscellaneous translations and poems of the Hon. William Herbert."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE.

"The noblest and holiest of monarchs."

DR. ARNOLD. *Lecture on Modern History.*

"Perhaps the most eminent pattern of unswerving probity, and Christian strictness of conscience, that ever held the sceptre in any country."—HALLAM'S *Middle Ages*, vol. i. chap. i.

Among the multitude of ideas which we are wont to cherish from a very early age—ideas which, if not very formed and definite, are at least most real and important in their influence upon character—few hold a more prominent place than a belief in the spirit of Christian chivalry; that is to say, both in its actual existence and excellence. Knightly faith, and honour, and heroism, combining with whatever is truly great and noble in heathen example, the far loftier virtues which are inculcated by a purer faith, are to the young, for the most part, something more than day-dreams. The best among them commonly yearn to see some proofs of such a tone around them, even though its old forms of expression may have long since disappeared. But, as manhood comes onwards, the vision fades: either an examination of the records concerning days of chivalry has convinced them that the seeming gold was dross, and that fraud and violent wrong were the main characteristics of the period—they have been told by cold-hearted instructors, such as Sismondi,¹ that "*chivalry never existed, save in brilliant fictions*;" or really earnest and well-meaning, though mistaken, teachers have assured them that its temper is incompatible with the highest kind of character; or the tendencies of a material age have proved too strong for them, and they conclude that its hour, if it ever lived, has now gone by; or (worst and saddest cause) the loss of innocence in their own hearts has induced that miserable scepticism in the goodness of others, which almost invariably attends long-continued error of life and conduct, and the distrust in the purity of motive of all among the living, is soon transferred, or rather extended, to the memory of the dead. The "*glory and the dream*" are vanishing, while they are yet in youth:—

"At length the *Man* perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."⁽³⁾

Now, it is not our present purpose to analyse these various forms of objection; indeed, the attempt to prove to some of those who urge them, that they stand upon insufficient grounds, were a task as hopeless as to convince a thorough match-maker of the reality of wedded love. We shall be content to express our firm conviction of the actual existence and excellence of a truly chivalrous spirit, and proceed to some notices of the character and conduct of one, whose life appears to us to afford irrefragable proof of the justice of our position.

Louis, afterwards the Ninth French Monarch of his name, and better known by the title of canonization which was given him after death, was born in the year of Grace 1214. His father, King Louis VIII., had subsequently three sons, (christened respectively

(1) The chief authorities for this article are the "*Life of St. Louis*, by his Seneschal, the Sire de Joinville;" the 20th volume of the "*Modern History*;" and Hallam's "*Middle Ages*" (vol. i.); Gibbon and Mosheim have likewise been referred to. With regard to the credibility of the first-mentioned, it may be useful to give the judgment of Hallam: "Joinville is a real witness, on whom, when we listen, it is impossible not to rely."

(2) *Hist. des Français*. Introduction, p. xxii. Quoted in the "*Broad Stone of Honour*," p. 86.

(3) Wordsworth.

Robert, Alphonse, and Charles), whose names appear again in history; but, he dying in the year 1226, Louis found himself, at the early age of twelve, the inheritor of one of the great kingdoms of Europe, with his mother, Blanche of Castile, as the regent. His position appeared far from enviable; for, although much had been achieved, both by his father and grandfather, towards consolidating the power of the crown, the feudal barons were still too influential and too ambitious to acquiesce quietly in the state of submission to which they had been reduced, and eagerly watched for opportunities of emancipating themselves from any semblance of subjection. In England, scarcely twenty years had passed since the great lords had compelled their sovereign to grant the famous Magna Charta; and Louis's contemporary, Henry III., had obtained pecuniary aid from his parliament on the sole condition of renewing it. But while the rulers of the two countries each dreaded the baronial influence in their own territories, they had been most ready to assist and support it in the dominions of their rivals; and the English king appears to have looked forward to the regaining, by this means, the French provinces which Philip Augustus had wrested from Richard and from John. A more apparently favourable opportunity for revolt could scarcely occur: a prince yet in boyhood, a woman holding the regency, and that woman, by reason of her foreign extraction, possessed of few friends on whom she could rely, and a foreign monarch, naturally believed to be intent upon re-acquiring lost domains, and therefore fostering dissension as a mean thereto. But the malcontents were utterly unprepared for the energetic conduct displayed by Blanche, who, if (as is reported by some historians) she were wanting in some feminine graces of character, and of a rather imperious disposition, bore evidently a high-toned mind, and was possessed of extraordinary ability and firmness. The unbounded respect always paid to her by her son, his assertion of the admirable nature of her precepts and example, and the results of the excellent education which she afforded him, ought to silence for ever the silly slanders which unscrupulous and vindictive opponents were but too ready to invent and circulate respecting her.

The barons were headed by Philip, Count of Boulogne, the king's uncle, to whom they wished to assign the crown. Among the most prominent were Peter de Dreux, Count of Brittany, in right of his wife; Tybalt, Count of Champagne; Raymond, Count of Toulouse; and his friend and ally, Berenger, Count of Provence. Peter de Dreux was anxious for entire independence; Raymond, to recover some lost lands; and Berenger acted from motives of friendship to Raymond. Joanna, the Countess of Flanders, joined the league, from personal hatred of the queen-regent, Blanche. One cannot but be struck with the utter absence of anything like principle in these rebellions of the feudal chieftains. It formed, however, a feature in their character which was but too often exhibited. Their final display of power in England furnishes a remarkable exemplification. It is notorious that, throughout the wars of the Roses, nothing was more common than for a nobleman, on grounds of mere private pique or personal ambition, to shift sides with the whole of his retainers; and this without consideration of the justice of either cause, and little loss of confidence or respect among his new allies, or degradation in public opinion generally.

For a time the king and his mother were afraid to leave Montleheri, where they were quartered, and return to Paris. But their rightful claims seem to have been popular among the poorer classes, who everywhere invoked blessings upon the head of Louis, even though they might not always dare to resist the martial force of the great lords. The queen-regent found means of treating with several of the malcontents, and cleverly frustrated the ambitious designs of the Countess of Flanders, by giving liberty to her husband the earl, at a time when his lady was attempting to get the marriage dissolved, in order that she might wed the Count of Brittany, who had become a widower. The generosity of Blanche, as contrasted with his wife's want of affection, secured his services on the royal side for the future. The clergy likewise came to their support with a large subsidy; and two fresh plots to seize the king's person failed, in consequence of the conversion of Tybalt of Champagne, who informed them of the one, and came unexpectedly to the succour of Louis on the second occasion. The lords were thus for a time repelled; and one of their body, the Count of Toulouse, made ample submission, giving his daughter, whom he made his sole heiress, to the king's brother in marriage, while the Count of Brittany resigned the provinces of Anjou and of Perche.

But Tybalt had thus made himself an object of great dislike to his brother peers; and their attempted mode of revenge affords a curious picture of the times. It occurred to Tybalt's enemies, apparently for the first time, that the count's first cousin, the Queen of Cyprus (who was the daughter of an elder brother of Tybalt's father), was the true inheritor of his estates. But the lord of Champagne was too great a personage to be rashly driven away, finally and hopelessly, from their alliance; and they made one more effort to regain him to their side, by planning a matrimonial alliance between him and the daughter of the Count of Brittany. The time of the contemplated marriage was even fixed, when the king, hearing of it, despatched a hasty message to Tybalt, expressing a hope that he would never become the son-in-law of one who had so grievously offended his sovereign, as the Count of Brittany. How this announcement affected the inmost feelings of the betrothed parties does not appear, but Tybalt paid attention to the wishes of Louis, and annulled the match. The lords were furious: they sent for the Queen of Cyprus, and entered with armed forces into Brie and Champagne. The Duke of Burgundy brought assistance from other quarters, and they attempted to take Troyes. The king advanced to meet them; and sad ravage ensued on all sides. Resentment, however, was directed mainly against Tybalt; and the leaders of the opposed confederacy actually besought the king not to expose himself to the dangers of a battle, but to leave them to settle their own disputes. But Louis was far too brave a soldier, and too firm a friend, to listen to such proposals; and either his resolution in preparing for fight intimidated his adversaries, or a growing respect for his character made them shrink from actual combat. Negotiation ensued; and Tybalt agreed to give the Queen of Cyprus land to a large amount, and a still greater sum in money. Since, however, the pecuniary restitution was made by the sale of many of the districts which he governed to the king, the crown gained fresh power and influence from the transaction.

From this time the spirit of resistance, though unsubdued, became less violent; and, in a time of comparative tranquillity, Blanche married the young monarch to Margaret, daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence, and sister to the queen of our Henry III. She was a virtuous and affectionate princess, and followed her husband through much distress and danger. In the course of the ensuing year (A.D. 1234), the Count of Brittany, who had vainly sought aid from England, was completely humbled, and presented himself to the king with a halter round his neck. Tybalt, who, in right of

his mother, had become king of Navarre, changed his tone, and sought to regain by factious means the lands which he had sold to the Crown, but shared a similar fate; and first set the example to his peers of assuming the Cross, and departing for the Holy Land.

For some years the land enjoyed a great degree of quiet; but the same nobles, on their return from Syria, commenced fresh plots in conjunction with the Count of Toulouse. Henry III. of England, attempted some succour; but partly from the difficulty of gaining supplies from his parliament, and partly from disgust at the inefficient support given to plans by the French lords, soon retired from the confederacy, which was twice defeated by St. Louis, and thus compelled to leave the sovereign undisputed master of the field.

Louis had now become as powerful a monarch as, perhaps, had ever occupied the throne of France; and the edicts which, with the consent of his parliament, he now promulgated, all tended to consolidate his authority and secure him against fresh revolts. Alliances between the noble families and foreigners had already been forbidden; and he now compelled all, who were vassals of himself and the king of England, to make their election once and for ever as to which ruler they would serve. Both these laws had the effect of diminishing foreign influence in France, but they were certainly just and salutary, and there was always moral weight attending the king's enactments, because he never seems to have promulgated them with a view to mere selfish aggrandisement. They were necessary for the security of the crown, the quiet of the country, and the happiness of his people; but when the nobles complained, that, by this compulsory choice, they were sure to lose their estates in one country or the other, he indemnified, as far as possible, the loss. True that the funds arose partly out of the lands resigned by those who adhered to England; but this was previously arranged, and Henry III. had it equally in his power to reward his vassals, if it pleased him.

And now, before we arrive at the second great epoch of the life of Louis, it may prove some relief from the tedium of these details, to mention a few particulars (which are furnished by Joinville) concerning his private life. Both in words and in actions he set the best of examples to those beneath him. No temptation could induce him to depart from truth, or break his word; he spoke ill of none; and love of his Maker, and horror of sin, seemed alike deeply seated in his heart. "*Leprosy*," said he, on one occasion, to his biographer, "*would at least depart with life; but who could say if a man had so repented of mortal sin as to obtain God's pardon?*" He did not order delicacies for meals, but took whatever came; and drank a very limited quantity of wine. He daily attended the church services; and had private prayer with a single chaplain. He was much struck by a sermon, wherein the preacher showed that the kings who are recorded in holy Scripture, as having lost their crowns and territories, had been deficient in justice; and did everything in his power to cultivate that habit. In all dangers he displayed the most noble reliance on Providence; and towards his brother monarch of England, who had shown every disposition to take advantage of his difficulties, he felt no ill-will; and was willing to forego even just claims, because they had married sisters. The psalm, "*Ad te, Domine, levavi animam meam*" (the 25th), which was chanted at his coronation, expressed, says Joinville, the feelings of his heart towards Him who guarded and blessed his reign.

His court, (continues the same authority,) was admirably managed. The king and his guests dined in halls resembling cloisters, which had been built by one of the English Henrys; the high peers joining their liege lord at one table, the bishops and archbishops sitting at another, and the queen-mother, Blanche, at a third, served by the count of Boulogne and other noblemen. The meeting here referred to, took place upon the Feast of St. John.

Having mentioned some of the king's great merits, it would be unfair to omit all notice of what are commonly considered the defects in his character. That any man professing Christianity, can mean *seriously* to condemn him for habits of self-mortification by fasting and abstemiousness, we can hardly imagine, and with those who treat such a subject otherwise than seriously we can have no wish to argue. But a more solemn charge must not be passed in silence—we mean that of intolerance. It must indeed be confessed, that he believed it a duty to exterminate all enemies of the Christian faith, and, in common with his age, considered that the right of punishing opponents of the truth by the civil power, which appears to have existed under the Patriarchal and Judaic dispensations,¹ appertained also to Christian governments. Upon this question we will not enter; but dismiss it with two considerations. Firstly, that whereas anything like persecution *on principle*, however shocking and painful to our feelings, does at least show faith in him who exercises it, and a conviction of the truth of the creed which he professes, it may well be doubted whether those are in a position to condemn such, who have themselves no faith, who disbelieve in the very existence of objective truth, and regard all views with equal favour. Secondly, that the legitimacy of such proceeding, (impotent as it has appeared to prove, whether to resist the spread of truth or error,) was admitted by all the best and wisest men of Louis's age, and of some succeeding centuries, including both the British and Continental Reformers. Should it be urged that to mention this is only shifting the blame from King Louis to his times, then, be it remembered, that we are not undertaking a general defence of those ages. Our present object is merely to point out, that if they exhibited many forms of evil, (and even this narrative has already shown something of their selfish turbulence,) they were yet capable of throwing up plants of no ordinary beauty and vigour; that if what was bad in them was *very* bad, that which was good was *very* good; and this view is indeed no more than that which is advocated even by M. Guizot;² who, while he convicts the feudal ages of failure, so far as regards public rule and order, yet declares that they exercised a vast and salutary influence in the development of individual character, producing noble sentiments and generous actions.

Not long after the last-mentioned events, the king fell extremely ill, insomuch that he was given up for dead. On recovering speech, he asked for the cross, and, receiving it from the Archbishop of Paris, vowed to make a crusade in person. This resolution much afflicted his mother, who asserted that she would as lief behold him dead. But remonstrance, whether from her or his ministers, was in vain; he would on no account forego a course of action to which he had so solemnly pledged himself, although he readily consented to use every possible precaution, whereby the expedition might be rendered less prejudicial to his dominions, than had been those of his predecessors on the throne.

And this would naturally lead to some review of the character and effect of the Crusades. But this is a theme, which we desire to leave untouched. It is sufficient for our purpose to remark, that they had, whether rightly or wrongly, been countenanced by men of unquestionable excellence, whose examples King Louis was thus following.

But whatever be thought concerning the justice or prudence of the expedition itself, the mode of preparation cannot but excite our admiration. "Never," says one author, "was so imprudent a design so prudently conducted." The king's address in gaining the consent of the nobility, and persuading even some of the most turbulent to accompany him, was very great: and, with the pope's consent, he received from the clergy a tithe

(1) Job xxxi. 28; 2 Kings xxiii. 20; &c. &c.

(2) Hist. de la Civilisation en Europe, Leçon IV.

of their revenues. He was likewise fortunate in obtaining for his brother, Charles of Anjou, the hand of a younger sister of his queen, Beatrice, daughter of the count of Provence. She had been left heiress of her father's property, to the prejudice of her elder sisters, and was, consequently, much sought. Louis had not, however, travelled southward with a selfish end in view, but in the hope of terminating the fierce disputes carried on between the emperor of Germany (Frederick II.) and the bishop of Rome, (Pope Innocent IV.) though in this he was frustrated. By this match the district of Provence ultimately became the property of the crown. This unworthy brother, as he afterwards proved, subsequently became king of the Two Sicilies, and played a most important part on the theatre of Italian politics.

These are exemplifications of skill and clever policy on the part of Louis, which may incline us to doubt whether his abilities have not been slightly underrated by some historians, although none would claim for him the prerogative of high genius. But it was not by mere good sense and able worldly management that Louis prepared for his crusade. His course of proceeding calls to mind the noble language placed by Shakspeare in the mouth of Henry the Fifth—"Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained." He made proclamation of restitution to all who had just claim, of redress to any whom he had wronged; and when Henry III. of England sent over his brother to demand, on this plea, the restoration of Normandy, he did not refuse without first putting it as a case of conscience to the bishops of that province, who declared that he was in no wise bound to deliver it.

N. N. E.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE MEETINGS.

We have been so often told that the improbable is not always the untrue, that we may be sometimes too prone to credit even the impossible. However this may be, what we are about to relate is strictly true as to circumstances; we have altered the names of places and persons, and no farther has our inventive faculty stretched. Occurrences that seem the most common, when viewed with the hasty eye that looks not through the telescopic mind, are frequently, when earnestly examined, rife with uncommon purposes and effects. We pass lightly over events which the future will show us to have been crowded with influences—evil or benign—destined to sway the lives of ourselves or others; and in the thick walks of the world, we are thrown upon persons in whom we take an interest we know not why—whom we encounter seldom, but always at some juncture marked by peculiarity of circumstance,—and we go on blindly, never asking ourselves *why* these chances have occurred. *Chances* we miscall them, and as such deal with them—ignorant in our nomenclature, and dim-sighted in our classification. Thus hath it ever been: man alters not as the earth he treads alters; our creeds are still fallacies, our waking life still pregnant with dreams. The present, like the past, passes in alternations of joy and sorrow, pride and shame, hope and disappointment. Wisdom is still a word in men's mouths, truth still a treasure in its deep well, life still flies fast to death, and the same dim shadow falls from the shape of futurity on our paths!

Three times only was it my lot to meet with the lovely woman who is the heroine of my brief sketch. It was a day bright with the flashing sunbeams of June; nothing could surpass the serene beauty of the all but Italian skies; and the sea of Dover looked like a huge and speckless mirror, stretching from British cliff to Gallic

strand, one mass of pure crystal. Yet the scene wanted not life; parties were promenading all about, catching the summer air; numberless vessels, from the vast trader laden with merchandize to the humble craft of the fisherman, were visible; and, on the picturesque heights commanding the town, military pageantries were going on; while, from the artillery fort, a salute was firing, announcing the arrival from Ostend of some foreign potentate. On the eastward cliff, which soared majestically over the sea, arose the castle, looking, what indeed it is, a noble specimen of the architectural powers of our ancestors.

As I stood on the beach, studying the animated beauty of the scene, I beheld a pleasure-barge approach the shore; it was full of gay faces and merry voices; laughter and mirth were there; but, conspicuous amongst the party of young and fair who filled it, was one lovely creature, whose image struck upon me like the vivid memory of some bright phantom of former dreams. As she stood up, the only one who stood, her light summer bonnet flung carelessly back, her long dark hair waving about her fair neck and glorious bust, her black eyes raining joyous influences all around, I know not how it was, or whence the accident sprung, but a sudden movement of the boat overbalanced her, and ere one could tell two, or say "twas done," she was overboard and in the water! A gentleman of distinguished appearance stood near me; in a moment he was struggling with the waves, and before the countless myriads who gazed on the scene could express their terrors or tender their assistance, he had borne her vigorously and unaided to the shore. She had not even fainted; though terrified and speechless, animation had not deserted her; and hurriedly, but safely, she was conveyed away.

"Who is she!" said I, accosting the nearest bystander. "Miss Singleton, the rich heiress of Whitfield," was the reply. "The gentleman, who has assuredly saved her life, is Lord Eythorne, the most extravagant man of fashion of the day; a fine, generous fellow, too, but a determined gambler. Report alleges that the young lady has already twice rejected his addresses; gratitude may now induce her to be less severe."

My informant was right; not many weeks thereafter, they were united; and the enormous wealth of the beautiful heiress was right acceptable to the handsome but needy and dissipated nobleman.

* * * * *

Two years passed away, and I was in London. The winter had come on suddenly and sullenly—

"Bitter cold it was,
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold!"

Snow had fallen for several days; the streets were dark, dirty, and dangerous; all things looked wretched and filthy—as all things invariably do in the metropolis at such seasons; but, though the voice of the furnishing beggar was heard clamouring in the nocturnal streets—though destitution, and despair, and vice walked abroad—the former twain too often causing the latter—fashion and pomp held their continued revels in courtly halls and gorgeous saloons.

I had been invited to a party at the mansion of one of the leaders of fashion, and I dared not neglect the invitation; which, however, I would fain have done, but for a consideration that need not be thrust upon the reader's attention. Slowly and reluctantly I left my little room, *au second*; and, betaking myself to a cab, whose *mauvaise odeur* of what a modern farce-writer calls "ingans and grigs," totally overwhelmed the "*Fantaisie de Rachel*" with which I had scented myself, I ordered the vehicle to be driven to Eaton Square. The rooms were crowded, for it was late when I entered. After passing some time in lounging about, speaking to the few whom I knew, and looking at the many to whom I was unknown, I retired to a corner ottoman, the only occupant of whose downy cushions was an elderly gentleman, who appeared as willing as myself to remain a silent observer of the surrounding gaiety. Behind us, in the embrasure

of a large window, and nearly shrouded from us by drapery, was a seat, whence to our ears came the sounds of three female voices.

"Who is the lady who persisted in making over Lord Eythorne (I started at the name) to the tender mercies of her gigantic '*esposo*,' as she called him, at the card-table?"

"Oh! it is that terrible, fussy Lady Nightshade," was the answer, in a voice so rich, so soft, that the tones trickled on my ears like music.

"Sir Simon Nightshade is the most inveterate gamester about town," growled a gruff-speaking dame, whose thin, precise, sharp features, were the only ones of the trio that were distinguishable from our seat. "Very few escape the avaricious and expert baronet's clutches; his poor wife always looks as if she had mislaid her mind, and was engaged in a perpetual search for it."

"I am sure George will not play deeply to-night," said the same sweet voice; "he has *promised* me, and he—he was very unwillingly led away by Lady Nightshade."

"*Promised! unwilling!* ha, ha, ha! my dear madam, by this time you should know at what rate to estimate such promises," said the angular lady; "besides, Lord Eythorne is never loth to join a card-table, and his powers of resistance did not appear to be very strenuously exerted."

A sigh escaped from the sweet-voiced lady. "I wish he would come," said she, almost in a whisper.

A short peevish laugh *trotted* out of her tormentor's thin lips, as she exclaimed, "It is quite time, dear Lady Eythorne, for you to resign your husband to clubs and cards, and every other possible or impossible coterie, where wives are forgotten or neglected."

"My dear Miss Sowerby," interfered the third lady, "do not alarm Lady Eythorne; her husband is just like other husbands, and *you* can know nothing of what we wives endure."

"I assure you," grumbled Miss Sowerby, "that I have no inclination to know either what Lady Eythorne's, or any other lady's husband, can do in the way of creating sorrow. I confess I do not know the temptation that could induce me to become a wife."

A silence ensued, when the old gentleman beside me, eyeing me closely, and perceiving that, like himself, I was a listener, said, *sotto voce*—"Miss Sowerby is on the verge of fifty, and has been accused of offering herself and her two thousand per annum to more than one man, Lord Eythorne included, whom she used to pester so unconscionably with all sorts of *petits soins*, that he was fairly obliged to insult her; since when she has been most bitter in her attacks on him and his lovely wife; for no enemies are so severe against us as those who have formerly been our warmest admirers."

"Lady Eythorne, then," cried I, "is the *ci-devant* Miss Singleton, of Whitfield?"

"Alas, yes, sweet lady," was the reply.

"And is she not, then, happy? Is her husband still the gambler he was before marriage?"

"I am sorry to say that neither is she happy, nor he reformed; yet I do not believe that he loves her the less, and he treats her kindly; but this sad passion for play defies all control. He is a ruined man; and unfortunately his wife's wealth, which no judicious management made solely her own, has been swallowed up by the same insatiable vice that has engulfed his own limited property. But hush!"

As he ceased, the party behind us arose; and, just as they passed, Lady Eythorne turned her face towards us, and for the second time in my life I saw her. Dazzlingly beautiful in her advance into womanhood had she grown; tastefully appraised, no dress could render more distinguished a loveliness unsurpassed. But yet there was a shadow on that fair brow—the careless glee of happy maidenhood had passed away, and in its place were the artificial smiles which the world teaches its votaries to

put on, to cover the secret sadness of the heart. Her figure was larger, and gave promise of future maternity; while there was a noble grace in every movement, that formed a striking contrast with the light and lively attitudes of the heiress of Whitfield, two short years before. As she drew near, my companion arose; when, recognizing him, she advanced towards him, holding out her hand.

"Ah, dear Doctor Percival, is it you? Pray lead me to the card-room. I wish to go home, and George promised to accompany me."

I followed them. Deep in the (to me) perfectly recondite mysteries of some fascinating game, whose very name I knew not, I observed the handsome Lord Eythorne. So intently occupied seemed the whole party, that the few intruders who entered that room were wholly unnoticed. Lady Eythorne approached her husband's chair, and she saw at a glance—what was in truth visible to less interested observers—that he had lost, and was still losing. Once she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder, when, turning round almost fiercely, and perceiving who it was, he gave a short, nervous laugh, and told her to go away, for he would soon join her. Presently, however, some disturbance took place among the players. Lord Eythorne, starting up, declared he was "*ruined*," and would play no more. The party was broken up, and all was confusion.

"Lead me to the carriage, George," whispered Lady Eythorne, as she seized her husband's arm. "Did you not promise me not to play to-night?"

A savage oath escaped him as he replied, "Do you not see that we are observed? No lecturing here, I beseech you."

She made no reply. Whether it was that words of unkindness, coupled too with an oath, were so new to her as to overcome her, or whether some sudden indisposition incidental to her situation, and accelerated by confusion and circumstance, caused the accident, I cannot tell,—but I saw her shiver violently; and had not Dr. Percival darted forward to render assistance, she would have fallen on the floor. She *did* faint, this time!

* * * * *

I left London for Paris, a few weeks after the incident I have just narrated had taken place; but previously to my departure I learnt that such was the embarrassment of Lord Eythorne's affairs, that both he and his lady had retired to the Continent. I had been a month in Paris; it was a cold and disagreeable night in March, when, returning home to my apartments in the Rue Louis le Grand, I became entangled in one of the narrowest and darkest streets of the Palais Royal, and suddenly came upon a group of people, who were collected before the door of a large gloomy house. A plaintive voice, whose tones sounded familiar to me, was appealing piteously to the *concierge* for admittance, which he in vain assured her he dared not grant; and no sooner did I perceive that among the numbers who crowded around her there was not one who stood her protector, than I made a step forward, demanding at the same time of a woman who stood near me, if she could tell me the nature of the case.

"Elle est folle, la pauvre,"¹ said the woman; "this is a gambling-house, and she declares that her husband is detained there against his consent."

"But there are no gambling-houses in these days?"

"No *public* ones, Monsieur—*mais*—"

"Let me go in, I implore you," interrupted again the melancholy voice of the suppliant; "let me save my husband!"

That voice—I could not be mistaken. I stepped forward, and beheld, indeed, Lady Eythorne. She looked wild, wan, and haggard; her tall form was shrouded in a large shawl, which concealed the outlines of her shape; but a sad change had already been worked on her countenance. Advancing to her, and accosting her in English, I told

(1) "She is mad, poor thing!"

her who I was, and entreated her to put herself under my protection. With a look of speechless thankfulness she unhesitatingly placed her arm within mine, but, before I had time to reflect what course to pursue, a loud noise from the interior of the house reached us; and, soon after, the door was forced open, revealing to us a ghastly figure, from whose head and neck streamed a current of blood. Rushing, or rather staggering, down the steps that led to where the concierge stood, he fell at the feet of Lady Eythorne; but one glance sufficed to assure that unfortunate creature that the being who lay lifeless before her was her husband!

Brief and hasty details must wind up this sad narrative. Police officials were soon upon the alert about us; seizures were made of desperate criminals; and loaded dice, with every other auxiliary of fraud resorted to by the infamous, were discovered. Lord Eythorne and his wife were conveyed to their hotel; and it was ascertained that the infatuated dupe of systematic villany, after losing large sums, had detected unfair play in his opponent, accusing him of the same in loud and opprobrious language. A blow succeeded,—and unarmed, at the mercy of his assailants, he was severely wounded, ere, forcing his way to the door, he burst it open, and fell senseless, but not dead, at the very feet of his hapless wife, who had followed him unobserved to the squalid precincts of the *maison de jeu*.

Of Lord Eythorne's future career time only can tell the tale; but I had seen the unfortunate Heiress of Whitfield for the third and last time. The newspapers of the following week detailed the sudden death of the beautiful Anne, Lady Eythorne, after a premature *accouchement*!

C. C.

ON THE RING MONEY OF THE CELTÆ,

AND THE USE OF OUR TROY WEIGHT BY THAT PEOPLE.

WE have the testimony of Cæsar, that, when his victorious legions invaded Britain, they found the island populous; that the inhabitants had good houses, an abundance of cattle, and large ships, with which they traded to Gaul, Spain, and Germany; and that they had for money "gold and iron rings of a regulated weight." The great abundance of gold found by Cæsar in Gaul absolutely diminished its value in Italy; and in Britain and Ireland many specimens have been found of torques, chains, and breastplates of that metal. In the latter country especially, the amount of articles of manufactured gold dug up in the course of twelve months, is surprising. The surface of the earth has been less disturbed by agricultural undertakings in Ireland than in our own island; and, therefore, until the cultivation of the potato, of late years, many valuable remains of antiquity had lain hidden. The immense extent of bog land in Ireland, where such articles might be securely concealed from the invader, and the tendency of peat or bog to grow, and overflow the adjoining lands, and thus cover even the habitations of men, have been additional causes for the less early discovery of metallic relics. Captain Mudge, who was recently employed in making a survey of the coast of Ireland, discovered, in cutting a bog, a series of wooden buildings of a very rude character; and the stone axes, with which the timbers had been hewed into shape, were found on the spot, which were, no doubt, covered by the moving bog while in the very act of construction, and so remained until discovered by Captain Mudge. These must have been built at a period previous to the Celtic invasion, as stone axes were the implements of the Tuath de Danaans, which Sir W. Betham translates, "Northern people." Ancient silver articles are of much rarer occurrence than those of gold, which has been attributed to the ease with which the latter metal may be collected, in a pure state, from the soil washed down by mountain torrents, while silver requires all the labour

and skill of mining and refining operations. Besides this, we have no record of silver mines; but tradition asserts that there was anciently a gold mine in the county of Wicklow. Moore, who has seized the ancient legends of his country to embellish the productions of his genius, says:—

"Has Love, to thy soul so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love the bright ore is gone!"

Ireland was, perhaps, indebted to Spain, the Peru of the ancient world, for her silver.

Among the antiquities found in Ireland are rings of gold, silver, Celtic brass, and likewise some of jet, coal, or ebony. Cæsar tells us that the Gauls "use for money, gold and iron rings, by certain weight;" and Sir W. Betham adds, that such money seems to have been a new idea to Cæsar. Herodotus mentions the Lydians as being the first coiners of money, 600 years before Christ; and we may imagine that, in 560 years, the Roman world may have lost all remembrance of the earlier form of money. In the paintings that have been recently discovered in the tombs at Thebes, in Egypt, are representations of people bringing, as tribute, to the foot of the throne of Pharaoh, bags of gold and silver rings, at a period before the Exodus of the Israelites.

Vast quantities of articles in gold and brass are also found, the use of which has not a little puzzled the learned antiquaries; but it is now clearly shown by Sir W. Betham, that they were the larger species of money. The above gentleman has traced the gradual degrees between the common ring and the strangely formed specimens, which Vallancey supposed to be sacrificial cups, and which other writers have suggested might be fibulæ, or buckles. The opinion of Vallancey seems untenable, because many of these articles have flat surfaces instead of cups, and would hold no liquor whatever; and the objection against their being buckles is, that a fastening of gold, *fifty-six ounces* in weight, appears absurd, besides that undoubted fibulæ of the precious metals and brass (a mixture of copper and tin), are found in Ireland in great quantities, and of convenient shapes.

Sir W. Betham's opinion is, however, placed beyond dispute, by the regular scale of weight which he found both the rings and other articles to bear; all being multiples of twelve grains, or half a penny-weight. The smallest ring was of that weight; and of thirteen which he examined of different sizes, all bore a correct proportion to the smallest, except two. These, however, contained each two fractional thirds of twelve grains; and, "it is possible they may have been so graduated for convenience of exchange, as our half-crown is contrived to represent 2s. 6d., or as the old quarter of a guinea, represented 5s. 3d." Mention is made in the Irish Annals of rings having been presented by the princes of Ireland to the Corb, or successor of St. Columbkil. In 1151, Cooly O'Flynn presented one, weighing two ounces; and in 1153 another, weighing one ounce. In 1004, Brian Borholme presented to the altar at Armagh, a ring of gold weighing twenty ounces. It is observed that all are described as of equal weight in ounces. The other gold specimens, those of uncertain shape, also were of regular weight, either in ounces, or multiples of half a pennyweight, except two or three, having apparently lost a small part of their weight by attrition. Sir W. Betham examined, also, six silver rings, which were equally correct as to weight, and three cast brass rings, the weight of which was of equal pennyweights. The smaller specimens of the brass ring-money which were perfect, were not quite so accurately balanced as the gold and silver; and of eight

it is singular that, with one exception, they exhibited odd multiples of half a pennyweight.

The foregoing examination proves that the Celtic ring-money was formed upon the same scale as what we denominate Troyweight. A pound Troy of gold formed 480 rings, each weighing half a pennyweight, 40 of which were equal to an ounce. "The Troyweight is said to have been brought to Europe from Palestine and Egypt, by the Crusaders; and obtained its present name from the town of Troyes, in France, where it was first used at the great fair held there. There is reason to believe that it is the old Phœnician mercantile standard weight, which once prevailed all over the East, and that, like most other commercial improvements, it originated with that great commercial people, as they must have first felt the necessity for such a means of adjustment of those commodities which were disposed of by weight. The old Celtic *unsha* was the exact ounce Troy; it is a compound word, *one* and *sixth*, or the one-sixth part of a given weight, containing the quantity of our half pound Troy; the name of this weight, I (Sir W. Betham) have not yet been able to ascertain. The weight of twelve ounces, now called a pound, having eventually prevailed in general computation of larger quantities, the word *unsha*, as the *twelfth part* of a pound, became the Celtic, and from thence the Latin word, signifying the *twelfth part of anything, even of time*."

We do not refer to what we have said as a corroboration of the early colonization of Ireland, by the Phœnicians, a fact now we apprehend too fully established, to need corroboration; even prejudice has yielded the point; but we must observe that it carries us very far back as to date.

We will now refer to papers read by Sir W. Betham before the Royal Irish Academy, November 1836, and January 1837, in which he says, that corroborating information, and evidence have crowded upon him on this subject.

A vessel going to Africa, to trade with the natives, was wrecked near Cork, in the summer preceding. Among the articles on board for barter, were some boxes of cast-iron pieces, so exactly like one species, (that heretofore termed *pateræ* or *fibulæ*), of gold articles found in Ireland, that it is quite impossible to refuse assent to the notion of their being of the same use and intent. "These articles are manufactured at Birmingham, and are a composition of brass and copper; they are called *manillas*, and are worn as ornaments, and pass as the representative money in Africa. They send out about forty chests annually." "The ship, which was lost, was bound to the river Bonney, or New Calabar, which is not far from the kingdom of Benin. The trade to these rivers for palm oil and ivory, is cotton goods of great variety, gunpowder, muskets, and an extensive number of other articles, and *manillas*, both of iron, and copper mixed, which is the money that the people of the Ebor and Brass country, and all the natives in that neighbourhood, go to market with." In Sennaar also, pieces of gold in the form of rings pass current; they have a cut in them, and the gold is so pure, that they are looped together, and the cut easily closed, forming a chain.

The name of *manilla* is remarkable, and it is no doubt the name which the articles bore in Phœnicia, and by which they were known when first introduced to the knowledge of the African negro nations, who have preserved it to our day. In the Celto-Phœnician it literally means *the value or representation of property*. "Main," riches, patrimony, goods, value, and "callac," cattle, or any description of property; whence our word *chattels*. Thus it appears that as *pecunia* had its name from *pecus*, cattle, because flocks and herds were the first riches, and the number of cattle were the standard of value before money existed, and where it was not to be had; so *manilla* means literally *the value of cattle or goods*, or the representative of the value of cattle, or any *chattel* property.

Benin and Calabar are situated on the Gulf of Guinea; in latitude from 7 to 10 North, longitude 5 to 10 East of London. It would appear from the above facts that the Phœnicians had penetrated to the Gulf of Guinea, and were acquainted with the whole of this coast, probably beyond the line. We know that they circumnavigated Africa, by order of Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt; and that afterwards the Carthaginians under Hanno, reached to the southward of Sierra Leone; but we may now suppose that either the latter people or their parent state traded regularly to the Coast of Guinea, and there introduced a money which still bears a Phœnician name, and is still in as much estimation as it was when the merchants of Tyre supplied them with *manillas* in exchange for their gold, ivory, and palm oil.

"The Romans knew nothing of the western coast of Africa beyond Sallee; the coast of Guinea, within ten degrees of the equator, was far beyond their cognizance; consequently during their sway, the inhabitants of that district, having no intercourse with any great commercial people, their customs and habits of commerce received no impetus likely to produce any change in their ancient mode of traffic; and the metallic currency they learned from the Phœnicians, remains to this day unchanged. The English, finding the *manillas* current, naturally availed themselves of the facilities which they possessed of *fabricating* them; it can scarcely be justly called *counterfeiting*, because they bear no impress nor marks of authority. The Carthaginians may have carried on the trade with these coasts after the destruction of Tyre, but there is no evidence that they or the Romans ever visited them. The intercourse of European nations is of very recent date.

We here close our remarks upon the earliest medium of exchange with which we are yet acquainted; but the extremely ancient time at which this was used, leads us to conjecture that the system of barter did not long, if at all, survive the Deluge, at least among the civilized nations who speedily sprang up from that visitation; indeed, admitting the possibility of the existence of scientific instruments and discoveries, previous to the Deluge, we can see no reason why a convenience so important as some form of money, should have remained neglected or undiscovered. Perhaps future researches may throw some light upon the first years of the new birth of the world.

F. C. B.

THE BENEFITS RESULTING FROM THE EXISTENCE OF PAIN.

It was a fine summer evening at Ashford Vicarage; —Mr. and Mrs. Dalton were sitting at the window of their little drawing-room, which opened upon the lawn, where their three boys were playing at trap-ball, when Mr. Dalton, looking at his watch, suddenly called out, "Boys, who will go with me and meet the coach at Ashford Bridge? I expect a parcel to-night, from London."

"Oh, I will, and I, and I!" was heard from the lads; and, in less than five minutes, bats and balls were put away, jackets and caps picked up, and all four were on their way to the village inn, which stood at the foot of the hill, where the coach changed horses.

The coach was just at the top of the hill, as they came in sight of the bridge; it was heavily loaded, the wheel was corked, and as it swayed from side to side, down the steepest pitch of the hill, Mr. Dalton and his boys feared for the safety of the passengers.

In a moment, the chains of the skidpan which held the wheel broke, and the coach, having nothing now to retard its progress, pressed harder and harder on the tired horses, till they were driven into a gallop, unable to resist the weight of the coach, or to guide it in its descent. That which might be feared soon came to pass. The road turned at a sharp curve at the entrance of the bridge, and the coach, continuing in a straight

line, dashed against the left hand pier, and was instantly upset. The cries and shrieks of the poor passengers soon told that some injury had been done. The horses had been thrown down by the shock, and one of them lay groaning most piteously, having his thigh broken by the wheel falling upon it. The inside passengers had escaped without broken bones; but were bruised by the fall, and cut by the glass of the broken windows.

But the outside passengers were not so fortunate: the coachman had his collar bone broken by the fall; while a soldier's wife, travelling to meet her husband after a long absence, lay senseless on the ground, clasp- ing in her arms a young child of two years old, and endeavouring to protect it from the weight of a large and heavy packing case, which had fallen upon her. All who were comparatively less hurt, immediately hastened to assist her: the box was speedily, but gently, lifted off, but the truth was too plain; the arm of the mother was broken, and the poor child, which had been struck severely upon the head and several parts of its body, lay apparently in great agony.

Not a moment was to be lost; fortunately the inn was close at hand, and all did their utmost to relieve the sufferers. One lady held her smelling-bottle to the fainting woman, supporting her head in her lap; another bound up her wounded arm with her scarf; and others, having made for her a soft bed with shawls and cloaks on a loose gate which lay at hand, carried her to the Ashford Arms, where she was soon placed with her suffering child, in the best and softest bed, and medical aid was immediately sent for. The coachman was sufficiently strong to go on in the coach, which had not been materially injured, to the neighbouring town, where he was taken to the Infirmary, and soon placed in a clean and comfortable bed, and his broken bone was set. Mr. Dalton having, with his boys, rendered all the assistance he could, and given full directions to the master of the inn to let the soldier's wife want nothing, returned to his own house. The boys were sad and silent as they walked along: they were evidently thinking of the scene they had witnessed, and they did not fail to give their mother a full account of the accident.

At last, when they were sitting at tea, after a long pause, Alfred, the eldest boy, began:—

"I can't help thinking, papa, of that poor woman, and her dear little child; how sad it was to hear it cry out so piteously, and no one to be able to know how to relieve it!"

"And the coachman, too," said Edmund, "how well he bore his pain! I am sure it pained him a good deal, for I saw him bite his lips and clench his hand; and yet he never cried out once, but was only busy in showing how to relieve his passengers."

"And I am sorry, too, for the poor horse," said Cyril, the youngest, "for it could not speak, or ask for anything; and nobody seemed to care about it, except one man, who said, 'Poor thing! we had better kill him, and put him out of his pain.'"

"It is sad, my boys," said Mr. Dalton, "to behold any one in pain, whether it be a dear child, a strong man, who tries to bear up under it, or a poor dumb creature, that feels, but cannot tell us, its sufferings; but I have no doubt, if we knew all the reasons why pain was sent into the world, that we should see it was 'all for the best.'"

"All for the best, papa!" said Alfred; "pain and agony all for the best! how can that be, that anything can be a good thing, which we heartily wish to get rid of, such as pain and trouble?"

"I did not say it was a 'good' thing, Alfred," said his father, "but only that it was 'all for the best.' Many things are for the best, which are not good and pleasant in themselves. The pain to which the doctor put the soldier's wife in setting her arm was 'all for the best,' and yet it was not good in itself."

"But, papa, what good can there be in pain? who

would not say that it was all bad? it causes us trouble—it makes us uneasy in our bodies—fretful and ill-tempered—and, even if we are not in pain ourselves, it hurts our feelings to see those whom we love in pain. Would it not be a good thing if pain had never come into the world? does it do us any good? should we not be much happier without it?"

"Alfred," said his father, "you have asked too many questions to be answered at once: but I will answer them one by one."

"Now, first, it is of no use our asking whether we should not be happier without pain, for that cannot be;—it has pleased God to send pain into the world, and to give us bodies capable of feeling pain, and pain we shall have as long as we are in this world: and, therefore, it is no use thinking whether we should not be happier without it, because we must have it."

"But, secondly, I doubt if we should be happier without it: I mean to say, that I doubt if we are not better off now, both in our bodies and minds, than if there had been no such thing as pain in the world."

"Oh, papa, how can you think so! now do tell me one single good which you think has come from our being able to feel pain."

"Well, then, to begin:—First, if your body was not able to feel pain, you yourself might injure yourself without knowing it; a child, in play, might do you serious harm; or a wild beast, or a spiteful enemy, might come upon you while you are asleep, and put out your eyes, or maim your limbs, or disfigure your face with wounds and bruises, if you felt no pain to awaken you; and so you might be robbed of some of your limbs or senses, because you had not this useful watch-dog, Pain, to guard your body, and tell you when any one was going to do you harm."

"Well, papa, so they might; I never thought of that."

"Or you yourself might eat something which would destroy your life, or your limbs, and if it gave you no pain so as to make you dislike it, you might do yourself a great injury. Do you remember meeting Sam Burton, when he had just eaten some of those berries from the hedge?"

"Yes, that I do; and how he roared out with pain, and flung the rest he had picked into the ditch."

"Well, those berries were deadly poison, and if they had given him no pain, he would probably have gone on eating, till he had poisoned himself, or injured his health."

"O, now, papa, I see some good from our bodies being able to feel pain."

"So then, you see, pain is the great guardian and watch-dog to warn us to protect our bodies, and the advantage of it is very much missed in those cases where our bodies may be injured, without our feeling pain. For instance, in the polar regions, a man's ears or nose may be caught by the frost—it gives him no pain—and, unless some kind friend is nigh to tell him of it, and to use the proper remedies, the man's nose or ears are lost. Again, a poor man lately went to sleep near a brick kiln, with his feet towards the fire, for the sake of the warmth; the vapours from the kiln soothed him to sleep, and he felt no pains; but in the morning, his feet were both burnt off at the ankles!"

"O, how sorry he must have been to have not felt pain, and so saved himself from being a cripple!"

"Indeed, if our bodies are not in a state to feel pain, but all numbed, and without feeling, we may be sure they are not in a good state of health; and the worst sign of all after violent pain in inflammation is, if we feel no pain, for then we may be sure mortification is begun; the part is dead."

"Well, papa, I am sure I did not know it was of so much consequence to be able to feel pain, although there is no pleasure in feeling it."

"Yes; you see the power to feel pain is necessary as a protection to our weak, perishable bodies, not only against wilful and malicious injury, but against uninten-

tional or accidental harm. And, although we do not doubt that excess and frequency of pain was laid upon man as a punishment for sin, yet it may be questioned, whether, even in Paradise, there was not so much power of feeling pain as was sufficient to secure our first parents from harm. I mean, whether, even in Paradise, the bodies of our first parents were not made so far liable to pain, as they might be liable to injury if they had not this secret monitor to warn them against accidental injuries, or their own well intended but mistaken efforts for their good.

"If the sharp thorn, or the pruning knife had caused no pain, if the heavy stone had caused no bruise, even Adam might have unintentionally injured his body, or his senses, and so far lost some of his happiness and usefulness; and though we believe thorns and thistles to have been multiplied, and pain to have been made more frequent and excessive in consequence of sin, we cannot but think it probable that some slight capability of feeling pain may have existed in man even when in innocence, sufficient to warn him against hurting his own powers, and so diminishing his happiness."

"But, papa, you said you thought that we were even upon the whole happier now, than if pain had never existed. I cannot understand that."

"Yes, I do think so.—I think that, in trying to find out remedies for those in pain, we have found out comforts for those in health; like the farmer's sons in the fable, we have found treasures which we did not seek. Pain has been the means of increasing our knowledge, our skill, and our comforts. Look to the discoveries made in Science, in Botany, in Chemistry, in Anatomy; what a knowledge have we gained of the structure and uses of plants, while we were seeking some herb to soothe pain or cure disease!—what a knowledge have we gained of drugs, and salts, and earths, useful for agriculture or for the fine arts, while we have been seeking only to find an ointment or a medicine;—we have sought a draught to allay the burning thirst of a fever, and we have found a dozen delicious beverages to drink for our pleasure or relief. We studied Anatomy to find out the seat of disease, and how to attack it, and we found what we did not seek, a thousand wonderful works of God; a thousand most curious contrivances, most admirable delights! We found a model for the ribs of a ship—we found a pattern of a telescope in the eye—we found joints, and straps, and knittings, and valves which have been copied into the workshop of the mechanic, and the study of the philosopher. Yes, my boys—we may thank our liability to pain for these—for if pain had not existed, who can tell whether these things would have been so soon, if at all, discovered?"

"But, papa," said Edmund, "you said that pain had been the cause of finding us comforts, did not you?"

"Yes, I said that in trying to find out remedies for those in pain, we had found out comforts for those in health. Does no one use an easy chair but a sick man? Does no one use a leg stool but a gouty man? Cyril, I caught you sipping your little sister's jelly last week, when it was taken up to her, when she was ill. How many nice dishes, invented just to please the palate of the sick man, are now found on the tables of those who are in health!"

"Yes, papa," said Cyril, "and Edmund, though he was not ill, asked nurse to warm his bed with the pan of coals, when it came from sister's room."

"There again, do you think a warming-pan was invented for men in health? yet how many of us delight in this luxury on a cold winter's night, even when not unwell! Look to the number of helps to indolence, and luxury, soft footstools, spring-seated chairs, tables for meals in bed, reading-desks, which, first invented for those who were unable to move without pain, are now used as comforts by the aged, or luxuries by the idle! Have not skill and invention been stimulated and encouraged by these requirements for the sake of relieving pain? And has not the discovery first made for

the sake of the sick been advanced for the benefit of the healthy? Have not magnifying glasses, invented for those who cannot see clearly, been used as microscopes by those who can see? Have we not studied how to make the deaf hear, till now we have learnt how to build churches and public halls in that shape which shall best convey sound? Yes, depend upon it, my boys, to pain and infirmity we owe the discovery of most of the comforts and luxuries of life; and although they are too often now made to serve for the encouragement of indolence and effeminacy, yet be sure, they were invented for good, for the soothing of pain, and the relief of infirmity."

"Papa," said Edmund, "you said that pain was given us as a watch-dog, to warn us against any injury offered to our bodies, but you know the poor woman felt pain when her arm was set, although the Doctor does not wish to injure her, but to do her good. Why should we feel pain when it is a friend coming to benefit us, not an enemy to injure us? Our watch-dog, Lion, does not bark at friends, but only at strangers."

"Very true, Edmund," said Mr. Dalton, "but remember it is the watch-dog's business only to awaken the household, if he sees any one coming to do violence, whether with a good or bad intent. It is for the master to see whether he is a friend or a foe; and so either to permit the violence, or to resist it. Don't you remember how our dog Lion flew at our old friend, Mr. Bush, because he pretended he was going to strike me?"

"O yes, and almost pulled him down to the ground."

"Well, the dog did not know that it was in fun. He only saw some one attempting to do me hurt, and without delay he gave me notice of it. So the first act of violence done to our body arouses up pain to give us warning of it, whether it be done by friend or foe: it is then our part to see whether it is done with an intent to benefit or to injure us, and so to bear it patiently, or to resent and remove it."

"But, papa," said Cyril, "this relates only to men and their pain. What has this to do with brute animals? Why should they suffer pain, like that poor horse to day? they have not sinned, like men: why should they suffer?"

"Ah, Cyril," said his father, "you have asked as hard a question as any of them. Why should the brute creation suffer pain? It is true, my boy, it can not be for their sin, as we believe it to be for ours; but may it not be to make us think more of the wickedness of sin, which has thus plunged the whole creation into pain and suffering, even that part of it which has not sinned? Perhaps the intention may be, so far as we are concerned, only to make us think, and fear God's anger, and fly from it. That as often as we see a worm writhing in our path, or a poor horse groaning in pain and killed as a mercy, we should be led to think on the evil of sin, and to be more watchful over our conduct. But whatever may be the real reason for this mysterious infliction of pain and suffering on the brute creation, it is no doubt a great mercy to man that they are so capable of feeling pain."

"A mercy to man, papa," said Edmund, "that animals should be able to feel pain! How can this be?"

"Yes, my boy, it is so," replied Mr. D., "for it gives to man the power of subduing all animals to his will. It was God's gift to man at the creation, that the fear of man and the dread of man should be upon all the beasts of the field; and what could they dread if they had not been capable of feeling pains of body? No, it is man's superior power of inflicting pain, joined to the brute beasts' dread of it, that gives to man that dominion over the beasts of the world that makes them useful to him for his work or pleasure. How should man be able to make the mighty elephant do his bidding, if the animal did not know his power of inflicting pain if he refused? How could man curb the fiery horse, or goad on the stubborn ass, if these animals were not capable of feeling pain? Have we not seen even lions tamed

through fear of the lash, and leopards and tigers taught to obey man's commands? Yes. I repeat, whatever may be the real reason for this mysterious dispensation of suffering to brute animals, to man it is a great mercy that they should be capable of feeling pain, for it is the consciousness of this in the minds of the brute creation by which man is enabled to maintain his authority over the beasts of the field, and to make them subservient to his own purpose."

"Well, papa," said Alfred, "what a number of benefits you have shown us to arise from our power of feeling pain: I did not think there were any at all."

"Oh," replied Mr. Dalton, "I have, as yet, mentioned only one class of the good results of it—the physical benefits of pain, as regards its influence on our bodies. I have many more to mention yet; viz. the moral and religious benefits we derive from our liability to pain. But we have talked enough for to-night; I see you are tired, so we will leave these till to-morrow evening. Good night, my boys."

"Good night, papa," said each of the lads; "and thank you, papa, for what you have told us."

(To be continued.)

INDIAN TRADITION.¹—No. II.

ONCE upon a time, a young Indian hunter said to his sister, who was a medicine woman, or conjurer, "Sister, where does that deep path in the wood lead to?"

"Oh! my brother," she replied, "you must not go along that path, for many people have gone down it, but none ever return."

"Well, sister, but I cannot stay here all my life. I must travel, and be a man, and seek a wife. There is plenty of dried meat to last you two or three years. Will you make me some shoes?" She at length consented, and made him a dozen or twenty pairs, and he set off.

After travelling two or three days he came to a village, and was conducted to the chief's tent, or "lodge." After supper, the chief said he was very sorry he had come, for a great giant, called Windego (or Mandego), came every morning to the village, and took away and ate two men, and had destroyed nearly all their people. But he replied, that he had had many dreams, and had never dreamt of being eaten by a giant, and was not at all afraid. So in the morning the giant came to the tent, and demanded the stranger; but the chief begged he would not insist upon it, for he was a stranger, and must be treated hospitably and sheltered. He, however, persisted in his demand; upon which the young man came out singing and praying to his gods. When Windego saw him, he was very angry, and said, "What do you mean, boy, by coming out and making that noise? I am going to eat you."

"Oh! no," replied he; "I will kill you instead." So he let fly an arrow which struck him in the heart and killed him. His own tomahawk was too small, so he took the giant's, and with it cut off his head.

He then went forward to another village, where the same events happened; and this was repeated ten times. When in the last village, the chief told him he would meet no more Windegos, but would come to three lodges, a day's journey from each other; that there would be an old woman in each, who would treat him very kindly on his arrival, but would kill him during the night, if he fell asleep; so that he must on no account go to sleep, however tired he might be.

Accordingly he arrived by night-fall at the first lodge, and, going in, addressed the old woman with, "Well, Granny! what cheer?" who replied, "Come in, my grandson." He then told her that he was very hungry,

and she gave him some dried blackberries for his supper. There were not more than he could hold in his hand, and he thought, "I shall never be satisfied with so little as this;" but, as he ate, the berries became more numerous, and he could not finish them. He then lay down, and pretended to go to sleep; but watched, and soon saw the old woman rise, take a tomahawk, and come towards him, upon which he jumped up, and seizing his own, he killed her.

The third night, the old woman told him, after he had eaten his berries, that he would come to no more lodges, but would reach a river without any ford, where he would see a mud turtle that would carry him over if he gave it some tobacco. She also intended to kill him, as the others had done, but he killed her instead.

About noon, the next day, he came to the river, and saw a large turtle, to which he said, "Turtle, I will give you some tobacco if you will carry me over the river."

It agreed to it, and took him upon its back; but, when half over, it said, "I have a great mind to let you sink, by swimming from under you."

"You had better not, for if you do I will shoot you." It then carried him safely across.

He soon came to an old man's lodge, who wished him to stay; but he would not. So the old man told him he would come that night to a lodge, through which the path lay, and through which he must pass, if he would continue his journey. He added that ten young girls lived in it; nine of whom would offer him black fruit, and try to pull him towards her, and invite him to stay with her; but the tenth, who was at the furthest end of the lodge, would offer him a white fruit. He must push on till he came to her, and he might stay with her in safety. He then gave him two large round stones, and twelve long sharp-pointed bones, saying that they might, perhaps, be useful to him, and regretting that he had nothing more valuable to offer him.

He then proceeded on his journey, and by night reached the lodge, through which he pushed his way, being in some degree assisted by each one trying to pull him from the other, so that he came at length to the tenth, who offered the white fruit, with whom he stayed. After supper he asked his companion what was the meaning of the nine girls that he had seen. She told him he was very fortunate in having passed them, for if he had not, he would have been killed that night. They were ten sisters; and the first nine were married, the husbands being all large serpents. In general, the traveller, being tired, did not care with whom he stayed, and the husband then came out and killed him. Upon this he looked and saw nine large serpents asleep in the tent, and the women asleep also. So he put the two stones into the fire, and when they were hot he choked first one and then another, until he had killed them all, by thrusting them down their throats.

The next morning he went on his way, but could scarcely distinguish the path. Many previous travellers had come as far as this lodge, but here they had always been killed; so that the path was good up to this point, but, beyond it, the untrodden grass and wild flowers left scarcely a mark to guide his steps. He, however, went on, and by night came to a steep hill, on the summit of which was a lodge. This he entered, and saw an old woman and her daughter, the former of whom he saluted as before, with, "Well, Granny! what cheer?" She invited him in, and made him some supper; after which she said that she wished he would marry her daughter, for she had never before seen any one to whom she had liked to give her.

In the night the daughter awoke him, and told him he must not stay, for her mother meant no good to him; and she wished he would go away and take her with him. She said her mother would pretend to be sick in the morning, but it would only be to lay some trap to do him harm. But he replied, "Oh! I have dreamt many dreams in my fasting days, and nothing was ever to hurt me."

(1) This tradition, like the former, (see page 125,) was communicated to the writer by a North American Indian.

In the morning the old woman did pretend to be sick, and he said, "Well, Granny! what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, my son, I am sick. I want some lion's flesh. That would make me well again."

So he said he would try to get her some; and she showed him a ledge of rock, where were many of them, intending him to go amongst them, when they would kill him. But he went upon a higher ledge and met one by itself, which he killed and took home. Another morning she again pretended to be sick, and said, "Oh! I remember, when I was a girl, I used to ride on a carriage down such a beautiful slope; if I could have a ride now I should be quite well." He offered to accompany her; so she got the carriage, and took him to the summit of a slope, and desired him to get in in front, and she would sit behind. When he was seated she gave the carriage a push, and sent it down the slope and right over the edge, for she had taken him to the end of the world. (The Indians think that the world ends abruptly in a steep hill.)

Whilst he was falling, he prayed to his gods that he might not be much hurt; and when he came to the bottom he looked up, and saw that he had fallen from a tremendous height. However, as he had his long sharp bones with him, he thought he might climb up again; so he took two of them, and by sticking them into the side of the rock, one above the other, and pulling out first one and putting it in higher, and then the other, he got up very slowly. He wore out one pair every day, and it took him six days to get up; and just as his last pair was worn out, he could put his hand upon the top, and get upon the world again. He then went back to the lodge, and simply said, "Ah! you old woman, you played me a nice trick." She pretended to be very sorry; and she was very sorry to see him come back.

At night his wife wished him very much to go back to his own home, and to take her with him. So he took her and tied her to one of his arrows, and shot her in the direction of his lodge, and she fell a few yards from the tent door. He then set off running, and his gods helped him, so that he reached home in a few minutes. And when he came to his wife he said he must go and tell his sister, before he took her to the lodge. When he got there, he saw his sister looking very dirty and neglected, and he called, saying, "Sister, I have come home again." But instead of looking up, she only threw ashes in his face, and said, "Get away, you idle foxes; you have cheated me so often." For he had been away a long time on the whole; and soon after his departure the foxes used to come and cry out, "Sister, sister, I have come home;" so she thought it was merely they that had returned. But he went in, and then she was very glad to see him; and he brought his wife to her, and they lived very happily together all his life.

THE POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

April.

APRIL is the only month of the year which is not called after Roman deities, or according to its place in the old Kalendar. Its name is derived from the Latin word *aperire*, to open, because the earth seems now to open itself and produce its fruits. The Romans dedicated this month to Venus. The Saxons termed it *Ester*, or *Easter-monat*, either from the feast of their goddess Eastre, Easter, or Eoster, or because the winds blow generally from the east, at this season.

April is sometimes pictured as a youth or maiden, winged, and robed in green; crowned with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds: holding in one hand primroses and violets, and in the other the zodiacal sign, *Taurus*, or the Bull, into which constellation the sun

enters on the 19th of this month. It is thus portrayed by Spenser:—

"Next came fresh April, full of lusty-hed,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick floods:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers, and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight."

April is proverbial for its variableness. It generally begins with raw and unpleasant weather, the influence of the equinoctial storms still in some degree prevailing. Then come bright and warm days of sunshine, but they are frequently overcast with clouds, and chilled with rough wintry blasts accompanied with showers. Still, April has been celebrated as the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in "the May," and partly for its own sake. "It is worth two Mays," says a modern author, "because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious autumn.' It is fraught with beauties that no other month can bring before us, and

'It bears a glass which shows us many more.'

Its life is one sweet alternation of smiles and sighs and tears, and tears and sighs and smiles, till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May."

Early in this month the swallow returns. The kind first seen is the chimney or house swallow, known by its long forked tail and red breast. This harbinger of summer is followed by the martin, the swift, wryneck, cuckoo, redstart, wagtail, nightingale, black-cap, pied fly-catcher, wren and willow-wren, lark, white throat, ring-ouzel, turtle-dove, lapwing, and tern. The bittern booms; and all the birds are now busied in pairing, building their nests, laying, &c. As their singing is "the voice of courtship and conjugal love, the concerts of the groves begin to fill with all their various melody." The nightingale is audible soon after the arrival of the swallow. He sings by day as well as by night; but in the day-time his notes are drowned by those of his feathered companions: in the evening these are heard alone; whence his song has ever been associated with the vesper time.

In April poultry broods are hatched in numbers. Most of the insects awaken from their winter lethargy. Moths, butterflies, dragon-flies, beetles, ants, flies, worms, mole-cricket, spiders, and slugs, are very numerous. Fish bask in the sunshine, on the surface of the water. The changes of the weather above alluded to, have a potent effect in hastening vegetation; and perhaps "the great charm of this month, both in the open country and the garden, is the infinite green which pervades it every where, and which we had best gaze our fill at while we may, as it lasts but a little while, changing in a few weeks into an endless variety of shades and tints, that are equivalent to as many different colours." The black-thorn, ground-ivy, box-tree, sycamore, and many fruit-trees are loaded with flowers or blossoms.

"Now daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

The chequered daffodil, primrose, cowslip, harebell, wood anemone, and some orchis plants, also enliven our fields and woods. Lilacs, ranunculuses, polyanthes, hyacinths, tulips, and honeysuckles, bloom in our gardens: and the wood-crowfoot and marsh marigold, in wet marshy places. Early potatoes and mangel-wurzel, carrots and Swedish turnips, and evergreens are planted. The farmer is still employed in sowing different sorts of grain, and seeds

for fodder; for which purpose dry weather is yet suitable; though plentiful showers at due intervals are desirable for the young grass and springing corn. April, indeed, was considered by our ancestors as most favourable when wet, and they expressed this opinion in such proverbs as the following:

"March winds, and *April showers*,
Bring forth May flowers."

"In April, Dove's *flood*
Is worth a king's good"—

or *ransom*, which would seem to have been a favourite and strong expression with the people. "The Dove," says Brady, "is a river of Staffordshire; and when it overflows in consequence of a great fall of rain, the adjoining meadows are fertilized, and hence, by analogy, similar favourable results are inferred to the kingdom at large."

April consists of thirty days, which was the number assigned to it by Romulus. Numa Pompilius deprived it of one day, which Julius Cæsar restored, and which it has ever since retained. It held the first station in the Alban Kalendar, and then consisted of thirty-six days.

BILLS OF FARE FOR APRIL.

I.

Veal and bacon, or pullet and bacon.
Green geese.
Roasted veal, or roasted with a pudding in it.
Spring, or lumber pye.
A tansie.
Rabbits and tarts. You may add salmon and lobsters.
Frauns, or asparagus.(1)

II.

FIRST COURSE.—A brisket. Cold lamb. A roasted haunch of venison. A goslin. A turkey. Chickens, custards, and almonds.

SECOND COURSE.—A side of lamb in joints. Eight turtle doves. A cold neat's-tongue pye. Eight pigeons, four of them larded. Lobsters, and a collar of beef tansies.(2)

April 1.—On this day the old Romans abstained from pleading causes, and the Roman ladies performed ablutions under myrtle-trees, crowned themselves with myrtle, and offered sacrifices to Venus. "This custom," says a late writer, "originated in a mythological story, that as Venus was drying her wetted hair by a river side, she was perceived by satyrs whose gaze confused her:

'But soon with myrtles she her beauties veiled,
From whence this annual custom was entailed.'"

The first of April was anciently observed in Britain as a high festival, in which an unbounded hilarity reigned through every order of its inhabitants. Brady remarks, that our almanacs generally, until about a century since, and many of them to a much later period, used to distinguish the first of April by the title of *ALL FOOLS' DAY*. The origin of the usage which gave rise to this appellation is involved in obscurity; but the practice of fool-making on the first of April, is, doubtless, very ancient and very general. Some have conjectured that it has an allusion to the mockery of our Blessed Lord by the Jews. By others, the custom is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April. In England, the fun of the day is to deceive persons by despatching them upon frivolous and nonsensical errands; to pretend they are wanted where they are not; or, in fact, in any way to betray them into some ludicrous situation, so as to entitle them to the epithet of "an April fool."

Poor Robin's Almanac for 1760 contains the following metrical allusion to these "fooleries":—

"The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for *All Fools' Day*;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment;
And though the day is known before,
Yet frequently there is good store
Of these forgetfuls to be found,
Who're sent to dance Moll Dixon's round;
And, having tried each shop and stall,
And disappointed at them all,
At last some tell them of the cheat,
And then they hurry from the street,
And straightway home with shame they run,
And others laugh at what is done.
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him designedly sent."

A writer in the *Spectator* observes:—"In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day, than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a half-penny worth of incle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him."

Hone remarks that the tricks that youngsters, and sometimes "children of a larger growth," play off on the first of April are various as their fancies. They send one who has "yet to know the humour of the day," to a cobbler's for a pennyworth of the best "stirrup-oil;" the cobbler receives the money, and gives the novice a hearty cut or two from his strap in return. Others are persuaded to go to some shop for half a pint of "pigeon's milk," or to a bookseller's for the "Life and Adventures of Eve's Mother," &c.

The practice of making fools on this day in some of our Northern counties is very similar to that in the South; but the persons imposed upon, instead of being called "April fools," are sometimes named "gowks." In Scotland they have a custom (termed "Hunting the gowk") of sending a person from place to place by means of a letter, in which is written

"On the first day of April—
Hunt the *gowk* another mile."

Brand observes that a *gowk*, or *gowk*, is properly a cuckoo, and is used here metaphorically in vulgar language, for a fool: "this," says Hone, "appears correct; for from the Saxon '*geac*,' a cuckoo," is derived *geck*, which means 'one easily imposed upon.'"

All Fools' Day is celebrated in France in the same manner as in England; and the person imposed upon, on this occasion, is there styled "Un poisson d'Avril," i.e. "an April fish." The same name is given by the French to the mackerel, a fish easily caught by deception, singly, as well as in great shoals, at this season of the year. The usage of making April fools prevails all over the continent. On the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, it is thought at Lisbon very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder on his face; but to do both is the perfection of wit. A lady relates that the first of April is marked in Provence by every body, both rich and poor, having for dinner, under some form or other, a sort of peas, peculiar to the country, called *pois chiches*; and, while the convent of the Chartreux was standing, it was one of the great jokes of the day to send novices thither to ask for these peas, telling them that the fathers were obliged to give them away to any body who would come for them. So

(1) "The Second Part of Youths' Behaviour," &c. 1664.
(2) The "Family Dictionary," &c. 1705.

many applications were in consequence made, in the course of the day, for the promised bounty, that the patience of the monks was at last usually exhausted, and it was well if the vessel carried to receive the peas was not thrown at the head of the bearer.

In some parts of North America, the first of April is observed like S. Valentine's day, with this difference, that the boys are allowed to chastise the girls, if they think fit, either with words or blows. The Hindoos at their Huli festival keep a general holiday on the 31st of March, and "one subject of diversion," says Colonel Pearce, "is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the persons sent. They carry the joke so far as to send letters, making appointments in the names of persons who, it is known, must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given." Maurice, in his "Indian Antiquities," remarks, that "the jocund sports prevalent on the first day of April in England, and during the Huli festival," just mentioned, "have their origin in the ancient practice of celebrating with festive rites, the period of the Vernal Equinox, or the day when the new year of Persia anciently began."

Reading for the Young.

THE PET BULLFINCH.

His history was this. "Caught and caged"—I know not when nor where. My acquaintance with him began about ten years ago, when he came accidentally into the possession of an old lady of my acquaintance, with whom he soon became a great pet. He did not, at the time, appear to be a young bird: he was very tame, and had been taught to pipe a tune prettily. With this lady he lived four years. His aged mistress and himself passed hours in each other's society, and their mutual fondness was displayed in various ways. She reserved for her little favourite all the apple pips and crumbs of cake, which were considered by him as the greatest dainties; and he appeared to do every thing in his power to cheer her solitude, by piping the notes of his song, which was a very plaintive air; and by all those little endearments by which he so well knew how to express his regard. The door of the cage was usually left open; and he would fly out, perch on the arm of his mistress's chair, and take food from her mouth. To some of her visitors he showed a decided preference, which he testified by sitting on the shoulder or head of the chosen friend, and singing the few notes he remembered of his little song. To others who approached his cage his beak and threatening attitude plainly proved that he considered them unwelcome intruders. When his kind mistress died, he was taken by her daughter, Mrs. F. to her distant residence in the West of England. He soon selected Mrs. F. and her youngest daughter Mary for his peculiar favourites: to the other members of the family he seemed for some time perfectly indifferent. Mary scarcely knew at first how to manage with all her pets. Her little dog and her tortoiseshell cat, (a most accomplished bird-catcher,) had long been established as inmates of the parlour, and would not patiently brook the indignity of being discarded for a new friend. This difficulty, however, was soon overcome; it was not long before they became so well acquainted as to take little notice of each other; and the cat and the

bird have been accidentally left together, without any disastrous consequences. It is impossible for those who never saw this bird, to imagine the fondness he displayed for those who were the objects of his affection. The reasons which guided his choice were not always apparent; and his dislike in some instances was as striking as his partiality in others. His fondness for Mrs. F. was uniform, until about a year after he came into her possession, when he became very ill during the moulting season. After that time he did not discover any particular fondness for her, though no offence could be remembered. The person whom he fixed on as the object of his most active hostility was Mrs. F.'s eldest daughter. Though she was not so fond of animals as her younger sister, and had never taken so much notice of him, still she frequently offered him his favourite apple-pips, and had never, in any way that she knew of, vexed or hurt him. Sometimes he wrought up his little spirit into such animosity against her, that when he was hopping about the table after dinner, partaking of the fruit, he would suddenly fly into Anne's face, and try to peck her; and once he actually suspended himself by his beak fastened to her lip. After having exhausted himself by these assaults, he would fly across the table to Mary, and in a moment assume a different character. He would begin his little song, his head and tail keeping a sidelong motion to the tune; he would sit on her shoulder, and rub himself against her neck or face, as if he scarcely knew how to show all the fondness he felt for her. Sometimes the mere sound of Anne's voice would impel him to renew his hostile attacks against her; and, leaving Mary, he would fly again to Anne, like a little fury. Many were the attempts made to deceive him, by the sisters changing their seats, but he quickly discovered the imposition. The only thing which ever deceived him was when Mary threw a handkerchief over her head; he then, for a moment, mistook her for a stranger. From some cause his claws became diseased, and at last dropped off; so that he could no longer grasp his perch. He was therefore obliged to remain on the floor of his cage: still, in other respects, he appeared to be in perfect health, and the beautiful state of his plumage, always bright and smooth, not a single feather ruffled, was a proof of this. In all probability he would have lived much longer, had it not been for the inconsiderate deed of some little boys who were visiting Mrs. F. They had often been warned not to frighten the Bullfinch. But one day, when he had quitted his cage, and was enjoying the free range of the sitting-room, these little boys, seized by one of those sudden impulses which often hurry lively children into thoughtless acts of disobedience, sprung from their seats, and before any one could stop them, chased the poor bird round the room, till he dropped down quite exhausted. He was immediately taken up, and his feet put into warm water, in the hope of restoring him, but in vain. His delicate frame could not sustain so rude a shock, and the pet Bullfinch was no more. Every one lamented that his last moments should have been rendered so unhappy; and it will readily be believed that the death of so interesting a bird was sincerely regretted. Tears were shed for his loss, and an honourable place of sepulchre appointed for him, at the foot of a cedar on the lawn.

Poetry.

[In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.¹

To me, my sweet Kathleen, the benahee has cried,
And I die,— ere to-morrow I die;
This rose thou hast gather'd and laid by my side,
Will live, my child, longer than I.
My days, they are gone like a tale that is told—
Let me bless thee, and bid thee adieu;
For never to father, when feeble and old,
Was daughter so kind and so true.

Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast spread,
For my chair the warm corner hast found;
And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
When I saw that the laughter went round.
Thou hast succour'd me still, and my meaning express'd,
When memory was lost on its way;
Thou hast pillow'd my head when I laid it to rest;
Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my love, thou couldst choose the good part,
And more than thy duty hast done:
Go now to thy Dermot, he clasp'd to his heart—
He merits the love he has won.
Be duteous and tender to him as to me;
Look up to the Mercy-seat then;
And passing this shadow of death which I see,
Come, come to my arms back again.

Professor Smyth.

THE STORM.

SOFT be thy sleep, my darling child,
Thou dream'st not of the tempest wild,
That strips the garden of its flowers,
And even the knotted oak o'erpowers.
The heavens are like the ocean, dark;
The clouds are driven like shatter'd bark;
The lightning-flash dissolves the rock;
Earth reels beneath the thunder's shock.
Sweet image of a tranquil mind,
Thou hearest not the howling wind;
The bliss of heaven is in thy dream;
Thy smile is evening's placid beam;
The tempest's soften'd to a song,
Echoing th' angelic host among;
The rolling thunder's awful roar
Seems but the dance that shakes the floor.
Thou seest not the yawning tomb
Where many a pale lip shuts in gloom:
The lightning's flash ne'er startles thee,
Thou sleep'st in sweet tranquillity,
While o'er thee bends thy mother's arm
To guard her darling child from harm.
She wraps thee round, and cradles thee,
And whispers many a prayer for thee;
She knows that flowers are weak and frail,
And perishes 'neath the sweeping gale:
Already o'er her head it's past,
With woe and weeping on its blast;
For many a treasure'd hoard it stripp'd,
And many a budding joy it nipp'd.
From earth and time, far, far above,
To God she turns in faith and love,
Who with a father's heart beholds,
And in His arms His children folds.
'Tis this that, while the tempest sweeps,
Her heart in calm composure keeps;
She knows that God is watchful still
To guard His children from all ill.

From the German Fest Kalender; by J. M.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

DIALOGUE IN AN AMERICAN STAGE COACH.

(The speakers are strangers to each other.)

"WHERE are you going? Middle on?" "Yes."
"Do you keep at Boston?" "No."
"Where do you keep?" "Fairfield."
"Have you been a lengthy time in Boston? eh? say."
"Seven days."
"Where did you sleep last night?" "— Street."
"What number?" "Seven."
"That is Thomas Adonis —'s house?" "No. It is my son's."
"What, have you a son?" "Yes; and daughters."
"What is your name?" "William Henry —, I guess."
"Is your wife alive?" "No, she is dead, I guess."
"Did she die sick right away?" "No, not by any manner of means."
"How long have you been married?" "Thirty years, I guess."
"What age were you when you were married?" "I guess mighty near thirty-three."
"If you were young again, I guess you would marry earlier?" "No; I guess thirty-three is a mighty grand age for marrying."
"How old is your daughter?" "Twenty-five."
"I guess she would like a husband?" "No; she is mighty careless about that."
"She is not awful (ugly), I guess?" "No; I guess she is not."
"Is she sick?" "Yes."
"What is her sickness?" "Consumption."
"I had an item of that. You have got a doctor, I guess?" "Guess I have."
"Is your son a trader?" "Yes."
"Is he his own boss (master)?" "Yes."
"Are his spirits kedge (brisk)?" "Yes, I expect they were yesterday."
"How did he get in business?" "I planted him there. I was his sponsor for a thousand dollars. I guess he paid me within time; and he is now progressing sick."—*Fearon's Sketches of America, published in 1818.*

CRUELTY to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendour, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.—*Jones of Nayland.*

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Barnard Castle.

(See page 372.)

THE MILLER'S NIECE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It is not without a purpose that we translate the facts upon which the following strange story is founded, out of the dry records of legal processes into a more popular style. As, however, we have no wish to surround the facts of the tale with an array of fictitious decoration, in order to fill a given number of pages, we shall throw aside all the devices of romantic narrative, and relate a singular case of circumstantial evidence in a very simple way.

Near to the town of C—— (now a flourishing place of manufacture), in Yorkshire, there lived, in the last century, an old bachelor, who had thriven well as a miller. His name was John Smith; but he was generally known in his neighbourhood only by the title of "Old Johnny." He was a man of, at least, average honesty, not ill-disposed, very illiterate, and wholly devoted to worldly gain. Old Johnny was never seen at church: his mill was his place of worship. He was a sincere money-worshipper; and never attempted to disguise the fact by contributions to any charities or religious institutions. He considered it to be man's business to get money and to keep it; and, if any one failed to do so, he regarded him as an unfortunate fellow

or a simpleton. He said he could understand why the parson troubled himself about religion; it was his *business*, and every man ought to mind his business: but what had other people to do with it? This is almost all that we can learn of his character; but it is only fair to his memory to add, that some of the evidence before us shows that he could be sometimes kind to a neighbour, and that he was a good master. In person he was tall, stout, and good-looking. The house in which he lived was situated close behind his mill, on the bank of the river which flows at the foot of the hill on which the town is built. On that side of the stream, in Old Johnny's time, there were no other houses; but, within a stone-throw of his mill, on the side of the river nearer the town, there was a collection of cottages known by the name of Fording-place, and noted as a resort for vagabonds. About half a mile further up the river, there was a respectable house inhabited by Stephen Bracewell, an attorney, and his only son Richard, who belonged to the same profession. But to return to Old Johnny's house: it was one of those substantial stone-built farm-houses, with a large porch, low windows, and stone floors, which are still to be seen in many of the rural districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Within all was clean and bright, and bore witness to the fact, that though Old Johnny had never considered matrimony a profitable

business, he could appreciate the advantages of having a tidy housekeeper. The kitchen, where Old Johnny generally sat, was a spacious apartment, with a floor of flag-stones, well washed, scoured with sand-stone, and sprinkled over with sand every morning. In the capacious window-seat were some flower-pots. On a wooden rack, suspended from the ceiling, hung oat-cakes. Hams were hung in the chimney, and fitches of bacon lined the white-washed walls. Such was the apartment where Old Johnny would sit during the greater part of the Sunday when the mill was not going, requiring neither the solace of a pipe nor a book to help his meditation, and only giving, now and then, a slight symptom of ennui, by wishing to hasten on the heavy finger of the old clock towards the hour of dinner or supper. "Margaret," he would sometimes say, "I'm thinking again the auld clock must be losing time."

This brings us to the miller's niece, who presided over his domestic economy. Margaret was a sensible, shrewd, and well-domesticated young woman, the only relative of whom the old man took any notice, and had made herself seem indispensable to the miller's comfort by her good management of his household. In person she was of rather low stature and full womanly form, of a dark complexion, with good features, dark grey eyes, and dark brown hair, with a strong curl in it. There was only one point of disagreement between the miller and his niece, and this was in the encouragement which she gave to the addresses of Richard, the son of the attorney whom we have mentioned. Though Richard was a young man of good character, he had no great worldly prospects; besides, in some business which they had transacted together, Old Johnny had quarrelled with Stephen Bracewell. This, added to his dislike of losing a good housekeeper, made the miller violently opposed to the proposed match, and he never failed to show a discontented aspect when Richard had visited the mill. Besides this opposition, Richard had to encounter a rival candidate for Margaret's hand in a man of a very singular character. There lived a few woollen-weavers at Fording-place, and among them was a man rather beyond the middle age, of the name of Singleton. In some way he had acquired more knowledge than his neighbours; for he could read, and even write. He was a tall gaunt figure, with a meagre face, a high-crowned head, and eyes habitually turned upwards. His hopeless passion for Margaret, or some other cause, had impaired his intellect, and he excited the curiosity of his neighbours by the accounts of his "visions," which he committed to paper, and in which Margaret often, much to her own dissatisfaction, played the most prominent part. Though certainly crazy, he was frequently consulted as a medical adviser by his ignorant neighbours, and even by people who came from a distance for the purpose; for he was deep in all the mysteries of an old herbal, which told wondrous tales of the "starry influences" of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and all the other planets, upon medicinal plants.

In this collection of cottages there was one miserable old house, notorious throughout the neighbourhood as the resort of a gang of very disorderly characters. An old woman, of a most unfavourable aspect, with her daughter Nell, a stout bold-looking young termagant, were the tenants of this old building, in which they sheltered a party of vagabonds, of whom the two most notorious were known by the names of Will and Ned Crooks. A frequent visitor at this infamous abode was a young man of the most dissolute character, whose relatives kept a public-house in the town. He had, it appears, some independent property, which he consumed among the basest of companions in the practice of the lowest debauchery. There is nothing in the details before us to tempt us any further into the description of the set of characters implicated in our story.

Old John the Miller had frequently had serious disputes with the inmates of Nell Crooks' establishment on account of their inroads upon his property; and, at the

time when our story opens, he had threatened a prosecution against the brothers, Will and Ned, for stealing his poultry.

It was in the afternoon of a November day that young Nell made her appearance at the mill, to urge a petition, in behalf of her friends, that Margaret would persuade the "auld fellow" not to proceed with the prosecution. "The like o' him, wi' all his brass," said she, "to be making all this clatter aboot a coople o' fools! And the lad that stole them, if stolen they be, is far away out of the country, I'll warrant ye."

Margaret only answered that she should not interfere in the business at all; but that her uncle's patience was quite worn out by the numerous depredations made upon his property. Still the stout young advocate urged her petition,—"Well, let him keep his tongue aboot this then, and we'll never plague him mair. Wha'd be for setting a' the country after twa young lads for sic a thing as a bantam chick?"

But Margaret still persisted in her refusal, and, after trying in vain the force of a climax of entreaties, Nell had recourse to abusive and threatening speeches. "May be," said she, "there's that ye ken aboot, Mistress Margaret, that would fash the auld man far waur than his fools, gin he kenn'd it. And let them as meddles so much with ither's take care of their own business, like. There's master Richard,—I could say a thing aboot him ye wadna like to hear; but ye shall just find it out as ye may."

This insinuation called forth a very angry and indignant reply from Margaret, which only heightened the fury of the unhappy girl, who poured forth volley after volley of gross abuse, and retired at last across the ford, still shouting threats and imprecations, and shaking her fist violently towards the miller's house.

In the evening of the same day, both Margaret and her uncle went out to transact some little business with a man who rented a small piece of land belonging to the miller. The house of this little farmer was situated up in the fields, about half-a-mile distant from the mill. The path to it led along by the mill-stream, as far as a little copse, where the stream joined its parent river, from which it had been separated awhile that it might turn Old Johnny's wheel. Little did the old miller suppose, as he crossed the plank over his mill-stream, in good health and in good humour, except with regard to the stolen poultry, that he should never cross it again! At the farmer's house he drank, during his talk on business, rather more than his usual quantity of good ale; but, when he left the house, he flung aside the proffered assistance of Margaret's arm.

"Nay, lass," said he, "I can find my way to the mill, I'll warrant ye, without being led like a bairn."

The night was misty, and Margaret frequently lost sight of her uncle's figure, as he walked a few yards in advance; but he now and then declared his presence by breaking forth in some half-tipsy ejaculation:—"I'll clear the neighbourhood of the thieves,—and of the lawyers too! Mind thee, Meg, if I catch Master Richard at the mill again, if I don't clout him!"

About half-past nine o'clock Margaret arrived at home, and immediately asked the servant-maid if her uncle had not just entered the house, when the housekeeper answered "No;" but added, that a young man had shortly before crossed the mill-stream, and gone over the ford. The niece expressed some surprise, but said that her uncle must be somewhere about the premises, and would soon be coming in. Half an hour passed away, and then a footstep was heard in the porch.

"That is not the master," said the servant-maid.

"No," said Margaret, "it is Richard Bracewell," as she rose and opened the door for her visitor.

Shortly afterwards the servant-maid left the house, professing to feel great anxiety on account of her master's non-appearance. She did not enter the house again until Richard Bracewell had departed. When she came in, Margaret asked, "Have you seen my uncle?"

"No," replied Susan.

"Then have you seen Master Richard Bracewell?"

"No," said Susan.

"Strange!" exclaimed Margaret; "for he has just left the house to search for my uncle."

"Then he has not crossed the ford," said Susan, "for I have only just now come over."

"But what should you be doing on the other side of the river?" said Margaret.

"Why, looking for my master, to be sure," the girl replied.

"Why should you think he had crossed the ford?" said Margaret.

"Nay, gracious Heaven only knows where he is," said the girl, with a confused look.

We pass over the further conversation at the mill as the night wore on, and the master of the house did not appear, and turn our attention to another scene.

In introducing the reader to the conversation which took place at Nell Crooks' house on the evening of the miller's mysterious disappearance, we shall omit all the gross expletives and interjections with which the heroes who frequented this den of vice thickly strewn their remarks, and only give the substance of their speeches, which is necessary to explain our story.

"Then you protest and swear to me, Ned Crooks, that you have not seen Will Naylor this day?" said Nell the younger, (who, by the bye, was *not* the daughter of the old woman who kept the house.)

"I have not set eyes upon the man this day," said the individual addressed.

"And you tell me that this young limb of the law is on the look-out after him? What should that be for?"

"Nay, I have business enough of my own to look after," said Ned; "but this much I can tell ye, young Bracewell has been after him all this day, and called at the Black Dog for him this evening. You know Will is in debt all over the town, and it's not bad to guess what business a lawyer has with him."

Here followed several violent execrations on the whole tribe of lawyers, magistrates, and prosecutors, with which we need not garnish our pages.

"And what did the lawyer say to Will, at the Black Dog?" Nell asked.

"Why he asked after Naylor, to be sure; but Will would know nothing of him."

"I'll tell ye what," exclaimed Nell, with great violence, "I've done more, and put up with more, for that Will, than for any man alive; but if he has laid a finger upon Naylor, I'll sing out, as sure as I'm a woman!"

"You'll hold your noise,—that you will," answered Ned, with equal violence; but he added, in a softer tone,—
"Is it likely Will would be such a fool as to touch Naylor? What good could that do him? Is it not enough to account for Naylor's being shy, when this young limb o' the law is hunting the country for him?"

This turned the violent execrations of the girl again upon young Bracewell, and she was in the midst of a violent denunciation of the brood of lawyers, when Susan, the servant at the mill, burst into the room.

"What's the matter, Suky?" said Ned; "has your young jade of a mistress turned you out of doors this misty night?"

"No,—that's not it," said the girl, in breathless agitation; "but something's up at the mill."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Nell, fiercely; "the mistress is in trouble, is she? I told her something would come upon her this very afternoon."

"Nay, I don't know as mistress is in trouble," said the girl, with a knowing look; "she takes it very coolly to be sure; but master is lost!"

"Master lost! how? when?" exclaimed Ned.

"Nay, how I can't say," replied the girl; "but there it is. He went out and hasn't come home yet."

"Went out? where? Did he go alone?" Ned asked in a breath.

"Well, not a word must you breathe to a living creature," said the girl; "but here it is. About six o'clock he went out with mistress, to call on old Rob Wilkinson, I believe, and about ten minutes since, in comes mistress all alone, and asks me if I'd seen master. I told her 'No.' Then she sits down coolly till somebody comes to the door. 'That isn't uncle,' says she, 'it's Richard Bracewell,' and so she goes to the door, and he comes in, looking tired and flushed-like; and there I've left them, just now, sitting together. But say not a word about it. There's something up, as I guess, and now I must be off; for she never sent me to look after master."

So saying, the girl left Ned and Nell to moralize on the news she had brought.

For three days no tidings were heard either of the dissolute Will Naylor, or of the old miller; and all the neighbourhood was full of excitement about these mysterious disappearances. We need not relate the conduct of Richard Bracewell and Margaret at this time, as it will be told in the sequel. The excitement of the people rose higher, when it was observed that Will Crooks was also missing. But on the evening of the third day the whole neighbourhood was amazed by a singular incident.

Jonas Singleton, the crazy weaver, was in the habit, when his work was done, of taking a walk in the fields over the ford, (no matter what the weather might be,) either for the purpose of seeing "visions" (as he called his hallucinations), or of collecting medicinal herbs at the proper conjunction of the planets, or at the right age of the moon. This subserviency to some imaginary laws of nature, or impressions upon his imagination, was characteristic of his mental infirmity. He frequently returned from one of these rambles with a long story of some "vision" he had seen in the fields, and in which realities and strange fancies were most curiously intermingled. Accounts of these "visions" he would write out in a fair legible hand; then throw them aside and soon forget them, or give them to the first person who asked him if he had any "new visions!" Sometimes he would put one of his papers into the hand of a child, telling him to give it to his father, and saying, "there is something in it which concerns him." He also had frequently sent his papers through the hands of Susan to her mistress, until Margaret had forbidden the girl to receive any more of them. It was a curious circumstance, that he generally prefaced these visions with a statement of the exact spot on which he stood, and of the quarter of the heavens towards which his face was turned. Thus he would begin—"Standing in the west corner of the miller's field, near the copse (where the cuckoo-pint flourishes), moon in her first quarter—hazy weather—face south-south-west—I saw," &c. Though he wrote down these "visions" with all possible solemnity, he must have had some lurking sense of their unreality, as he betrayed no emotion even when he had seen "burials of his neighbours," &c. He seldom communicated any of his visions in any other way than by writing, and, as the whole neighbourhood was accustomed to his marvellous stories, if he had reported that he had discovered a chest of gold in the field, nobody would have run to look after it. But, on the evening of the third day after the miller's disappearance, this eccentric visionary returned from his usual ramble with an altered demeanour, excited and perturbed, so that he could hardly speak articulately. He seemed to have made some discovery which urged him to speak, and, when his strange conduct had excited the curiosity of some neighbours who gathered round him, he burst forth with a revelation which astonished all present. "In the corner of the miller's field," said he, "just where the mill-stream flows by the copse, there lies in the water the body of old John Smith. Why he lies there, Mistress Margaret must tell; or, perhaps, Master Richard Bracewell may be able to give some information upon it, as he is a lawyer."

This sounded like a reality, and several of the hearers ran immediately, in the greatest excitement, to the place specified, and found that Singleton had, for once, seen nothing more than the fact. There, in the mill-stream, darkly shaded by overhanging boughs, lay the swollen corpse of the miller. The face was livid, and there were marks of bruises upon the temples.

By this time, the magistrate had heard of the occurrence, and issued orders that the body should be conveyed to a room beneath the town-hall. The coroner's inquest sat upon it the next day, and a verdict was returned, "Found in the mill-stream at the foot of the miller's field; but how the deceased came there, the jury cannot say."

Meanwhile, great excitement was felt throughout the neighbourhood, on account of the continued absence of Richard Bracewell, Will Crooks, and Will Naylor. At Fording-place the "visions" of Singleton and the insinuations of Nell had worked up the people to such a fury against Richard Bracewell and Margaret, that the latter was hardly safe in the mill; and, accordingly, Mr. Bracewell, the elder, gave her shelter in his house. This only increased the popular rancour, and many said this was too barefaced!

To gain an insight into the progress of the plot, we must again condescend to enter the habitation of Nell Crooks. Young Nell had secretly left the house; and Ned was conversing with the old woman on the probable consequences of her departure. "That girl," said he, "has got the devil in her about Will Naylor, and she will not care if she says as much as may stretch our necks."

Old Nell replied, by execrations poured forth upon Will Crooks, Will Naylor, and the girl. But we need not write out the details of the conversation which followed.

Meanwhile, the "visions" of Singleton continued to excite popular curiosity, and several of his papers were circulated in the town. We may give a specimen of these inimitable productions; for though they did not furnish any legal evidence against Margaret and Bracewell, they perhaps hastened the interference of the magistracy, by the clamours which they raised against the unhappy individuals among the people. Here follows a verbatim copy of one of these documents:—

"I, Jonas Singleton, do hereby solemnly declare as follows:—I was standing in the low, west corner of the miller's field, on the evening of the 12th of November—weather very hazy—face south-east—near the copse where the mill-stream runs into the river. (N.B.—there is *devil's bit* growing about the copse—this plant, if you pull it up, you will see that a part of the root is always bitten off; and it is said that the devil, being envious of its great virtues in certain diseases, did bite off the same, and from this it has its name.) I saw old Rob Wilkinson walking across the pasture, and he came up to me and said, 'That was an unlucky night for Old John.' Then I said, 'Who will be the heir to the property?' and he said, 'You must ask lawyer Bracewell; for he has the will.'—Vanished!—Then Margaret came out of the copse, and I said, 'This is a bad business about your uncle, Margaret,—you should have nothing to do with young lawyers.' Then she said, 'Hush! or he will hear you!' and, just then, young Richard Bracewell came out of the copse, holding a large stick in his hand, and told me to say nothing of what I had seen.—Vanished!—"

It is worthy of remark, that so great was the credulity and rashness of the common people, that, although this man had brought home a hundred stories of men whom he had seen dead, while they were alive and well, and of other unreal wonders, yet they attached great importance to his revelations respecting the old miller's death, and even began to cry out, that it was a shame such wretches as Margaret and Bracewell were allowed to be at liberty.

On the 14th day of November, Richard Bracewell returned, wet and weary, late in the evening, to his

father's house. When this became known, and it was also circulated by the zealous Susan, that Mr. Bracewell had ransacked all the chests and drawers at the mill, and that Margaret had taken with her several valuable articles, popular indignation knew no bounds. A new excitement was raised when Will Crooks, on the following day, reappeared at the house of old Nell. His first question was if master Bracewell had returned, and this was soon answered by the entrance of the person in question, attended by his father.

"Now, Will Crooks," said the younger Bracewell, "I wish to ask you, for the last time, if you can tell me anything of Naylor?"

"Get out of the house, you villains, that have lived by the law, and yet will die on the gallows!" screamed old Nell.

Will Crooks refused to utter a word respecting Naylor, and told Bracewell to look to his "own business," which was "ugly enough."

Further altercation was prevented by the entrance of the officers of justice, who at once apprehended all the parties present, on suspicion of having been concerned in the death of John Smith, and the disappearance of William Naylor.

In the morning of the same day, young Nell had laid a statement before the magistrate, that, on the evening of the miller's disappearance, young Bracewell had been drinking with Will Crooks at the Black Dog, and that both left the house together, about half-past eight o'clock. She had also repeated all that Susan had told of the conduct of her mistress on that fatal evening. On these grounds a warrant had been issued for the apprehension of the two Bracewells, Margaret, and Will Crooks. On the next day an examination of the prisoners took place. Mr. Bracewell the elder was liberated on bail, on account of the statement of his housekeeper, which asserted an *alibi*; but the others were sent to the prison, and fully committed to take their trial at the York Assizes.

Shortly afterwards, Ned Crooks, and the old mistress of the infamous establishment at Fording-place, were apprehended on suspicion. The prisoners were removed to York Castle, and placed in separate cells.

Meanwhile the rumour of the case excited the greatest curiosity throughout the country. Stories of Singleton's "visions" were circulated in such a magnified shape, that the crazy weaver gained the title of a prophet, and the coming trial was expected with great eagerness by people of all ranks in society. We only give a brief summary of the remarkable trial which was the result of these circumstances. The bills against Mr. Bracewell the elder, old Nell Crooks, Ned Crooks, and young Nell, were ignored; but true bills were found against Richard Bracewell, jun., Margaret Smith, and William Crooks, for having been concerned in the death of John Smith.

During the interval between the commitment and the assizes, Mr. Bracewell, senior, was actively engaged in collecting witnesses for his son and Margaret Smith. Richard determined to conduct his own defence.

J. G.

(To be continued.)

THE TEES AND ITS POETICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

(Concluded.)

O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

SIR W. SCOTT.

HAVING traced the course of the beautiful river Tees until it arrives in the vicinity of Barnard Castle,¹ we are tempted to linger awhile on those enchanted grounds, which furnished to the poet above quoted the groundwork of his beautiful poem of "Rokeby."

(1) See Illustration, p. 369.

Barnard Castle was built by Barnard, son of Guy Baliol, who came into England with the Conqueror, and who, in the reign of his successor, William Rufus, became possessed of the forests of Teesdale and Nardwood, with the lordship of Middleton in Teesdale and Gainford. The site chosen for the castle was on a cliff overhanging the Tees, and here a stately edifice was raised, which Barnard made the head and seat of his barony, and called by his own name. Around it the peasants and retainers gathered, and a borough and market town arose under shelter of the castle and of its powerful barons. "The Castle of Barnard stoneth stately upon Tees," says Leland, and in the time of its prosperity, it must indeed have been a stately building, though the present ruins convey but a faint idea of its former importance.

The castle remained in the possession of the Baliol family until the year 1296, when its proprietor, John Baliol, who had been crowned King of Scotland in 1292, forfeited his English estates, and the castle and honour of Barnard were conferred on Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. After this the estates fell into various hands, and the castle on one occasion sustained a siege of eleven days. In 1630 the fortress was unroofed and dismantled, and subsequently to this date remained in a ruined and deserted condition. The present remains are scattered over nearly seven acres of ground; the most massive portions being at the edge of the cliff, about eighty feet above the river, and commanding a most beautiful prospect. There are poetical associations connected with various objects in the landscape; and the face of nature, whether in its cheering or more sombre aspect, recalls some passages of "Rokeby."

"The moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes as a guilty dream,
When conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Faucy's wild career.
Her light seems now the flush of shame;
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame;
Shifting that shade, to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees.
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,
Hears upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,
List to the breeze's boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round."

The chief remaining erections of Barnard Castle are arranged in an almost circular area, and are of different ages. One portion of the walls is of comparatively modern and superior architecture, supported by strong buttresses and defended by a square turret; another portion is very ancient and thick, and has been strengthened by oaken beams, disposed in tiers in the centre of the wall at equal distances, so as to render it firm against battering engines. In the north-west corner of this area is a circular tower of an excellent ashlar masonry, having a vault, the roof of which is plain, without ribs or centre pillar. This vault is thirty feet in diameter, and the stairs leading to the upper apartments are channeled in the wall. Adjoining this tower were the state apartments and principal lodgings. The scenery of the neighbouring grounds has been well described by the author of a "Tour in Teesdale," as follows:—"When you reach the tangled dell at the end of the terrace, (the flats), wind down a small track to the rivulet, and take the road through a fine hanging wood, by the Tees side, to a small inclosure, part of an ancient park, in the true character of Shakespeare's forest scenes, where his outlaws revel and his fairies sport; keep the river, and you will

gain a most truly solemn and sequestered spot, completely closed in by wood, and undisturbed by any sound, save the remotely dashing water. The wild forms of the venerable oaks that skirt the old moss-covered wall of the enclosure; the noble height of the opposite hill, covered to the summit with lofty trees; the glassy smoothness of the river at your feet; and the scattered masses of rock in its channel, impress you with delicious awe. Ascend the hill, and go through a ploughed field, along a carriage road, to a thatched holm shed in a little wild coppice, (in themselves a pleasing picture,) and you will enjoy a most enchanting scene; but seek for a small oak beyond, near a serpentine path, rather below the summit of the hill, on the brow of the river, and you command at once a view each way. I shall not pretend to describe it; the pen and pencil must alike fail."

The Church of Barnard Castle need not detain us, except to notice the monumental inscriptions, to the memory of the infant children of John Rogers, A. M. That on the first born, named Jonathan, who died Nov. 8th, 1650, runs thus:—

"Hee peep'd into the world, where he could see
Nought but confusion, sinne, and misery;
Thence scap'd into his Sav'or's arms; thus he
Gott heaven for fourteene dayes' mortality."

The following is to the memory of the second son, named John, who died August 30th, 1652:—

"Bles'd soule, thy name did minde of God's grace,
Thou wast his gift, whose love shew'd us thy face;
But Hee that gave did take; in yon moneth's space
Thou found'st in Father's armes a resting place."

Let us now follow the footsteps of those who took their way from the castle—

"While misty dawn and moon-beam pale
Still mingled in the silent dale,
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone
The southern bank of Tees they won;
Their winding path then eastward cast,
And Eglistone's grey ruins past."

The ruins of Eglistone Abbey, or Priory, are beautifully situated on the high cliffs of the Tees, at an angle formed by the little dell of Thorsgill, at its junction with the river. At this spot were formerly marble quarries of some value; for Leland says, "Hard under the cliff, by Egliston, is found, on each side of Teese, very fair marble, wont to be taken up both by marblers of Barnard's Castle and of Egliston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold, unwrought, to others." Part of this abbey is still entire, and used as a dwelling; but the church connected with it is in ruins, and helps to produce the picturesque scenery of Rokeby.

"'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On battled tower and portal gray,
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Tees,
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning's eastern red,
And through the softening vale below
Roll'd her bright waves in rosy glow."

The ravine through which the Greta flows, yields such a powerful charm to the scenery of Tees, that we cannot forbear to describe it in the words of the gifted author of "Rokeby." Speaking of the glen through which the Greta finds a passage, between Rokeby and Mortham, the former situated on the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees, he says, "The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic *Grídan*, to clamour. The banks partake of the same wild romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the

various trees and shrubs which find root among the crevices, as well as with the huc of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees, intermixed with copsewood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space, to leave room for a dark grove of yew trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines, of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of *Blockula*, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance, is a lady's having been whilom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which, her blood is shown upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeby do not enable us to decide."

The ancient castle of Rokeby no longer gives dignity to this romantic scene; but we may subjoin the poet's description of the castle, on Wilfred's approach to it by moonlight:—

"Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,
The opening lawn he reached at last,
When, silvered by the moonlight ray,
The ancient Hall before him lay.
Those martial terrors long were fled,
That frown'd of old around its head:
The battlements, the turrets grey,
Seem'd half abandoned to decay;
On barbican and keep of stone
Stern time the foeman's work had done;
Where banners the invader braved,
The hare-bell now and wall-flower waved;
In the rude guard-room, where, of yore,
Their weary hours the warders wore,
Now, while the cheerful faggots blaze,
On the paved floor the spindle plays:
The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The moat is ruinous and dry,
The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turned to peaceful hall."

Mortham Tower is about a quarter of a mile distant from Greta bridge, and still looks very picturesque, though now surrounded by the buildings of a farm. The battlements are singularly elegant in appearance; being broken, at regular intervals, into different heights; while, at the corners of the tower, they project into angular turrets. At some distance from the tower is placed, between the trunks of two magnificent elms, an immense tomb of Greta or Tees marble, which is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglstone Priory. It is richly carved with armoury, and appears to have been a monument to the family of the Fitz-Hughs. The appearance of this tower, as approached by Wilfred and Bertram at early morn, is thus sketched in "Rokeby":—

"But morning beam, and wild bird's call,
Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.
No porter, by the low-brow'd gate,
Took, in the wonted niche, his seat;
To the paved court no peasant drew,
Waked to their toil no menial crew;
The maiden's carol was not heard,
As to her morning task she fared;
In the void offices around,
Rung not a hoof, bayed not a hound,
Nor eager steed, with shrilling neigh,
Accused the lagging groom's delay;
Untrimm'd, undressed, neglected, now,
Was alley'd walk and orchard bough;

All spoke the master's absent care,
All spoke neglect and disrepair.
South of the gate an arrow-flight,
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
As if a canopy to spread.
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;
For their huge boughs in arches bent,
Above a massive monument,
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic-wise,
With many a scutcheon and device:
There, spent with toil, and sunk in gloom,
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb."

From Barnard Castle the course of the Tees is tolerably direct, until it reaches the neighbourhood of Darlington; but it is still full of picturesque beauties. The parish of Gainford, including its dependent chapelries, stretches nearly eighteen miles along the Tees, and presents rich and pleasing scenery. The village of Gainford stands in the middle of the river-vale, surrounded, on the Durham side, by fertile meadows and well-wooded enclosures, sloping gently to the Tees. The grounds on the Yorkshire side rise rapidly, crowned and skirted by scattered woods. About a mile from Gainford is Snow-Hall, one of the loveliest spots in the vale, situated on swiftly-rising ground, with rich pasturage in front, and bounded by a sweep of the Tees. The surrounding grounds are very picturesque, being richly sprinkled with hedgerows of lofty ash, and oak, and elm, and with a luxuriant growth of native holly. Further on are the house and grounds of Selaby, the latter covered with beautiful forest trees, and falling rapidly to the river. There is a thick undergrowth of thorn, and holly, and hazel, and from the lower portion of the wood, a small sparkling stream issues forth, to pour its waters into the Tees. On the Durham side is the parish of Winston. Winston itself is a small village, of one street, on a high ridge close to the Tees, and surrounded with the softest and most lovely scenery. A fine bridge of one arch crosses the river immediately below the village. The Parsonage commands one of the richest and most beautiful views on the Tees. "The river washes the foot of the steep wooded bank, and forms a long silvery canal, till it is lost among the woods and cliffs of Selaby and Gainford." Surtees, the historian of Durham, describing this lovely spot, gives, in a note, the remark, that a rector of Winston should never make an offer of marriage to a lady who has seen this enchanting spot, because he could never be sure that she did not marry the situation. He adds, "Were I counsellor to the Bishop of Durham, the rector of Winston, without derogating from qualities essentially clerical, should always be a gentleman of somewhat elegant and delicate mind, capable of valuing the beauties of wood and water, and deriving from the very possession of such a spot a gentle and honourable feeling of content and independence."

Next to Winston comes the parish of Whorlton, whose pretty village of that name occupies a level plot near the brink of the river cliffs, which are abrupt, and shaggy with native wood, and interrupted by projecting masses of rock. This village commands an extended view over Yorkshire. Thorp-on-Tees, surrounded by rich level pastures, is in front; to the south, and in the depth of the vale, stands the manor house, church, and parsonage of Wycliffe, warm and sequestered on the water's edge. Westward the view ranges over the dusky romantic woods of Mortham and Rokeby.

During this part of its course, the Tees receives from its left bank the waters of a river called Staindrop Beck, which is ten or twelve miles long, and flows through Raby Park and past the town of Staindrop, receiving the waters of the Forth or Sut Beck.

The next point of interest on the Tees is Hurworth, a beautiful village scattered along a steep bank above the Tees on the Durham side, and commanding a rich though bounded landscape to the south, where a wide and fertile plain is washed by the river, and the sudden rise of the Yorkshire hills closes in the prospect. The

church of this village stands immediately on the brink of the river bank. At Hurworth lived and died the great and self-taught mathematician, William Emerson, for many years an unknown contributor to the *Ladies' Diary* under the signature "Merones," until a transposition of the letters disclosed his name.

One mile to the east of Hurworth is the village of Tresham, close upon the Tees, and near a broad safe ford. "From Hurworth to Tresham," says Surtees, "the river twice forms a broad silvery canal; then shooting swiftly southwards, sweeps round the soft green plain of Lockton, and turning again to the north, washes the quiet fields and wooded banks of Dinsdale, and once more making a deep reach beneath the village of Middleton, glides softly away past Middleton-hall to Worsall ford. * * No fairer spot could attract the Norman soldier, and nowhere were his descendants more likely to transmit their possessions in deep hereditary peace. The knights of the Tees might mingle in the border warfare; but the bugle horn of an assailant would seldom startle the inmates of their quiet halls. The sale of the estates to wealthy families already possessed of hereditary seats, has occasioned, within the last century, the desertion of these ancient halls and quiet fields, which now breathe a spirit of yet deeper retirement."

Describing the above district, Michael Drayton writes thus:—

[*Tees loquitor.*]

"Then do I bid adieu

To Bernard's battell'd towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's court; but as forthright I runne,
The Skerne, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me ayd, and being proud and ranke,
She chaunc'd to looke aside, and spieth near her banke,
(That from their loathsome brimms do breathe a sulphurous sweat)
Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very sight,
This water-nymph, my Skerne, is put in such affright,
That with unusual speed she on her course doth haste,
And rashly runnes herselfe into my widened waste.

The waters of the river Skerne fall into the Tees near Darlington. The poet fancifully ascribes the accelerated speed of the waters, which is observable near Darlington, to the fright of the Skerne at observing a natural phenomenon well known to the inhabitants of that neighbourhood.

Between Darlington and the Tees there are four round pools, popularly called *Hell-kettles*. The three largest, which are near each other, are nearly one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and in depth, nineteen, seventeen, and fourteen feet respectively. The fourth, which is at some distance, is only twenty-eight feet across, and five or six deep. In all of them the water stands to the brim, and is quite cold, but impregnated with sulphur, curdling with milk, and refusing to mix with soap. It was once supposed that there was a subterraneous communication between these pits and the river Tees; but, as the water in the pools is never affected by any floods or variations of that river, the conjecture seems to be without foundation. Darlington stands in a rich and fertile country, and is a place of considerable trade.

Adjoining the parish of Darlington is that of Conscliffe. High Conscliffe stands on the brink of a long stretch of limestone rocks, which have been wrought and quarried to the very walls of the houses. The church with its cemetery is almost insulated by these deep workings, and its tower and spire are seen from a distance rising over perpendicular cliffs which glitter in the sun "like the white walls of some giant fortress."

The Tees does not receive any considerable affluent after the Skerne, except the Leven from Yorkshire, which falls into the Tees below Yarm.

Hitherto, the banks of the Tees have exhibited the most picturesque features, especially on account of the rocky nature by which they are often characterised. But towards Yarm they become flat and low: so much

so, indeed, that the town is subject to destructive floods, which check its prosperity. Yarm is a parish and market town in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The town is seated on a low peninsula, nearly surrounded by the Tees. The river is crossed by a bridge of five arches, built in 1400, by Walter Skirlaw, Bishop of Durham.

If the Tees, as it approaches Yarm, has lost much of its romantic character, it has the compensating quality of usefulness. The influence of the tides may here be perceived, and the navigation, by means of barges, is briskly carried on. But larger vessels find difficulty in ascending beyond Stockton, on account of two rocks in different parts of the stream, which greatly oppose their progress. In its course to Stockton (which is four miles from Yarm, on the opposite bank), the Tees spreads itself forth into a broad and important river, until it at length becomes a fine harbour for shipping.

Stockton upon Tees is situated near the confluence of the Tees with the German Ocean. At Stockton there was anciently a castle, or strong moated mansion, the residence of the Bishops of Durham, the moat of which is yet visible on three sides of the site, the river protecting the other side. No remains of the building are now standing, except an original buttress, which lately supported some farm buildings occupying the site.

During the civil wars this castle was a place of some importance, and was, for a considerable time, a place of garrison for the king's forces. At length in 1646 it was resolved by the parliament "that Stockton Castle be made untenable, and the garrison disgarrisoned;" and again, in 1647 the decree was confirmed thus,—"*Resolved, that the house doth concur with the Lords, that the works about Stockton Castle made since these troubles, be slighted and dismantled, and the garrison disgarrisoned.*" Thus Stockton Castle did not fall a sacrifice to the ravages of time, but to the distracted state of the kingdom. It fell into the possession of private individuals, who demolished it for the sake of the materials. Several stone houses still existing in Stockton were built of these materials.

The manor of Stockton constituted a portion of the see of Durham, as early as the Roman conquest. At the Reformation, however, Stockton itself was a village so despicable, that "the best house in it could scarcely boast anything better than clay walls and a thatched roof." Camden, writing in the time of Queen Elizabeth, entirely overlooks this town, although he gives a particular account of the river Tees. "Beyond Darlington," he says, "Tees hath no townes of any great account standing upon it, but, gliding along the skirtes of green fields and by country villages, winding in and out as he passeth, at length dischargeth himself at a large mouth into the ocean, whence the base and botham of the triangle towards the sea beginneth." Stockton was then in a state of such total declension as to be unworthy of notice, or it would not have been thus slighted by our authentic historian. Gradually, however, this town recovered its former prosperity, and advanced in commercial activity. Its prosperity was long checked by the difficulties connected with the navigation of the Tees, chiefly occasioned by the bend or winding of the river between two points, called Page's Point and Portwrack. Although the neck of the peninsula was only 120 yards across, the shore measured more than two miles. It had often been proposed to make a canal or cut through this peninsula, and at length it was carried into execution, to the manifest advantage of the town. This spirited act led to others, so that, at this time, the internal as well as the coasting communication with this port, is brought to great perfection.

Stockton itself is a neat and handsome town, stretching with an easy curve along the southern bank of the Tees. Over the river is a fine bridge of five arches, the central arch having a span of 72 feet. The town is situated on elevated ground, and, therefore, escapes injury at the rising of the waters of the Tees, from

which the opposite low shores of Yorkshire suffer so much. Our river has now entirely lost its wild and romantic character, no longer rushing over beds of rock, and forming innumerable cascades, or sending its deep and rapid waters in narrow but romantic channels: it now runs brimming through soft level lands, between low even shores, until, near the sea, it expands into a broad estuary three miles across. The mouth of this estuary is contracted by a tongue of land called Seaton Snook, whence a bar of sand extends to the Cleveland coast. During the spring tides, from ten to twelve feet of water is the depth on the bar at low water, and from twenty-six to twenty-eight at high water, while in the neap tides the depth is twelve feet at low water, and twenty-two at high water. The bay of the Tees affords convenient shelter for shipping in boisterous weather.

Having thus brought our river to the termination of its course, it is time to notice its internal riches. These consist of excellent fish, *i. e.*, salmon, flounders, eels, smelts or sparlings, &c. The principal fishery in the river is that of salmon, which fish may be taken from the 22d of November to the 12th of August; though it is seldom attempted to be caught till April. The mode employed in this river is to take the fish with the large drag-net, which is used by all the fishermen till you come to the salmon-lock at Dinsdale. There is a great decrease in the quantity of salmon in this and other rivers of the North. The extension of lead mines, and the impregnated water issuing from thence, have been assigned as the probable cause of this. Salmon go up to spawn, as far as Barnard Castle, which is thirty miles above Dinsdale, and several miles above it, where the fishing ground begins. In April or May, after having had the advantage of feeding in the sea, the salmon begin to be rich and fat, and to ascend the rivers, and continue to do so all the summer. This is, therefore, the season for commencing operations. Salmon fisheries are let as private property in different parts of the river, as at Egglescliffe, near Stockton, at Yarm, Dinsdale, &c., a rent per boat being paid at each station.

Near the mouth of the Tees there is a fishery for cockles, which are gathered on ridges of sand left dry, at the ebb tide, near the middle of the stream. From hence many bushels of cockles are sent almost daily to Newcastle, York, Leeds, and other places. Shrimps are also taken on the shores of the Tees, by means of small hand-nets fixed upon a long pole. Large shoals of porpoises frequent the sand banks at the Tees' mouth, and are thought to be very injurious to the salmon and other fish.

The wild and romantic scenery of Tees sometimes tempts the visits of rare birds, while its secluded banks shelter a number of interesting plants. The golden eagle, and the rough-legged falcon, or buzzard, have been shot here. The Bohemian chatterer, the cross-bill, the grey phalarope, and other rare birds, are occasionally seen. Near the mouth of the river the yellow-horned poppy, the sea pearl-wort, the purple mountain milk vetch, and the bloody cranebill, are to be seen. The autumnal gentian, the bird's-eye primrose, the red flowered oxlip, the greater and lesser butterfly orchis, the frog orchis, the flowering rush, and numerous other floral beauties, also adorn the banks of this river.

THE HEARTH CRICKET.

Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

COWPER.

Do we not find in the above lines the reason why the song of the cricket is to many persons so pleasant and enlivening? That song has been heard by their own fireside, in the happy season of their youth, and it calls up sweet remembrances of by-gone days, true-hearted

friends, and innocent delights. It is connected with the sacred name of *Home*, and therefore speaks of peace, love, and enjoyment. That song was a song of wonder to them in their childish days. It came from a mysterious being, always hiding from their sight, and eluding their strictest search. It seemed now here, now there, beneath their feet, close at their ear, or ringing from the very centre of the glowing hearth. It was at times a strange, almost supernatural sound; for, in the stillness of night, when the lone watcher sat waiting the return of absent friends, or when the alarmed family were listening to the awful beatings of the tempest, then did it rise with unwonted energy, thrilling on the ear, and paining the sense by its monotonous acuteness. Yet with all its shrillness it was a sound of comfort; it relieved the feeling of loneliness, and breathed, like the tickings of the old clock, the notes of sympathy and companionship.

"Sounds," says Gilbert White, "do not always give us pleasure according to their sweetness or melody; nor do harsh sounds always displease. We are more apt to be captivated or disgusted with the associations which they produce, than with the notes themselves. Thus the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and stridulous, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas, of everything that is rural, verdurous, and joyous." And thus, we may add, does the song of the hearth-cricket, through the mere effect of association, give abundant pleasure to others, recalling to their minds the fire-side enjoyments and home-born happiness of their youth.

"Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrup on the earth,
The crackling faggot flies."

This insect, so much oftener heard than seen, is of a pale yellow or clay-colour, mixed with brown. In shape it resembles a grasshopper, and is provided with wings, which are generally carried in a horizontal position beneath the wing-cases, and only appear to be used for flight on rare occasions. The legs are long and slender, formed for running or leaping, and the female is provided with an ovipositor, or instrument for depositing her eggs. Although the wings are not much employed in flying, those of the male insect are put to a remarkable use, for they are in fact the means by which it produces its peculiar sound. According to some naturalists, there is on the wing-cases a small circular space covered with a shining membrane, which acts as the parchment of a tambourine or drum. Against this drum the insect works its wings with such rapid and incessant strokes as to produce the sound which we commonly call its song, or chirpings. Others attribute the sound to the grating of the wing-cases against each other, the under parts being furnished with strong nervures or strings, which produce the vibrations in the membrane. The females are not provided with so perfect an apparatus, and therefore remain silent. On this account the crickets have been playfully described as a happy race undisturbed by female volubility. It has been said of the *cicadas*, or tree-crickets,

"Happy the cicadas' lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives."

The abode of the hearth-cricket is frequently in new houses, where the mortar is soft enough to allow of its burrowing in it. But it is not confined to such situations. Any warm and sheltered nook, either near an oven, or in the brickwork of a fire-place, may be chosen by it. Its food is various, but is generally understood to be the crumbs and sweepings of the hearth, including also salt, yeast, broth, milk, and almost any liquid. White has noticed that where these insects are very numerous, they are often found drowned in pans of milk or water, to which their thirsty nature has driven them. Inhabiting a very hot place, and thus being always, as it were, in a torrid zone, they naturally seek

after moisture, and have even been known to gnaw holes in wet woollen stockings and aprons that were hung before the fire. All these depredations are committed in the night, for the hearth-cricket is a nocturnal insect, and does not come forth to feed until after dusk. It is not often that crickets abound so much as to be decidedly mischievous; but there have been cases where they have grown to be a most annoying pest in families, being, like Pharaoh's plague of frogs, "in their bed-chambers, and upon their beds, and in their ovens, and in their kneading troughs." (Exod. viii. 3.) In such extreme cases there are two methods of getting rid of the evil: gunpowder may be placed and exploded in the crevices of the fireplace, or (which is the safer plan) bottles of beer may be set in their haunts, and the crickets will creep into them and be destroyed in the same manner as wasps.

These insects appear to have their likings and dislikings for particular spots, for, while on some hearths they become so numerous as to be disagreeable, on others they can never be persuaded to take up their abode. Rennie introduced crickets repeatedly into two different houses, but could not prevail on them to stay.

The note of this insect is not unsuited to contemplation. Thus Milton introduces it in his *Il Penseroso*:

"Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth."

Scaliger also delighted in the song of crickets, and was accustomed to keep some of these insects in a box in his study. The Spanish peasantry have a similar fancy for this shrill music, and, therefore, keep crickets in little cages, which they hang by the fireside.

It has been surmised that crickets are ambitious of raising their voices above all other sounds, and that, when disappointed in this attempt, they will desert their habitation; like many other noisy persons, they like to hear nobody louder than themselves. To strengthen this idea, a story is told of a woman who greatly disliked crickets, and who, having often tried in vain to banish or silence them, at length succeeded by accident. Having one day invited several guests to her house, to celebrate a wedding, she procured musicians, with loud instruments, among which were a drum and trumpet. The noise thus made for the entertainment of her company was so much greater than the crickets had been used to or could imitate, that they instantly took to flight, and were never afterwards heard in the house.

While many insects appear only for a season, flutter awhile in the sunshine, and then die off, or fall into a state of torpor, the cricket, living in a tolerably equal atmosphere of warmth, is as merry at Christmas as at Midsummer, and cheers with its shrill voice the solitary hours of the housewife. It is not to be wondered at, that a few lingering superstitions are still connected with this insect; that its sudden appearance or disappearance, its shrillness of song, or its unwonted silence, should be looked upon as prognostics of good or bad luck to the household. But as the very same circumstance which is esteemed lucky by one person is looked upon as unlucky by another, the hearth-cricket is thus cleared of all mischievous influences, and can lay claim to no other charm than that of enlivening the winter's hearth, giving a voice to the solitary chamber, or chiming in merrily with the happy sounds of Christmas, and the glad festivities of the opening year.

A Latin ode to the cricket, by Vincent Bourne, has been thus admirably translated by the poet Cowper:—

"Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good.
Pay me for thy warm retreat,
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

"Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

"Though in voice and shape they be
Form'd as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

"Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing, then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee."

THE YOUNG ESQUIRE;

OR, PRIVATE EDUCATION.

"You ugly black man, in your armour, you shall be beaten! and this is a naughty picture that I don't like, so it shall be well flogged!" said little Charles Shirley, who had dragged a book of prints to the drawing-room floor, and, chiefly to try the powers of his new whip, was testifying his disapprobation of some of them, by inflicting the punishment to which he had sentenced them.

"Dear child," exclaimed a lady from the other end of the room, aroused by the noise from the reverie in which she had been embroidering the rosebud on her delicate slipper, "surely you are not allowed to destroy those beautiful prints?" The boy raised his large dark eyes to the speaker, with the "mild surprise" of offended dignity; he condescended to no other reply: he seemed already to feel, "I am lord of all I survey, and all things are lawful to me." The lady smiled as she looked on the hauteur of the lovely face, and with a momentary elevation of the eyebrows, she thought, "How beautiful he is! how cruel to ruin him by this weak and selfish fondness!" but, being a guest, she felt she had no authority to interfere, so she resumed her work. "We are going to send him to school, shortly," said Colonel Shirley, his father, who had witnessed the scene, and partly read the lady's thoughts; "he ought to have gone last year, but one naturally puts off an evil day." It was natural to Colonel Shirley to do so, for he was a great lover of present ease; he might have adopted Lord Falkland's words as his motto, "Peace, peace, give me peace," and he weighed not the price paid for this present blessing. He knew that the mention of a public school would put his lady out of spirits for the whole day, and that was extremely unpleasant. Mrs. Shirley was a very pretty, but a very weak woman; her parents doated upon her beauty; and her father, being himself an ignorant man, laid down as a principle on which his daughters were to be educated, that learning was quite useless to women. "Nothing is so bad," said he, "as a blue stocking; let the girls learn dancing, drawing, and singing, if you will, that is quite sufficient." These accomplishments being taught, it was thought that enough had

been done; and her father congratulated himself greatly on his wisdom, when he found, that, at the first ball at which the fair girl made her appearance, she had won, by her graceful wanderings through the mazes of the dance, the affections of Colonel Shirley, a man of comfortable possessions and highly respectable family.

Mrs. Shirley's time, after her marriage, was spent principally at Bemerton House; here a succession of guests helped her to while away her youth. As she felt herself under-educated, she preferred, as companions, those who were rather beneath herself in station; with them she felt she had a right to take things easily. She had not been accustomed to mental exertion, and it annoyed her to find any thing of the kind necessary. She entertained a strong partiality for her eldest boy; and the ladies, who were proud of visiting Bemerton periodically, declared him to be the most lovely child they ever saw. "O, the tender blue of those large loving eyes!" exclaimed a sentimental young lady, in a high state of rapture; "how like you is that dear child! surely you will never part with him!" "Not to go to a public school, certainly," answered the mother. She had, in fact, imbibed, from her female acquaintance and others possessing not much experimental knowledge, a strong prejudice against boys' schools, and a settled determination, if possible, to guard her precious Charlie from the dread persecutions and afflictions which she felt convinced he would there encounter. Whenever her husband alluded to the (to her) most painful subject, education, she had some heart-rending anecdote to relate. "Don't you recollect, my dear, what occurred at that horrible place, Eton? Miss Mary Shivers mentioned it the other day: it happened to a relation of hers. She says that dear interesting delicate boy, her cousin, was most shamefully persecuted by some great domineering boy; this savage tyrant had formed a conspiracy for roasting the dear little creature alive, but, fortunately, the tutors discovered the plot, and its execution was thus accidentally prevented. Several times he was dragged through a pond; and it was found that he and another little boy were in the daily habit of crying over their sorrows in a long passage, and that they had determined to kill themselves if they were not removed. And then, you know, how cruel they were to poor little Donkin; he had written a most affectionate letter to his aunt's gamekeeper, begging to be remembered to me, and to his sisters, and to old Sibsop, the housekeeper, because she made him some cakes, and this letter fell into the hands of some of the young savages there, and they ridiculed and tormented the poor child so that he was afraid to show his face: I understand now they annoy him by calling him 'Old Sibsop,' a name which I dare say he will retain through life." Colonel Shirley smiled at these touching tales, but he put off the decisive, and, to his wife, painful step, and allowed her prejudices to be left to live a little longer; for he felt that to eradicate them would be difficult, and to oppose them, unpleasant. Thus Midsummer followed Christmas, and Christmas succeeded Midsummer, and still no plan was formed for the education of the heir. In the meantime, Mrs. Shirley had selected a governess, a veteran in the service, for she had guided the infant studies of the lady herself, and, being learned, had instilled *hic, hæc, hoc*, into the brains of her brother, when as yet "breeches were not." To

Miss Stammerword Mrs. Shirley communicated her fears and anxieties, and that excellent creature testified the warmth of her friendship by offering her services at an excellent salary; and shortly, to prevent mischief, as Mrs. Shirley said, she was established at Bemerton. This arrangement, though it brought repose to the lady of the house, was any thing but satisfactory to young Master Charlie, who had too long roamed unrestrained among footmen, gamekeepers, and gardeners, easily to be tamed to the yoke: these good friends of his, supposing his influence all powerful at head quarters, took care to allow him to indulge every folly, and gratify every whim; and, as soon as he could lisp the words, the infant ruler was dignified with the title of "the young squire." "And pray who are you?" said a friend of Colonel Shirley's, as he happened to encounter the boy for the first time on the lawn. "I am the young squire," said the child, blushing indignantly at what he thought an incredulous smile; "gardener says I am, and so I am! you must not laugh at me." Miss Stammerword soon discovered, that a silken cord was the only one she could with safety to herself use, in her feeble efforts to train the little wild one. A very little discipline produced loud roaring, for the boy knew that "spirits from the vasty deep" were to be so invoked to his assistance. The guardian mother sat in her adjoining boudoir; she would appear at the door, beg to know what crime the child had committed, and why he was so wretchedly unhappy, which he never used to be when she taught him; beg he might not be over-worked, for she had observed him looking very pale for the last two or three days; suggest the propriety of using more amusing books; however, she said, the Latin grammar must be taught, as the colonel wished it, but she hoped Miss Stammerword would not expect too much from so young a child. "Now, darling, do be good, there's a love; you hear what your mamina says, you must learn your Latin: try if you cannot do so by repeating it after me; come, *hoc opus*, a work." "Hocus, pocus, at work," said the boy, as he commenced an attack on the plum-cake Mrs. Shirley had placed in his hands. Colonel Shirley found this mild rule inefficient, and resolved to try some new plan, as the boy was becoming quite a nuisance to the whole household. Wigram the gardener was defied; in vain did he endeavour to secure the blushing treasures which were the pride of his heart from the depredations of Master Charlie and his companions. Walls were easily scaled, the garden robbed of its purple glories, and the lofty height regained by the spoiler, who, dancing along in fearless glee, would challenge "monkey-face" to catch him if he could. This epithet brought the impotent rage of the old man to its pitch, for he was notoriously like a monkey, but he dared not complain. The butler was to stand by and see his wine glasses "squailed at," — dozens were destroyed before he opened his lips; at last his fortitude gave way; "them handsome cut-glass wine glasses" to be thus doomed to perdition! — it was too much for his affectionate heart, he resolved to go to master; yet he paused and considered his words, for he was a wise man; and, after mature deliberation, he thus opened the matter: "Master Charles, sir, how he does grow, sir, to be sure! he is such a lively young gentleman, sir, I never saw the like! he comes into my pantry and breaks all those beautiful cut-glass wine glasses, sir! — He is such a

good-natured lively young gentleman, sir!" "And you are a great fool for allowing him to do it, sir," said the master!—but he felt that he was unjust, and, as the annoyance subsided, he added, "Master Charles is going to have a tutor."

Mr. Henley, the tutor engaged by the colonel, had shown some taste for literature in his youth, but the heavy routine of his dull life, the want of sympathy, and the thoughtless insults of those who thought themselves of the blessed few who are born to consume the fruits of the earth, had apparently preyed upon him, and destroyed the elasticity of his mind; he had dwindled off to a sort of literary quack; he got up passages to bring out and make useful; notorious lines from Homer, Horace, and Virgil, he had ever at his fingers' ends; he thought himself a poetical genius, and rather like Lord Byron, so he made majestic faces, "half savage, half soft:" he thought the drudgery of learning altogether beneath him, and had a presentiment that eventually he should be a great man; but, if this feeling had been analysed, it might perhaps be found rather to consist of a latent notion that it would be a good plan to marry a rich wife, if an opportunity should present itself. His joys were to walk in the long avenues, with Scott or some other poet in his hand; he was fond of a cigar, in a quiet way; he played the flute, and thought himself consumptive; and he took snuff for the benefit of his health. The powers delegated to this person were limited; for instance, he was constantly entreated not to allow Charlie to over-exert his mind; if anything went wrong, Mrs. Shirley never spoke to him at dinner: he saw his way, and took care not to allow his pupil to lead too hard a life. One day, while reading, this altercation took place: such were common: "I will thank you, Charles, not to place your heels on the hobs of my grate, while you are studying with me." "Why, sir! what harm can it do? My mother wishes me to place my heels wherever I like; this is a convenient posture, for I can see my book without the trouble of holding it up." "Go on, sir," said the easy Mr. Henley. Charles proceeded with his Virgil—

*Terrentur visu subito cunctique relictis
Consurgunt mensis—*

"Have you seen the grey poney the coachman brought for me to look at? it goes like the wind, Mr. Henley. I do hope papa will buy it." "Go on with your Virgil, sir," said the tutor, "we will see the poney presently."

About this time Charles lost his father. Colonel Shirley caught cold on his way to attend a magistrates' meeting, his illness turned to pleurisy, and in a few days he was dead. He was not aware of his own danger, and his death being thus sudden he had laid down no plan as to the management of his son; and as Mrs. Shirley continued to be satisfied with Mr. Henley, no alteration took place. Charles, however, thought his tutor rather a bore; in truth, he failed in bringing forward the "amenities of literature:" his own sensibility seemed to be worn away, and he made no attempt to interest his pupil. So that the marker moved on, and authors were read, he was satisfied: their beauties were hidden to him, for he felt them not. Charles soon grew tired of Mr. Henley's "scientific conversations," reserved for the drawing-room; he heard him, indeed, spouting Pope to the ladies, but he saw through the affectation, and, like a thorough protestant, owned

not the supremacy; nor did he enjoy the two or three passages from Milton which were constantly reproduced; he thought that, if the poet was really so great, it was wonderful Mr. Henley never read more of him. Nothing disgusts children more than the dishonesty of affectation. Charles grew sick of Mr. Henley and his quotations, and sought recreation in the only form in which it presented itself, namely, in the sports of the field.

The county afforded these in perfection: there were several good packs of hounds, and, among others, one kept by a Mr. Niger, the Shirleys' nearest neighbour: he was a country squire, who understood sporting in all its branches. Probably he had heard the saying, that an understanding employed on many things profits not; he had given up his attention to one thing, and had mastered it. He was an unerring judge of a horse. Woe to the partridges that fluttered before him! they fell to rise no more. He had received the last sigh of many a vanquished stag, when no others were by; and he had pressed the fleet racer over the smooth turf, and reached the goal amid the shouts of his triumphant friends. He was fond of the society of young people, and had often endeavoured to persuade Charles and Mr. Henley to join his parties. "Mr. Henley, you are always at your book; I suspect you are going to write something very good, and make your fortune. Well, there is no accounting for taste. I never understood that sort of thing. How I worked my tutor! poor fellow, poor fellow, he is dead now! *Ton dupamei bomenos*,—this abominable nonsense, so I construed it. Ha! ha! ha!" With this person Charles soon formed a league of friendship; he thought he was a goodnatured honest fellow, and would do very well to ride about with; and under his tuition Charles's knowledge of and love for horses and dogs daily increased. Mr. Niger's only son was just going to Oxford, and, as the university was consequently often talked of by them, Charles took a fancy to go there himself; more especially as "old Niger," as he called his new friend, would be his companion. He determined to cram to matriculation pitch, which, being naturally clever, he contrived to do, in spite of his disadvantages: he followed the example of his friend, who, having determined not to be one of the reading block-heads, had selected a college whose rules were comparatively not oppressive.

Oxford, however, upon the trial, did not suit Mr. Niger; for it scarcely afforded sufficient sporting to keep him amused. Occasionally, certainly, they got a run with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, and this was all very well; but, to fill up the time, he indulged his passion for the chase by a run with the bull dogs. He contrived to keep a couple of terriers; at least, he kept one and Shirley the other. These dogs, in seasons of danger, were concealed in drawers, or allowed to slumber on the couches of their lords. Young Niger always maintained the superiority of his terrier, and, in the excitement of a wine party, offered to prove it; for this purpose, a black cat was to be baited in his rooms. The contest took place; but, as this recreation did not happen to coincide with the prejudices of the head of the college, Mr. Shirley and Mr. Niger suddenly found their tether lengthened; they were allowed quietly to depart to the country, in the middle of term.

Charles, when he reflected on what had passed, was ashamed of his own folly, and would have roused

himself to redeem his wasted time, and to cultivate the talents he possessed; but Niger was his only friend,—he ridiculed his regrets, and persuaded him to spend the autumn at his father's, where he expected "some capital fellows," and a very good season. He said, "You have never been to a public school, you know, and you will find it very hard work to get decently through Oxford; you will most likely be plucked for your *great go*, because you have had no time for reading; so come with me, there's a good fellow, throw care away, and take my example, and think no more of that stupid place, Oxford." Charles accordingly accompanied him, with a disturbed and undecided mind.

While staying with the Nigers, he chanced to meet, at some of the country festivities, a family named Selwin. The head of the family was a man of engaging manners, high principles, and cultivated tastes. He had been a barrister of celebrity, but had now retired to the scenes of domestic repose. Two of the sons were in the church, and the daughter, the graceful and accomplished Emily, made their delightful dwelling a charmed spot. Charles was fascinated: the good that was in him seemed ready to spring forth and bud at the sight of so much that he really admired. He soon laid his case before the enchantress, whose magic wand had changed him into a higher being; and she would have listened; but a cold pause ensued—counsels were divided, and the head of the house, after mature deliberation, calmly and decisively rejected him: the acquaintance had been of short standing, and the lady thought it right to abide by the decision of her father.

This was a most severe shock. Charles, however, did not abandon all hopes: when the first tempest of sorrow had passed, he formed resolutions for improvement and usefulness; but, as he was still possessed by these pleasing dreams, young Niger made his appearance. "I thought you were going to marry Miss Selwin," he said. "Nobody else thought so, then," answered Charles, in an unusually sullen tone. "Well, it was talked about, at all events. Watkins said he thought it was a pity you should throw yourself away so, they are such a strait-laced particular set: he said, too, she had no mind; but that is a great mistake, she has a tremendous mind, and writes poetry, and all that sort of thing, don't she? That's what I thought had caught you. However, I am glad to find it is all incorrect, for she has married Sir Richard Evelyn."

Charles concealed his feelings; nor will we attempt to describe that one fearful storm by which all was destroyed. He handed himself over to his unprincipled friend; he was hurried from one amusement to another; careless and unsuspecting, he was shamelessly pillaged; the losses he sustained on the turf induced him to make fresh trials of his luck; he soon became deeply involved, and at last his creditors became clamorous, and his legal adviser recommended him to escape to the continent until arrangements could be made.

"To escape!" he cried, "disgraced, degraded, and heart-broken, I am to escape to concealment! No, let me die rather in prison."

"Ah, my mother! my mother!" rose the feeble voice from the young man's death-bed; "thank God, you have departed before me!"

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

April 5.—*Palm Sunday*, (1846.)

PALM SUNDAY is the next before Easter, or the last in Lent; and was so named in commemoration of our Lord's triumphant progress to Jerusalem from Bethany, immediately before His Passion. Its celebration is very ancient, and traced from Palestine, whence it spread through the East, till, in the sixth century, it was established in the West.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

It was anciently customary on Palm Sunday to cast cakes from the steeple of the parish church, the boys scrambling for them below, to the great amusement of the bystanders. Stow records that in the week before Easter, there were great shows in London for going to the woods, and fetching into the king's house a twisted tree or *with*; and the like into the house of every man "of honour or worship."

In a work published at the end of the last century, it is related, that, on the Saturday before Palm Sunday, the boys of the Grammar School of Lanark, according to ancient custom, parade the streets with a palm, or its substitute, a large tree of the willow kind, in blossom, ornamented with daffodils, mezerion, and box-tree. A correspondent in Hone's *Every Day-Book* describes the following singular ceremony at Caistor Church, Lincolnshire, on Palm Sunday. A deputy from Broughton brings a very large ox-whip which is constructed thus:—A large piece of ash, or any other wood, tapered towards the top, forms the stock; it is wrapt with a white leather half way down, and some small pieces of mountain ash are enclosed. The thong is very large, and made of strong white leather. The man comes to the north porch, about the commencement of the first lesson, and cracks his whip in front of the porch door three times: he then wraps the thong round the stock of the whip, puts some rods of mountain ash lengthwise upon it, and binds the whole together with whipcord. He next ties to the top of the whip-stock a purse containing two shillings, (formerly this sum was in twenty-four silver pennies,) then taking the whole upon his shoulder he marches into the church, where he stands in front of the reading-pew till the commencement of the second lesson: he then goes up nearer, waves the purse over the head of the clergyman, kneels down on a cushion, and continues in that position, with the purse suspended over the clergyman's head, till the lesson is ended. After Divine Service is concluded, he carries the whip, &c. to the manor-house of Undon, a hamlet adjoining, where he leaves it. There is a new whip made at Broughton every year, and left, as above related, at Undon. Certain lands in the parish of Broughton are held by the tenure of this annual usage.

In the churchyard of Crowhurst, on the borders of Kent and Surrey, near the east end of the church, is an enormous and very ancient yew tree, measuring ten yards and nine inches in girth, at the height of five feet from the ground. The interior is hollow, and has been fitted up with a table in the centre, and benches around for as many as sixteen persons. From time immemorial this tree has been regarded as the head-quarters of good fortune; and it is the custom of the peasantry to assemble on Palm Sunday beneath the shades of its venerable branches, to hold a wake or fair, and to dance about the tree and the old tombs in its neighbourhood, with palm branches of the willow in their hands. This done, the grand duty of the day has been performed, and the poor people separate with something of the feeling of those who have made a thank-offering. Formerly, excesses were frequently committed on the occasion, through the sale of liquors; but of late years the fair has been conducted with great decorum. At present, the festival is associated with a collection-sermon in the church for the Duchess of Marlborough's Almshouses at St. Alban's.

The above particulars are taken from the *Illustrated London News*, Vol. VI. No. 151, which contains a wood-engraving of the yew tree, &c.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

"On Palm Sunday," says an old Homily, "Holy Church maketh procession, in mind of the procession CHRIST made this day; but as we have no olive, we take palm, and welcome Him with song into Church, as they welcomed Him into the city of Jerusalem." Another reason is given why every christian man should take part in this solemnity; namely, "in token that he hath fought the fiend, and gotten the victory." We learn from authentic sources that during the monastic times of England, the palms¹ (or rather sprigs of box and yew,) designed for the use of the Clergy, having been laid on the high altar, and those to be held by the Laity on the south step of the same, were hallowed by the priest or bishop vested in a crimson cope, with prayer and benediction; sprinkled with holy water; perfumed with incense; and then distributed among the faithful, who carried them along the streets, which were strewn with flowers and decked with tapestry. When the procession had moved through the town or city, it returned to church, where mass was celebrated, and the "palms" were offered on the altar. "On Palm Sunday," says the author of *Morus*, "after reading out of The History of CHRIST, every one bore his palm, and nothing else was heard but the sufferings of the MESSIAH." The permission granted to the laity to join in her majestic processions affords an example, among many, of the wisdom of the ancient Church. "The man," observes a late writer, "who taper in hand, or bearing the mystic palm, had paraded along the vaulted aisle, felt himself bound by additional ties to that communion, with which he had not merely worshipped, but in whose most imposing ceremonies he had actually taken a part." The observances of Palm Sunday are thus *improved* (in modern parlance,) by S. Bernard: "We should meet CHRIST," he says, "by keeping innocency, bear olive by doing works of mercy, carry palms by conquering the devil and our vices; green leaves and flowers we carry, if we be adorned with virtues; and we strew our garments in the way, when by mortification we put off the old man."

There is no reason to suppose that these customs were at any time very general. The practice of bearing palms on Palm Sunday was retained in England, after some other ceremonies were forbidden, and was one of those which Henry VIII., in 1536, declared were not to be contemned and cast away. A proclamation, printed and dated 26th February, in the thirtieth year of the reign of that monarch, contains the following clause:—"On Palm Sunday it shall be declared, that bearing of palms reneweth the memory of the receiving of CHRIST into Jerusalem before His death." In Howes's edition of Stow's Chronicle, it is stated, under the year 1548, that "this year the ceremony of bearing of palms, on Palm Sunday, was left off, and not used as before." "Palms," says Hone, "or, to speak properly, slips of the willow, with its velvet-looking buds, are sometimes still stuck in churches on Palm Sunday." Brand observes, that it is yet customary with boys, both in the south and north of England, to go out and gather slips with the willow flowers or buds at this time. And Hone records that it is usual "with men and boys to go a palming in London early on Palm Sunday morning." "This usage," he adds, "remains among the ignorant from poor neighbourhoods; but there is still to be found a basket woman or two at Covent Garden, and in the chief markets, with branches of the willow or sallow, on the Saturday before Palm Sunday, which they sell to those who are willing to buy; but the demand of late years has been very little, and hence the quantity on sale is very small."

(1) Some of the "palms" were consumed for ashes to be laid on the heads of the people with the sacerdotal blessing, on the Ash-Wednesday in the following year.

April 6—is the Monday in *Passion Week*, (1846.)

This week is thus designated on account of its being dedicated to the contemplation of the REDEEMER's sufferings and death.

During this sacred period, the chant became more solemn, no altar was decorated, no bell sounded, and no pompous equipage rolled in the streets. Princes and vassals, rich and poor, went on foot in habits of deep mourning. Legal proceedings were suspended, sovereigns ordained that prisons should be opened, pardon granted to criminals, and insolvent debtors discharged. S. Chrysostom says, that the Emperor Theodosius sent letters of remission to the cities for the days preceding Easter, a custom which was observed by his successors, who, as S. Leo the Great remarks, made the altitude of their power stoop in honour of the passion and resurrection of CHRIST, and tempered the severity of the laws during the days on which the world was redeemed, in order to imitate the divine mercy. In France, also, in the seventh century, this custom was observed. Subsequently, the same indulgence was granted on the days preceding Christmas and Whitsuntide.

April 9.—*Maunday Thursday*, (1846.)

Maunday, or Maundy Thursday, termed also *SHEER THURSDAY*, is the day before Good Friday. Its second appellation seems to have arisen from the practice which the monks and clergy made of cutting and trimming their hair and beards on this day, "and so make them honest-against Easter." Some writers suppose Maunday Thursday to be a corruption of *mandate Thursday*: *dies mandati* being its ancient name, in allusion to the *mandate* of our SAVIOUR to His disciples to offer the Holy Eucharist; and to his other *mandate*, after He had washed their feet, to love one another, both which commands were given on this day. Others suggest that it seems most probably to have been derived from *maund*, a Saxon word for a basket, in consequence of the distribution of gifts on this day in baskets—the word *maundy*, used by old authors for alms or gifts, being, apparently, derived in its turn from the above charitable practice. "In an old jest-book," says a journalist, before cited, "there is a story of a rich merchant dictating a testament to a scrivener, while a poor nephew stood by, hoping to hear of something to his advantage. While the testator was still enumerating the debts due to him, the nephew cried, 'Ha, ha! what saith my uncle now?—does he now make his *maundies*?' 'No,' answered the cool man of business, 'he is yet in his demands.'" This is an example of the secondary meaning; of the first, we have instances in Bishop Hall speaking of "a *maund* charged with household merchandise," and Shakespeare saying, "A thousand favours from her *maund* she drew." A *maund* seems to have been a basket much like our modern hamper.

After receiving the Sacrament of Maunday Thursday, archbishops and priests, kings and princes, in imitation of their REDEEMER, proceeded to wash the feet of the poor, and to wait upon them at table. At Durham Abbey, anterior to the Reformation, the prior, laying aside his jewelled rings, poured water from the rich silver ewer on the feet of eighteen aged mendicants, gave each thirty pence, and seven red herrings, and "did serve them with drink, three loaves of bread, and certain wafer cakes." Cardinal Wolsey, at Peterborough Abbey, in 1530, "made his maund in our Lady's chapel, having fifty-nine poor men, whose feet he washed and kissed; and, after he had wiped them, he gave every of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvass to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings; and one of these had two shillings." About the same period, the Earl of Northumberland, on Maundy Thursday, gave to each of as many poor men as he was years old, and one over, a gown with a hood, a linen shirt, a platter with meat, an ashen cup filled with wine, and a

leathern purse containing as many pennies as he was years old, and one over; besides miscellaneous gifts to be distributed in like manner, in name of his lady and his sons. Edward the Third, in 1363, appears to have been the first English monarch who introduced into this country the practice of feeding, clothing, and giving money to indigent persons on this day; and many successive sovereigns used also, in order to show their humility, to wash the feet of those selected as the proper objects of their munificence. Queen Elizabeth, when in her thirty-ninth year, performed this pious observance at her palace at Greenwich, on which occasion she was attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlewomen. Thirty-nine poor persons being assembled, their feet were first washed by the yeoman of the laundry, in a silver basin, filled with warm water and sweet flowers, next by the sub-almoner, then by the almoner, and, finally, by the Queen herself ("after some singing, and prayers made, and the gospel of Christ's washing of His disciples feet, read"), kneeling. These various persons, the yeoman of the laundry, the sub-almoner, almoner, and her Majesty, after washing each foot, wiped it, marked it with the sign of the cross above the toes, and then kissed it. Clothes, victuals, and money, were then bestowed. This interesting ceremonial is described at length in the *Hierurgia Anglicana*, pp. 282, 283. James II. is said to have been the last of our monarchs who observed the above rite in person. William of Orange left the washing to his almoner; and such was the arrangement for many years afterwards. On Maunday Thursday, 1731, George II. being then in his forty-eighth year, "there was distributed, at the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men, and forty-eight poor women, boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, which is called dinner; after that, large wooden platters of fish and loaves; viz. undressed, one large old ling, and one large dried cod, twelve red herrings, and four half-quarter loaves. Each person had one platter of this provision; after which were distributed to them, shoes, stockings, linen and woollen cloth, and leathern bags, with one-penny, two-penny, three-penny, and four-penny pieces of silver, and shillings, to each about four pounds in value. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Lord High Almoner, performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of the poor, in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, as was formerly done by the kings themselves." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1731.) For many years the washing of the feet has been entirely discontinued, and since the beginning of the present reign, an additional sum of money has been given, instead of provisions. In the ancient account-books of the various noble families of England, we always find a liberal sum entered as "given at ye maundy."

Each year at Rome, on Maundy Thursday, the altar of the Capilla Paolina is illuminated with more than 4000 wax tapers; and the Sovereign Pontiff and Cardinals go thither in procession, bringing the Host along with them, and leaving it there. Then the pope blesses the people, and commemorates our Blessed Lord's humility towards his disciples.

At Moscow, the Archbishop takes off his robes, girds up his loins with a towel, and proceeds to wash the feet of twelve monks, designed to represent the Apostles, until he comes to the representative of S. Peter, who rises, and the same dialogue takes place between him and the prelate, as between that Apostle and our Saviour. The ceremony is performed in the cathedral, which is crowded with spectators. One of the public sights at Seville on this day, is the splendid cold dinner which the Archbishop gives to twelve poor persons. The dinner is to be seen, laid out on tables filling two large rooms of the archiepiscopal palace. The twelve guests are completely clothed at the expense of their host; and having partaken of a more homely dinner in the kitchen, they are furnished with large baskets to take away the splendid commons (allotted to each

in separate dishes), which they sell to the gourmands of the town. At two in the afternoon, the Archbishop, attended by his chapter, repairs to the cathedral, where he performs the ceremony, which, from the opinion of its being literally enjoined by Christ, is called the *mandatum*. The twelve paupers are seated on a platform erected before the high altar, and the prelate, stripped of his silk robes, and kneeling successively before each, washes their feet in a large silver basin.

"From the *Gloria in excelsis* of the mass of Maundy Thursday, till that of the mass of Easter-eve, our bells," says Dr. Challoner, "are silent throughout the Catholic Church, because we are now mourning for the passion of Christ. Our altars are also uncovered, and stripped of all their ornaments, because Christ, our true altar, hung naked upon the cross." In answer to the inquiry, "What is the meaning of visiting the sepulchres upon Maundy Thursday?" the same person observes, "The place where the blessed Sacrament is preserved in the church, in order for the office of Good Friday (on which there is no consecration), is by the people called the *sepulchre*, as representing, by anticipation, the burial of Christ. And where there are many churches, the faithful make their stations to visit our Lord in these sepulchres, and meditate on the different stages of His passion." This devotion was encouraged by the indulgences which the Church attached to its observance. "It is still," says a modern Romanist, "a practice observed in France, to pass the night within the tomb, in adoration of the sacramental Presence there. During the day, the streets of cities wonder at the unaccustomed spectacle of holy recluses and devout women, in the habits of their respective orders, who, throughout the whole year, are never seen beyond the cloisters, excepting on this occasion." At Genoa, twenty-one confraternities of devout laics proceed in procession, after vespers, to the sepulchre of the metropolitan church, carrying lighted tapers, crosses, and various mystic emblems, curiously wrought.

THE MAN OVERBOARD.

(From Letters from Italy, by J. T. Headley.)

THE pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. When within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us, we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a heavy sea. We, however, prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The light sails were all in; the jibs, topgallants, and spanker, furled close; the main-sail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close-reefed topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped, as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves. In a moment, that most terrific of all cries at sea, "A man overboard! a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter deck just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face," riding the top of a billow, fled past. In an instant, all was commotion; plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about, and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter deck, and, in a voice so sharp and stern—I seem to hear it yet—shouted, "In men—in men!" But the poor sailors hung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprung to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed. "Cut away the lashings," exclaimed the officer; the knife glanced around the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment

in such a sea, but the officer who held the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and, for a moment, I forgot the danger in the admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect; the helm in his hand; his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance; and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay-to to look for the lost sailor. Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon, and saw a squall, blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered, rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that, in all his sea life, he never was more so. He called for a flag, and springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between it and us appeared, at intervals, that little boat, like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away, apparently engulfed for ever. One moment, the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves, and, perhaps, to us, who would be left almost unmanned, in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sunk away, she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror; the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray. The captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and, springing up the rattlings, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "*Pull away, my brave ballies, the squall is coming—give way, my hearties!*" and the bold fellows did "*give way*," with a will. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh! how my heart leaped, when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again. The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope, as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck, not a question was asked—no report given—but, "*Forward, men!*" broke from the captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat, (and, it seemed to me, the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off,) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows. The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birth-day, (he was 25 years old,) and, alas! it was his death-day! . . . We saw him no more; and a

gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE MUFFIN-MAN.¹

A LITTLE man, who muffins sold
When I was little too,
Carried a face of giant mould,
But tall he never grew.

His arms were legs for length and size,
His coat-tail touch'd his heels;
His brows were forests o'er his eyes,
His voice like waggon-wheels.

When fallen leaves together flock,
And gusts begin to squall,
And suns go down at six o'clock,
You heard his muffin-call.

Borne in the equinoctial blast,
He came and shook his bell;
And with the equinox he pass'd,
But whither none could tell.

Some thought the monster turn'd to dew
When muffins ceased to reign,
And lay in buds the summer through,
Till muffin-time again;

Or satyr, used the woods to rove,
Or even old Caliban,
Drawn by the lure of oven-stove
To be a muffin-man.

The dwarf was not a churlish elf,
Who thought folks stared to scoff;
But used deformity itself
To set his muffins off.

He stood at doors and talk'd with cooks,
While strangers took his span;
And grinsly smiled at childhood's looks
On him, the muffin-man.

When others fled from nipping frost;
And hid from drenching skies,
And when in fogs the street was lost,
You saw his figure rise.

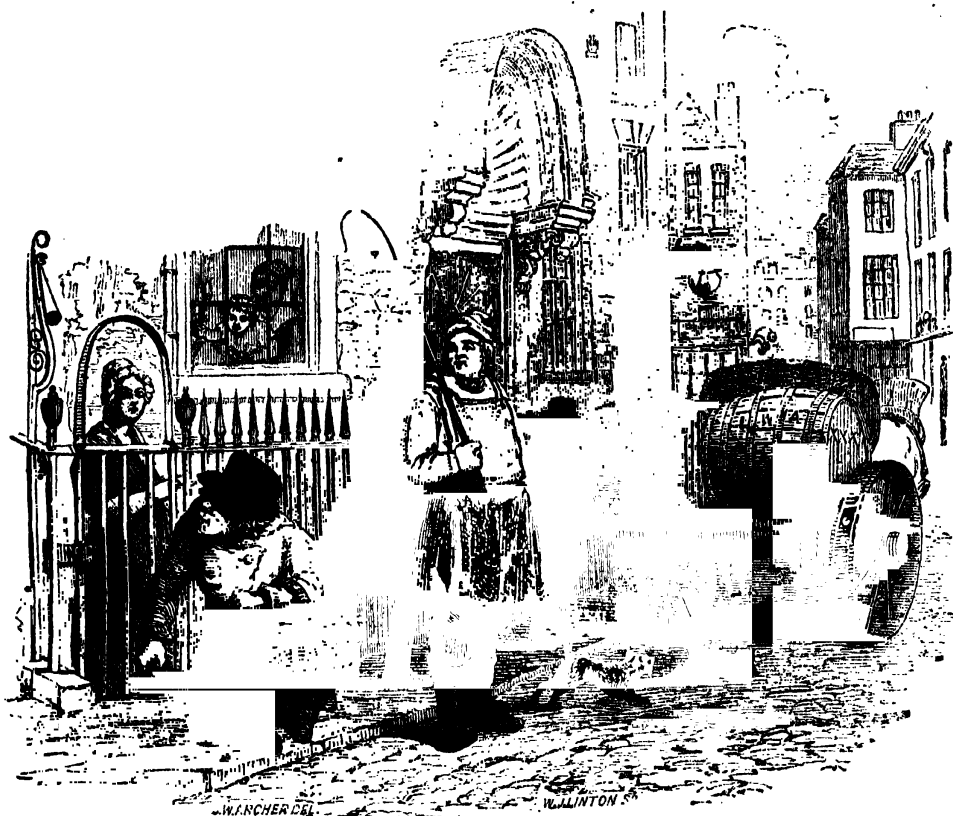
One night his tinkle did not sound,
He failed each 'custom'd door;
'Twas first of an eternal round
Of nights he walk'd no more.

When borne in arms, my infant eye
Its restless search began;
The nursery-maid was wont to cry,
"See, John the muffin-man."

My path with things familiar spread,
Death's foot had seldom cross'd;
And when they said that John was dead,
I stood in wonder lost.

New muffin-men, from lamp to lamp,
With careless glance I scan;
For none can ever raze thy stamp,
Oh, John, thou muffin-man!

(1) From "Poems and Pictures." See before, page 317. The illustration is also borrowed from the same work.



The Muffin Man.

Thou standest snatch'd from time and storm,
A statue of the soul;
And round thy carved and goblin form
Past days—past days unroll!
We will not part,—affection din
This song shall help to fan,
And Memory, firmer bound to him,
Shall keep her muffin-man.

A. J.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

"In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time. If I hear of a new poem, for instance, I ask myself whether it is superior to Homer, or Shakspeare, or Virgil; and, in the next place, whether I have all these authors completely at my fingers' ends. And when both these questions have been answered in the negative, I infer that it is better (and to me it is certainly pleasanter) to give such time as I have to bestow on the reading of poetry to Homer, Shakspeare and Co.; and so of other things. Is it not better to try and adorn one's mind by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge that such a book is not worth reading? Some new books it is necessary to read—part for the information they contain,

and others in order to acquaint oneself with the state of literature in the age in which one lives; but I would rather read too few than too many."—*LORD DUDLEY'S Letters*.

DESDEMONA is perfect throughout; I was trying her the other evening by the severest ordeal—St. Paul's exquisite delineation of charity, or, as it should be translated, love. Shakspeare must have had it in his thoughts: it fits her in every point, especially in her unsuspecting purity, "thinking no evil." Observe her wonder in what manner her husband could think her false; and, oh! what a contrast between her mind and Emilia's, at the end of the fourth act: and again, between her and Juliet, the poetical, passionate Juliet. I remember no one simile or metaphor that Desdemona utters, and Juliet's fancy is rich as the orange groves of Mola di Gacta, and sparkling as the waves that ripple to their feet: but she is "of the earth, earthy," in comparison with the pure azure heaven of Desdemona's mind, which one can gaze up into as into infinite space, unarrested by a cloud, unless of tears and sorrow.—*Lord Lindsay's Letters*.

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The Orphan Maid.

See page 399.

POETICAL GENIUS.

*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*¹ Is this true? And what then is a poet? Is he a being set apart from his infancy—endowed with feelings, propensities, capabilities, to which his fellow-creatures are strangers? Is he one who has been sent into the world with a mind so fashioned as to be unfitted for the common duties of humanity?—as to be constituted, that, as we are told, they must be so miserable who link their worldly fate with his—a mind whose moral aberrations we are called upon to pardon, because a larger portion of the spirit of God is vouchsafed to him than to others? For, what is Genius but the spirit of God? He has told us that he is Love. We know by his works that he is power and beauty;

and are not these the components of poetry? Poetry is but the beauty of ideas, as distinct from the beauty of things. If, then, poetic talent be a manifestation of the spirit of God, can we for a moment allow the thought that he has, by the gift of it, constitutionally unfitted some of his creatures for obedience to his laws, and thereby nullified to them the promise of eternal life? The absurdity of this is too evident to need remark. We are told that, "of those to whom much is given, much will be required." What is the *much* which is given to poets? It is the higher perception of moral and material beauty—the more intense feeling of moral and material fitness—the more enthusiastic hope of moral and material perfection. It is the power of awakening their less gifted fellow-creatures to a perception, equal with their own, of moral and material

(1) Nature, not art, makes a poet.

excellence; and it is, or ought to be, the means of leading their aspirations to the throne of Him who is the soul of excellence. And are these the endowments which are to absolve the poet himself from moral obligation? It cannot be—we know that it cannot. But the question is not, "Do they absolve?" but, "Do they not confer a greater responsibility?" and this brings another consideration, that, wherever the Almighty has imposed responsibility, he has likewise bestowed proportionate capacity of action. The power of seeing moral beauty and fitness more clearly is, or ought to be, the power of acting more in accordance with the precepts of beauty and fitness, than can be expected from those on whom a less unclouded light is bestowed. A poet, therefore, should be a super-eminent religious and moral character. Alas! well is it written—

"Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind,
Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays."

It may be thought that we have hitherto been begging the question, our observations tending to show that, indeed, "*Poeta nascitur*;" but we must not be so misunderstood: nor would we advocate precisely the reverse of our text. What we wish to prove is, first, that poetic talent, or feeling, is by no means a rare,—nay, that it is a common gift; and, secondly, that it is dependent for its improvement and perfection upon the cultivation of moral and religious feeling.

In speaking of poetic talent we do not in any way include rhyme; this is, and has always been, a matter dependent upon outward circumstances of locality, temperament, fashion. We would scarcely include phrase and diction, our estimate of these being variable, and often influenced by most unworthy associations. But we would define poetry to be that mode of expression, by which intensity of feeling on any subject is conveyed from one mind to another. Of course, the more just—the more striking is the mode of expression, the more complete and rapid will be the communication; hence—and still more, because many persons have not courage to dive beneath a rough surface—it is desirable that the poet should be able to clothe his thoughts in mellifluous language. But words are not poetry. Witness the beautiful idea of the greatest benefactor to history in our day, Professor Heeren: "*Persepolis, rising above the deluge of years*." This, being a translated passage, is not dependent upon phraseology for its beauty. But who does not feel its exquisiteness, picturing at once the almost miraculous stability of those thread-like columns which the intemperate policy of Alexander failed to overthrow, and the vague, shapeless uncertainty which clouds the period to which their erection is attributed? The whole passage forms one of the most poetically drawn pictures we have ever met with. We had intended referring to a single sentence in the "*Story without an End*;" but, upon looking into the book we find it impossible: the whole is a poem: and this again, however ably it may be translated, arises from the "*thoughts that breathe*," not from the "*words that burn*." Poetic beauty, then, may exist without musical phraseology:—that it may exist despite of common-place language, Wordsworth's "*Excursion*" is an instance. Place this poem beside the highly-polished, elaborately-finished "*Essay on Man*" of Pope; is not the latter far less poetical in essence than the former? Both are reasoning poems; that of Pope is, perhaps, the finest piece of morality in verse ever written; but in vain do we seek in it the ethereal, the heavenly light, which in Wordsworth opens to our view the powers and proper aims of humankind. Pope has evidently weighed every phrase, every word; Wordsworth is often obscure, sometimes vulgar. Again:

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and

turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, Who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not."

Is not this poetry? and yet how quaint, almost in-harmonious, is its structure. Compare it with the famous simile in Pope's *Homer*, beginning,

"Thus, when the moon, refulgent lamp of night."

Will this passage, replete with the most gorgeous epithets, and clothed in the most harmonious verse, bear a comparison with the strangely-apparelled poetry of Sir Thomas Browne? It is not our ear which prompts the verdict, it is our innate feeling of truth and beauty. If thus poetic genius can exist, independent and despite of phraseology, may we not suppose it to be given (we do not say in a high degree) to multitudes of those whom the world would never accuse of being poets? Our daily experience confirms this. We have heard a servant describe scenery, with a beauty of feeling and an imagery which was true poetry; and we hear a child talk poetry to her doll. Facility of illustration is an attribute of poetic genius we have met with in a labourer; and one of the most prosaic of our friends possesses this to such a degree as to render her conversation a perfect picture—she dramatises, illustrates; yet the hint that she might be a poet would be met by a declaration of utter impossibility. Let but our readers note carefully the conversations of every-day life, and they will be convinced with us, that the verse in Gray's *Elegy*,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,"

is not hyperbole, no visionary dream of that true poet, who has but too often marred the effect of his genius by forced alliteration and far-fetched epithets.

In advocating the position that poetic genius is very generally inherent in our nature, we willingly and triumphantly admit the almost unapproachable pre-eminence of those masters of song whom the world delights to honour. As, in the deteriorated race of mankind, there arises occasionally a Milo, a Maximin, or a Belzoni, to remind us that "there were giants in those days;" so does, from time to time, a torrent of high poetic talent burst forth from some favoured being, not to prove that the rest of his fellow-creatures are ineane and unendowed, but to show in its greatest glory the spirit which God hath given to man.

It has been said, that no man can be a true poet who does not live in a land of mountains; but this can never again be asserted,—our own poets of the present age falsify it: and we might show with ease that it was not true in earlier times. We might refer to the muse of Friesland and Batavia; but it is a more worthy answer, that the heart of man is the same in every clime, in every age, by the "*lazy Scheldt*," as by the "*wandering Po*." Scenery, habits, necessities, will materially influence, nay, even direct genius; but they cannot create it. One apparent exception presents itself to us. The Muses never visited the valley of the Nile. When we remember the ancestry of the Egyptians, their early connexion with the inhabitants of Palestine and Syria, and their later subjugation by Persia, that true land of poetry and romance, we are at a loss to account for the anomaly of a great and polished people devoid of anything approaching to poetry; for their sculpture, their paintings, their inscriptions, bear no trace of poetical feeling. Yet Egypt had been, during a long period, under the dominion of Cushite conquerors. Moses, the earliest of poets, received his inspiration amid her stupendous halls. What, then, choked the seed of the most lovely plant of human intellect? Let the answer be a lesson to us. It was the *materialism* of her religion, and of her national pursuits. Poetry might co-exist with, nay, it might form a part of, the Sabæan or Magian worship. Poetry was the germ of Hindu idolatry; but with the low, the unspiritual, the material

religion of the Egyptian *people*, poetry could not amalgamate. Expert almost as ourselves in adapting their productions to the calls of the senses, skilful and unwearied in the invention of everything that would minister to luxury, the domestic arrangements of the Egyptians were almost perfect; while the magnificence and splendour of their buildings just fell below the sublime, from the absence of intellectuality: their architecture, stupendous as it was; their pyramids, untouched by the lapse of ages;—all was prosaic. How different from Elora and Mavalipuram! We had rather accompany Crishna in his fatigues and wanderings, or follow the almost equally fabulous standard of Kawan, when it retrieved the glory of Iran, than slumber in dignified repose upon the couches of the Pharaohs.

The second part of our subject may be more shortly disposed of. We fully agree that "*Poeta non fit*;" but we affirm that a genius, even of a moderate grade, may be cultivated and refined into excellence. The memory of our readers will readily point to instances in which even first-rate poetic talent has sunk into degradation by the extinguishment of moral feeling; and, could we read the hearts and minds of the bright lights of the world of poetry, we might see how the contemplation of that which is good and beautiful has fanned, as well as purified, the flame of genius. It is impossible that its fire should burn steadily or strongly when surrounded by the base atmosphere of passion or selfishness. And does not the appetite for the beautiful grow by what it feeds on? The more frequently and deeply we contemplate the face of nature, the more intense is our admiration; it is by raising his thoughts above the concerns of time and sense, and by endeavouring to fix them upon the works of the Almighty, that a poet is educated, if not made. All real poets, from the earliest ages, have loved nature; and we can scarcely imagine a mind incapable of being raised to something like poetry by the contemplation of a beautiful landscape. It would not be difficult to trace in a poet's works the lapse of his moral being into careless sensuality, nor to mark the gradual renovation of his muse under better influences:—the poet has varied with the man. How necessary, then, is it for the aspirant after poetic excellence to cultivate the virtues, as well as the talents, of his nature!

THE MILLER'S NIECE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. (1)

CHAPTER II.

On the day of trial the Court was crowded, and many well-dressed ladies were observed in the audience. Judge Heath was a man whose character inclined to severity.

A death-like stillness pervaded the court, when the prisoners were called forth and conducted to the bar. All eyes were instantly turned upon them, and a half-suppressed exclamation of surprise broke forth. Richard Bracewell appeared deadly pale; but stood firmly, and looked respectfully yet unwaveringly upon the members of the jury. Margaret looked modestly downwards, and her cheeks were flushed; but when, now and then, she lifted her eyes to confront a witness, it was with a calm and steady expression. Will Crooks presented, in his whole person and demeanour, a striking contrast to his fellow-prisoners. He attempted, sometimes, to assume an air of defiance; but his boldness was evidently superficial; his eyes could find no place of rest; he stared, winked, looked at the floor, then at the ceiling, then at the Counsel for the Prosecution, and changed his attitude every minute, but never blushed.

The first indictment was read, charging all the three prisoners at the bar with having been concerned in causing the death of John Smith, miller, &c., by drowning or other means.

To this all the prisoners pleaded "not guilty;" and

Crooks spoke in a tone of voice as firm and steady as that of his companions at the bar.

Sergeant Jackson was employed for the prosecution, and, amid profound stillness, opened the statement of the case.—

"I feel this to be a case," said he, "gentlemen of the jury, in which our respective duties, though very solemn and important, are also very clear—we have to attend to facts: I have to *state* them, as clearly as I can, and you have to *consider* them, and judge whether or not they leave room for any reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoners at the bar. Your most minute attention is required to every particular in the statement; and I doubt not that you will give it, as you feel your responsibility to the public, and to your own consciences. Without further preface, then, I proceed with the statement of the case. The deceased, John Smith, into whose sudden disappearance and death we have to inquire, was a respectable man, esteemed by his neighbours, and having as few enemies as a man can hope to have, who is at all engaged in worldly business. His habits were remarkably regular, and among them was noticeable his attention to the old maxim of "early to bed and early to rise." It may be confidently stated that he did not return to his house at an unseasonably late hour half-a-dozen times in his life. It is important to notice a man's character and habits of life, when we are required to consider the circumstances of his disappearance. There are some men who can stay out all night without exciting any remarkable alarm or surprise, (a laugh,) but there are many witnesses to prove to you that the deceased, John Smith, of Fordingplace Mill, was never a man of that character. I shall now proceed to notice all the circumstances of his disappearance, before I make any remark upon the conduct of the prisoners at the bar. On the 7th day of November last, he left his house in company with his niece and housekeeper, Margaret Smith, to walk to the cottage of his tenant, Robert Wilkinson. This cottage is about half-a-mile distant from Fordingplace Mill. There are no intermediate houses; nor is there a path except between the two places just mentioned. The path runs along by the side of the mill-stream as far as the copse where the stream joins the river, and then turns up to Wilkinson's cottage. At the house of Wilkinson the deceased transacted his business in a cheerful and good-humoured way, and having taken a little refreshment, departed to walk back to the mill with his niece. But he never reached his home! On the evening of the third day after this event, his body was found lying in the mill-stream, beside the copse just mentioned, livid and swollen, and with some marks of contusions on the face, apparently having been several days in the water. I must say a word with respect to the spot where the body was found. You must observe that the copse I have mentioned is situated between the path and the mill-stream, so that a person must go through the copse to get to the stream at that spot where the body was found. This spot is about a hundred yards' distance from the mill, and almost that distance from the plank across the mill-stream, over which the parties must pass. The stream at this place (by the copse, I mean,) is overshadowed with boughs, and, as no person has any business there, it is not remarkable that the body should lie undiscovered from Tuesday until Friday evening. The person who discovered it on the evening of the 10th of November last, is a man well known in the neighbourhood, and addicted to botany and other more peculiar studies, which accounts for his being in the fields so late. And now I must turn to relate the conduct of other persons relative to this matter; and, first, I must beg you to notice the conduct of the prisoner at the bar, most intimately connected with the deceased. We do not see facts fairly without a view of their antecedents: and I feel it, therefore, my duty to state fully the relation in which the prisoner at the bar stood to the deceased before the night in question. The prisoner

(1) Concluded from p. 372.

Margaret Smith, had resided at the mill, as her uncle's housekeeper, for upwards of five years. It was generally allowed that she had been a diligent and good housekeeper, and there was but one point—but a very serious one—upon which the deceased had expressed himself as dissatisfied with her conduct; this was the encouragement which she gave to the addresses of a person disapproved by the deceased—

Here Counsellor Atkinson, who was engaged for the defence of Margaret, interposed to complain that the learned Sergeant was interfering with matters irrelevant to the case. Richard looked indignantly, and Margaret just raised her eyes to cast a reproachful glance on the counsel for the prosecution as he continued—

"I must contend that I am only stating what is necessary for a fair understanding of a case dependent on circumstantial evidence; but to proceed—On the night of the disappearance of the deceased, the prisoner Margaret Smith arrived at the mill, and was met by the servant-maid, to whom she addressed, in a very cool manner, the inquiry, 'Has not my uncle arrived yet?' Shortly afterwards, a noise was heard at the door, when the prisoner remarked, with equal coolness, 'That is Richard Bracewell;' and it does not appear that during that night she made any attempt to find, or cause to be found, her missing uncle. It must also be observed, that very shortly after the arrival of the prisoner Margaret Smith, the prisoner Richard Bracewell also arrived at the Mill. Very shortly afterwards he also was missing from the country, and did not appear again until the 14th of the same month. About the same time, William Crooks, the third prisoner at the bar, was missing from his accustomed haunts, and he returned to the house of Ellen Crooks, at Fordingplace, one day after the return of Bracewell. You will hear witnesses who will sufficiently prove to you, that, on the evening of the deceased's disappearance, the prisoners Bracewell and Crooks were drinking together in a way-side tavern, the Black Dog, situated about half-a-mile from the spot where the body of John Smith was found, and that they left the house together about half-past eight o'clock on the same evening. Observe, at half-past nine, or a few minutes later, Bracewell and Margaret Smith met at the Mill, and by the time when the servant returned to the house, Bracewell had disappeared. Such are the leading facts of the case, and I do not wish to add many remarks to them. You have to consider how you can best account for them by the rules of rational probability. Did the deceased commit suicide? The suspicion, I firmly believe, has never been entertained by any individual. He was not the man to commit suicide. Healthy, prosperous, and on good terms with the world and with himself, he naturally loved life. Besides, he would not have taken his niece with him for such a purpose. But the supposition is too unreasonable to demand a word further. Did he meet with his death by accident? Did he, in walking home with his niece, stray through the copse, and fall into the mill-stream, and yet all so quietly and suddenly that his attendant never observed it? I say it with grief; but I cannot see a possibility of such an occurrence. Was he murdered by persons unknown and unapprehended? or was the conduct of the prisoners at the bar, immediately subsequent to his disappearance, of such a nature as to admit of no explanation except by the supposition of their guilt? These are the questions, gentlemen of the jury, which I suggest for your most serious consideration; and your attention to the particulars stated by the several witnesses will, I believe, enable you to come to a just determination." Thus the learned Sergeant concluded his statement.

The first witness called was Susan Holmes, formerly a servant at the Mill. The substance of her statement was as follows:

"I lived, for a year and a month, servant under Margaret Smith at the mill. I was generally on good terms with my mistress. I believe she has a hot temper,

and does not like to be contradicted." (Here Counsellor Atkinson interposed to complain of the questions.) "I believe there was unpleasantness sometimes between master and mistress about Richard Bracewell. It had been getting worse, I think, a little before master disappeared. I was in the house all the time while master and mistress went to Robert Wilkinson's. Mistress came in about half-past nine. It was later than I expected. She looked rather warm as I should say. I don't think her face is easily coloured by a little walking or any sort of work. She asked me if master had come in—did not seem much surprised when I told her 'no.' She opened the door for Richard Bracewell. She had not been in the house five minutes when he came in. He looked flushed—not very much in liquor, I should say. He could walk steadily. I had seen a man cross the plank over the mill-stream just before mistress came in. You can see the plank from the kitchen window. I am sure it was not master. It was a misty night, but I could see his figure, and by his walking quickly I judged it was a young man. I cannot say it was Richard Bracewell."

Cross-examined by Counsellor Atkinson.—"I went out soon after Richard Bracewell came in. I called at Nell Crooks': I had been there before. Edward Crooks never paid me particular attentions. Young Nell was at home, and I talked with her awhile. When I returned I did not see Bracewell. I have been to Nell Crooks' several times since then."

During the examination of this witness, Margaret kept her eyes stedfastly fixed on her face; and it was observed that the girl looked very much confused when confessing her visits to Nell Crooks' house.

The next witness called was Thomas Batters, the landlord of the Black Dog.

Examined by Mr. Bailey.—"The prisoners, Richard Bracewell and William Crooks, were at my house on the evening of the 7th of November last. They drank two quarts of ale between them. Crooks had been at the house nearly all day. Bracewell came in about half-past seven o'clock. They left the house about half-past eight. They were not drunk. Crooks had been at my house the evening before with William Naylor, the young man who is missing. I cannot say how much ale they drank that night, the 6th of November. They went away very late. It was past midnight. Naylor was very drunk. He could not have walked without Crooks' assistance. I have never seen Naylor since he left my house with Crooks that evening. He was generally drunk. He spent a great deal of money; more than his own independent property would cover, I believe. Bracewell has never been at my house since the 7th of November."

Jane Hartley, Mr. Bracewell's housekeeper, was next examined.

"I have lived at Mr. Bracewell's, the attorney's, now for more than three years. Richard, the prisoner at the bar, I have always considered a steady young man. He took his dinner at home on the 7th of November. After dinner I did not see him again until late at night. He came in flushed and seeming tired; did not take any supper, but drank a tankard of ale. He went out, soon after breakfast, on the morning of the 8th, and I did not see him again until the 14th day of November."

Robert Wilkinson, a small farmer, was then placed in the box.

"I rented a few acres of land under the deceased, John Smith. He was at my house on the evening of the 7th of November last. I paid him a small account for meal and bran. He was in very good spirits, and took some ale. I cannot say justly how much; but it might be something more than three half-pints. It was not small beer. My wife generally brews good ale. I don't often take more than a pint of it at a time. The deceased, John Smith, often called at my house. I never knew him to be out late at night. He was no ways given to drink. His niece, Margaret, did not say

much while she was in my house with him. They seemed good friends when they left. I saw nothing of John after that, until I saw his body in the mill-stream just by the copse."

When the examination of the witness had closed, Jonas Singleton was called for, and there was a murmur through the Court,—"The prophet! the wise man of Fordingplace!" as he appeared. Counsellor Atkinson immediately rose to object to the examination of this witness, on the ground of his mental incompetency; but this objection was overruled by Serjeant Jackson's assertion that there was no proof of such incompetency, and, accordingly, Singleton was examined. He gave a rational account of his discovery of the corpse, and was then cross-examined by Counsellor Atkinson, who handed to him a paper containing the "vision" which we have narrated.

"Now, Sir, is that your handwriting?"

"I believe it is."

"You there state, that on the night of the 12th of November last you saw the prisoners, Richard Bracewell and Margaret Smith near the copse so often mentioned in the Miller's field. Now, I ask you, did you see them *bodily* as you saw the corpse of the Miller in the stream on the evening of the 10th of November last?"

"I saw them, as it were, *in a vision*," said Singleton.

"And may I ask you, have you not often seen in your 'visions' people whose bodies were, at the same time, a hundred miles distant?"

"Yes; they come to me in visions." (A laugh.)

"Very well; and have you not seen people walking and heard them talking who had been buried for some years?"

"I, perhaps, have; but I forget many things."

"You have seen King George, I believe, in the Miller's field aforesaid?"

Serjeant Jackson objected to this leading question.

"I must persist," said Counsellor Atkinson, "in showing the Court the general incapacity of the witness to give sound evidence in any case; and for this purpose I claim permission to read over some papers which I hold in my hand, and which are all in the handwriting of the witness, Jonas Singleton, as he will allow." The counsellor here handed the papers to Singleton, who looked over them, and confessed that they were all in his handwriting.

"My lord," said the counsel for the defence, turning to the judge, "you must have patience with me for reading these strange papers, as I shall, afterwards, show that they bear very seriously upon the case." He then read the following papers:—

"September 3d.—Moon's second quarter—likely to have much rain. I was in the Brigg Close near the river—much colt's-foot grows about here—face due north—very cloudy sky. I saw a man like little Wiggins the quack doctor coming over the field; and, now and then, he stooped down and gathered up something—herbs very likely. When he came to me he said, 'There is a herb of rare virtues in this field that you know nothing of.' I asked him if he would tell me what it was. He said he would if I would promise him only *one* thing. I asked him what that was. 'It is,' said he, 'that you will never pay any more attentions to Margaret.' I said, 'No!—vanished!' (Great laughter in the court.)

At the mention of her name, Margaret blushed; but seemed to have some difficulty in suppressing a smile. Young Bracewell smiled openly as the paper was read. The counsellor then took up another paper and read:—

"September 7.—I was in the 'high-field,' about seven o'clock—heard the town-clock strike, and old Jemmy the sexton came to me and said, 'Some very great person is dead.' I asked him who? but he could not tell me the name. Then I saw Will Crooks and two boys getting through a hedge; and Susan Holmes came up and said some hens had been stolen from the Mill, and her mistress was very mad about them.—Vanished! then I saw, down in the Miller's field, Richard Bracewell walking very fast to the Mill.—Vanished!"

"Of such materials," said the counsellor, "are the rest of these papers composed; and I leave it to the jury to consider what attention should be paid to the statements of the witness who wrote them."

Robert Walker, surgeon, was next examined,—and stated as follows:—

"I saw the body of the deceased, John Smith, on the eleventh of November, but did not open it. I cannot say there were marks from blows upon the head or face. The skin was discoloured; but it might be the effect of immersion in water. The body had evidently been in the water a considerable time. I should say as long as two or three days."

Thus ended the statements for the prosecution; and when Counsellor Atkinson, a rising young man, stood up to begin the defence, there was great excitement, especially among the ladies in the court. Margaret now raised her head and looked at the young counsellor with some expression of hopefulness in her countenance, as he began to speak.

"It is hard to conceive," said he, "of two persons placed in a situation more interesting and awful than that of the two individuals at the bar. But I must also remind you, gentlemen of the jury, that if there ever was a case when you needed to feel the weightiest responsibility, and to exercise the utmost caution in estimating the true import of the facts laid before you, it is now. Two persons in the bloom of life stand before you, and in such circumstances, that it rests with your verdict either to restore them to life, and the prospect of happiness, or to consign them to an early and dishonourable grave. Dreadful would be the mistake caused by presumption, were a court of justice, summoned to protect society from convicted offenders against human rights and interests, to warrant the execution of two unoffending persons, and thus deprive, *for ever*, human society of two worthy members! To guard against such a fearful and irreparable injury, our law has wisely determined that, where there is doubt left by the evidence of a case, the prisoner shall have the benefit of the doubt. Gentlemen of the jury, before I proceed to examine the real value of the statement made by the learned Serjeant for the prosecution, I must most earnestly protest against a remark which fell, I would hope, unadvisedly, from his lips. 'You have to consider,' said the learned Serjeant, 'how you can best account for these facts by the rules of rational probability.' I deny the principle altogether. It has no right to be harboured for a moment in a court of justice. No, no! gentlemen, you have not to *account* for the facts stated. You are not, as it has been insinuated, driven to the dilemma of either convicting the prisoners at the bar, or else giving some more rational account of the disappearance of the deceased. You have only to determine whether the evidence laid before you contains clear and indubitable proof of the guilt of the prisoners."

"Gentlemen, the Counsel for the prosecution travelled back, I think unnecessarily, to state particulars respecting the parties at the bar which are irrelevant to the case; and he has thus compelled me to travel a little further still, and to estimate the real value of the particulars thus stated, in the light of the characters of the parties concerned. I can conceive no worse state of society than one in which the testimony of general character is distrusted or easily thrown aside, on account of a few unfavourable appearances. Why, the best man among us, judged in this fashion, would not be safe. I say the best man living may be in the midst of circumstances that might tell against him, if his general character were never taken into account. A hundred little things unnoticed every day would swell into importance, when a criminal charge was preferred. What is the value of the particulars stated? These young persons wished to marry, and the deceased, it appears, was opposed to the match. Well; what of that! Such circumstances are found in hundreds of households in this country, and yet murder is not likely to be the result. There may,

possibly, be found among the fair auditors in this assembly, some who differ from their uncles or guardians respecting matrimony; but they never dream of solving the difficulty by murder; and why should you entertain the thought that over the prisoners at the bar cherished such a design? I say you have no proof of it; and the suspicion ought to be at once removed from your minds, and the evidence brought forward should be looked at alone, and not in an unfavourable light reflected from such a suspicion. Banish it, then, gentlemen, from your minds. Remember that, just in proportion as the evidence for the prosecution is vague and uncertain, the weight of the general character of the accused person ought to tell against such evidence. Let us, then, look at the general character of the accused Margaret Smith. Even the witnesses against her cannot deny that it was irreproachable. So well and satisfactorily did she perform the duties of housekeeping, so valuable had she made herself to her deceased uncle, that his principal ground of opposition to her projected marriage was his unwillingness to part with such a good and faithful mistress of his household. If there is a sure mark of goodness of internal character among women, it is surely in the self-sacrificing, constant devotion to the welfare of a household. A woman who shows such a spirit is not likely suddenly—no! not at the call of opposed love, to conceive a plan for murdering a relative and a benefactor. Now, what were the facts of the case so far as the accused, Margaret Smith, was concerned? She left Robert Wilkinson's house, in company with her uncle, about half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the 7th of November last, and arrived at the Mill alone, at about half-past nine. This is really the whole statement against her. Now what has been said of the circumstances of the journey? The night was so misty that you could not see a person clearly at ten yards' distance. Still the deceased knew the way to his Mill; but what evidence have we of the state of sobriety in which he set out from Wilkinson's house? He had taken 'a little refreshment,' says the learned Serjeant. 'It might be something more than three half-pints,' says Wilkinson. A pint and a-half of *what*? The witness says, 'My wife brews *good ale*. I do not often take more than a pint of it at a time.'

"Now, with respect to the place where the body was found: is it a wonderful thing that a man intoxicated should miss his way, and walk through a copse? And what evidence have we to show that his body might not float down from another part of the stream? There are witnesses, who will tell you that the mill-stream is swift and strong enough for that. Now, as to the conduct of the accused, on arriving at the Mill. She asked the servant, 'Has not my uncle arrived yet?' This, of itself, would be a proof of innocence. What is said to make it look like a sign of guilt? She asked the question, it is said, 'in a very cool manner.' Who can say what notions the witness, Susan, may have of a cool manner? And when was coolness or calmness, in a young offender at least, discovered to be a sign of guilt? What occasion was there for any sudden alarm? The deceased might have turned aside into the yard, or gone into the Mill, to attend to some little business. But what have we next brought forward as a sign of guilt? The accused recognised the footsteps of Bracewell. Could she not discern the step of a young from that of an old man? Was Bracewell a stranger? Was his coming in the evening a new thing? Is it, I ask, a wonderful thing, for a young woman to spring up and open the door, when she hears the footstep of her lover? Well, how long did they remain together? There is no evidence that they remained together five minutes. I say, there is no fact to discountenance the assertion, that Margaret Smith instantly told Bracewell of her uncle's disappearance, and that Bracewell instantly set out to search for the missing man. She had sent out, in search of her uncle, the truest and most devoted person whom she knew; and what could she do more?

It would not have been seemly for a woman to trust herself out in the dark night. But what evidence have we that she ever closed her eyes that night? Bracewell did not return, and, as he conducts his own defence, I leave him to account for his absence; but it does not affect the case of my client. You have heard a full statement of all the facts in which she is concerned, and I have shown that they amount to nothing clearly against her.

"She missed her uncle when walking several yards behind him, on a misty night. The path by the stream, near the Mill, is bordered with soft moss, and would give no sound of footsteps; so that she could not know how far he was in advance of her. She sent out, in a few minutes after her arrival at the Mill, a person in search of her uncle. That person did not return; and from this mystery relative to other individuals, a charge is conjured up against the last person in the world likely to be guilty of the crime suspected.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I have shown you that the circumstances on which the charge is founded are not weighty enough to shake the testimony of good character in favour of the accused person. I shall now, with a good confidence, leave my client's case to your sober and patient judgment. You will dismiss all popular rumours and prejudices from your minds, and allow the voice of common sense and conscience to quell the suspicions which have been excited by circumstances, perhaps mysterious, and certainly unfortunate, but not sufficient to sustain a charge so awful as that brought against the prisoner. You will not allow the dark cloud of suspicion which has gathered around the good reputation of, I believe, a virtuous and worthy young woman, to blacken into the night of a death of infamy; but disperse it at once, and restore her to life, good fame, and happiness."

Here Counsellor Atkinson closed his address, and the witnesses for the defence were called.

Sarah Stokes, an old nurse, was the first witness called, and stated as follows:—

"I am a nurse, and attended the late John Smith during an illness, about two years ago, and I can testify that the conduct of Margaret Smith, the prisoner, was always exceedingly kind towards her uncle."

Mary Barnes, who had lived as servant-maid at the Mill, confirmed the statement of the first witness. Next, a woman, who had called at the Mill for milk on the morning after the Miller was lost, stated that the grief and trouble of Margaret were evident.

John Green also, servant-man to Robert Wilkinson, stated that the path along by the mill-stream was mossy, so that a footstep upon it would be inaudible at a little distance.

Edward Norris, a man who worked in the Mill, stated that the mill-stream would, at certain times, be strong enough to carry down a man's body as far as from the plank to the copse.

These were all the witnesses who came forward for the defence.

Richard Bracewell was then allowed to make his own defence. Margaret raised her head, and looked with an earnest, and yet confident, expression at the speaker, as he began,—

"My Lord, Gentlemen of the Jury,—I thank you, and the just laws of my country, for this opportunity of speaking in my own defence. If I intended anything like pleading, I might have found a more capable advocate; but, as I wish only to state facts, you may see the propriety of my speaking on my own behalf. The case at present before you demands ample time for mature deliberation, I will, therefore, consume no more of it with introductory remarks, but at once address myself to the statement of facts. Gentlemen, if you hear me without favour, I trust you will hear me without any determined prejudice. The points which I have to explain are the following:—my interview with the prisoner Crooks, on the 6th of November last; my ap-

pearance at the Mill on the same evening; and my absence from home from the 8th to the 14th of November. I am sorry that I cannot give my explanation of the circumstances without giving information very unfavourable to other persons;" [here Crooks was evidently perturbed] "but I owe a duty to my own life, to one whom I esteem far beyond the value of that life," [here there was a murmur of approbation among the ladies] "and, more than all, to the God of truth and justice. I will, therefore, tell you all I know."

"You have heard an individual of the name of William Naylor mentioned in the evidence given by the witness Thomas Batters, landlord of the Black Dog. Gentlemen, I must make some statements respecting that young man's character, to explain the interest which I felt, and the exertions I made, on his behalf. He had been my schoolfellow. He had good qualities, though they all seemed drowned in one vice—that of habitual, I might almost say constant, intemperance. His father left a sum of money for him, under the control of my father, to be paid quarterly. Unhappily, the young man was brought up to no business or profession. He fell into the lowest company, and often, I have good reason to believe, lost sums of money, by unfair means, in such company. He had been missing from home since the 4th of November last; but, as his habits were so very reckless and irregular, this excited little surprise. His mother-in-law, however, was alarmed when she discovered, on the sixth of the same month, that he had taken a considerable sum of money from her till, and requested me to make my best efforts to find him, and recover some portion of the money. I knew, as all the neighbours knew, that he was very often in company with the brothers William and Edward Crooks. Of their characters I do not wish to say a word: I would only refer you to all the people of their neighbourhood. I went to the Black Dog on the evening of the 7th, and found William Crooks there. I gave him liquor, to conceal from him the object of my visit. When I inquired after Naylor, he seemed unwilling to give me any information. We left the Black Dog together, and I followed him to the house of Nell Crooks, in Fordingplace, where he lodges. Here I was violently abused by the woman of the house, and a young woman generally known by the name of Young Nell, with whom Naylor was intimate. I left this house, and called at several public-houses, inquiring for Naylor; at one of these houses I saw John Green, the servant-man of Robert Wilkinson, farmer, who informed me that he had seen William Crooks and William Naylor together, on the evening of the 6th instant." [Here Crooks, the prisoner, was observed to turn very pale.] "He told me that Naylor appeared to be very drunk, and that he watched the two men until they approached a hovel in the Bridge-field, near to which was a manure-heap. He would have followed them, but knew the character of the men. I determined to prosecute my search in the morning. After leaving John Green, I walked to the Mill. I can give no particular reason for going there, beyond the motive which led me there as often as opportunity allowed. With regard to the lateness of the hour—half-past nine—I may observe, that the deceased, John Smith, generally retired to bed at nine o'clock, and I had frequently visited the house after that time. I had not been in the house five minutes before Margaret Smith told me, with some anxiety, that her uncle was missing, and I did not stay ten minutes longer in the house, after I heard that. Yet I cannot say that I felt any great anxiety on his account. Margaret Smith also told me that she thought her uncle was somewhat affected by the ale he had drunk, and that he had threatened to "clout" me, if he found me in his house."

As I left the Mill, I said I would make some inquiry after him; but still I thought he must be about the place, and, as I did not wish to meet him, I neither looked for him nor called after him. I called at the

house of an acquaintance, where I stayed a few minutes, and then went home to my father's house, where I drank a tankard of ale, and immediately went to bed. The next morning I communicated my business to my father, put some money in my pocket, and went out, soon after breakfast, to renew my inquiries after the missing William Naylor. I went, first to John Green before mentioned, whom I found at work in the Bridge-field. We went to the manure-heap, mentioned before, and, turning over the straw, found marks as if the body of a man had recently lain there. I confess I had very dark suspicions of the treatment which the missing man had received from his companion, the prisoner, William Crooks. [Here Crooks scowled upon Bracewell.] I then went up into the town, and had some conversation, at the Fleeco tavern, with Mrs. Naylor, the mother-in-law of the missing individual. She told me that he had talked of leaving her, and going to visit some relatives near Burnley. I communicated to her my worst fears, and she earnestly begged me to make all possible inquiries after him. I rode on the coach to Burnley, where I, also, have friends, who pressed me to stay with them a few days. I did so; and employed much of my time in searching for Naylor, but to no purpose. His friends denied all knowledge of his having been in the neighbourhood. I wrote from Burnley to my father on the business.

"Gentlemen, I have concluded my statement. A word or two more, and I leave myself in your hands. You see that it has been necessary for me, in clearing myself, to open a new case of suspicion against another. This complication of your duty must require ample time for investigation. Truth and justice, I believe, gentlemen, will ultimately triumph even in this imperfect world; but they cannot always triumph in a day. Time, then, gentlemen—time—time is all I require from you to save my own reputation, and the happiness of those dear to me."

Here Bracewell concluded. During the whole of his statement, Crooks had looked upon him with a dismal scowl.

The witnesses called to corroborate Bracewell's statement were, a relative from Burnley, Mrs. Naylor, and the landlords of the public-houses mentioned in his story. John Green, the servant-man of Robert Wilkinson, also confirmed all the statements with which his name had been connected; and his brother, James Green, asserted that he had observed, on the morning of the 8th of November, the mark of a slipping foot at the edge of the mill-stream, a little above the copse on the way to the Mill.

No witnesses appeared in favour of the prisoner Crooks.

The court was then adjourned, and met again in half-an-hour. The Judge then proceeded with his summary of the evidence; but before he had uttered many words, Sergeant Jackson entered the court, and stated that he had fresh evidence now to lay before the Jury, in the shape of a confession just made and signed by the prisoner, William Crooks. Bracewell and Margaret seemed amazed at this announcement, and there was great astonishment throughout the court while the Sergeant read the following document:—

"I, William Crooks, do solemnly declare that, on the evening of the 7th of November last, I met the prisoner, Richard Bracewell, by appointment, at the Black Dog. He brought a short bludgeon in his pocket, and, after we had drunk several pints of ale, we set out to waylay the deceased, John Smith, near the copse. As the deceased was coming down the field, Bracewell whispered to me, 'The old villain has his niece with him.' But the niece stayed behind as her uncle approached the copse. It was a little after nine o'clock. We let him go past the copse a little way, and then Bracewell said to me, 'Now's your time, Crooks!' I then went after the Miller; but Bracewell kept concealed in the copse. I struck the deceased twice on the head with the

bludgeon, then drew the body to the mill-stream, and pushed it in. I then went into the copse. In a few minutes Bracewell and I came out of the copse, and drew the body down to the shady place where it was found. Bracewell promised me good pay; and, soon afterwards, we separated. This, I solemnly declare, is the whole truth of the way in which the miller met his death.

"Signed, WILLIAM CROOKS, + his mark.

"In the presence of, "WILLIAM BAILEY, Barrister."

"SAMUEL KNUBBS, Gaoler."

The Judge then asked the prisoner, Crooks, if he had anything to add to this statement? He refused to say another word. Bracewell was then asked if he would make any reply to the statement just read over.

"My Lord," said he, "I am utterly amazed at the awful wickedness of the man who has brought forward this false confession. It is throughout a lie; but I still beg for time—time, my Lord, that the truth may become apparent."

The Judge then addressed the Jury, and they retired. After a long absence they returned with the verdict—"We find the prisoners, Richard Bracewell and William Crooks, GUILTY of WILFUL MURDER—the prisoner, Margaret Smith, NOT GUILTY."

The prisoners were next asked if they had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced. Crooks refused to speak. "For time, my Lord, is all my prayer," was the answer given by Bracewell.

The Judge then put on his black cap, and pronounced sentence of death upon the condemned prisoners, warning them to prepare for a speedy execution. They were then conducted to their cells.

Crooks was sitting in his cell on the eve of execution. Young Nell had visited him during the day to inquire for Naylor: but he had repulsed her with violence. Mr. Bracewell, the elder, with Margaret Smith, and the chaplain of the prison, now entered his cell. The chaplain earnestly entreated the prisoner, if he had anything more to confess, that he would not delay. Margaret fell upon her knees, and added the most touching prayers to the exhortations of the chaplain. The conscience of the prisoner seemed to be writhing in torture, until, late in the night, he bade them get pen and paper, and take down his last words in this world. The gaoler and other witnesses were called in, and the prisoner made a second and last confession, as follows:—

"Every word in my former confession is false, except that Richard Bracewell met me at the Black Dog on the 7th of November last. He came to inquire after Naylor. I was drinking with Naylor all day, on the 6th. He had plenty of money, and told me he meant to leave the country. He got very drunk towards evening, and said he would go to Nell Crooks, and bid good bye to young Nell. I took him into the cow-house in the Bridge-field, and there struck him one heavy blow on the head with a short bludgeon. He groaned and fell, as I thought, dead on the spot. I buried his body in the manure-heap. I have never seen him, nor heard of him, from that day to this. I solemnly declare that Richard Bracewell never plotted with me against any man's life; but that all he ever had to do with me was to ask me about William Naylor. I state this for truth, as I hope God will have mercy on my miserable soul."

In consequence of this confession, Richard Bracewell was reprieved. The next morning, William Crooks was hanged in the presence of an unfeeling crowd, among whom were many of the people of Fordingplace and the neighbourhood; and young Nell conspicuously exhibiting her assumed grief on the occasion. The moment before the fatal bolt was drawn, the miserable man turned in reply to a question put to him by the chaplain, and confirmed solemnly, with his last breath, the statement he had made on the previous night. He then fell struggling, and died amid the brutal shouts of the crowd.

Still Richard Bracewell was kept in confinement; but wonders had not yet ceased. A few days only after the execution of Crooks, a man arrived at Fordingplace who declared himself to be the missing, *the murdered man*—William Naylor! The identity was proved by numerous witnesses, young Nell being in the number. He was examined before the magistrates, and made the following statement:

"My name is William Naylor. You must all recognise me. My mother-in-law is Mrs. Naylor of the Fleece. I need say nothing of my habits and character when I lived here; but I will tell you all I remember of the circumstances connected with my disappearance from this part of the country. I had been drinking for weeks. Richard Bracewell had refused to pay me money in advance. I had taken a considerable sum from the till of the Fleece. I had some notion of paying it back when I could. I was drinking with Will Crooks on the last night I was seen here. He took me to a cow-house in the Bridge-field. I forget how we quarrelled. I think we said something about hell. I remember a heavy blow on my head that made fire flash all around me, and then I remember nothing more until I found myself lying in a manure-heap in the morning. I lurked about in the copse of the Miller's field all the day, and considered that this was a good opportunity for leaving the country. I determined to set out at night-fall. I was in the copse at night, I should say about nine o'clock. I was hardly in my right senses from the drink and the blow; but I remember well, I was frightened by hearing a gurgling noise in the stream, and I fancied I saw some great black body floating in the water: but I did not stay to examine it. I left the copse and went over the plank by the Mill. I saw nobody. I then crossed the ford, and walked nearly to Burnley that night, but did not call on my friends there. I have plenty of witnesses to prove where I have been ever since that time."

The result of the examination proved the truth of this statement, and Richard Bracewell was liberated a few days afterwards. He returned, in triumph, to his father's house. He and his faithful Margaret lived together in happiness, long enough to see all traces of suspicion, and even rumours of the old story, die away from the neighbourhood.

We may observe that the greatest changes made in the substantial facts upon which the above account is founded, are in the names of the persons, and the localities mentioned.

FRENCH COLONIZERS.

ROBERT Cavalier de La Salle,¹ the first colonizer of Louisiana, (he started on his discoveries A. D. 1678,) is a striking person as a colonizer and discoverer; if for no other reason, at least for the peculiar nationality of his character; and the features in him, that, throughout his course, are perpetually reminding us of the Frenchman. We do not mean the latter to be understood in an unfavourable sense. The French character has a light gallant affectionate side of it; and shows, in some of its specimens, a mixture of innocence and spirit which is very taking. La Salle has this remarkably. He has not the grave, plodding, energetic, persevering, diplomatic character of the English colonizer. The founders of our colonial empire were men made in a different mould, to what we see in this light-hearted, gallant, French adventurer. And the fruits of their labours have been proportionally more enduring and solid. The Frenchman has colonized for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon in the west, and no sooner has he settled himself in his new domain, than the heavy weight of English vicinity has ousted him out of it. The Saxon shows that genius for occupation, management, and system, which alone gains

(1) Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks. Boston.

permanent hold upon a new country. In the first instance, however, and in the act of exploring and finding his way from lake to lake, and forest to forest, in the new region, the Frenchman is quite as vigorous in his way as the Englishman. He mixes up the excitements of discovery, however, with pleasures and tastes quite his own. He strews flowers by the way, makes pretty scenes as he goes along, mounts his gay colours on the top of the rock, and festoons the forest stumps. He notes his progress by ornamental erections, and begins to dance when he has arrived at the end of a good day's or week's exploring, and thinks he has achieved something. He is stimulated, moreover, by the thorough French love of *la gloire*, and does not dream of adulterating the noble admixture with any base mercantile feeling. He has not shipping, and docks, and factories in view: his discovery is a fine dream to him. He is pleased with it, as he would be with a good play; and the real hardships and roughnesses he endures are mixed with something of his old opera house, stage light, side scene, and other Parisian sympathies. We hear of dancing on board, as the ship of discovery was crossing the Atlantic. "A joyous company of girls on board sought to wear away the tediousness of the voyage, and enliven the spirits of the passengers by the amusement of dancing. This was more than the grave and scrupulous Recollect, (a priest of a particular order,) could endure, and he took occasion to reprimand the young damsels, and check their hilarity. La Salle interposed, and said there was no harm in dancing."

His men are frightened at their first start upon their Mississippi voyage of discovery, with a picture of the horrors and dangers of that mysterious river.

"Nikanape, a man of rank in the camp, and brother to the great chief of the nation, who was absent on a hunting excursion, invited the Frenchmen to an entertainment; and before sitting down to the repast, he made a long speech, the drift of which was, to advise his guests against the perilous scheme of going down the Mississippi. He said that others had perished in the attempt; that the banks were inhabited by a strong and terrible race of men, who killed every body that came among them; that the waters swarmed with crocodiles, serpents, and frightful monsters; and that, even if the boat was large and strong enough to escape these dangers, it would be dashed in pieces by the falls and rapids, or meet with inevitable destruction in a hideous whirlpool at the river's mouth, where the river itself was swallowed up and lost. This harangue, which the orator enforced by expressions of anxious concern for the welfare of his friends, produced an obvious effect on the minds of La Salle's men."

La Salle instantly brings the image of *la gloire* before them.

"He said the dangers, which had been painted in such glowing colours, bore on their face so clear a stamp of exaggeration and improbability, that he was convinced that Nikanape himself would excuse him for regarding them with utter incredulity; and, even if they were as formidable as had been represented, the courage of Frenchmen would only be the more eager to encounter them, as crowning their enterprise with the greater glory."

La Salle himself starts on his voyage from France, with a patent of nobility; he is the *Sieur de la Salle*. The *Sieur de la Salle* builds his ship "Griffin," in Canada, for Mississippi discoveries. The vessel was named "the Griffin," in compliment to the Count de Frontenac, whose armorial bearings were adorned by two griffins, as supporters.

"The ship was completely finished, rigged, and equipped within six months from the day on which the keel was laid. The ornamental parts were not forgotten. A griffin, with expanded wings, surmounted by an eagle, sat on the prow."

The ceremony of taking possession of a district is characteristic in the same way. The *Sieur de la Salle*, it should be known by the way, always wears, on such occasions, and on all occasions of ceremony, "a scarlet coat, embroidered with gold."

"The arms of France were attached to the column, with this inscription: *Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre,*

reigns; the 9th of April, 1682. All the men were under arms, and, after chanting the *Te Deum*, they honored the occasion by a discharge of their muskets, and cries of *Long live the King*. The column was then erected by the *Sieur de la Salle*, who made a formal speech, taking possession of the whole country of Louisiana for the French King, the nations and people contained therein, the seas and harbours adjacent, and all the streams flowing into the Mississippi, which he calls the great river St. Louis. A leaden plate was buried at the foot of a tree, with a Latin inscription, containing the arms of France and the date, and purporting that La Salle, Tonty, Zenobe, and twenty Frenchmen, were the first to navigate the river from the Illinois to its mouth. The cross was then erected with similar ceremonies. At the same time an account of these proceedings was drawn up, in the form of a *Procès Verbal*, certified by a notary, and signed by thirteen of the principal persons of the expedition."

This sort of harmless, amusing pomp goes on throughout, and La Salle's chivalry, and old "chateaux" associations follow him into the new world. He carries France with him wherever he goes.

There is the same character shown in the poetical defection of mind which comes out when he has ill luck, and expresses itself by giving a melancholy name to a station he erects, or a river he crosses; and his geographical chart, in the act of formation, expresses, by the nomenclature upon it, the different phases of mind the discoverer was in. He is deserted, on one occasion, by "six of his men, including the two sawyers, whose services were exceedingly important. The defection of so large a number was not only discouraging in itself, but a sad breach in the company." He built a fort soon after this loss, and called it, "in sympathy with his feelings, Fort Crèvecoeur, *Broken Heart*." Again,—

"Five or six miles beyond, they came to another river, which Father Anastase says was broader and deeper than the Seine at Paris, bordered on one side by the most beautiful trees, and on the other by extensive plains. They crossed it on a raft. This was the Colorado. It was afterwards called the Maligne by La Salle, in consequence of one of his party having been devoured in it by a crocodile."

His engaging manner to his people in all distresses, and way of making speeches to them, and cheering them up, are quite in the style of French amiableness and goodnature. "The *Sieur de la Salle*, calling the people together, addressed them in an eloquent speech, says Anastase, 'with that engaging air which was so natural to him,' presenting such motives to sustain their constancy as the occasion would admit, and encouraging them to hope for his speedy return with succours to relieve their distresses."

With this gaiety, gallantry, and spirit, religion comes in too, and has its place in the scene. La Salle takes out friar missionaries with him, whom he takes into his counsels, and treats as his bosom friends. They accompany the course of discovery, preaching and converting, when they have the opportunity; assisting La Salle in boat and fort-building when they have nothing better to do.

"Although La Salle had received his education at the hands of the Jesuits, and had lived with them for many years, yet his predilections seem to have leaned towards the Recollects. From them he chose the spiritual guides, who were to accompany him in his discoveries. When he arrived at Fort Frontenac, he found Fathers Gabriel, Louis Hennepin, and Zenobe Membre, awaiting his orders; and also Luke Buisset and Melithon Watteau, the former destined for the missionary station at the fort, and the latter for that at Niagara. They were all natives of the Spanish Netherlands. The most renowned of these Fathers was Hennepin, who has figured in the literary world, and who will often appear in the course of this Narrative. He came to Canada in the same vessel with the *Sieur de la Salle*, when returning after his first voyage to France; and from that time he had been employed as a missionary at Fort Frontenac, or in rambling among the Iroquois. In some of these excursions he visited Albany, then called New Orange, and other frontier settlements of New York. Being of a restless temper, it was not his humor to remain long in the same place."

The mixture in La Salle's mind of arms and religion attracts the remark of the American Biographer. In a

speech to a crowd of Indians on stepping out of his canoe,

"La Salle took the first opportunity to explain to them the objects that had brought him to their country, which he could do with the more facility as he was accompanied by two interpreters. He told them that he had come from Canada to impart to them a knowledge of the true God, to assist them against their enemies, and to supply them with arms and with the conveniences of life. At this interview he said nothing about his proposed voyage to the Mississippi. In fact, his aim seems only to have been to quell their apprehensions and rivet their friendship. The idea of teaching them the Christian religion, and at the same time putting firearms in their hands to excite their passion for war, is so incongruous, that this report might be doubted, if it were not confirmed by two of the missionaries who were present, and who relate the circumstance without comment."

However, the preaching of the missionaries produces an impression, in spite, too, of the great difficulty of their not understanding the Indian language, nor the Indians theirs. They find the cross respected, though they cannot discover why.

"No demonstrations of hostility were shown by the natives, who cordially accepted the calumet of peace, visited the Frenchmen in their camp, and invited them to their village. The shore was lined by a concourse of people to receive them, cabins were assigned for their accommodation, fuel was supplied for their fires, abundance of provisions was brought to them, and for three days they were regaled with a continual feast. These Indians, it was remarked, were of a much gayer humour than those of the north, more frank and open-hearted, more gentle in their manners, and decorous in their deportment. The *Sieur de la Salle* was treated with marked deference and respect. He took possession of the country in the name of his king, erected a cross, and adorned it with the arms of France. This was done with much pomp and ceremony, at which the savages testified great joy, and doubtless supposed it to be intended for their amusement. Father Zenohe also performed his part, by endeavouring to impress upon the multitude some of the mysteries of his faith, as far as he could do it without understanding a word of their language; and he did not despair of having produced good effects, especially as he observed, on his return, that the cross stood untouched, and had been surrounded by the Indians with a line of palisades."

Such is the character of La Salle's course of adventure. He is a gallant adventurer in the first place; he is a converter and missionary in the next; and he and his "Recollects" act together with perfect harmony and brotherly spirit. He goes through his difficulties with a light heart. "It would be impossible," says one of his missionary fathers of him, "to find in history an instance of a more intrepid and invincible courage than that of the *Sieur de la Salle*. He was never cast down, and he constantly hoped, with the aid of heaven, to accomplish his enterprise." He did accomplish it, and discovered and founded the colony of Louisiana, now one of the United States; but he did not live to enjoy his discovery. If French gaiety and light-heartedness accompanied the course of his discovery, a French tragedy closed it. He was murdered by a clique of his own men. Poor La Salle certainly claims our pity as much as any one we know of: he so little deserved his fate. He was so perfectly unfitted to be the mark of an assassin. A murderous knot amongst his own followers, however, having killed in revenge some of their own companions, feared La Salle's discovering the crime.

"As the conspirators had begun the work of blood, they laid a scheme on the spot for destroying the *Sieur de la Salle*, in conformity, it may be, with a previous design, and under the dread of suffering the just punishment of their guilt at his hands. They deliberated on the method of doing it for two or three days. Meantime La Salle expressed anxiety at the long absence of Moragnet, and seemed to have forebodings of some unhappy event, for he asked whether Duhaut and his associates had not shown symptoms of dissatisfaction. He feared, also, that the whole party might have been cut off by the savages.

"Finally, he determined to go himself in search of them, leaving the camp, on the 19th of March, under the charge of Joutel. He was accompanied by father Anastase, and two natives, who had served him as guides. After travelling about

six miles, they found the bloody cravat of Saget near the bank of a river, and, at the same time, two eagles were seen hovering over their heads, as if attracted by food on the ground. La Salle fired his gun, which was heard by the conspirators on the other side of the river. Duhaut and Larcheveque immediately crossed over at some distance in advance. La Salle approached, and, meeting Larcheveque, asked for Moragnet, and was answered vaguely that he was along the river. At that moment, Duhaut, who was concealed in the high grass, discharged his musket, and shot him through the head. Father Anastase was standing by his side, and expected to share the same fate, till the conspirators told him that they had no design upon his life.

"La Salle survived about an hour, unable to speak, but pressing the hand of the good Father, to signify that he understood what was said to him. The same kind friend dug his grave, and buried him, and erected a cross over his remains. 'Thus perished,' says he, 'our wise conductor, constant in adversities, intrepid, generous, engaging, adroit, skilful, and capable of anything. He who, during a period of twenty years, had softened the fierce temper of a vast number of savage nations, was massacred by his own people, whom he had loaded with benefits. He died in the vigour of life, in the midst of his career and his labours, without the consolation of having seen their results.'"

THE BENEFITS RESULTING FROM THE EXISTENCE OF PAIN.

(Concluded.)

THE next morning after this conversation was bright and sunny, and Mr. Dalton proposed that he and his boys should walk down to the inn, and see how the poor soldier's wife and her little child had passed the night. The proposal was hailed with joy by the lads, and immediately each thought what nice things they could take for the mother or her child, that might be fit for them in their present state. Alfred was entrusted with a small packet of tea and sugar; Edmund had received from the nurse a paper of pearl barley, to make a refreshing drink for the poor invalids; while Cyril was carrying a couple of oranges and a sponge cake for the little child. Their mother had more thoughtfully got ready a small quantity of lint and some simple ointment, and, slipping a little Testament and Bishop Hall's Comfort for the Afflicted into the parcel which she gave her husband, she sent them on their errand. They found the poor woman still in much suffering and more anxiety. Her arm, which had been very badly fractured, was much swollen, and had caused her much pain; while the moaning of her poor child had kept her sleepless and in tears throughout the night.

The landlady of the inn had kindly sat up with her through the night, and displayed much tenderness and good feeling in her attention to the poor sufferers.

Mr. Dalton began the conversation, by asking how she had slept, and whether her arm gave her much pain?

"O sir," she replied, "such a night I have had! I think I shall never forget it. I have not closed my eyes for five minutes through the whole night. I shall know how to value a good night's rest better from this time forward. And as for pain—I have not had one moment's freedom from pain since you left. Thank God, it is a little easier now, and I can hardly be thankful enough for the relief. It seems perfect happiness; at least if my poor boy were better."

Mr. Dalton reminded her of the merciful provision, that no pains should be very severe and yet unremitting for any length of time in *this world*, and then inquired if she had all that she wanted, or wished to have a nurse to sit up with her.

"O no, sir, I thank you," she replied, "I want nothing; that kind, good woman," pointing to the landlady, who was just leaving the room, "does for me all that I can wish; I am sure she waits on my poor child as if it were her own—no mother could be kinder to it. You see, sir, she lost a little boy just about the same age, and so, I suppose, she feels a little for my misfortune."

Mr. Dalton expressed his pleasure at finding her as

comfortable as her circumstances would allow, and so, having deposited their little stores of tea, oranges, &c., he and his children left the house.

"Well, boys," said the father, as they walked along towards the vicarage, "what think you of pain now? do you see any good in it? Any advantage resulting from it to that poor woman?"

"O no, papa," said Alfred, "what good has it brought her?—Robbed her of a good night's rest, and not only kept her awake, but kept her in ceaseless agony for twelve hours or more. You surely cannot call these things good?"

"Why no," replied Mr. D., "I do not call them *good*, but surely you yourselves must confess that they have not been without advantage to this poor woman; that she learned the value of many things which she did not know before:—the blessing of comfortable sleep, of health and ease, of the little kindnesses of friends, &c."

"Oh, papa! but that is not giving her any *new* comforts, but only showing what she had before, but did not know the value of."

"Well; and if you have got a gold mine on your estate, but knew nothing about it, am I doing you no kindness if I tell you of it? Or, if a poor man's child was playing with a few small white stones, and I showed the father that they were diamonds, and told him the value of them, am I not doing him a great kindness, even although I give him nothing; but only show him the value of that which he had long had by him?"

"O yes, papa, certainly; you are showing him how to be happy and comfortable for life. He might as well not have these treasures, as not know the value of them."

"Well, so may pain make us ever happy and comfortable afterwards, by showing us the advantages of what we have long enjoyed, but did not know the value of. See a poor child suffering with the tooth ache; unable to eat for fear of increasing the pain; unable to sleep; fretful, and unable to enjoy any pleasure with its playfellows. Apply some remedy which shall relieve his pain, a drop of kreosote, or such like; and see if that boy does not enjoy his game of play, or his next meal, more than all his school-fellows. Just as the lost sheep, which has been found again, gives us more pleasure for the time, than all those which were never lost at all. How often do you go to bed, sleep the whole night through without waking, and never thank God in the morning, for that great blessing of quiet and refreshing rest! And why! because you have the same comfort every night. But pass one night in pain and restlessness upon your bed, or, if not in pain, pass one night without sleep, in a ship or in a carriage, and you will then know the value of a good night's rest; and will never forget to thank God when you have had it. This then is one of the benefits of pain: it teaches you the value of the blessings you have long had, but did not appreciate; though it does not add anything to the intrinsic value of what you had before. A good night's rest, and health, and ease, are like the lost piece of silver which was found again, which is not at all more valuable in itself than it was before: but it caused you much pain when you had lost it, so the recovery of it gives you more pleasure than if you had always had it."

"I see, now, papa," said Edmund, "that you mean that we enjoy our health, our food, or our sleep, much more after we have been for some time without them."

"Yes," said Mr. Dalton, "so much so, that it is remarked by a very sensible writer, that he believes there is more real pleasure, or at least more *enjoyment* of pleasure in the world, because of the existence of pain, than if there were no pain in the world!"

"But it is not only to our bodies that pain is the cause of so much benefit: we must count up the moral benefits of pain also, the good of which it is the occasion to our *minds*."

"Well, papa, that I cannot understand; I thought pain only affected our bodies."

"No. Did you not notice how bravely, with what

fortitude, the old man who broke his collar-bone yesterday, bore his pains?"

"Yes, that I did," said Edmund; "and I was quite pleased to see how much more he thought of others than of himself."

"Well, Edmund," said his father, "if his neck had given him no pain, he would have had nothing to bear, and you would have thought nothing of his attention to other persons. Pain thus teaches us to learn fortitude and patience. We could never be called patient, if we had all we wanted, and had no sufferings of body or mind. But again, see how many kind actions and kind feelings pain is the cause of; how it gives a value to trifles which before were little thought of. A cup of cold water given to a wounded soldier on the field of battle is of more real value to him than gold or silver; a kind look, a visit to a sick friend, a kind inquiry how he has passed the night, the movement of a pillow, the offer of a fresh flower, all these little things are as nothing to the strong and healthy, but to the sick man they are treasures valued more than jewels, for they are what money cannot buy. Were you not pleased to see the kindness of the ladies to the poor woman when the coach broke down?"

"O yes, papa: one lady sat down on the dusty road to support the woman's head; another tore her beautiful lace handkerchief in strips to stop the bleeding of her arm: and that beautiful scarf—I wondered how she could ever wear it again after being used to tie round the broken bone."

"Here, then," said Mr. Dalton, "you see how much good feeling is called forth by pain; rich careful for poor, and forgetting their own rank and station in trying to relieve the sufferings of a poor soldier's wife."

"And the landlady too, papa, how gently and tenderly she behaved to the poor child. I saw a tear drop from her eyes as she was leaning over the child's bed this morning; and I am sure it was quite delightful to hear the sick woman speak of her."

"Yes," said Mr. Dalton; "and the poor woman told us the reason why the landlady felt so much for the child: namely, that she also had lately lost a child of nearly the same age. So, then, here is another benefit of pain: it makes us feel for others when we have suffered it. He who knows the misery of a bad headache can feel for other persons who are suffering from it. How much kindness is expressed, aye, and how much comfort also is derived from that little expression—'Poor fellow! I can feel for you.' So, then, pity, sympathy, gentleness, and kindness,—all these are increased by the existence of pain! The smallest, most trifling gifts are doubled in value because of pain; and this poor man, who, if it depended on wealth and riches, would never do any very valuable service to his neighbour, finds his little attentions valued beyond all price; while, by a kind word, or helping arm, or passing smile, he cheers up a sick friend, and seems to share his pain. But there is another class of benefits arising from pain still to be mentioned, perhaps the most important of all—I mean the *religious* influence of pain. Pain is the best of preachers; it has more power to convince the thoughtless, ungodly man, than the most powerful arguments addressed to his reason. One night of pain and sleeplessness, a few hours of tossing in agony upon a bed, are of more use than twenty sermons to convince the irreligious man and the unbeliever of the weakness of our bodies, and the certainty of death. The bold and daring infidel may refuse to believe, or even to think on death, while confident in health and strength; but put him on the bed of sickness, let him hear the secret whispers of friends around his bed, that there is some danger, and he who mocked at death and a future world, will be heard to ask himself, what is the danger of which they speak thus mysteriously? And, as pain is to the unthinking ever the first monitor, when he will believe, warning him of the shortness of life and the frailty of his body, so is it to the good man the messenger to pre-

pare him for death, and to make him willing to depart out of this world. You heard, my boys, the soldier's wife to-day say, what a wretched night she had passed in constant pain. Do you think she would wish to live many years, if that pain were to continue all her life?"

"O no, papa, she seemed as if she would have given any money to be free from it. I am sure she would rather die than live in the same pain, even for a year."

"Yes," said Cyril, "and I think she would be glad to see her little child die rather than see it live long moaning in agony, and causing her so much anxiety."

"Well, then," said the father, "you see here another good effect of pain: it makes us content to die. Fond as we are of life, and afraid of death, we are often so wearied out by long and racking pain, that death, which we used to look upon with dread, is looked forward to as a blessing, a relief from suffering, a rest from our troubles. If there were no such thing as pain, if men enjoyed the use of all their limbs and senses without any suffering, till the moment when they were to die, and then dropped down in full health and strength, how much more sad should we think it, than now, when we are thus kindly warned of our coming end, and sometimes are so tired out of life by pain, that we do not wish to live any longer! Yes. This also is a merciful effect of pain,—it reconciles us to dying. But there is another effect of pain even more important than this. Pain is the only way by which we can understand the nature of everlasting punishment. When God would describe the nature of that punishment which He has prepared for all the wicked, He has made it known to us under the figure of everlasting burning in fire that never shall be quenched; gnawings of a worm that never dieth; a place of weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Now, whether it really means that the punishment in the next world will be only the burning in fire and brimstone, which is *only* a punishment to the body, I think you, boys, can see a great benefit in this description of it."

"O yes, papa," said Alfred, "I suppose you mean everlasting pain is a thing which all men can understand, and all would wish to avoid."

"Exactly so. If the punishment of the wicked had merely been described as banishment from God's presence, and from the company of all good men, this the ungodly and worldly man would not have cared for; they would have gone on in their wickedness, nor heeded their everlasting ruin; but now that it is made known under the likeness of everlasting burning, is a state which all can understand; for all men, wicked or good, know what is the nature of pain, and would try to avoid it. So you see, boys, one other great benefit of pain: that we are able to understand the nature of everlasting punishment, and are warned by our own feelings to fly from it; and as we thus dread the thought of a place of eternal torment in everlasting burnings, does it not, on the contrary, teach us to look forward with joy and comfort to the time and place where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain!' O could words have been chosen which should better describe to beings of flesh and blood like ourselves a place of happiness, than these which describe Heaven as a place where there shall not be any more pain? Go and tell this in a hospital to the poor groaning, suffering patients there; call out aloud that after a certain hour in the day there should be no more pain, and see whether they would not think this of itself almost a heaven upon earth, in their joy at their relief from present suffering. Yes, great as are the blessings laid up in store for those who love God, and we are sure they will not be merely blessings to our body only, still this is one part of our intended future happiness, one which we all can understand and desire, freedom from pain for ever! And now, I have only one more benefit to tell resulting from pain; that it teaches us to understand and value in some manner the greatness of the mercy of God who

has delivered us from this dreadful sentence threatened against us, of everlasting pain; and who gave His own Son to bear pain, and poverty, and agony for us that we might be delivered from it. When we look at Him beaten, and scourged, and crowned with thorns, nailed by His hands and feet, and pierced in the side, and all this borne by Him for our sake without a murmur, does it not teach us that we ought to learn to bear our little pains more patiently, which are all far less than His, and all richly deserved? We know what He felt, for He had a body of flesh and blood like ours; let us in all our pain think of Him; and if he bore so much pain so patiently for us, let us endeavour to copy His patience, and to bear with meekness and resignation whatever He may please to lay upon us. But look, boys, here we are at home: and here is your mother come out to hear our report of the poor soldier's wife. There, go and tell her whether the poor woman is to be pitied, or whether she has got any good from her late accident, and any benefits from her pain; and whether, if she uses this time aright, she may not say hereafter, 'it is good for her to have been afflicted.' But stop, before you go, let me hear whether you have got your story right; can you tell all the benefits resulting from our liability to pain? And that I may know that you have learnt your lesson quite perfect, begin with those which we discovered last night, and name each of you by turns one of the benefits of pain."

1. "Pain is the never sleeping guardian of our bodies, to put us on our guard either against accidental injury or wilful violence."

2. "Pain has been the cause of increasing our knowledge, our skill, our comforts, our luxuries, while seeking remedies for it, or defences against it."

3. "Pain is the means by which we are able to have dominion over the brute creation, and to subdue them to our will."

4. "Pain teaches us the value of health, ease, sleep, and all our common every-day mercies."

5. "Pain gives us the opportunity of acquiring and exercising fortitude, patience, forgetfulness of self, &c."

6. "Pain calls forth piety, sympathy, and the exercise of many kind and endearing acts of love and tenderness."

7. "Pain brings the rich man down to feel a brotherly compassion for the poor man in the same misfortunes, and raises the poor man to a level with the rich in his power of doing valuable services by the most trifling but well-timed acts of kindness."

8. "Pain warns us of the weakness of our bodies, and reminds even the most ungodly of the *possibility* of death."

9. "Pain, long and severe, reconciles us to death, and makes us even long for it as a release."

10. "Pain is that by which alone all, even the ungodly, are able to understand the nature of everlasting punishment, and to long to avoid it."

11. "Pain, by its severity, teaches us to look forward to that place of everlasting happiness, one of whose features is that there 'shall be no more pain.'"

12. "Pain makes us to understand the greatness of God's mercy in giving His Son to save us from pain, and to know the lovingkindness of that Son who bore so much pain for us."

13. "And, knowing how He felt for us to learn to bear with meekness our own, far less, but more deserved suffering."

"Well done, my boys," said Mr. Dalton; "you have mentioned, I think, nearly all. So now, if ever you, like this poor woman, shall be laid on a bed of pain, you, I trust, will show that you know and believe that these afflictions are 'all for the best;' that they are sent by a kind and merciful Father, not for His pleasure, but for your profit; and that though 'no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.'"

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

April 10, 1846.—Good Friday.

FROM the earliest period of Christianity, this day has been observed as a solemn fast in memory of the Crucifixion of our SAVIOUR. Its appellation *Good* is of no very remote origin, and appears to be peculiar to the English Church. Our Saxon forefathers called it *Long Friday*, from the length of the offices and fastings on this day; but its ancient title, and that by which it is known in the Western Church, is *Holy Friday*.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

It was formerly the custom of the English monarchs on this day, to hallow with great solemnity certain rings, the touching of which was believed to prevent cramp and falling sickness. This usage took its rise in the mysterious virtue of a ring which had been given by Edward the Confessor to a poor person who had asked alms of him, for the love he bore to St. John the Evangelist; and which, having found its way to Jerusalem, was afterwards brought back to St. Edward by some pilgrims returning from Palestine. It was kept for centuries in Westminster Abbey with much veneration; the Sovereigns of England were thought to be able to impart its virtue to other rings, and there was a peculiar service for their consecration. These were called "cramp-rings," and presented and received with an implicit faith in their sanatory power. Andrew Boorde, in his *Breviary of Health*, 4to, 1557, speaking of the cramp, observes: "The king's majesty hath a great help in this matter in hallowing cramp-rings, and so given without money or petition." Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, when ambassador to the Emperor Charles V., writing to Cardinal Wolsey, on "the 21st of June, 1518," says, "If your Grace remember me with some cramp-rings, ye shall do a thing much looked for, and I trust to bestow them well with God's grace," &c. In Suffolk, the use of cramp-rings is not entirely abandoned. Instances occur where nine young men of a parish each subscribe a crooked sixpence to be moulded into a ring for a young woman afflicted with fits. In connexion with the cramp, and one of its supposed remedies, we will present our readers with the following charm "for one's foot when asleep," in use in the Blue-coat school, when Coleridge was a little boy there, and ever since its foundation in the reign of Edward VI. It runs thus:

"Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!
Thumb! thumb! thumb! in spittle we steep:
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for CHRIST JESUS!"

The same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with this substitution:

"The Devil is tying a knot in my leg!
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it I beg!
Crosses three," &c.

"And really," says the poet just mentioned, "upon getting out of bed, when the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor, and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds."

Eggs and apples were anciently connected with Good Friday. A writer in 1579 refers to the custom of "creeping to the cross with eggs and apples." One William Rathe, in 1570, says "that on this day the Roman Catholics offered unto CHRIST eggs and bacon, to be in favour till Easter-day was past." A French

writer in 1679, observes, "that he has known people who preserve all such eggs as are laid on Good Friday, which they think are good to extinguish fires in which they may be thrown." He adds, "that some imagine that three loaves baked on the same day, and put into a heap of corn, will prevent its being devoured by rats, mice, weevils, or worms." In England but one sort of eatable 'remains in association' with the day, namely, *hot cross buns*. These are small cakes, slightly sweetened and spiced, sometimes of a round shape, and sometimes long and tapering at both ends, but always marked on the top with an indentation in the form of a cross. "In London," says a writer before quoted, "as well as in almost every other considerable town in England, the first sound heard on the morning of Good Friday, is the cry of 'Hot cross buns!' uttered by great numbers of people of an humble order, who parade the streets with baskets containing a plentiful stock of the article, wrapped up in flannel and linen to keep it warm. The cry, which is rather musical, is strictly—

' Hot cross buns—
One a-penny, buns—two a penny, buns;
One a-penny, two a-penny—hot cross buns!'

Hucksters of all kinds, and many persons who attempt no traffic at any other time, enter into the business of supplying buns on Good Friday morning. They make a stir no the streets which lasts till Church time, and it is resumed in the afternoon."

Sixty years ago pastry-cooks vied with each other for excellence in making hot cross buns; and there were two bakers' shops at Chelsea, so celebrated for this manufacture, that crowds of customers thronged beneath the flat-roofed wooden portico or piazza which extended along the front of each, during the whole of the day. Several hundreds of square black tins, each containing dozens of hot buns, were disposed of in every hour, from a little after six in the morning till after the same period in the evening. Cross buns resemble, in some respects, the consecrated loaves, bestowed by the Western Church on those who, from any impediment, cannot receive the Holy Eucharist. These are made from the dough from whence the Host itself is taken, marked with the cross, given by the priest to the people after Mass, just previously to the departure of the congregation, and are kissed before they are eaten. It is remarkable, that the loaves of the Greeks were signed with a cross from the earliest periods, and that such were offered to the gods, under a name which in the accusative case is *βουν* (*boun*). Two loaves with an impression of the cross, within which were four other lines, were found in Herculaneum. In the houses of some ignorant persons, a Good Friday bun is preserved "for luck;" and sometimes there hangs from the ceiling a hard biscuit-like cake of open cross-work, baked on Good Friday, to remain there until displaced on the next Good Friday by a similar one. This is deemed a preservative against fire.

A correspondent to the *Every-day Book* states that on Good Friday, in the neighbourhood of West Derby, a custom prevails which is called "paste-egging." Partics of the juvenile peasantry disguise themselves in the most fantastic habiliments—such as clothes turned inside out, with masks, veils, &c., and betake themselves (in numbers of from about four to a dozen of both sexes,) to the different farm-houses, and solicit contributions towards the "festival" of Easter Sunday. These gifts are generally eggs and oatmeal cakes. One of the party usually carries a basket for the eggs, another for the cakes, and a third is the bearer of a small box for pecuniary contributions. They generally cheer their benefactors with some animated songs, and seldom fail to return homeward with a plentiful supply of their "paste-egg," and no trivial aid in money. With these materials a feast is got up on Easter Sunday evening at the village ale-house.

In the midland districts of Ireland, it is a common

practice on Good Friday, with the lower orders, to prevent their children, even those at the breast, from having any sustenance, from twelve on the previous night to twelve on the night of Friday: and it is common to see along the roads between the different market-towns, numbers of women with their hair dishevelled, bare-footed, and in their worst garments. All this is in commemoration of CHRIST'S Passion.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

The following rubric occurs in the Roman Missal in the office for Good Friday: "Then let the priest by himself carry the Crucifix to a place prepared before the altar, and bowing his knees fix it there: then taking off his shoes let him approach to adore the cross, bowing his knees thrice before it, and then let him kiss it. Having done so, let him resume his shoes and his chasuble. Then let the ministers of the altar, and afterwards other clerks, and laics approach, two and two, and adore the cross with three genuflexions." "A Constitution" of Giles de Bridport, Bishop of Sarum, A.D. 1256, ordains, "on the day of our SAVIOUR'S Passion, all the parishioners shall come to worship the cross, and to offer according to their inclination." This ceremony is thus described in the "Popish Kingdom":

"Two Priests, the next day following, upon their shoulders bear the image of the Crucifix, about the altar near, Being clad in cope of crimson dye, and dolefully they sing: At length before the steps, his coat plucked off they straight him bring,

And upon Turkey carpets lay him down full tenderly
With cushions underneath his head, and pillows heaped high;
Then flat upon the ground they fall, and kiss both hand and feet,
And worship so this wooden god, with honour far unequal;
Then all the shaven sort fall down, and followeth them herein,
As workmen chief of wickedness, they first of all begin:
And after them the simple souls, the common people come,
And worship him with divers gifts, as gold and silver some,
And others corn or eggs."

An old book, containing the ceremonials observed by the English monarchs, directs the usher to lay a carpet on Good Friday, for the king "to creep to the cross upon:" and a proclamation of the 30th Henry VIII. enjoins on this day, "it shall be declared how creeping to the cross signifieth an humbling of ourself to CHRIST, before the cross, and the kissing of it a memory of our redemption, made upon the cross."

The "setting up" of the Easter sepulchres on Good Friday, appears to have been a general practice in England. In this was placed the Host with a Crucifix, or the Host alone, which was watched, according to the Sarum rite, from Good Friday till early in the morning of Easter Day. Perhaps the most curious "sepulchre" of which we have an account, was that at St. Mary Redcliffe's Church, Bristol, 1471. It is described as "well gilt with fine gold," and comprising, among its decorations, "an image of GOD ALMIGHTY rising out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordinance that belongeth thereto, that is to say, a lathe made of timber and iron work thereto. Item: Heaven made of timber and stained cloths. Item: Hell made of timber and iron work thereto, with devils the number of thirteen. Item: Four Knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two spears, two axes, with two shields. Item: Four pair of Angel's wings, for four Angels, made of timber, and well painted. Item: the FATHER, the Crown and Visage, the Ball with a Cross upon it, well gilt with fine gold. Item: the HOLY GHOST coming out of Heaven into the sepulchre."—*Barrett's Bristol*, cited by Fosbroke, p. 50, Note.

On the Gospel side of the Chancel, and nearly opposite the sedilia, we generally find an arch forming a recess and canopy to an altar tomb. This was often used as an Easter "sepulchre." Pious persons, in their wills, frequently desired to have their tombs so built as that they might serve for this purpose.

Two of the finest examples of stone "sepulchres"

were at Eckington Church, Lincolnshire, and Hawton Church, Nottinghamshire; these are richly decorated in the style of Edward III. with representations of the Roman soldiers asleep, and other appropriate imagery.

The Good Friday ceremonies we have described, were neglected in the Church of England after the Reformation. As late, however, as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the following charge occurs in the churchwarden's "accoupts of the parish of St. Helen," Abingdon: "Paid to the bellman for meat, drink, and coals, watching the sepulchre, 19*d*." The anniversary of the Crucifixion is now observed in this country by the suspension of all business, the closing of shops, and a solemn service in the churches, many of which are hung with black, and every ornament is removed from their altars. Some members of the English Church abstain, on this sacred Fast, from any kind of animal food, even from cream to tea; such we are informed by Boswell was the custom of Dr. Johnson. Divine Service is well attended; and it is considered proper to appear at church in "sad-coloured" clothes.

Our space will not admit of our describing at length the rites still associated with Good Friday in Roman Catholic countries. In some, we are told, the lights are suddenly extinguished at the sound of a bell, and a flagellation commences in the dark, in imitation of CHRIST'S sufferings. At Jerusalem, the monks go in procession to Mount Calvary with a large Crucifix, and there perform a representation of the "descent from the Cross." In Portugal is acted, in the churches, the whole scene of the crucifixion: the coming of Nicodemus and St. Joseph of Arimathea; the taking down by order of Pilate, and bringing the body in procession to the tomb. At Seville, after a few preparatory prayers, and the dramatized history of the Passion, the officiating priest (the archbishop at the cathedral), in a plain albe, takes up a wooden cross six or seven feet high, which, like all other crosses, has for the last two weeks of Lent, been covered with a purple veil, and, standing towards the people, gradually uncovers the sacred emblem, which both the clergy and laity reverence upon their knees. After some other ceremonies, the service terminates abruptly; all candles and lamps are put out; and the tabernacle, which throughout the year contains the Blessed Sacrament, being left open, every object bespeaks the desolate and widowed state of the Church, from the death of the SAVIOUR to His resurrection. Thousands of English travellers have witnessed, and many described, the splendid pageant of the night of Good Friday at St. Peter's at Rome. The hundred lamps which burn over the Apostle's tomb, are then extinguished, and a stupendous cross of light appears suspended in the immense dome of the Cathedral, between the altar and the nave, shedding over the whole edifice a soft lustre to the eye, and highly favourable to picturesque representations.¹ "The magnitude of the cross," says the author of *Rural Life in England*, "hanging as if half-suspended, and like a meteor streaming in the air: the blaze that it pours forth; the mixture of light and shade cast on the pillars, arches, statues and altars; the crowd of spectators placed in all the different attitudes of curiosity, wonder, and devotion; the processions, with their banners and crosses gliding successively in silence along the nave, and kneeling around the altar; the penitents of all nations and dresses collected in groups near the confessionals of their respective languages; a cardinal occasionally advancing through the crowd, and, as he kneels, humbly bending his head to the pavement; in fine, the pontiff himself without pomp and pageantry, prostrate before the altar, offering up his adorations in silence, form a scene singularly striking."

(1) We are informed that the suspension of this luminous cross has been recently discontinued.

Poetry.

In Original Contributions under this head, the Name, real or assumed, of the Contributor, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

MY COUNTRY HOME.

By ANNABEL C—

"If thou art worn, and hard beset
With sorrow that thou would'st forget;
If thou would'st read a lesson that would keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

LONGFELLOW.

PLEASANTLY, pleasantly flows away my life,
Far from the city's din, from trouble and from strife;
Like a stream it flows along,
Singing to itself a song,
Through fields full of flowers;
Where the trees, with looks of love,
Spread their whispering leaves above,
Through long summer hours.

Tranquilly, tranquilly, even thus I live,
While everything around me doth a fragrance give.
In everything there's joy for me;
In the land and in the sea,
In the boundless sky,
In each little smiling flower
Peering from its shady bower,
Doth a beauty lie

Beautiful, most beautiful, on the summer day,
To watch the cloudy shadows o'er the green hills play:
And how very dear to me
The green fields' tranquillity
In the summer eves,
Or the wood's long dusky aisles,
Where here and there the sunbeam smiles,
Through the roof of leaves!

Quietly, quietly pass away my days,
While a holy light of gladness ever round me plays:
A light within the spirit,
Which those happy ones inherit
Who hear glad Nature's voice,
Bidding their souls arise
From earth unto the skies,
Making the heart rejoice.

But think not sorrows *never* come
Unto my happy home;
There is no place in the broad earth
Where they have not their birth;
But that they seldom, seldom shed
Their shadows o'er my head;
And there is in Nature's voice that will
Bid the vexed soul be still.

For when I'm sad, when dark unrest
Throbs in my troubled breast,
I wander forth mid tree and flower,
And mighty is their power:
For their sweet voices speak to me,
Shedding their own serenity
Into my soul, until they bid depart
The aching at my heart;
Or teach me with a quiet mind
To bear and be resigned,
Patiently waiting till the clouds pass by
That dark my spirit's sky,
And the bright sun which lies concealed
Is once again revealed:
For each fair flower bends down its head,
While the storm sweeps o'er its bed.
And when again the broad bright sun
Its place in heaven hath won,
Smiling, that flower looks up again,
Forgetful of its pain.

Thus Nature speaks to all that will
Hear her voice clear and still;
And those who live among her ways,
Far happier spend their days

Than those who strive, and yet in vain,
A happiness to gain,
Shut in close cities where the air
Is like a weight to bear.

Hers is a calm and holy voice,
Bidding the soul rejoice;
Making our happiness more pure,
Our griefs less to endure.
May my home ever, ever be
Where her dear voice may speak to me!

THE ORPHAN MAID.¹

NOVEMBER's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,—
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate
Who mourns both lord and heir.

Twelve times the rolling year has sped
Since, while from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallen's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne,"
The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn,
Drew nets on Campsie side.

St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil;
An infant well-nigh dead
They saved, and rear'd in want and toil
To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—
"My husband's looks you bear;
St. Bridget and her morn be bless'd!
You are his widow's heir."

They've robbed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silks and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

Walter Scott.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

CAPTAIN C., of her Majesty's 87th Foot, was one of the most indefatigable sportsmen I ever met with, and the entire of his time that could be spared from regimental duty, was passed in the jungle. He was a man of vast personal strength, could undergo any degree of fatigue; in short, possessed a perfectly iron constitution. His habits, too, were anything but luxurious—a single attendant carrying a rifle of large bore, a small carpet to sleep on, a limited stock of linen, and a good supply of ammunition, accompanied the sportsman, who pursued his game by day, and at night sought shelter in some village, perfectly careless as to his accommodations in the way of food or lodging, his beverage being moreover the simple element, for he never carried with him supplies of any kind, trusting his commissariat aid to

(1) See Engraving, page 385.

Providence and rural hospitality. In this manner Captain C. became well known to the natives of the country in every direction where sport was to be obtained; he was sufficiently acquainted with their language to make himself understood, and the kindly simplicity of his manner attached them to his person, and many of them indeed have been known to walk miles to give him early information of large game, which were his favourite objects of pursuit. Captain C. was thus quite "at home" in the Wynaud jungle and great western ghauts, where he probably brought to bag single-handed more head of large game—elephants, bisons, tigers, and the like, than any other man ever did before, or ever will again in India. When upon one of these excursions Captain C. happened to be passing the night in a small village in the Wynaud jungle, a ryot, who had been out very late searching for a stray bullock, came to tell him of a large cheetul, or spotted deer, which he had watched to its lair. He had also heard from the villagers that a huge snake had been seen several times in the neighbourhood. He started accordingly after his game at day-break, accompanied by the villager and a favourite dog, which rarely left his heels unless when ordered. After proceeding about a mile through very dense jungle, and being, as the villager supposed, near the spot where the cheetul had lain down, Captain C. of a sudden missed his dog, and hearing a rustling in the bushes about ten yards off, accompanied by a whimpering noise, he turned in that direction, and saw what he at the first glance took for a tiger, from its colour, a mixture of black and brown, but soon discovered what the monster really was, an enormous boa constrictor, which had seized his poor Juno, and was at the moment crushing her to atoms in its terrible coils. The native who was with him saw what it was likewise, and immediately fled. Captain C. afterwards described the appearance of the reptile, when thus coiled round his dog, as something resembling a barrel, every portion in violent muscular motion, and he distinctly heard the bones of the poor animal crack in succession within its terrible embrace. At last the monster raised his head and fixed two glaring eyes on Captain C., who, in another moment, might perchance have been fascinated by their deadly gleam, but with unerring aim he placed two balls in its forehead. The effect was not, however, as he expected, fatal; and the snake, instantly uncoiling itself from its victim, came straight at Captain C., who of course took to flight; but so thick was the jungle, that he found the animal gaining on him, from the noise it made amongst the bushes, and therefore sought shelter in a tree, re-loading his gun with all possible expedition. Whether the reptile followed him by sight or smell he could not judge, but Captain C. was only just prepared for a second discharge, when the boa reached the tree, and instantly twisting itself around the stem, would have soon seized him, but fortunately at the next shot he blew out both his eyes with a charge of B B: yet, though the snake appeared for a moment stunned, it still continued its efforts to reach him, until by repeated shots it was incapacitated from rising; not, though, till Captain C. had completely emptied his powder flask; and he even then did not venture to descend, as the reptile continued coiled round the tree, occasionally by a muscular movement showing that its vital powers were not yet wholly extinct. At length, after some hours' solitary confinement on his perch, and shouting until he was hoarse for aid, Captain C. had the satisfaction to see a number of villagers arrive, by whom the monstrous animal was soon completely destroyed. Captain C. had no means of accurately measuring its length but by a piece of stick, which the natives said was a cubit long, and he declared that it measured upwards of 30 of these, and was much thicker than one of his own thighs, which were of a make that would have well become the leather *for-shames* of any life guardsman! The head of the boa was cut off by his orders, and sent to the Hon. Mr. Cole, then president of Mysore; and its enormous jaws still may possibly be in

existence at the Mysore Presidency.—*Madras United Service Gazette.*

CONSOLATION IN THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"WHATEVER way I turned," says Mungo Park, in one of his Travels, "nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye. I mention it to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots and leaves without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image?—Surely not. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

It was from a private meeting that "The French Academy" derived its origin, and the true beginners of that celebrated institution assuredly had no foresight of the object to which their conferences tended. Several literary friends at Paris, finding the extent of the city occasioned much loss of time in their visits, agreed to meet on a fixed day every week, and chose Courart's residence as central. They met for the purposes of general conversation, or to walk together, or, what was not least social, to partake in some refreshing collation. All being literary men, those who were authors submitted their new works to this friendly society, who, without jealousy or malice, freely communicated their strictures; the works were improved, the authors were delighted, and the critics were honest! Such was the happy life of the members of this private society during three or four years. Pelisson, the earliest historian of the French Academy, has delightfully described it: "It was such, that now, when they speak of these first days of the academy, they call it the golden age, during which, with all the innocence and freedom of that fortunate period, without pomp and noise, and without any other laws than those of friendship, they enjoyed together all which a society of minds, and a rational life, can yield of whatever softens and charms."—*D'Israeli.*

It is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble, or prevent the accident; it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to a patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

It is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favourable side, than to an estate of ten-thousand a-year.—*Hume.*

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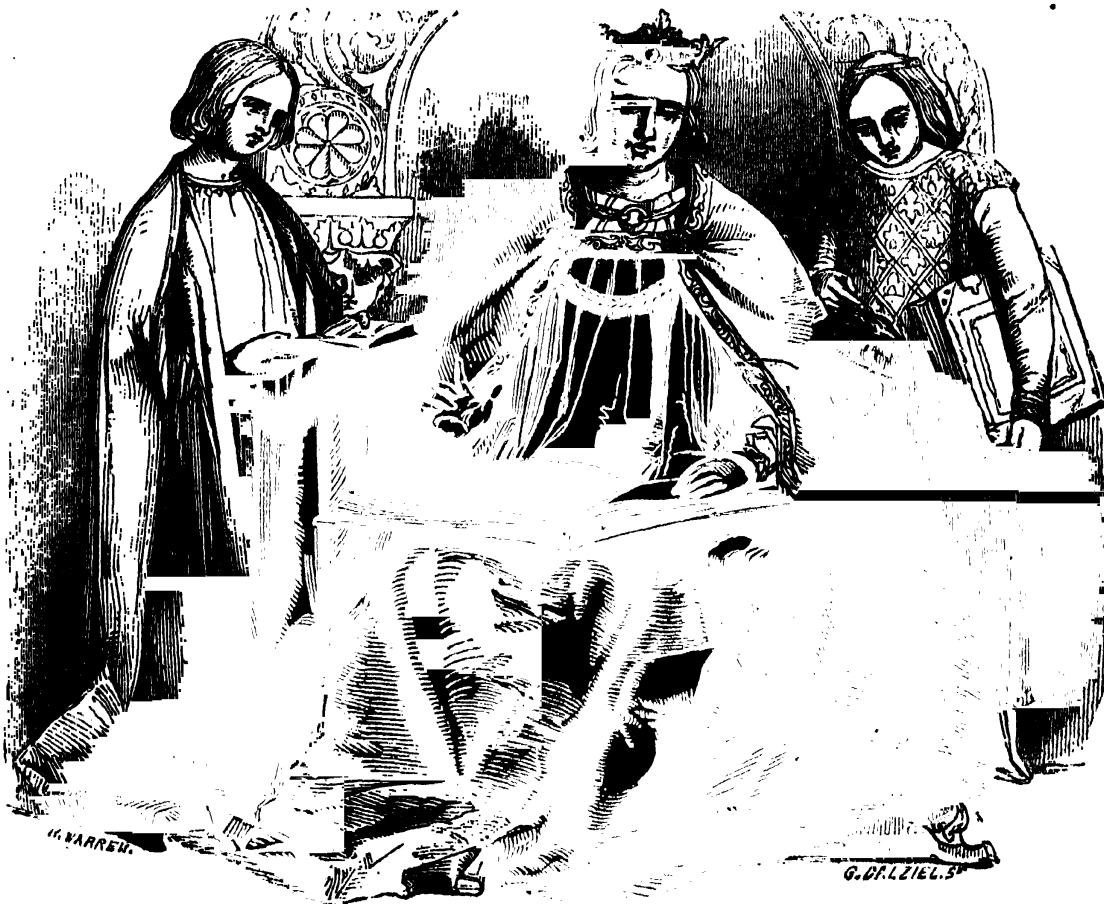
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(See page 404.)

CORAL REEFS.

AMONG the various alterations which are continually taking place in the surface of our globe, perhaps the most important, because the most lasting, are those which are brought about by the most insignificant instruments. The volcano devastates and the earthquake overthrows; but in time, a fresh soil accumulates upon the once burning lava, and a new vegetation springs up; the island, which burst forth from the depths of the ocean, remains for a few years, and then disappears again. Not so with the achievements of the coral insect; by its labours are built up islands for the habitation of man; by its countries are united,

and seas become dry land. We might speculate widely on the changes thus wrought, but we will first take a short view of the structure and distribution of coral reefs, according to the theory of Mr. Darwin, whose manner of treating the subject renders it highly interesting. Mr. Darwin says,—

“Without any distinct intention to classify coral reefs, most voyagers have spoken of them under the following heads: ‘lagoon islands,’ or ‘atolls;’ ‘barrier’ or ‘encircling reefs;’ and ‘fringing, or shore reefs.’ The lagoon islands have received much the most attention; and it is not surprising, for every one must be struck with astonishment, when he first beholds one of these vast rings

of coral rock, often many leagues in diameter, here and there surmounted by a low verdant island with dazzling white shores, bathed on the outside by the foaming breakers of the ocean, and on the inside surrounding a calm expanse of water, which, from reflection, is of a bright but pale green colour. The naturalist will feel this astonishment more deeply, after having examined the soft and almost gelatinous bodies of these apparently insignificant creatures, and when he knows that the solid reef increases only on the outer edge, which day and night is lashed by the breakers of an ocean never at rest."

Several theories have been advanced upon this subject, but they have been found insufficient. Mr. Darwin's is, that both in atolls and barrier reefs, the foundation has subsided while the reefs have grown upwards. This theory has been objected to since the publication of Mr. Darwin's book; but the objection seems to relate merely to the depth at which the reef-building insects flourish; which, according to our author, is very limited. Let us take a description of an atoll, and we shall see the difficulty arising from this very supposition.

Keeling, or Coco atoll (we abridge from Mr. Darwin), is situated in the Indian ocean, a short distance south of Sumatra. Its greatest width is nine miles and a half. It is a ring, enclosing the lagoon on all sides, except at the northern end, where there are two open spaces, through one of which ships can enter. The reef varies in width from 250 to 500 yards; its surface is level, or very slightly inclined towards the lagoon, and at high tide the sea breaks entirely over it; the water at low tide thrown by the breakers on the reef, is carried by many narrow and shoal gullies, most of which intersect the line of reef at right angles, into the lagoon; a return stream sets out of the lagoon at the main entrance. The outer margin consists of porites, which, not being tidal animals, require to be constantly washed by the breakers, and are destroyed by a very short exposure to the rays of the sun. Where this had occurred, Mr. Darwin found the insects in the uppermost cells all dead; but lower down on the side they were living, and formed a projecting border round the upper and dead surface. The coral, being thus checked in its upward growth, extends laterally, and hence most of the masses had broad, flat, dead summits. On the outer margin of the reef was also a millepora, which grows in thick plates intersecting each other, and forming an extremely strong mass; the outside plates alone being alive. The rugged sloping surface round the external margin seems formed of great masses of living coral, fragments of which had been cast on the beach during gales, and were found to be of various kinds. On the margin of the reef, close within the line of the dead porites, there are other species which seem to require to be bathed during the greater part of each tide by *breaking water*, as they are not found in protected hollows; these form a fringe of two or three feet in thickness, and about twenty yards in width, like an artificial breakwater.

The islets on the reef are first formed through an accumulation of a pile of fragments thrown together by some unusually strong gale. Their ordinary width is under a quarter of a mile, and their length varies from a few yards to several miles. The highest part is towards the outer margin, whence the surface slopes gently to the shores of the lagoon, where the little waves heap up sand and fragments of thinly branched corals.

The lagoon of Keeling atoll is much shallower than that of most atolls of considerable size. The southern part is almost filled up with banks of mud, and fields of coral both dead and alive; but there are considerable spaces of great depth. The corals are very different from those on the outside; most of them have thin branches. These interior reefs are irregular in form, and have not a solid flat surface of dead rock, like that surrounding the lagoon; nor are they so hard, as, ten years since, the inhabitants made a channel through them with crow-bars, in order to float out a schooner, built on one of the islands. This channel, when Mr.

Darwin saw it, was almost choked up with living coral, so that no vessel could pass through it.

On several of the islets, only young cocoa-nut trees were growing on the extremities, while older and taller trees rose in regular succession behind them; which shows that the islets have lately increased in length; probably by the channels being filled up by fresh coral, or by sandy accumulations. These appearances indicate an increase of the atoll; there are others which seem to show the encroachment of the water.

In several places, old cocoa-nuts were falling with their roots undermined, and there were rotten stumps of others upon the beach, where the inhabitants affirmed the cocoa-nut could not now grow. Also, near the settlement, were the foundation-posts of a shed, now washed by every tide, but which, the inhabitants stated, had seven years before stood above high-water mark. Hence Mr. Darwin inferred, that probably the whole had lately subsided in a small degree; and this inference was strengthened by the circumstance that the island had been shaken by an earthquake two years previously. As to the future, if left undisturbed the islets may still extend in length; but the conversion of the lagoon into land must be very slow, as the constant deposition of sediment by fish and molluscs, which are very numerous there, checks the growth of coral reefs, so that these two agencies cannot act together with full effect in filling it up.

This description of the structure of Keeling atoll applies to nearly all the atolls in the Pacific and Indian oceans. There are seldom more than two or three channels, and generally only one leading into the lagoon of sufficient depth for a ship to enter. In small atolls, there is usually not even one.

In the Maldiva group, the atolls are so related to each other in form and position, that at the first glance one is led to suspect that they have originated in the dismemberment of a single one; the theory of subsidence, with the upward growth of the coral, modified by accidents of probable occurrence, will account for the occasional dismemberment of large atolls.

"Barrier" reefs are those which encircle islands, as in the Society Archipelago, where they generally lie at the distance of from one to one-and-a-half miles, and occasionally even at more than three miles, from the shore. The central mountains are generally bordered by a fringe of flat, and often marshy, alluvial land, from one to four miles in width. This fringe consists of coral sand and sediment thrown up from the lagoon channel, and of soil washed down from the hills. In some cases the lagoon channels are open, with a level bottom of fine sand; in others they are choked up with reefs of delicately branched corals, of the same general character as those within Keeling atoll. These either stand separately, or more commonly skirt the shores of the included high islands. Some barrier reefs have very few islets on them; others are surrounded by numerous ones; and some form a single linear strip. Sometimes a part of the reef lies under water, dead, and covered with sand. The breaches in the reefs generally occur in front of the main valleys of the encircled island; the rivers bring down from the mountains mud, and other substances, which, being carried out to sea by the current, not only keep the breach open, but prevent the growth of fresh coral. The islands lying within reefs of this class are of various elevations; their number likewise varies. In the Gambier group there are four large, and some smaller islands within one reef; within that of Hogoleu nearly a dozen small islands are scattered over the expanse of one vast lagoon. Thus, an encircling barrier reef is a large atoll containing one or more islands; the reef being either, in an early stage of formation, a ring of corals; or, in a later stage, a circle of linear coral islets crowned with tall cocoa-nut trees.

The barrier reefs of Australia and New Caledonia are of greater extent, lying, the former from eight to sixteen miles from the shore, and the latter from twenty to seventy.

The third division of the subject comprehends "fring-

ing, or shore reefs;" of which those that border the island of Mauritius are a good example. These lie from half a mile to three miles from the shore; but even in the last case the inclination of the coast land, and the soundings outside the reef, prove that the basis of the latter does not lie at a greater depth than that at which the coral builders can work. Many islands and continents are fringed by similar reefs. Where the sea is very shallow, as in the Persian Gulf, and in parts of the East Indian Archipelago, they lose their fringing character, and appear as separate and irregularly scattered patches, often of considerable area. Fringing reefs are almost universally breached where rivers and even streamlets enter the sea.

Respecting the depth at which reef-building insects can exist, Mr. Darwin thinks it is partly determined by the extent of inclined surface which the currents of the sea and the recoiling waves have the power to keep free from sediment, that great enemy to the labours of the little workman; and that we may conclude that, in ordinary cases, reef-builders do not flourish at greater depths than between 23 and 30 fathoms.

The theory most generally received on the formation of atolls, is that they are based on submarine craters; but there are many objections to this. Atolls are of various forms, some five times as long as they are broad, others narrow and crooked; some loopshaped and many together, others made up of numerous ring-formed reefs; these can scarcely have been volcanoes, and it is also not a little improbable, that there should have existed as many craters of immense size crowded together beneath the sea, as there are now in some parts atolls. If the rim of a crater afforded a basis at the proper depth, a perfectly characterised atoll might be formed, but the greater number cannot thus have originated.

From the two circumstances,—first, the reef-building corals flourishing only at limited depths,—and secondly, the vastness of the areas interspersed with coral reefs and coral islets, none of which rise to a greater height above the level of the sea than that attained by matter thrown up by the waves and winds,—Mr. Darwin advances the supposition that there has been a gradual subsidence over large areas. We know that this has been the case in countries now in existence; and, as we likewise know that there are at present areas gradually rising, as Scandinavia, Peru, &c., we may well suppose that there are others slowly sinking; so slowly, and in such parts of the world, that tradition does not bring down any record of the changes. Besides, in the case of subsidence, it would probably be attributed to some uncommon tide, or high gale. Islands have been apparently washed away during hurricanes, and to this many legends point. We have also proofs of great changes in many of the islands and reefs of the Pacific since they were first discovered, which can be referred to subsidence alone. Let us suppose an island surrounded by a "fringing reef," based upon the low shelving shore. As the island sinks down, either a few feet at a time, or quite insensibly, the living coral, bathed by the surf on the margin of the reef, will,—from what we have shewn of such a situation being the most favourable to its growth,—soon regain the surface. The water will gradually encroach on the shore as the island subsides, and in time the reef becomes a barrier reef with islets upon it; the detritus of the rivers keeping channels open between them, though at some distance now from the shore. As the island continues to subside, the power of the fresh water currents is lessened, the mud, &c. is deposited within the reef, and the channels made by the small streams are filled up by the undisturbed growth of fresh coral.

Let the island continue subsiding, and the coral reef will continue growing up on its own foundation, whilst the water gains inch by inch on the land, until the last and highest pinnacle is covered, and there remains a perfect atoll. If the shore of a continent fringed by a reef had subsided, the result would be a great barrier

reef like that on the N. E. coast of Australia. In each case the form of the reef, and size and position of the channels, would be determined by the outline of the land, the number and force of its streams, and the quality and quantity of the soil brought down by them.

We have seen that corals grow in the interior of an atoll or reef, based no doubt on the subsiding land; these, as long as the same circumstances continue, would remain reefs, but should the subsidence cease, or should the channels in the reef become grown up, and the reef itself be raised high enough to prevent the ingress of the sea, or still more, should any subterranean convulsion appear, the whole atoll, the lagoon, would in time become dry land. Thus Anamouka, one of the Friendly Isles, contains in its centre a salt-water lake, about a mile and a half in diameter, without any communication with the sea, and around it the land rises gradually like a bank: the highest part is between thirty and forty feet, but on this part as well as on the rest of the land, coral rock, like that on the beach, is found. Elizabeth Island, in the Low Archipelago, is quite flat, about eighty feet in height; it is entirely composed of dead corals, forming a honeycombed, but compact rock. Mangaia, in the Austral group, is nearly 300 feet high, with a level summit, "and there are in the central hollow, formerly the bed of the lagoon, many scattered patches of coral rock, some of them raised to a height of forty feet." These knolls of coral rock were evidently once separate reefs in the lagoon of an atoll. This shews elevation following subsidence; and in the East Indian Archipelago, many authors have recorded proofs of the same thing. From the accounts of Capt. B. Hall of the lines of inland reefs, and walls of coral rock worn into caves, above the present reach of the waves, at the Loo Choo islands, there can be little doubt that they have been upraised at no very remote period. Numberless instances of the same kind might be quoted; in most of these volcanic remains are visible.

Thus we approach the unseen agent of this continual change or alteration. In the central parts of the Indian ocean, in the China sea, and in the clustered Archipelagoes of the Pacific ocean, the great areas of subsidence, we must be struck with the absence of volcanoes, while the principal volcanic chains coincide with the presence of fringing reefs. There is not one active volcano within several hundred miles of an Archipelago, or even a small group of atolls. In the Friendly Archipelago, which owes its origin to the elevation of a group of atolls, two volcanoes, and perhaps others, are known to be in action: on the other hand, on several of the encircled islands in the Pacific, supposed by our theory to have subsided, there are old craters and streams of lava, which show the effects of past and ancient eruptions. In these cases it would appear as if the volcanoes had come into action, and had become extinguished, on the same spots, according as the elevating or subsiding movements prevailed.

The immense surfaces which have undergone a change of level during a late period, is a remarkable fact. The existence of continents shows large areas upraised, and in the case of South America, still upraising; the areas are likewise immense which are now subsiding. From the southern end of the Low Archipelago, to the northern end of the Marshall Archipelago, a length of 4,500 miles, as far as is known, every island excepting Aurora, which lies just without the first cluster, is atoll-formed. Thus, "the prevailing movements now in progress, seem to accord with the actual states of surface of the great divisions of the world."

It has now been shown that "an atoll differs from an encircling barrier reef, only in the absence of land within its central expanse, and a barrier reef differs from a fringing reef in being placed at a much greater distance from the land, and in the presence of a deep water space within the reef. It has likewise been shown that reef-building corals cannot flourish beneath a very limited depth;" and to meet these facts the theory of subsidence alone is satisfactory.

It must be remarked as singular that there are no coral reefs on the west coast of Africa; nor, excepting at Bermuda, in the whole central expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. The islands of St. Helena, Ascension, the Cape Verds, St. Paul's, and Fernando Noronha, are entirely without reefs, although they lie far out at sea, are composed of the same ancient volcanic rocks, and have the same general form with those islands in the Pacific, the shores of which are surrounded by gigantic walls of coral rock.

Thus far we have followed Mr. Darwin; his theory is as reasonable as his manner of stating it is clear and interesting; there are, however, considerations upon which it did not lie within his purpose to touch, although they strengthen his theory. In an old pamphlet by Governor Pownall upon the currents of the Atlantic Ocean, is this passage:—

"If two lines are drawn across the Atlantic Ocean, one from the southernmost part of the Canaries to Halifax, in Nova Scotia; the other from the northernmost part of the Madeiras, by the Azores to Cape Race in Newfoundland; the space contained within these lines, will be found, *in fact* and truth, to be a broken line of islands, rocks, breakers, and banks. Now as these visible rocks must have their base on some elevated ground; as the breakers must be occasioned by some sunken rocks or elevated ground; and as the banks must shoal off gradually, howsoever steep; the ground within this space thus crossing the Atlantic, is in strict fact an elevated, though broken line of ground."

This observation carries us back to the ancient tradition of a large submerged continent, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, which was believed to have disappeared in one night, having been swallowed by the sea during an earthquake. This tradition is traced from Plato and other ancient writers back to the Egyptian priests, whose means of information we can scarcely guess at. The grassy sea also, which extends between the parallels of 18° and 33° north latitude, covering nearly 60,000 square leagues, gives the supposition of submerged land, though at a depth which can neither be sounded nor calculated. That this is not table land may be inferred from the currents which set out from the Gulf-stream in a northern and eastern direction, perhaps following breaches in the submerged land. The general current of the Gulf-stream follows the line Mr. Pownall mentions, in a southerly curve towards the African coast; but there are currents setting east, between the islands Pico and St. Michael of the Azores, and between the Madeiras and the Canaries. Cocoanuts and other tropical substances have been found thrown upon the Shetland and Orkney Islands, after violent storms. We know that the voyage from America is much more rapid than that to the New Continent; and American sailors say that "the course is down hill all the way."

If we reflect upon all this in connexion with the constant subsidence and uprising now going on in the Pacific Ocean, we may well suppose that the tradition of the ancients respecting Atlantis is not without foundation. The subsidence may for some time have been gradual, but that the disappearance was at last sudden appears probable from the absence of coral about the Cape Verd, and other African islands, the links between the lost land and the present continent. At the American end of the bank mentioned by Mr. Pownall, lie the Bermudas, the connecting link to the American continent, and respecting these there are some curious facts. The islands stand on one side of a coral bank or reef, around which is a border of gradually shoaling water, nearly a mile and a half in width; whereas, on the exterior of other atolls or barrier reefs, there exists a narrow shelving margin, beyond which the ocean becomes suddenly unfathomable. The size, height, and extraordinary form of the Bermudas, present little resemblance to the long, narrow, simple islets of the atolls in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. There are also evident proofs that islands like the existing ones formerly

extended over other parts of the reef. The land upon a true atoll does not exceed thirty feet in height; the highest point of the Bermudas is 260 feet, and there occur in one place, five or six layers of red earth, interstratified with the ordinary calcareous rock, and including stones too heavy for the wind to have moved, without having at the same time utterly dispersed every grain of the accompanying drifted matter. This is curious, and though, perhaps, not to be taken as "confirmation strong" of the dream of an Atlantis, yet, when connected with other facts, it may lead future investigators in the track of elucidation.

There are many curious facts in other branches of natural history connected with the Atlantic islands, which we shall take an early opportunity of noticing, as they bear, though collaterally, upon our present subject.

The coral formations of the Red Sea, also require separate attention, on account of their connexion with the ancient historians.

F. C. B.

ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE.¹

(Concluded.)

In the year 1247, the King departed for the Holy Land. The experience of previous expeditions had taught the Crusaders that Egypt was the key to Palestine: or at least that the latter country, if conquered, could never be retained while Egypt remained in the hands of the enemy. It was, therefore, determined to descend upon the Egyptian coast, and Louis, with his Queen, his three brothers, the Counts of Artois, Poitiers, and Anjou, and other great nobles, journeyed down the Rhone, and embarked at Aigues Mortes on the twenty-third of August. The barons had been previously assembled in Paris, and sworn fealty to their sovereign's children in the event of his never returning to his native land. The people prayed for blessings on his head, and the clergy chanted solemn hymns. The fleet made for Cyprus as their first point of destination, and the passage was considered, for the times, a favourable one, being accomplished in about five weeks. During the time of their sojourn in the island, various embassies were received, and the Empress of Constantinople (the wife of Michael Palæologus,) being accidentally driven on shore by stress of weather, was treated with all the respect and courtesy befitting her high station. The Sultan of Iconium, considered the most powerful ruler in heathendom, was to be kept in check by the forces of Armenia: such at least was the promise received from that country; and the Khan of Tartary likewise pledged himself to find employment for the Sultan of Bagdad, with whom he was at enmity. The Christian King received the Tartars' ambassadors with great honour, but took care to send back with them some priests and other Franks, who bore to the Khan a most costly tent, resembling in its form a chapel, and adorned with sculptured representations of the Annunciation and similar events, in the hope that the Khan might, from interest in the beauty of the adornments, be led to inquire concerning their subjects, and thus ultimately brought to the faith of the gospel.

On the Friday before the feast of Pentecost took place the embarkment for Egypt; but the wind rose, and a storm ensued, so wild and fearful, that the vessels got separated in all directions, and of three thousand knights a third portion only could keep company with the King as Damietta rose in sight. The Sultan's force was drawn up along the beach, "*a goodly race to see*," says Joinville, for they had much gold armour which glistened beneath the morning sun. As the fleet drew nearer, a harsh and terrible clang of cymbals greeted their ears: and the bravest paused, and questioned whether it were prudent, with such diminished numbers, to attempt a

¹ To the list of authorities for the former part of this article may be added Velly, *Histoire de France*, Tom. III. William of Nangis has likewise been referred to in corroboration of one or two particulars.

landing. But Louis, who, doubtless, knew well the feats of arms which Philip Augustus and Richard of England had performed against such foes, was not the man to let the first impression of dread which an invading army creates, die away by waiting till fresh vessels could rejoin him. At his command the Oriflamme was unfurled, and the result justified the seeming rashness of the deed. The defenders of the coast were gallantly and effectually repulsed; courage more than atoned for the disparity of numbers, and, in a few hours, the carrier-pigeons were flying to the Sultan (who had not been present in person) to announce that all was lost, and the royal standard of France now floated over the towers of Damietta; while the Te Deum was chanted by the Christian host in thanksgiving for their great and glorious victory.

The rising of the Nile (for it was now June) compelled some months' sojourn at Damietta before the army could proceed to Cairo, and this time the king employed in fortifying the city to the utmost of his power. Two-thirds of the plunder had, in such cases, been usually distributed among the army; and the refusal of Louis to act thus, combined with his strict preservation of the magazines and military stores, caused much discontent. But he remained firm, and subsequent events showed the prudence of his course. Indeed the melancholy confession of his biographer respecting the employment of such portion of the plunder as was allotted to the Crusaders, proves how hopeless a task it was to keep alive in the breasts of the many that flame of pious enthusiasm which actuated the few. "*What God hath in his word recorded of the Israelites, was but too true of us,*" writes Joinville; "*'yea, they thought scorn of that pleasant land; and forgot Him who granted them this conquest.'*" Their time and money were spent in wanton waste, in feasting and debauchery: all overtures from adversaries were rejected without consideration; for the soldiers, flushed with success, would not listen to them, and only waited to march, as they believed, to fresh and certain triumphs.

The time for action arrived. The Franks must have been already reinforced by the arrival of many of those vessels (originally as many as 1800 in number) which the tempest had separated. It does not appear what amount of diminution had been sustained in the army, which reckoned, at the commencement of the expedition, 2,800 knights and 50,000 ordinary troops. But the Sultan now came up with all his chivalry to oppose their further progress; the Bedouin tribes were collecting to assist the Saracens; and natural impediments were also to the disadvantage of the knights of Christendom, who had to make their own roads, and cross, with great difficulty, some branches of the Nile. And a new and terrible foe to the Franks now appeared in the Greek fire, which was employed with tremendous effect by the enemy. This curious compound, scarcely less formidable than gunpowder, had, in former years, twice saved Constantinople from the hands of the barbarians; but the secret of its composition had been stolen by the infidels, and was now used against those who were ignorant of its nature. It is considered by those who have most fully investigated the subject to have been a compound of naphtha, resin, and bitumen. Water only added to its virulence: the best extinguisher was sand. With such an instrument of warfare upon one side only, it is no marvel that knights, who despised the lances of the Saracens, should confess their dread of its powers. "It was discharged," says the seneschal, "from a kind of catapult, and, descending in the darkness like a dragon of flame, displayed the whole army, as if it were day." Even Louis, who, Protesilaus-like, had been the first to leap on shore before Damietta, felt fear, though less for himself than his subjects; and, at each fresh discharge, threw himself with tears upon his couch, saying, "Lord, guard thou my people!" But when, by day, fair fight could be obtained, the state of affairs was far different; in this, as in former expeditions, the losses on the part of the Cru-

saders "were least in the field of battle; the intrinsic superiority of European prowess was constantly displayed; the angel of Asia, to apply the bold language of our poet, high and unmatchable where her rival was not, became a fear; and the Christian lances bore all before them in their shock."¹ A Bedouin showed a ford over a branch of the river which had presented much difficulty of passage: the King, with his three brothers, passed, leaving the Duke of Burgundy behind, with a portion of the army as a reserve. In the battle which shortly ensued, the pride of the Templars (so vividly impressed upon the minds of English readers by the tales of Ivanhoe and the Talisman,) exhibited itself, and they contested the right of precedence with the Comte d'Artois. But the latter being a soldier of fiery temperament, put a practical close to all discussion, by charging the enemy with such vigour, that he soon put to flight that wing which confronted his own division, and commenced a hot pursuit. The Templars perceived the rashness, but the spirit of honourable valour overcame their pique, and numbers joined him in the chase. Fast and far fled the Saracens and Mamelukes, till the walls of Massoura received their flying troops; and there, cheered by the presence and aid of their countrymen, they rallied, and the narrow streets, from which missiles were on all sides showered down, proved fatal to the rash pursuers. Then, in company with many a gallant knight, fell Raoul the Lord of Coucy, and the Comte d'Artois himself; and when King Louis inquired after his brother, he was told that he must not hope to see him again on earth. The King was much affected, but bore the loss as became his own high and consistent character. But such calamities now fell upon the army, as rendered valour and conduct useless: hunger and epidemic disease of scurvy and dysentery came on them, and they were compelled to entrench themselves in a camp. Louis might (even on the testimony of Arab historians) have escaped by water, but resolved to share the danger of retreat with the main body of his forces. The sufferings of that march have seldom been surpassed; but a noble defence was long maintained, in which Charles of Anjou, the Templars under their master William of Souvain, the Count of Flanders, and Guion Malvoisin, were especially distinguished. Yet, at length (although the final blow seems to have been partly caused by treachery), the leader of the host, their sovereign, became a captive; and a similar fate befell another detachment which had, too late, attempted the escape down the Nile: so that the entire army yielded.

Up to this time Louis had played the part of a valiant and skilful general, nor were the disasters which befell his soldiers such as any capacity could have averted. He had now to call into exercise virtues more difficult of attainment—those of passive courage and Christian resignation. Never, perhaps, upon such a theatre, have they been more nobly exemplified. The infidels made a barbarous and insolent use of their victory; treated their prisoners cruelly; and took every possible method of showing their abhorrence and contempt of Christianity. Still, as their one great object was to regain their lost territory, they saw that to put to death the captives would avail them nothing, while Damietta remained impregnable; and, indeed, would rather tempt a fresh invasion to revenge their death. And now king Louis's wisdom, in not squandering the military stores of that city, and resisting the murmurs of his troops, became apparent. To regain Damietta was the dearest wish of the Saracens; but this they felt would never be accomplished, unless by means of treaty, as it was far too well defended and provisioned to afford any real hope of capture by force of arms. Proposals for a treaty were accordingly made: the infidels suggested that certain Christian possessions in Syria should be delivered up; but these the king believed to belong especially to the Emperor of Germany, and there-

¹ Italam.

fore to be beyond his control. "You will consent, then," said his enemies, "to deliver up the territories of the Knights Templars as a ransom." But this could not be, for that society had always made solemn oath that they would never part with any possessions they might acquire in the realms of heathendom, for the sake of saving any prisoners. The Sultan and Emirs, who did not like to parley concerning Damietta until they had at least attempted its capture, were much enraged at the failure of their proposals, and threatened Louis with fetters, and the application of an excruciating torture, called the Bernicles.¹ The king replied, with calmness and dignity, "he was their prisoner; they might deal with him as they would." Perceiving that menaces were of no avail to overcome the resolution of their royal prisoner, and finding a rumour that Damietta had yielded to be false, the Emirs turned to the consideration of a monetary ransom. Louis declared, that, if they would name a reasonable sum, he would write to the queen (who had remained in Damietta) to pay it, but that he would not be answerable for her judgment on the matter; for she was his lady, and should act as she thought right. They suggested, that for himself, he should restore Damietta, and give a million of gold bezants (about 170,000*l.* sterling) for the deliverance of his soldiers. But, during these transactions, a quarrel had sprung up between the Emirs and their sovereign, which ended in the sultan (by name, Al Malec Al Moadheni) being murdered almost before the eyes of Louis, who had no power to save him, and was himself in great danger from the conspirators. The Emirs raised a military chieftain (the man who had rallied their flying forces at Massoura) to be sultan; and, with some exceptions, he observed the terms of the covenant entered into by his ill-fated predecessor. Oaths to be made by either party were drawn up; they were sufficiently characteristic. The Emirs swore that, in the event of their breaking the compact, they would hold themselves disgraced, like Mahometans who made pilgrimage with *bare heads* to Mecca,² or who forsook their wives, and then received them again, or (last and greatest indignity) who eat pork! They required Louis to make oath, that, in case of non-performance of his portion of the treaty, he would esteem himself as one who denied God and our Lady, who is dissevered from the communion of His twelve apostles and His saints, who renounces God and His law, who spits and tramples on the Cross. But the king's scrupulous conscience took alarm at the bare mention of alternatives so shocking: accidents might occur to prevent fulfilment of his intentions, and was he to risk such guilt! No; by God's help that oath he could not take. Again boiled up the wrath of his present masters, and threats of death and torture were rife upon their tongues; and again came forth the same calm reply, "He was their prisoner, they might do as they would; but he would rather die a true Christian, than live beneath the Almighty's wrath." His adversaries then had recourse to a cruelly ingenious expedient: they bethought themselves of employing against the king his own fidelity to the religion of the cross, and respect for its ministers. There happened to be in their camp an aged bishop, who had accidentally fallen into their hands, the patriarch of Jerusalem. Him they bound to a pillar, and tied his hands with cords, till they swelled to thrice their natural size. The old man (he had seen more than eighty winters) could not endure the torment, and cried out, "*Sire, swear as they require; I will take the responsibility.*" and added the obvious consideration, that the *intent* was the real point at issue; and of the king's full intention to keep the

oath there could be no doubt. How this affair ended, Joinville could never learn; but it was finally settled, to the satisfaction of all parties.

The prisoners were now placed in barges, that they might be conveyed to Damietta; but with no regard to their comfort, for Joinville relates that he, and the good Count Peter of Brittany, though both extremely ill, had to sleep with their feet in each others faces. But, before proceeding, it is fit to say a few words on the internal condition of the city, and the sorrows of the poor queen Margaret. The news of her husband's captivity had reached her only three days before her confinement. Overwhelmed with dismay and grief, she would fancy in her dreams that the room was full of Saracens, and awake with loud cries for help. On one occasion she dismissed all attendants but an aged knight, and made him swear that he would slay her sooner than let her fall into the hands of the infidels. The son whom she bore was christened John, but surnamed *Tristan* (*triste*), from the great affliction attendant upon his birth. He was, indeed, "*the child of misery, baptized in tears*;" born when one crusade had failed, he lived to perish in another. The queen, however, seconded her earnest intreaties to all the knights in Damietta not to forsake her, by liberally supplying them, from her own private purse, with all necessaries; and the city, as has been said, was soon found to be quite impregnable to all assaults of the enemy.

On the morning of Ascension-day the treaty was carried into execution; and at sun-rise the Crescent had supplanted the Cross upon the walls and towers of Damietta. Some noble knights, as Sir Geoffrey of Sergines, (who in one battle had beat off the Saracens from his sovereign's person, as the king said, like so many flies;) the Marshal of France; the Count of Poitiers, the king's brother; and his seneschal, Joinville, were retained till the gold had been paid down. This task occupied many hours, for the whole sum was weighed; and, when afterwards the Saracens complained that there was a considerable sum short, the king took their word for it, rather than risk the slightest non-performance of his promise, although he was thereby put to much temporary inconvenience, and compelled to obtain the money from the Knights Templars. The infidels were not equally scrupulous, and violated their pledges in three points of importance; for they slew the sick in the city, and, when reproved, and reminded of the very different conduct of Saladin under similar circumstances, attempted to justify the act on the plea that these could not recover; they likewise broke to pieces the engines of war, and made an immense bonfire, which lasted three days, of the dead bodies and all the bacon they could find. It is right, however, to mention that some noble Saracens (one called Faracataie is especially noticed) were much grieved at their countrymen's ill faith, and did all in their power to remedy it.

At length the king and queen, with the two royal counts, and 6,000 men (about one-eighth of the original number,) embarked in Genoese galleys, and were transported to Acre, in Syria. During the passage the king and his seneschal mutually related what had occurred to each during a period in which they had been separated; and Louis, though still deeply lamenting his brother's death, impressed upon Joinville the great reason that each had to be thankful for preservation amid so many dangers. They were received at Acre with great joy: but a question soon arose as to the propriety of the king's immediate return to France. Most of his counsellors recommended it strongly; but Louis had such confidence in the wisdom of the queen-mother, Blanche, and was so anxious to serve the cause of Christianity in Syria by all means in his power, that he resolved to remain there for some time.

Biography will cease to be useful if narrators are predetermined to applaud every action of their hero. To us, the conduct of Louis on this point appears mistaken; putting aside the question of the war, surely no scene,

¹ This was on a machine composed of planks of wood, united by strong leather bands, between which the legs of the unhappy sufferer were crushed, till not a bone remained entire; and after three days, when the legs were swelled, it was applied again.

² Probably a penitential observance on the part of those who had greatly violated the laws of Mahomet.

when that was once concluded, could be so fitted for the exercise of his wise and virtuous administration as his own kingdom. He entered, however, into the affairs of these countries with such zeal, as to cause an apparent neglect of his wife and children for a season, conduct most contrary to the warm affection, and care which, at all other times, both before and after, he displayed. But it is, of course, with much diffidence that we should arraign the proceedings of a man whom we must feel to have been so much above any ordinary standard of goodness. Certain rules, indeed, there are of right and wrong which we need not be afraid of applying to the conduct of the best of mere men; but in all doubtful cases there is much hardihood, as is remarked by a French historian,¹ in condemning saintly men; we ought to be what they have been, to judge of what they have done.

Embassies came, as before, to do honour to the king: one, strangely enough, from the leader of a band of assassins, famous in those days, called the Old Man of the mountain. He sent to Louis his own shirt, esteemed a symbol of affection, a ring of very fine gold, an elephant, and an *orafe* (most probably a giraffe), formed of crystal. Ladies who use scented note-paper will perhaps be surprised to learn (considering the age and country) that the letters accompanying these gifts filled the room with perfume when opened.

But the death of Queen Blanche, who for some time past had not shown her former address and equity in government, changed the face of affairs. The king was much afflicted; but Margaret, though sorry, for her husband's sake, could hardly mourn deeply over the loss of one who had proved to herself a harsh mother-in-law. Preparations for return were now made, but not before Louis had placed all garrisons in those parts in a proper state of defence, and distributed his money so freely, as to obtain the title of "*Father of the Christians*" in the East.

A fleet of fourteen sail now bore back to France her monarch; the vessels touched at Cyprus; and, after weathering a dangerous storm, restored him, in July, 1252, to his native home.

Henceforth we must, for the most part, view Louis as a sovereign and legislator. We regret that space does not permit us to treat of his performance of these functions so fully as we could desire, but trust to give some idea of at least the principles on which he acted. Two subjects claim the especial attention of students of history; firstly, the power and position of the crown in the thirteenth century; secondly, the state of feudal law. The former of these has already, in some degree, been discussed in the earlier part of this narrative; we must now return to it. Dissensions were constantly arising among the barons, and it had been deemed good policy by his predecessors to foment those quarrels; in common parlance, to play off the great vassals one against another, and thus to aggrandise his own weight. Louis invariably exerted himself to reconcile them. But his benevolence, as is justly observed by Hallam, had all the effects of far-sighted policy. The justice of his decisions was so evident, that appeal to him became the constant practice: but such reference almost implies the superiority of him to whom the appeal is made; and thus the supremacy of the sovereign became universally, though imperceptibly, acknowledged. What marvel that such a ruler raised the influence of the monarchy to a far higher point than the most ambitious of those whom he succeeded on the throne! His love of integrity did not rest satisfied with awarding just judgment to others; he attended to all claims upon the crown which could be preferred by his vassals, and gave all doubtful cases against himself; yet further, he appointed commissioners to inquire what possessions had been unjustly

annexed to the royal territory during the reigns of his immediate predecessors, and restored all to the families of the original proprietors, or, if these could not be discovered, distributed the value of the estates among the poor.

At a parliament held soon after his return from Syria, Tybalt, king of Navarre (son of the Tybalt mentioned in the earlier period of the reign) demanded King Louis's daughter, Isabel, in marriage. The king, however, who knew that a dispute was pending between Tybalt and the court of Brittany, would not permit an event which might give undue influence to one side, to take place at such a time, saying that he would not marry his children to the prejudice of his barons. On the dissension being amicably settled, he willingly consented to the match, and the nuptials were shortly afterwards solemnized with much splendour at Melun.

About this time, Henry III. of England (who had recently referred to Louis's arbitration the great questions at stake between himself and his barons) visited France. Louis, to the surprise of those around him, had restored many places which had been won by conquest from the English, and declared, in answer to the remonstrance of his barons, "I am satisfied that the land is fairly mine, but give it up to cherish the love that ought to exist between my children and his, who are cousins german."

On this occasion, the Countess of Provence had the satisfaction of meeting her four daughters. Assuredly she had ample reason to be satisfied with her success in match-making: two of her children had married kings, (Louis, and Henry of England,) and two became great countesses, by wedding king's brothers, (the Counts of Anjou and Cornwall,) and of these last, one subsequently became Queen of the two Sicilies, when Charles of Anjou obtained that kingdom. Henry of England was quite won by the kindness and attention which was shown him by his brother monarch, and returned home filled with good-will towards him.

We have thought it best to narrate these events before entering on the subject of the legislation of King Louis. The code of feudal customs which he compiled, was the first monument of legislation reared by the ancient House of Capet, and continued to the era of the Revolution to be, in the main, the law of the land. Amidst the turbulence and lawlessness of the times, such a body of laws must have been grievously wanted, and felt as a great blessing when promulgated. "There is," says Hallam, "a peculiar beauty in the reign of St. Louis, because it shows the inestimable benefit which a virtuous king may confer upon his country, without possessing any distinguished genius." Genius is, indeed, the prerogative of few; but we cannot but think that the abilities of Louis are somewhat underrated by this writer. Independently of his military talent, which was considerable, we may appeal to his institutions, as displaying large views of that policy by which kingdoms should at all times be governed, combined with much insight into the particular circumstances of his own age. Certainly he possessed, in an eminent degree, that clearness of vision, which commonly attends purity of heart and singleness of purpose; "he would see through a thing at once," says his biographer, "and appeared the wisest of his council." This must also be taken into account in estimating his intellectual powers, that we hear of no prime minister,—no Sully or Cecil at his right hand, to be the main-spring of his actions, and a constant referee in difficulties; he always, indeed, conferred with others, but appears, like our English Alfred, to have been, under Providence, the real source of his own greatness. The state of feudal law was very sad, and by no means uniform; each barony having its peculiar customs and privileges. Accordingly, uniformity is one great object of his code of laws; although the great power which some peers still retained, prevented the entire, or immediate accomplishment of this end. Men accused of any crime used constantly to recri-

¹ Velly. The neatness of the original tempts us to quote it:—"Il y a beaucoup de témérité à condamner certaines actions des saintes; il faut être ce qu'ils ont été, pour bien juger de ce qu'ils ont fait."

minate, like Norfolk and Bolingbroke in Shakspeare's Richard II. In such case, both were imprisoned, and, in default of proofs, had to proceed to trial of wager. Against these judicial combats, and against every species of duelling, Louis bent all his influence, with great success in his own especial domains, but far less efficiently where the different barons most prevailed: for duels were lucrative to the liege lord, since the horse and armour of the vanquished became his, and, in some cases, all the property: and a loss, which the Kingsuffered gladly, so that he might abolish those unjust ordeals, arrayed the selfishness of the less upright against the change. Capital punishment was reserved almost entirely for prisoners guilty of assassination, homicide, rape, highway-robbery, incendiarism, and treason, a most merciful catalogue if compared with many of a later date in other European countries. Prisoners were to make their own defence, excepting noblemen, clergy, and women, who are allowed to plead by proxy. The gentler sex is, throughout the code, treated with the courtesy and forbearance which the chivalrous spirit of its author would naturally prompt. A noble lady wedded to a commoner transmitted her nobility to her children; though they could not, without special grant, receive the honour of knighthood. Appeal from inferior courts might be made to the Sovereign, but his decision was, of course, final, as he owned no earthly superior. Noblemen might not leave more than one-third of their property to their younger children, for fear of impoverishing the heir. The coinage was revised and greatly improved. Every thing connected with the internal tranquillity of families occupied much of the King's attention, and the subjects of donations, dowries, guardianships, &c. are treated with equal sagacity and justice. Libels are fined lightly; except in the case of a false attack upon female character, when the sum paid both to court and plaintiff was very greatly magnified. With these few specimens of this celebrated code, we quit the topic of the laws.¹

Meanwhile in all minor transactions, and the affairs of daily life, (perhaps after all the severest test of true principle,) by precept and example, as well as by just rule and judgment, the saintly king was consulting the best interests of his family and subjects. His dress was grave and simple: his diet plain: his conversation chastened, though cheerful. At eventide he would tell his children tales, now of good kings and emperors for imitation, now of bad rulers who through luxury and injustice had lost their kingdoms; and frequently made them perform their devotions in his presence. To the poor he was exceedingly bountiful, and daily fed numbers, serving them himself in person. He augmented the value of small benefices after previous consultation of good clergy, and invariably sought out the ministers of any town whither business called him, and requested their prayers for a blessing on his labours, adding withal, a donation for alms. For women who were widows, or lying in, or those who through poverty might be tempted to a sinful course of life, he founded hospitals and religious houses, and "with these," writes his seneschal, "illuminated his realm, as an author his books with gold and azure."² Yet, with all his benevolence, he never forgot that he was a king, but received his parliaments and assemblies of barons right royally, with greater state and hospitality than for some generations had been displayed at the French court. His second son Philip was united to the young Princess of Arragon, who had been destined to the elder brother Louis; but the untimely death of the latter prevented the consummation of the match; he likewise married many younger members of his large family, (consisting of six sons and five daughters,) and provided for them without prejudice to the

crown, the domains of which he increased by purchasing lordships where the owners were the last of their families. Rebellion now became a thing unheard of. The integrity of the king's administration afforded no pretext for it, and his courage and firmness, without which all other merits had in such times proved ineffectual, were so well known that the peers felt that all concessions arose from no coward fear, but solely from his sense of duty and princely magnanimity of heart.

Yet, strange to many as it may appear, the hope of seeing Palestine rescued from the sway of the unbelievers had never left Louis throughout the period of twenty years which had elapsed since his return from Syria. To the surprise of all, to the terror of most, he summoned a Parliament and proposed a fresh crusade. Respect and affection for their sovereign overcame the reluctance of many lords who were personally opposed to the expedition; but Joinville, with all his love for Louis, refused to go, and on grounds which appear but too just.³ Nay, he thought that those who counselled the king in this matter sinned mortally; for Louis "was now so feeble that he could not ride, yet, had he remained, he might have lived to do much good; whereas at his departure everything began to deteriorate. But the subject lay too near his heart, and in the year of our Lord 1268 he set sail for Tunis, yet not before he had secured the liberties of the Gallican Church against the Papal encroachments, by a famous treaty termed the *Pragmatic Sanction*, an edict worthy of all notice on the part of those who take interest in Ecclesiastical History, when they consider the character, and devotedness to the Church, of him who formed it.

He was induced to steer for Tunis which did not lie in his course, by a report that the king of that district desired to become a christian. Although the tide of enthusiasm for the Crusades was fast ebbing, yet such had been the force of Louis's example, that not only many French nobles, and Gaston, Viscount of Bearn, and Charles of Anjou, now King of Sicily accompanied him; but likewise many Scottish, Castilian, and Catalan knights; Prince Edward of England, and his brother Edmund, Earl of Gloucester. But the rumour proved entirely false. After capturing the town of Carthage, the army was compelled to lay siege to Tunis, but disease attacked the host, and its leader was seized with an intestine malady.

Then the holy king felt his end approaching, and summoned his son Philip, to whom he gave his blessing, with advice, of which our limits will not permit us to say more, than that its maxims of policy were worthy of the sagacity, and its spirit of the piety of the speaker. He then received the sacrament, and showed that he still retained sense by making the responses throughout the penitential Psalms; and, bidding his attendants recline him on a couch strewn with ashes to express the depth of his contrition, crossed his arms, and, looking heavenward, rendered his spirit to his Maker at the same hour on which his Lord had expired on the cross, on the day after the feast of St. Bartholomew, A. D. 1270.

His remains were taken home and interred in the Abbey of St Denys. He was shortly after canonized by the Church.⁴

Thus lived, thus died, the sovereign whose fortunes we have attempted to narrate. The quaint old chronicler, to whom such frequent reference has been made, declares that he undertook his master's biography with three

¹ Any reader who may chance to take interest in such a subject, is referred to Velly, *Histoire de France* (tom. iii.), for further information.

² A comparison peculiarly appreciated in the thirteenth century, when illuminated manuscripts were very general.

³ These were the grievous impoverishment of his own vassals, their mal-treatment by subordinate officers of the crown, and the great injury which the kingdom then flourishing in peace and justice would, (and did,) sustain from the king's absence.

⁴ It might be thought dishonest to omit all allusion to two points, unfit for further notice here. 1. That Louis, in accordance with the teaching of his age and country, practised invocation of saints. 2. That his countrymen claimed for his tomb some miracles; but Joinville, though he asserts as much, does not mention *any one instance*.

main objects in view: first, that he might record the excellence of his kingly government, which was ever according to the law of God and his Church; secondly, that he might display his feats of arms and chivalry; lastly, that he might set forth his true saintliness of heart, which was such as perhaps no layman of his time attained unto. Much as we have been compelled to omit, yet unless we have given some idea of these we have failed egregiously. As a pattern of chivalry, Louis probably stands unrivalled; in these days we need not seek a revival of its form. Sword and lance and Eglinton mock-tournaments are not required; these are after all the accidents and not the essence of the chivalrous spirit, but its loyal and loving temper towards God and man, its courage and its gentleness, its union of true courtesy and hardihood, its affection and abnegation of self: these are its true characteristics, and these are of all time.

The reader of later French annals will from time to time encounter the name of Louis the Ninth, "breathing like a gale from happy spots,"¹ and fraught with all pure and ennobling reminiscences. His descendant Louis XIII. obtained that his day should be observed as a general feast. When Henrietta Maria was about to wed our Charles the First, her mother in writing to her, bids her remember that she is a descendant of St. Louis.² When the satanic outburst of wickedness which attended the French Revolution reached its consummation in the execution of a sovereign, (Louis XVI.) who had never in word or deed wronged his people, the Abbé Edgeworth who attended him, said, almost as the axe descended, "*Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven,*" (*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.*) "These," says Professor Smyth, "were the last words that reached the king's ear, and none other were worthy to follow them. They had burst, as it afterwards appeared, unconsciously from the holy man in the agony of affliction, and they poured visions of glory into that vale of death which he was now every moment entering."³

Even now, amidst the attractive gaities of the French capital, amidst the signs of anarchy and infidelity, his memory may occasionally be brought even to the mind of a stranger. In that edifice (the Chapelle de St. Ferdinand) which commemorates the death of the hapless Duke of Orleans, and forms at once the most honourable and affecting tribute to his worth, and to the piety and affection of his parents and dearest relatives,—the windows bear the images of kingly saints, as if to remind the royal family that the temptations incident to their station need not necessarily prove a hindrance to growth in goodness. Among these, St. Louis holds his fitting place. The visitor at Versailles will now find that sumptuous palace adorned with painted and sculptured records of the nation's history, and dedicated "*aux gloires de la France.*" If, wearied by the repetition of ambitious wars, or revolutionary excesses, he should sigh for recollections of a truer patriotism and wisdom, the history of France is assuredly not that which will deny it him. He will turn, perhaps, to that gallery where the memory of the Maid of Arc has received a visible embodiment and well-nigh breathing form from the hands of Mary of Wurtemberg, and then descend to that gorgeous chamber, where, amidst the heroes of an age whose influence can never wholly cease, with Godfrey de Bouillon, with St. Bernard, with Richard of England the Lion-hearted, stands the pictured effigy of one, who was a worthy successor (as a leader of crusades) to the first, and who combined in his own heart the devotion and valour of the other two, mounted on his charger you behold him, the ancient fleur-de-lys conspicuous on his azure robe, *Louis the Ninth—Saint Louis of France*, "the noblest and holiest of monarchs."

N. N. E.

¹ Plato's Republic, lib. iv.

² See page 58 of this Magazine, No. 4, Part. I.

³ Lectures on the French Revolution, Vol. ii.

Reading for the Young.



THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

I AM going to give the history of what was, perhaps, the first Cedar of Lebanon brought over to Europe.

It grew in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, and was such a loved and favourite tree, that people liked to repeat the story of its first being planted, the adventures it had gone through, and the changes it had seen; and these I am now going to tell you.

A Frenchman was travelling in the Holy Land, and found a little seedling among the Cedars of Lebanon, which he longed to bring away as a memorial of his travels. He took it up tenderly, with all the earth about its little roots, and, for want of a better flower-pot, planted it carefully in his hat, and there he kept it and tended it. The voyage home was rough and tempestuous, and so much longer than usual, that the supply of fresh water in the ship fell short, and they were obliged to measure it out most carefully to each person. The captain was allowed two glasses a day, the sailors, who had the work of the ship on their hands, one glass each, and the poor passengers but half a glass. In such a scarcity you may suppose the little cedar had no allowance at all. But our friend the traveller felt for it as his child, and each day shared with it his small half-glass of precious water; and so it was, that when the vessel arrived at the port, the traveller had drunk so little water that he was almost dying, and the young cedar so much, that, behold, it was a noble and fresh little tree, six inches high!

At the custom house, the officers, who are always suspicious of smuggling, wished to empty the hat, for they would not believe but that something more valuable in their eyes lay hid beneath the moist mould. They thought of lace, or of diamonds, and began to thrust their fingers into the soil. But our poor traveller implored them so earnestly to spare his tree, and talked to them so eloquently of all that we read in the Bible of the Cedars of Lebanon, telling them of David's house and Solomon's temple, that the men's hearts were softened, and they suffered the young cedar to remain undisturbed in its strange dwelling.

From thence it was carried to Paris, and planted

most carefully in the *Jardin des Plantes*. A large tile was set up against it as a protection and a shade, and its name was written in Latin and stuck in front, to tell all the world that it was something new and precious. The soil was good, and the tree grew; grew till it no longer needed the shelter of the tile, nor the dignified protection of the Latin inscription; grew till it was taller than its kind protector the traveller; grew till it could give shelter to a nurse and her child, tired of walking about in the pleasant gardens, and glad of the coolness of the thick dark branches. Soon these branches spread so far on every side, that other nurses and other children could assemble under the shade, and play their little games together.

The cedar grew larger and larger, and became the noblest tree there. All the birds of the garden could have assembled in its branches. All the lions and tigers, and apes and bears, and panthers and elephants, of the great menagerie close at hand, could have lain at ease under its shade. It became the tree of all the trees in the wide garden that the people loved the best; there, each Thursday, when the gardens were open to all the city, the blind people, from their asylum, used to ask to be brought under the cedar; there they would stand together, and measure its great trunk, and guess how large and wide must be its branches. It was a pleasure to see them listening to the sweet song of the birds over head, and breathing in its fragrant eastern perfume. They thought of the distant East,—the East, from whence comes the true light, their *only* light; they could never hope to see it with their mortal eyes, but here the East seemed to visit them, and they could touch it.

The blind seemed to call the dumb there: for the deaf and dumb too chose the cedar for their friend. The blind dreamed that they could see the cedar when they heard the murmur of its branches; the deaf thought that they heard the song of the birds as they saw them fly from branch to branch.

Not only on Thursday were the blind and the deaf and dumb to be seen there, but the poor foundlings, those desolate children whose fathers and mothers have deserted them, and who are abandoned to the charity of strangers, found it their greatest treat to collect under the cedar, and dance round it; or, perhaps, with sadder thoughts, they would sit to rest and watch the happier children passing, with fathers and mothers and sisters by their side, all talking and laughing together. To these poor children the cedar was a kind of Father; year by year they measured their growth by it; at their earliest recollection they were not higher than this little projection of rough bark; now they can almost touch the lowest sweeping branch, when the wind waves it downwards.

There was once a prison at the end of these gardens, a dark, and dismal, and terrible place, where the unfortunate and the guilty were all mixed together in one wretched confusion. The building was a lofty one, divided into many stories, and, by the time you reached the top, you were exhausted and breathless. The cells were as dreary and comfortless there as in the more accessible ones below; and yet those who could procure a little money by any means, gladly paid it to be allowed to rent one of those topmost cells. What was it that made them value this weary height? It was, that, beyond that forest of chimneys and desert plain of slates, they could see the Cedar of Lebanon! His cheeks

pressed against the rusty bars, the poor debtor would pass hours looking upon the cedar. It was the prisoner's garden, and he would console himself in the weariness of a long, rainy, sunless day, in thinking, the cedar will look greener to-morrow. Every friend and visitor was shown the cedar, and each felt it a comfort in the midst of so much wretchedness to see it. They were as proud of the cedar in this prison,¹ as if they had planted it.

Who will not grieve for the fate of the Cedar of Lebanon? It had grown and flourished for a hundred years, for cedars do not need centuries, like the oak, to attain their highest growth, when, just as its hundredth year was attained, the noble, the beautiful tree was cut down to make room for a railway. This was done just ten years ago; and now the hissing steam-engine passes over its withered roots. Such things, it seems, must be; and we must not too much grieve, or complain at any of the changes that pass around us in this world of changes, and yet we cannot but feel sorry for the Cedar of Lebanon.

SKETCHES AMONG THE ALPS.

No. II.—SUNRISE AND SUNSET FROM THE RIGHT.

WE were now in one of the small catholic cantons, the little hemmed-in valley was quiet as the absence of steam and manufactures could make it, yet it was most fertile, and its circumscribed lake deep enough to have nourished fish for the inhabitants for every day of the year; but some tough exertions had been made to produce greater substantialities, which probably were consumed six days out of the seven, when they could be had.

This canton abounded with Capuchins, male and female. It is amazing how they, and their habiliments and dwellings assort with the land that harbours them; perched on the summit of a rock, or squat beside the borders of a Swiss lake, a square box English rectory would be unendurable; we must be persuaded, whether we will or not, that discomfort and the picturesque go hand in hand. One of the strange conceits of their religion was shewn here in a collection of hundreds of human skulls, though, in being labelled with the departed owners' names wanting the poetical mystery attached to the more northern eccentricity of the same kind; but thereby giving rise to no such heretical doubts of authenticity; the testimony thus afforded by the dry bones appeared to be at least as valuable as the inscriptions of tombstones, or of the temporary gilt crosses first erected in memory of the sleeper.

There was the overhanging roof, the open gallery, and the carved wood-work, in all their chaste and simple taste; a female carried a heavy billet of wood, casting it on a pile of such faggots beside her abode, her winter's supply of fuel; her face was a homely one, as the phrase goes, and like her's are the majority of her countrywomen's; the sex work hard here, but she had neither the distorted form, nor diseased complexion, so frequently caused by want of all work; she was neither the weak nor ugly being of indolence. Many wise people now-a-days inveigh against out-door labour for females, would have them draw out other duties to attenuation instead of it, and would rather that vapours should exist, than a complexion of bronze, highly cherishing the poetical

¹ St. Pelagie.

idea of feminine fragility. This poor Swiss peasant who excited our admiration, was very robust; her feet, we need not add, were scarcely after the Chinese model; she raised an arm rather unlike that of "the finer statue than nature ever made;" and, though she might not exactly have bewildered a man's judgment, yet the intelligence of her countenance spoke more for the owner, than could have been done by the tamer expression of a smoother face.

Mountains had fallen here, and others threatened to fall; yet hamlets were fearlessly placed, where the slippery material overhanging them seemed bent on their destruction. Full of faith, surely, must be the founders of such dwellings, trusting ever for the best. As darkness once more deepened, the intense heat of day decreased, summer-lightnings began to flash in magnificent sheets across the lake, mocking, with a transient but most vivid glare, the tiny artificial lights that now appeared in the windows of the few habitations surrounding its near termination. Wandering among the repositories of the dead, we marked the distinction between the monumental inscriptions and those of our own country. Here the departed was attested to be the husband of the wife whose name was added: whereas with us no mention is made of the latter whatever. From the pulpit in the Capuchin church, a naked arm and cross were thrust, whose bareness, seen even in the twilight, reminded us of the giant killer, or queller (as Captain Clutterbuck will have it), whose legs and arms, hands and feet, did duty of their own accord, unaided by the rest of the body. In certain situations, poverty and ignorance thwart the good taste of the Church, as she is obliged to cater to a variety of palates; for, since all her children are not judges of the fine arts, and holy writ counselled "to throw no pearls away," the bedizened and bespangled Madonnas, like this bald arm, make an impression where that divinity of art which enchants the world would unquestionably fail.

Without doors once again,—and the huge dark mountains had become gloomy to sublimity. On three sides rose the cloven Mythen, the Righi, and the riven Rosenberg, with many others, all becoming more shadowy and vast as the obscurity deepened: grand and majestic they were, yet not fearful, for the night was still and clear.

In the roar of the tempest, with the thunder echoing around, the cataracts rushing from their sides, or amid the wild drifting of the snow-storm, how differently would they impress the mind! Even now, as the sun sank, and a few heavy clouds gathered for a while about them, there was a token given of what the war of the elements would be in this the region of their home.

During the night the wind rose, and rain fell in torrents; a drenched watchman loudly sung the hours, but he seemed out of place, this guardian of the night, in a place so simple and so still. Next morning, Sunday, mass was to be performed, and the way to the church was thronged: females passed with long plaited hair, dressed chiefly in black; one white cap was surmounted with frills from back to front, like two large cock's combs; as usual, the attire of the women was more varied than that of the other sex, the latter merely vying with each other in the largeness of their shoe-buckles.

An ugly species of rock (if nature made anything ugly) is the pudding-stone; even its largest masses require distance to produce effect. We are told that

when, years since, its huge bulk slid down here, an old man continued to light his pipe. Smoking must have been to him as opium to the Turks, sufficient to make him a fatalist. Fallen mounds lay around us, and hurled down fragments, on which, however, time had done its work, causing renewal from ruin; the rent face of the torn rock is losing its traces of desolation, but slowly and with hesitation, as if fearful of another overthrow. The works of man were soon hid from us by distance: half way up the mountain which we had now begun to ascend, they could not be seen. In the gully all prospect was lost, but there were other diversions instead; the tree-steps were leg-breaking, at first sight, although as we were convinced afterwards, vastly safe and commodious, compared with other Swiss staircases. We next met pilgrims, many of whom had travelled from a distance during the night. The straw hats of the women were as large as the broad-brimmed head coverings of the pilgrims of old. The indulgence had been extended beyond the usual time; whether the attendance had at first been scanty, and the period prolonged, in the hope of its being better, or whether it had been so good, that it was continued in order to make the most of it, we were in the dark.

The early devotees passed on praying, their eyes however directed exclusively neither to their heads nor the path: it would appear they were accustomed to pray, and yet not to stumble on a rough road, and withal, would take a glance at what was passing around them. The miserable effigies on paper at the stations could scarcely incite to devotion; the more of it therefore, to their credit, must have been in the hearts of the worshippers.

On one of the wildest parts of the mountain enormous blocks were strewn around, and, for a time, hill and sky were alone apparent. Arrived at what might be called "the half-way house," there were incongruities exhibited in the shape of public houses confronting the very shrine, whose hostesses and inmates seemed for the hour at best little awed by the sanctity of the neighbourhood; the fathers too were at their dinners, as well as their penitents.

The pasturages appeared; the tinkling bells of the flocks and herds were heard a little higher up, and mountains were fast disappearing into levelness with plains, the hues of the far landscape opening to the sight upon one side were less pleasing than from below; distance, and the ascending sun had confused them. Higher still and we stood as on an immense pole stretching enormously upwards from the depth underneath. We entered the convent-like house of entertainment, and the reflection occurred to us whether it would be more endurable to be the keeper of a light house on a solitary rock in the ocean, or that of such an edifice as this when the snows of winter were piled high around it, and had chased away all other inhabitants. We gave the preference to the latter, as well as to the vocation of hermit, if such troglodytes are yet to be found. Sunset was approaching, the glorious scene we had come to witness; clouds still wreathed the middle of the nearest mountains, and the light of the planet of day was yet on their summits. One portion of the grandest lake in Switzerland lay below its surface, showing like clouds seen through other clouds, a complete deception to the sight. Among the groups who stood anxiously awaiting the crisis of splendour, there was one of peculiar effect, consisting of a black-gowned priest, two brown robed capuchins, and four short-skirted female peasants, all in company; the dark scull-caps of the monks covered heads the antipodes of each other, respective representations of intelligence and stupidity. After gazing around them for a while, the friars ran down the declivity, managing their long habits with feminine dexterity, and disappeared to reascend next morning.

It was now sunset, and from the Righi hundreds of Alpine peaks bristled far and wide on either hand;

glaciers shone in the most effulgent light, while the thinnest of clouds hovered over them. In the magnificent centre three spiral pinnaced mountains shot up into the very heavens, as if thrones waiting for Archangels to light upon. Soon a transparent and purple mist of the most beautiful tinge floated on all below. One cloud after another took farewell of the huge masses till only a few remained, as if likewise to assert their claim to the admiration of a world. On the other side the outstretched heights of the Jura and Schwarzwald rose in majesty, while the lakelets had become as drops of water, and the rivers as lines. The reign of day was past, night slowly approached to begin hers; the prevailing colour of the sky changed to a clear deep blue, and the purple mist on the low grounds darkened to lead; the sublime masses of the shining worlds of snow seemed to become colder and more cold until the iciness of the pole might have been imagined present. As the vast curtain of night spread and darkened, the air became chill in the extreme; the scene was one of awe; the bleak and mighty wall of rock and ice advanced in fancy nearer, the distance between it and us seeming each moment fearfully to diminish; its final approach to annihilate and sweep away appeared inevitable. It was a strange effect; but just as the tremendous barriers darkened and deepened to the semblance of black marble, they began to fade in distinctness, threatening to dissolve in air; the last remains of light left each summit, yet the shadowy and solemn array was fixed on the vision still, as a supernatural embattlement for the night, which no human power could force.

And the sun rose again; but long before his approach a herald came, lest his sudden glory should bewilder: a warning stream of light, inferior in brilliance only to the fountain from whence it flowed, changed next with a warm grey tinge; it dispersed itself over the many miles of landscape around, the avant courier of a more splendid illumination. Then slowly arose the monarch, to light up more than two hundred summits, first and most powerfully beaming on the pinnacles at hand, while he left the more distant yet obscured in the mist of morning. It was a dazzling sight, that of the vivid shining rays, in their clear, warm, and fresh splendour, of which a transient reflection was given on some of the snowy heights, an evanescent glance on the superb elevations; how like a creator seemed the orb of day to these cliffy altitudes, thus withdrawn from night and chaos, and made to welcome his presence, each one a wonder for an universe to look upon! His dominion for the day established, and his power acknowledged, he reposed for a while, a sober hue overspread the scene, mist followed to diversify, and then clouds gathered around to veil the sun of morning, and to usher in that of noon.

The sight of the lofty solitudes, however, was to be abandoned for a time; forests, rivers, and the dwellings of men succeeded them; wreaths of mist floated in the air; the shadows of the dawn had dispersed as the day advanced, and all was blest with light; the dark Pilatus frowned away approach, while the most perfect lake in Europe invited it. Mont Scnlis, with its snowy peak, towered far behind and above the ruinous Rossberg; no spectre of the Righi had confronted us, but he was easily conjured up amidst a scene where the duller imagination could not be inactive, where man might have fancied himself in a shadowy world, demon, or angel, as the mood inclined. A hardy little cow stood on the verge of a precipice, with all the indifference of a chamois; apparently, either enjoying the view, or meditating suicide; exalted by her commanding and dangerous position, while her sight of the grandeur beneath must have been perfect, provided her nerves were firm;—apoplectic she could not be, for certain, or she had at once toppled down from her giddy eminence.

In our descent, the sight was again deceived by a part of the mountain jutting into the lake, making it appear

the islet it was not. The steamer approached, spattering and hissing, guides and porters shouted and struggled, all in disharmony with the scenery. Beyond lay a native Lucerne boat, no smoky funnel had it, no noisy paddles, and no crowd of passengers. The old boatmen have a grudge at the fiery intruders, and so had we, despite their power against squalls and time. The high, abrupt, and rugged promontories seemed formed for storms to play around. To the dwellings far up on the mountain sides, the road was as if lost; a short way on, and the precipitous rocks descended sheer to the water's edge, giving no resting place for human foot. Man would have been as an intruder where earth and water thus met! Towards the upper portion of the lake, parts of the rocky strata seemed as if it had boiled up from below; the high mountains shut out the world beyond, defying the spectator to look on aught save them, while in their presence; in contrast, some were crowned with snow, others with trees.

But to see this lake in perfection it should be beheld when beset with clouds and tempest, beneath a sky in keeping with its savage wildness; though, whether in sunshine or in storm, of itself it leaves nothing to be desired. We landed to pursue our way through marshes, towards poverty, disease, and some of the finest scenery in Europe. A fat Swiss and his equally heavy lady, sat down to dinner beside us; the good woman, whose round face surmounted a throat encased in a black stock, seemed to be absorbed by the magnitude of the outlay she was compelled to make, reflecting probably on how she could best dispense with the numerous helps who had thrust themselves forward for her accommodation and their own interest; but if such were the subject of the lady's cogitations, it might be surmised from the blank expression of her eyes, that she felt rather perplexed and puzzled how she was to effect her object, since she could neither fly nor swim, and evidently would not be content with a meal gathered from the wayside.

This place of rest was shut in on three sides by high mountains, a noxious effluvia pervaded it, drains, though highly necessary, were wanting. The abode of the monks rose conspicuous above all; they occupied the best situation, Goitres and Cretins abounded; if the Goitred women suffered no pain, the deformity, nevertheless, distorted their features to something very like the expression of it; and the miserable beings were so tattered in their dress it seemed no wonder that beggary was abroad and asking.

Swiss architecture, in a few instances, began to give place to that of Italy, wood was less used in the dwellings, the galleries were missed, and the overhanging roofs; it was the memorial spot of Tell, yet his monument was rivalled by that of a Capuchin.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

April 12.—Easter Day, (1846.)

"THIS is a movable festival in commemoration of the Resurrection, and being," says Brady, "the most important and most ancient in observance, governs the whole of the other movable feasts throughout the year." Whether Easter was first kept by the Apostles or by their immediate successors, about A.D. 68, cannot, perhaps, be satisfactorily proved. The period of its celebration has been various in different countries. In 314, the Council of Arles decreed that all the churches throughout the world should celebrate the Pascha of the Resurrection, on the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the March moon; and the Council of Nice in 325 confirmed that ordinance. The Anglican Prayer-book contains the following rule:—"Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after, the twenty-first day of March; and if the full moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after."

In the Greek and Latin churches, this festival is styled *PASCHA*, a word derived from the Hebrew name (signifying a passage) which was given by the Jews to their great feast of the Passover. In Yorkshire it is still called *Peace*, which is plainly a corruption from the above designation. The name *Easter* may have been derived from *Eastre*, a Saxon goddess who was worshipped at this season: or from the Saxon *Oster*, to rise, in allusion to CHRIST'S Resurrection. Easter Sunday was anciently called the Great day, and the Feast of feasts; and in some places, God's Sunday.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

It was once a general belief that on Easter morning the sun danced or played immediately after his rising: and the common people went very early into the fields to witness this phenomenon. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," remarks:—"We shall not, I hope, disparage the resurrection of our REDEEMER if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter Day." In some localities it was thought requisite to visit the brink of a fountain, and observe the reflection of the sun upon its surface. "I have heard of, when a boy," writes Brand, "an ingenious method of making an artificial sun dance on Easter Sunday. A vessel full of water was set out in the open air, in which the reflected sun seemed to dance, from the tremulous motion of the water."

At this festival it was also customary to remove the soot and ashes from the fire-places, and burn them, with much ceremony, in the court-yard. A Homily of the time of Henry VI. says:—"This day they do the fire out of the hall; and the hearthstone that hath been in winter brown and black with the smoke, shall this day be arrayed in green rushes, and strewn with flowers all about, showing to men and women that right as they make clean their houses, right so shall ye cleanse the home of your soul, and do away deadly wrath and envy, and strew the herbs and flowers of virtue and goodness."

We learn from Lyson's "Environs of London," vol. iii. p. 603, that there was an ancient custom at Twickenham, of dividing two great cakes in the church upon Easter Day among the youths and maidens, but, this being considered by the Puritans "a relic of popery," it was ordered by Parliament in 1645, that the parishioners should "forbear" the usage, and "instead thereof," buy loaves of bread for the poor of the parish with the money that should have purchased the cakes. It appears that 1*l.* per annum is still charged upon the vicarage for the purpose of buying penny-loaves for poor children on the Thursday after Easter. Within the memory of man they were thrown from the church steeple for; a usage which also formerly prevailed at Paddington. Hasted, in his History of Kent, speaking of Biddenden, in that county, observes "that twenty acres of land called the Bread and Cheese land, lying in five pieces, were given by persons unknown; the yearly rents to be distributed among the poor of this parish." This is yearly done on Easter Sunday, after Divine Service, in the afternoon. About a thousand cakes, (each of which have the figures of two women united at the hips and shoulders, stamped upon it,) are given to all such as attend the church, and about three hundred quarter loaves, and cheese in proportion, are distributed to the parishioners only, at the same time. There is a tradition that the figures on the cakes represent the donors of this gift, being two sisters, who were joined together in their bodies and lived in that state thirty-four years: but "the truth seems to be," says Hasted, "that it was the gift of two maidens, of the name of Preston, and that the print of the women on the cakes has taken place only within these fifty years, and was made to represent two poor widows, as the general objects of charitable benefaction." The writer has one of these cakes in his possession. Its appearance is not by any means tempting.

It was a practice in the thirteenth century to seize all ecclesiastics found walking abroad between Easter and Pentecost, and make them purchase their liberty with

money. This was in memory of the seizure of the Apostles after CHRIST'S passion. "We have still," says a recent writer, "what appears to be a relic of this fashion in a custom which exists in various parts of England. A band of young men goes abroad, and whatever female they meet, they take hold of her, and pull off her shoes, which are only returned to her upon her paying some trifling forfeit." Brand informs us that, at the time he wrote, the youths in the villages of Yorkshire had a practice of unfastening and carrying away the maidens' buckles on Easter Sunday: that on Easter Monday the young women made similar reprisals, and that on the Wednesday the above articles were redeemed by small presents, out of which an entertainment called a Tansy cake was made, with dancing. A similar usage formerly obtained at Ripon, celebrated for its manufacture of spurs, and travellers riding through that town were stripped of these appendages, which, in like manner, they had to redeem. A correspondent in the *Every Day Book* relates, that, in Durham it is common, on Easter Sunday, for a number of boys to assemble in the afternoon, and as soon as the clock strikes four, scour the streets in parties, and accost every woman they meet with "pay for your shoes if you please," at the same time stooping to take them off, which, if they do, and do not immediately get a penny or two-pence, they will actually carry off by main force. "On Easter Monday," he adds, "the women claim the same privilege towards the male sex. They begin much earlier in the day, and attack every man and boy they can lay hold of to make them *pay for their shoes*; if the men happen to wear boots, and will not pay anything, the girls generally endeavour to seize their hats and run off. If a man catches the girl with the hat, it is usually thrown or handed about to the great amusement of the spectators, till the person is baffled out of a sixpence to redeem the right of wearing it again; but this, like all other old customs, has greatly fallen off lately, and is now chiefly practised by a few children." A very singular custom formerly prevailed at Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, on the Feast of the Resurrection. The freeholders of the town and manor having assembled, either in person or by their deputies, one among them, gaily attired and gallantly mounted, with a sceptre in his hand, a crown on his head, a sword borne before him, and respectfully attended by all the rest on horseback, rode through the principal street to the church. At the churchyard stile he was met by the clergyman, who conducted him to hear Divine Service. On leaving the church, he went with the same pomp and retinue, to a house previously prepared for his reception. Here a feast, suited to his assumed dignity, awaited him and his suite; and he was served kneeling, with all the observances that a real prince might expect. After dinner he disrobed, and descended from his transient exaltation. This usage seems to have originated in the actual appearance of the prince, who resided at Restormel castle in former ages. On the removal of royalty, this mimic grandeur stepped forth and continued for many generations, as its shadowy representative.

The "Antiquarian Repertory" affirms, that at Queen's College, Oxford, the first dish brought to the table on Easter Day is a red herring riding away on horseback: that is to say, a herring placed by the cook, something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn salad. "This," says Hone, "is the only vestige of the pageants which formerly were publicly exhibited by way of popular rejoicing for the departure of the forty days' Lent Fast, and the return to solid eating, with the Easter Festival. The viands appropriate to Easter Day in the old times were eggs, bacon, tansy pudding, and bread and cheese. The origin of the connexion of eggs with Easter may perhaps be thus accounted for. As the whole living world went into the ark and were shut up for a season, like the life in the egg, so by the egg, the ancients for ages symbolized the tradition of that great event, bringing eggs to the altars of their gods.

The entrance of CHRIST into the tomb, and His deliverance from its thrall, were at once typified by the ark, and the egg its symbol. And hence, throughout Christendom, the egg seems to have become allied to the feast of the Resurrection. Paschal eggs are as common in Russia as in England. "At Moscow, on Easter Monday," says Mr. Howitt, "lovers to their mistresses, relatives to each other, servants to their masters, all bring ornamented eggs. The meanest pauper in the street, presenting an egg and repeating the words *Christos vosress!* [CHRIST is risen!] may demand a salute even from the empress." We learn from the same authority that in France, in the week preceding Easter, baskets full of eggs boiled hard, of a red or violet colour, are seen in the streets, and the children amuse themselves by playing with and afterwards eating them. Throughout the country of Bon-neval, on the day before Easter Sunday, and during the first days of Easter week, the clerks of the different parishes, headles, and certain artisans, go about from house to house to ask for their Easter eggs. In Germany, coloured eggs, and little loaves of confectionery, are laid about in the garden among the grass and bushes on Easter Day, and the children are told that "on this night the hares have laid eggs," and bade to go out and look for them. This is one of the Germans' most favourite fictions. The father, mother, and all the elder brothers and sisters, make as much pretence about these hares' eggs and sugar loaves, as concerning their Christmas CHRIST-child and his gifts, and take as much delight in the surprise of the children on discovering these many-coloured eggs, as is felt by the children themselves. Hyde, in his "Oriental Sports," remarks that the youth of the Christians of Mesopotamia, on Easter Day, and forty days afterwards, buy as many eggs as they can, and stain them red, green, or yellow. These they strike one against another, and the egg that first breaks, is won by the owner of the egg that struck it. Immediately another egg is pitted against the winning egg; and so they go on till the last remaining egg wins all the others which their respective owners shall before have won. On Easter eve, and Easter Day, the heads of families sent to the church large chargers filled with hard boiled eggs, which were blessed by the priest. In a curious Roll of the expenses of the household of Edward I. is the following item in the accounts of Easter Sunday: "Four hundred and half of eggs, eighteen pence." These were procured in order to have them coloured, or covered with leaf-gold, and afterwards distributed. At this day the Easter (or as they are called, *paste* or *pace*, a corruption of *Pasch*) eggs used in England are boiled hard, and beautifully stained; some by boiling them with different coloured ribbons bound round them; others, by dyeing them of one colour, and scraping it away in a variety of figures; others by boiling them in the coating of an onion. In the midland counties these are rarely met with; but in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and so Northward, they abound. In Cumberland and Westmoreland, the boys play with them in the fields, rolling them up and down like balls upon the ground, or throwing them up like balls in the air. Even in Scotland, where holidays and holiday customs are almost unknown, a like amusement at this season prevails. When the eggs are broken the children make a feast of their contents. It was usual, in former times, to regale upon a gammon of bacon, in signification of abhorrence to Judaism, on Easter Day. This was, indeed, a day of shame and danger to the Jews; the duty of spitting in an Israelite's face, and throwing stones at his doors and windows, being considered as necessary an observance as the attending church. The tansy seems to have been introduced among Easter viands, as a successor to the bitter herbs used by the Hebrews at their Passover. Tansy cakes were usually presented well sugared.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

At Durham Abbey, betwixt three or four o'clock in

the morning of Easter Day, two of the eldest monks of the quire went to the Easter "Sepulchre," which being covered with red velvet and embroidered with gold, these monks with a pair of silver censers, censured on their knees. Then both rising went to the "sepulchre," out of which they took a very beautiful image of the Resurrection, with a cross in the hand of the image of CHRIST, in the breast of which was inclosed in bright crystal, the holy Sacrament, so as to be conspicuous to the beholders. Then, after the elevation of the above "picture," it was carried by the two monks upon a velvet-embroidered cushion, the monks singing the anthem of *CHRISTUS resurgens*. They then brought it to the high altar, setting it on the midst thereof, and the two monks, kneeling before the altar, censured it all the time that the rest of the quire were singing the anthem, which being ended, the two monks took up the cushion and picture from the altar, supporting it betwixt them, and proceeded in procession to the south quire door, where there were four "ancient" gentlemen belonging to the quire, appointed to attend their coming, holding up a rich canopy of purple velvet, tasselled round about with red silk and gold fringe; and then the canopy was borne by these ancient gentlemen, over the said image, with the Host carried by the two monks round about the church, the whole quire following, with torches and tapers; all singing, rejoicing, and praying, till they came to the high altar again; upon which they placed the said image, there to remain till Ascension Day.

April 23d.—St. George's Day.

St. George, the patron of England, whose name occurs on this day in the Kalendar of the English Church, was born in Cappadocia, of noble Christian parents. After the death of his father he went with his mother into Palestine, she being a native of that country, and having there a considerable estate, which fell to her son George. He was strong and robust in body, and, having embraced the profession of a soldier, was made a tribune, or colonel, in the army. By his courage and conduct, he was soon preferred to higher stations by the Emperor Dioclesian. When that prince waged war against Christianity, St. George laid aside the marks of his dignity, threw up his commission, and complained to the emperor himself of his sanguinary edicts. He was immediately cast into prison, and first tried by promises, and afterward put to the question, and tortured with great cruelty: but nothing could shake his constancy. The next day he was led through the city, and beheaded. "The extraordinary devotion," says Alban Butler, "of all Christendom to this saint, is an authentic proof how glorious his triumph and name have always been in the Church." The Greeks have long distinguished him by the title of the Great Martyr, and keep his festival a holiday of obligation. The great national council, held at Oxford in 1222, commanded his feast to be kept a holiday of the lesser rank throughout England. The reason why St. George has been regarded the patron of military men, is partly on account of his profession, and partly upon the credit of a relation of his appearing to the Christian army in the Holy War, before the battle of Antioch. He is usually figured on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet: "but this representation," says Butler, "is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting, that, by his faith and Christian fortitude, he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse."

Under his name and ensign was instituted, by our victorious King Edward III., in 1330, the most noble order of knighthood of Europe, consisting of twenty-five knights, besides the sovereign. In 1786 six were added, in consequence of the increase of the Royal family. "The order of St. George, our patron saint," observes a modern writer, "founded by King Edward, of famous memory, is yet the highest honour that can be conferred by sovereigns on the subject; and his

chapel is glorious, and his feast kept solemnly." Much valuable information respecting this festival, as celebrated by the English monarchs since the Reformation, is given in the interesting pages of the *Hierurgia Anglicana*. Thence we learn, that on St. George's Day, 1561, "all her Majesty's chapel came through her hall in copes, to the number of thirty, singing, 'O God the Father of Heaven, &c.,' the outward court and the gate round about being strewn with green rushes. After, came Mr. Garter, and Mr. Norroy, and Master Dean of the chapel, in robes of crimson satin, with a red cross of St. George. And after, eleven knights of the garter, in their robes. Then came the Queen [Elizabeth], the Sovereign of the order, in her robes, and all the guard following, in rich coats: and so to the chapel." At p. 305 of the above work, is an account of the "Grand procession at Windsor, &c., on the festivals of St. George," which, so recently as the fifteenth year of the reign of Charles II., was conducted with extraordinary solemnity and magnificence. Brand states, that blue coats were formerly worn by people of fashion on St. George's Day, and that among the Fins, whoever makes a riot on this festival, is in danger of suffering from storms and tempests.

April 25th.—Feast of St. Mark.

This festival has annually been celebrated from its first institution in 1090. Upon this, and the first three days of the Rogation week, there were, in old times, processions by the prior and monks of Durham to one of the parish churches. Blessings on the corn were formerly implored on this day: and, according to Pennant, no farmer in North Wales "dare hold his team" on this festival, because it is there believed "one man's team that did work that day was marked with the loss of an ox."

THE ETERNAL BURDEN.

THE Caliph Hakkam, who loved pomp, wished to enlarge and adorn the gardens of his palace. For this purpose he bought the surrounding land, and paid the proprietors as much as they demanded for it. There remained only a poor widow, who, from pious motives, refused to sell the inheritance of her ancestors, and rejected every application which was made to her. The overseer of the royal buildings was provoked by this woman's obstinacy; he seized upon her little patrimony, and the poor widow came weeping to the judge.

Ibn Beschir was then Cadi of the town. He duly considered the case brought before him, and found it a delicate one; for although by an ancient statute the widow was proved indubitably in the right, yet it was by no means easy to dispose a prince who was accustomed to consider his will perfect justice, to the voluntary fulfilment of an antiquated law.

What then did the just Cadi do? He saddled his ass, hung a large sack over its back, and rode immediately to the palace garden, where he found the Caliph seated in the beautiful building he had erected on the widow's land.

The appearance of the Cadi, with his ass and sack, greatly astonished him; and he was still more surprised when Ibn Beschir threw himself at his feet, and said, "Permit me, Sire, to fill this sack with earth from these grounds."

Hakkam assented; and when the sack was filled, Ibn Beschir entreated the Caliph would assist him to lift it upon the back of the ass. Hakkam thought this demand stranger than the foregoing one; but in order to see what the man had in his mind, he endeavoured to help him. The sack,

however, could not be raised; and the Caliph said, "The burden is too heavy, Cadi—it is impossible."

"Sire," answered Ibn Beschir, with noble confidence, "you find this burden too heavy, and it only contains a small portion of the earth which you have unjustly taken from the poor widow: how then shall you bear the whole of this stolen land, which the Judge of all the world will lay upon your shoulders in the day of judgment."

The Caliph was struck with the force of these words; he praised the conduct of the Cadi, and gave back to the widow all her inheritance, with the buildings he had raised upon it.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE HOUSEHOLD.

[T.]

UPON a sunny spot a garland lay,
Each diff'ring flower doubling th' other's grace,
When rough storms rose and blew them all away,
And not one blossom told that garland's place.
"Soft sweeping breezes, pitying, come and chase
Those lovely ones again, and bring them nigh;
Or shall they, onward borne in that forced race,
Asunder wither, and asunder die?"
Then he who laid them there again passed by,
And saw how scattered all his fair ones were,
And took them up, and placed them carefully
In his sweet home—they bloomed together there.
All gentle zephyrs soothing came around,
And poured their healing over every wound.

STANZAS.

BY S. M.

WITEN, on the beautiful Azores,
The wanderer stood in olden days,
And saw the line of distant shores
Gleam faintly on his wistful gaze,
Then melt into the blazing sky
As martyred saints in glory die:

Those phantom shapes of fancy born,
But to the dreamer's eye displayed,
Fled the calm face of brightening morn,
Fading, as gathered blossoms fade;
Yet, scarce the wildest Hope had guessed
There lay a WORLD in that far West!

Thus, on Life's airy summit stands
The Poet, and with eye intent
Watches for bright ideal lands
Fringing the massy firmament,
Vague forms that fill with living grace
For him, the solitudes of space.

The drifting cloud, the growing flower,
Morn, midnight, eve, or twilight dim,
Teem with a Presence and a Power,
Making the bliss of earth to him;
He hears in every twinkling breeze
Snatches of heavenly cadences.

And oft from hours that wander past,
Strange voices speak, in joy or woe,
Sweeping his heartstrings as a blast
Whose source and aim he may not know.
Unreal his visions seem to be
As those faint shores by that far sea!

Men, ye who mock those dreams so fond,
That fade before the gazer still,
Think on the WORLD that lies beyond,
And then, disdain them if ye will!
Shadows—scoff on! The words are sooth
But shadows of substantial truth!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE TURKOMAUN'S POWER OF SMELLING.

AN extraordinary power of smelling in a Turkomaun was indicated to me—"I smell a caravan of Usbecks," said Khan Saat, drawing up his nostrils; and in a few hours a caravan from Organtsh arrived full of them. It is remarkable how the Turkomauns know, by the footsteps in the desert, the person who has been there, nay, the very tribe of Turkomauns or Calmuks see people talking from a distance. I frequently heard them say, "Let us draw our ears." They then lie down on the ground, and hear from a distance what even two persons whisper together, and relate the exact conversation.—*Dr. Wolff's Mission*.

"A GOOD FELLOW, NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN."

It hath oftentimes been matter of wonderment to me how many phrases do come to be received as current coin in the world, which for certain were never lawfully stamped in the mint of either religion or reason; and, among those brass shillings of society, I know none that better deserveth to be nailed to the counter than the one above placed; for many an idle young man hath, before now, found it the last in his pocket, and haply hath exchanged it for a pistol bullet, thinking himself a gainer by the bargain. If man grew to a rock like a limpet, then might he haply be his own enemy without any great harm to his neighbours; but he who liveth in society, and faileth to perform his part aright in the station assigned to him, doth all that in him lieth to destroy the body politic. He who is delivered over to vice and drunkenness—for such being interpreted is the meaning of a good fellow who is only *his own enemy*,—setteth a bad example to his dependents; squandereth his fortune on unworthy objects, to the neglect of all that he might and ought to have done towards the relief and advance of the deserving; plungeth his family into difficulties—grieveth, shameth, and perhaps starveth them; ruineth his health, so as to make himself a burthen to those about him; and finally, after having been a bad citizen, a bad master, a bad husband, a bad father, sinketh into the grave with a soul so irrecoverably poisoned by habits of sensuality and gross earthliness, that it would seem rather fit to rot with its putrefying companion, than to enter into any region of spiritualized existence. And this man who hath fulfilled no one duty, but on the contrary hath spread around him a dank atmosphere of sin, is called "a good fellow," merely because he hath done all this with an air of reckless gaiety, which showed an utter absence of any feeling for the beings he was rendering miserable! Verily the world's measure is wofully short of the standard cubit and ephah of the sanctuary.—*Exposition of Vulgar Errors, by Thomas Brown Redivivus*.

A GENUINE PHILANTHROPIST.

THE island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the isle of Skye and the mainland of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity,

called the "Muckle Harbour," of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor widow, whose lonely cottage is called "the lighthouse," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbour open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration—it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here, for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire, and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept of any reward. She has saved more lives than Davy's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. This poor creature, in her younger days, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves, and swallowed up by the remorseless billows—

"In sight of home and friends that thronged to save."

This circumstance seems to have prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only enjoyment is doing good.

MORALITY OF SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice,—he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in a garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakspeare's fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness; in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must, feel. Let the morality of Shakspeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own or the succeeding age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favour of Shakspeare: even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites nor flatters passion in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakspeare vice never walks as in twilight: nothing is purposely out of its place; he inverts not the order of nature and propriety—does not make every magistrate a drunkard or a glutton, nor every poor man meek and humane.—*Coleridge*.

THE age of crusades, chivalry, romance, and minstrelsy, was an intellectual spring among all the nations of the west.—*Schlegel*.

THE higher a monkey climbs the more he shows his tail.

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FOR GENERAL READING.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN such a publication as this has reached the completion of its second Volume, the time for proclaiming the purpose for which it was established, and the objects which it seeks to effect, would appear to have gone by. It must have been less successful in embodying its views and aims than, we trust, we shall be found to have been, if these are not now sufficiently understood by its habitual readers, to render any detailed exposition of them unnecessary.

On one point only we think it right to offer a word of explanation. We have heard it objected, in all friendliness and good-feeling, to the management of this Magazine, that there seems in it a want of some definite aim, towards which its efforts should be systematically pointed; that it is too vague, desultory, and indeterminate in its objects, moving rather, like a butterfly, from flower to flower, than, like an arrow, straight to its mark. May we be permitted, with all respect for our friendly critics, to justify ourselves in this matter. The *Spectator* requested his friends, if at any time they found him particularly dull, to believe that he had a design under it. In like manner we, not in jest, but most seriously, request our friends to receive our assurance, that the indeterminateness of which they complain has been part of our plan; that, if our aim has been less obvious than that of some other publications, it is because it has been more comprehensive; and that it is not the less real, nor, we hope, less likely to be reached, that we are not exhibiting it at every turn, and constantly talking about it.

We have no desire to depreciate the value of their labours, whose avowed object it is to advance the material interests of particular classes of the people. We merely say that our aim has been a different one. In our first number we disclaimed the intention of addressing ourselves to the limited sympathies of any particular class. It was, therefore, necessary for us to avoid, as far as practicable, those subjects of discussion, the interest attaching to which might bear in any respect a sectional character. Our object has been, making our field as wide as possible—having something for all, and nothing which could exclude any—to present subjects of all sorts in such a dress, and to infuse into the treatment of them such a spirit, as would bear with the most improving and elevating effect upon the moral and intellectual character of readers of every class. While we have laboured assiduously to collect from all quarters valuable information—solid tangible facts—a substantial *body* of knowledge, we have made it our business never to present that body to our readers, without the attempt, at least, to breathe a *soul* into it,—to give it a value beyond its mere physical worth,—to make it, to some small extent, a means of familiarising the mind with lofty thoughts—with tender feelings—with fine and true sensibilities—with all that dwells in the nobler and better part of man.

In thus denying ourselves to objects of direct individual or sectional interest, for the sake of what we regard as higher objects of universal interest, we are perfectly aware that we place ourselves under some disadvantage in stating our claims to public support. That which we appeal to is less palpable—goes less directly home to the business and bosoms of many readers, than might be the case with other more limited objects. But our confidence is, that, once understood and appreciated, its influence will be more enduring—less liable to be disturbed by cross accidents, or changes of popular feeling,—and establishing a relation between author and reader, more honourable in its character, and more beneficial in its results.

We may take this opportunity of saying a word or two on the future conduct of this Magazine. No exertion will be spared to maintain unimpaired the character which it has now acquired. Artists of the highest eminence are at present engaged in the preparation of illustrations for the forthcoming numbers, which, it is confidently expected, will equal any that have yet appeared even in this Magazine, and some of which will surpass anything that has ever been seen in any publication of far greater price. And we can now boast of an organized corps of literary contributors, in which are to be found both ladies and gentlemen of the highest talent and acquirements, and some of them of much literary experience.

P R E F A C E.

A large circle of readers will be gratified to hear that the author of "Frank Fairlegh" has undertaken to furnish, for the forthcoming Volume, a continuation of the adventures of that general favourite. The series of beautiful and affecting sketches, bearing the title of "The Maiden Aunt," is also to be continued in the Volume. And the other papers which are either prepared, or in preparation, will, we think we can promise, not merely sustain the character of the Magazine up to the point it has already reached, but also show that we have not been inattentive to, or unwilling to profit by, the criticisms and suggestions of a public whom we have hitherto found so favourable and indulgent. .

While on this subject, let us return our respectful thanks for a great variety of interesting and able communications and contributions, which we have found it altogether impossible to acknowledge separately. The necessity under which we have been placed of declining to avail ourselves of a great number of these, has been frequently a cause of deep regret to ourselves. It has been, indeed, a necessity, arising, in a considerable proportion of cases, not from our having formed an unfavourable opinion of the literary merits of the offered contributions, or even of their suitability for this Magazine, but simply from the physical impossibility of including more than a limited quantity of letter-press within our weekly sixteen pages. In order to prevent, for the future, as far as lies in our power, any persons from subjecting themselves unnecessarily to the risk of disappointment, we beg now to announce that our arrangements for the regular supply of such papers as we require are completed, and that, therefore, we do not solicit contributions from the writing public generally. Such as may continue to be sent will be respectfully received ; as carefully read as may be consistent with our other arrangements ; and replied to without any unnecessary delay. But the authors of such papers will be so good as keep in view, that, without at all fettering our freedom of choice, we must, *cæteris paribus*, give a preference to those upon whom we can rely for our regular supply of such papers as we need, and that we cannot, in common fairness, suffer them to be elbowed aside by casual contributions, except when these are of such manifest excellence, as that their rejection or postponement would be a positive injustice to the Magazine.

After this intimation, which we trust will be received in the spirit in which it is given, it is only reasonable that we should request to be allowed our own time in replying to *unsolicited* communications. Those only who have had experience of similar publications can form any idea, how serious an encroachment upon the time of both Editor and Publisher is occasioned by having to examine and reply to communications of no value whatever to the Magazine. We shall treat no person with intentional discourtesy ; but, as we do not ask for contributions, those who voluntarily send any, must feel that they can have no right to complain, if we postpone the consideration of them to such matters as have a more legitimate claim upon our attention. Importunate urgency, such as we have sometimes been subjected to, will undoubtedly succeed in extracting a reply from us out of the regular course ; but it is as well that those who may be disposed to have recourse to it should be aware, that the answer in that case is always of one kind—the rejection of the paper offered.

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The Cottage Home.

(See page 15.)



GLIMPSSES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

KATHARINE PENFOLD.

A most intricate lane is Bower Lane, branching out into a multitude of bridleways, and (so to speak) lanelets, leading to isolated farms, cavernous gravel pits, and reedy pools,—a rugged tortuous lane winding through orchard grounds, and hop gardens, and slopes of pasture land,—now dipping into sombre hollows roofed by the meeting boughs of overhanging trees, now climbing to the top of pleasant knolls, from which you catch a glimpse of glistening waters creeping through the valley at your feet, and then piercing the very centre of the Farleigh woods, and leading you among the richest sylvan scenes, so wild, so seemingly remote from every sound of human life, that one almost looks to meet within its leafy precincts the fauns and nymphs and hamadryads of antique song.

Midway between the woods and L——, niched in a lordly group of elms, that, sweeping in a semicircle round the rear, form a glorious framework for the cottage and its sloping plot of garden-ground, stands Bower Court, the fragmentary relic of a noble house. Fragmentary indeed it is, as though the architect had been a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," gathering from the wreck of a majestic old mansion a picturesque and motley salvage; now laying hands upon a portion of the cloistered colonnade, and now appropriating entire a very jewel of a porch, nor scrupling for a moment to avail himself of quaint old gable ends, carved window frames, fantastic coigns, and such other waifs and strays as fell within his reach. And, when he had combined all these, and when "boon nature" had beneficently hung a tapestry of shining ivy-leaves above the jutting porch, and gentle hands had trained some flowering parasites to weave a lavish net-work for the southern front; and when the summer sunshine shone upon its walls, and birds were carolling in the elms behind, and bees were humming in and out of the garden flowers, and "the murmur of a hidden brook," stealing along beneath dense hedge-rows, made happy music to the ear, you may believe that, to the eyes of such poor book-worms as ourselves, the Court appeared the very hermitage a literary eremite would choose to wear away his summer hours in.

Swallows delight to make it their abode, and never do we pass it by but these exquisite lines recur to mind:—

"The temple-haunting martlet does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate."

For many a year the Court enjoyed the reputation of a haunted house. Children would speak of it with "bated breath"; and elder folks, belated in their evening walk, would hurry past it with averted eyes, and tremble if they heard the ivy rustle round the porch. And counted most assuredly it is, (though happily, in the popular belief, the sprites have long ago been laid to rest,) by a spirit delicate as Ariel, gentle as the "lady wedded to the Moor," and, more than this, imbued with all the earnest love and filial tenderness of a Cordelia. A warm eulogium, and yet not undeserved; as you yourself would honestly confess upon acquaintance with its object. Knowing her, you could not fail to love her; and, loving her, you would be sure to superadd a feeling almost reverential for her devoted affection to the blind old man, her father, who depends for his support in part on her exertions as a daily governess, in part upon the slender stipend he receives as organist at L——.

In the whole range of our acquaintance, we do not know of two such delightful associates as our organist

and his pretty daughter. The old man so full of anecdote; so sprightly in his wit; so copious, and withal so justly discriminating, in his criticisms upon our literature, with whose riches Katharine's reading has familiarized him; so shrewd, and often times so happy, in his judgment of individual character—a judgment built upon no better basis than the inflexions of the voice; so cheerful in the deprivation of his sight; so enthusiastic in his passion for "solemn sounds, sweet airs," and "old, old songs, the native music of the hills;" and so eager and thankful a listener to the comments of others upon the fine arts—painting and statuary more especially—and the beauty of the visible world, to him, alas! "banned and barred, forbidden fare." And Kate—silver-tongued and soft-eyed Kate,—Kate with the lyric voice and cunning hand,—where should we look to find so pleasant a companion for the winter fire-side, or the summer ramble, as the fair daughter of our blind old organist? Yet Katharine Penfold, with all her manifest and manifold attractions and accomplishments, is a confirmed and steadfast spinster. Offers she has had by the dozen, and, unexceptionable as many of them have been, she has uniformly met them with a courteous but prompt denial. "She has no wish for change—no thought of abandoning her pleasant home—no room for other love within her heart than that she cherishes towards her father," and, blushing as she diffidently stammers forth her thanks, our village beauty, by the very soothing and gentle character of her denial, invariably augments the passion she has unwittingly inspired. Nothing, it seems, can win her from her celibate, or tempt her to exchange the arduous duties of her daily life, for the ease and competence which the prosperous circumstances of some of her suitors would certainly ensure her. He would be a proud and happy man who should confer his name on Katharine Penfold, for he would be, indeed,

"Most richly blest

In the calm meekness of her woman's breast,

Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies;

And for her household love, which clings

Unto all ancient and familiar things,

Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities."

Twice in the week Kate's homeward path lies through L——, and, during all the pleasant summer months, at the coming on of twilight, her father meets her at the church, and tarries there till nightfall, filling that old and echoing pile with the throbbing music of the solemn organ,—improvising voluntaries,—weaving together fragments of masses, requiems, and symphonies, or revelling in the jubilant notes of some high-soaring anthem song, in which the quivering voice of Katharine blends with the organ's tremulous swell,—floats along the vibrating and dusky air,—startles the sleeping echoes,—murmurs high up among the massive rafters of the roof,—rings audibly against the window panes—and, wandering outward through the porch, arrests the footsteps of the passer by, constraining him to pause and listen to the music of the blind old organist, and the carol, the clear exulting carol, of his daughter's voice. And, when the gathering darkness warns Katharine and her father to depart, it is a chance if there be not some young and loving loiterer in the aisle below, waiting to proffer, with an eager importunity, his services as an escort home. And, if the offer be accepted, what a heavenly beauty is there in that tranquil summer night, to the buoyant fancy of the happy escort! with what a rare consummate charm are even ordinary and familiar objects invested for the nonce! "Think you that, to his ears, music was ever so divine as the sound of Katharine's voice mingling in the conversation which beguiles their walk? Think you that ever distance seemed so brief as that which intervenes between the village and the 'Court?'—that ever walk appeared so long, so wearisome, as the subsequent solitary retracing of his steps? Think you that, to the eye of shipwrecked mariner, ever

star shone forth so brightly as shines the twinkling light from Katharine's casement, to which so often his averted glance is turned? or that the pitchy darkness of a winter's night seemed ever so profound as that which settles down when intermediate trees obscure the gleam of that far-shining light? And think you, that, with so many "shaping their services to her behests," Kate's resolute adhesion to a single life will still remain unshaken? We must confess we entertain a half mistrustful feeling on this score. But, most assuredly, if ever so important an event as Katharine Penfold's marriage should take place, we will not fail to duly notify the occurrence, with ample details of the ceremony, to the readers of our Village Annals.

J. S.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

I HAVE, from time to time, amused a leisure hour by committing to paper the following recollections of my boyish days. My reasons for doing so were briefly these. It struck me, that, while volume after volume had been devoted to "school-boy days," "college life," &c., the mysteries of that paradise of public-school-fearing mamas, a private tutor's, still remained unrevealed. In hastening to avail myself of this (as far as I am aware) hitherto untried ground, I have had in view (in addition to my professed design of amusing myself, and—may I venture to hope it?—my readers also,) the following objects:—in the first place, to enlighten the aforesaid mamas as to the nature of the bed of roses to which they are so anxious to transplant their darlings, and to show some of the trials and temptations to which a lad, hitherto shielded from evil by all the hallowing influences of home, may (despite the best intentions on the part of his tutor) be exposed; and, secondly, to prove to the "young gentlemen" themselves, how, by a little firmness and decision of character, and a sensible and manly adherence to the religious principles in which they have been brought up, they may, without forfeiting the regard of their companions, do good in their generation, and lay the foundation of the character which it should be their aim to support through life; viz., that of Christians and Gentlemen. How far I may have succeeded in accomplishing these objects, it is not for me to decide.

CHAPTER I.

"Never forget, under any circumstances, to think and act like a gentleman, and don't exceed your allowance," said my father. "Mind you read your Bible, and remember what I have told you about wearing flannel waistcoats," cried my mother. And with their united "God bless you, my boy!" still ringing in my ears, I found myself inside the stage coach, on my way to London.

Now, I am well aware that the correct thing for a boy in my situation (*i.e.* leaving home for the first time) would be to fall back on my seat, and into a reverie, during which, utterly lost to all external impressions, I should entertain the thoughts and feelings of a well-informed man of thirty; the same thoughts and feelings being clothed in the semi-postic prose of a fashionable novel writer. Deeply, therefore, am I grieved at being forced both to set at nought so laudable an established

precedent, and to expose my own degeneracy. But the truth must be told at all hazards. The only feeling I experienced, beyond a vague sense of loneliness and desolation, was one of great personal discomfort. It rained hard, so that a small stream of water, which descended from the roof of the coach as I entered it, had insinuated itself between one of the flannel waistcoats which formed so important an item in the maternal valediction, and my skin, whence, endeavouring to carry out what a logician would call the "law of its being," by finding its own level, it placed me in the undesirable position of an involuntary disciple of the cold-water system taking a "sitz-bad." As to my thoughts, the reader shall have the full benefit of them, in the exact order in which they flitted through my brain.

First came in a vague desire to render my position more comfortable, ending in a forlorn hope that intense and continued sitting might, by some undefined process of evaporation, cure the evil. This suggested a speculation, half pleasing and half painful, as to what would be my mother's feelings, could she be aware of the state of things; the pleasure being the result of that mysterious preternatural delight which a boy always takes in every thing at all likely to injure his health, or endanger his existence, and the pain arising from the knowledge that there was now no one near me to care whether I was comfortable or not. Again, these speculations merged into a sort of dreamy wonder, as to why a queer little old gentleman opposite (my sole fellow-traveller) went on grunting like a pig, at intervals of about a minute, though he was wide awake all the time; and whether a small tuft of hair, on a mole at the tip of his nose, could have anything to do with it. At this point, my meditations were interrupted by the old gentleman himself, who, after a louder grunt than usual, gave vent to his feelings in the following speech, which was partly addressed to me and partly a soliloquy. "Umph! going to school, my boy, eh?" then, in a lower tone, "wonder why I called him *my* boy, when he's no such thing: just like me; umph!" I replied by informing him that I was not exactly going to school, (I was just fifteen, and the word "school" sounded derogatory to my dignity;) but that, having been, up to the present time, educated at home by my father, I was now on my way to complete my studies under the care of a private tutor, who only received six pupils, a very different thing from a school, as I took the liberty of insinuating. "Umph! different thing? You will cost more, learn less, and fancy yourself a man when you're a little boy; that's the only difference I can see." then came the aside,—"Snubbing the poor child, when he's too low already; just like me; umph!" After which he relapsed into a silence which continued uninterrupted until we reached London, save once, while we were changing horses, when he produced a flask with a silver top, and, taking a sip himself, asked me if I drank brandy. On my shaking my head, with a smile caused by what appeared to me the utter wildness and desperation of the notion, he muttered, "Umph! of course he doesn't; how should he?—just like me."

In due course of time we reached the Old Bell Inn, Holborn, where the coach stopped, and where my trunk and myself were to be handed over to the tender mercies of the coachman of the "Rocket," a fast coach, (I speak of the slow old days when railroads were unknown,) which then ran to Holmstone, the watering-place where my future

tutor, the Rev. Doctor Mildman, resided. My first impressions of London are scarcely worth recording, for the simple reason that they consisted solely of intense and unmitigated surprise at everything and everybody I saw and heard; which may be more readily believed when I mention the fact, that my preconceived notions of the metropolis led me to imagine, that perhaps it might be twice the size of the town nearest to my father's house, in short, almost as large as Grosvenor Square.

Here I parted company with my fellow-traveller, who took leave of me thus—"Umph! well, good bye; be a good boy—good man, you'd like me to say, I suppose; man indeed! umph! don't forget what your parents told you;" then adding, "Of course he will, what's the use of telling him not? just like me;"—he dived into the recesses of a hackney coach, and disappeared. Nothing worthy of note occurred during my journey to Helmstone, where we arrived at about half-past four in the afternoon. My feelings of surprise and admiration were destined once more to be excited on this (to me) memorable day, as, in my way from the coach-office to Langdale Terrace, where Doctor Mildman resided, I beheld, for the first time, that most stupendous work of God, the mighty Ocean; which, alike in its wild resistless freedom, and its miraculous obedience to the command, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further," bears at once the plainest print of its Almighty Creator's hand, while it affords a strong and convincing proof of His omnipotence.

On knocking at the door of Doctor Mildman's house, (if the truth must be told, it was with a trembling hand I did so,) it was opened by a man-servant, whose singularly plain features were characterised by an expression alternating between extreme civility and an intense appreciation of the ludicrous.

On mentioning my name, and asking if Doctor Mildman was at home, he replied, "Yes, sir, master's in, sir; so you're Mr. Fairleigh, sir, our new young gent., sir?" (here the ludicrous expression predominated;) "hope you'll be comfortable, sir," (here he nearly burst into a laugh;) "show you into master's study, sir, directly," (here he became preternaturally grave again;) and opening the study door, ushered me into the presence of the dreaded tutor.

On my entrance, Doctor Mildman (for such I presumed a middle-aged gentleman, the sole tenant of the apartment, to be) rose from a library table, at which he had been seated, and, shaking me kindly by the hand, inquired after the health of my father and mother, what sort of journey I had had, and sundry other particulars of the like nature, evidently with the good-humoured design of putting me a little more at my ease; for I have no doubt the trepidation I was well aware of feeling inwardly, at finding myself *tête-à-tête* with a real live tutor, was written in very legible characters on my countenance. Doctor Mildman, whose appearance I studied with an anxious eye, was a gentlemanly looking man of five-and-forty, or thereabouts, with a high bald forehead, and good features, the prevailing expression of which, naturally mild and benevolent, was at times chequered by that look which all schoolmasters are sure sooner or later to acquire—a look which seems to say, "Now, sir, do you intend to mind me, or do you not?" Had it not been for this, and for an appearance of irresolution about the mouth, he would have been a decidedly fine-looking man. While I was making these observations, he informed me that I had arrived just in time for dinner, and that the servant should show me to my sleeping apartment, whence, when I had sacrificed to the Graces, (as he was pleased to call dressing,) I was to descend to the drawing room, and be introduced to Mrs. Mildman and my future companions.

My sleeping room, which was rather a small garret than otherwise, was furnished, as it appeared to me, with more regard to economy than to the comfort of its inmate. At one end stood a small four-post bedstead, which, owing to some mysterious cause, chose to hold its

near fore-leg up in the air, and slightly advanced, thereby impressing the beholder with the idea that it was about to trot into the middle of the room. On an unpainted deal table stood a looking-glass, which, from a habit it had of altering and embellishing the face of any one who consulted it, must evidently have possessed great natural humour: an ancient wash-hand-stand, supporting a basin and towel, and a dissipated looking chair, completed the catalogue.

Whilst I am engaged in preparing for the alarming ordeal I am so soon to undergo, allow me to present a slight sketch of myself, both mental and bodily, to the reader; and, as mind ought to take precedence of matter, I will attempt, as far as I am able after the lapse of time which has taken place, to paint my character in true colours, "neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice." I was, then, as the phrase goes, "a very well-behaved young gentleman;" that is, I had a great respect for all properly constituted authorities, and an extreme regard for the proprieties of life; was very particular about my shoes being clean, and my hat nicely brushed; always saying "Thank you," when a servant handed me a plate, and, "May I trouble you?" when I asked for a bit of bread. In short, I bade fair in time to become a thorough old bachelor; one of those unhappy mortals whose lives are alike a burthen to themselves and others,—men who, by magnifying the minor household miseries into events of importance, are uneasy and suspicious about things from the wash having been properly aired, and become low and anxious as the dreaded time approaches when clean sheets are inevitable! My ideas of a private tutor being derived chiefly from "Sandford and Merton," and "Evenings at Home," were rather wide of the mark, leading me to expect that Dr. Mildman would impart instruction to us during long rambles over green fields, and in the form of moral allegories, to which we should listen with respectful attention and affectionate esteem. With regard to my outward man, or rather boy, I should have been obliged to have confined myself to such particulars as I could remember, namely, that I was tall for my age, but slightly built, and so thin, as often to provoke the application of such epithets as "hop-pole," "thread-paper," &c.; had it not been that, in turning over some papers, a few days since, I stumbled on a water-colour sketch of myself, which I well remember being taken by a young artist in the neighbourhood, just before I left home, in the hope of consoling my mother for my departure. It represented a lad about fifteen, in a picturesque attitude, feeding a pony out of a very elegant little basket, with what appeared to be white currants, though I have every reason to believe they were meant for oats. The aforesaid youth rejoiced in an open shirt collar and black ribbon *à la* Byron, curling hair of a dark chestnut colour, regular features, a high forehead, complexion like a girl's, very pink and white, and a pair of large blue eyes, engaged in regarding the white currant oats with intense surprise, as well indeed they might. Whether this young gentleman bore more resemblance to me, than the currants did to oats, I am, of course, unable to judge; but, as the portrait represented a very handsome boy, I hope none of my readers will be rude enough to doubt that it was a striking likeness.

I now proceeded to render myself thoroughly wretched, by attempting to extricate the articles necessary for a change of dress from the very bottom of my trunk, where, according to the nature of such things, they had hidden themselves; grammars, lexicons, and other like "Amenities of Literature," being the things that came to hand most readily. Scarcely had I contrived to discover a wearable suit, when I was informed that dinner was on the table; so, hastily tumbling into my clothes, and giving a final peep at the facetious looking-glass, the result of which was my twisting the bow of my Byronic tie under my left ear, in the belief that I was thereby putting it straight, I rushed down stairs, just in time to

see the back of the last pupil disappear through the dining-room door. "Better late than never, Fairleigh; Mrs. Mildman, this is Fairleigh; he can sit by you, Coleman;—For what we are going to receive, &c.—Thomas, the carving-knife." Such was the address with which my tutor greeted my entrance, and, during its progress, I popped into a seat indicated by a sort of half wink from Thomas, resisting by a powerful act of self-control a sudden impulse which seized me, to rush out of the room, and do something between going to sea and taking prussic acid; not quite either, but partaking of the nature of both. "Take soup, Fairleigh?" said Dr. Mildman. "Thank you, sir, if you please." "A pleasant journey had you?" inquired Mrs. Mildman. "Not any, I am much obliged to you," I replied, thinking of the fish. This produced a total silence, during which the pupils exchanged glances, and Thomas concealed an illicit smile behind the bread basket. "Does your father," began Dr. Mildman in a very grave and deliberate manner, "does your father shoot?"—"Boiled mutton, my dear." I replied, that he had given it up of late years, as the fatigue was too much for him. "Oh! I was very fond of carrying a gun,—pepper,—when I was—a spoon—at Oxford, I could hit a—mashed potatoe—bird as well as most men; yes, I was very sorry to give up my double barrel—ale, Thomas!" "You came inside, I believe?" questioned Mrs. Mildman, a lady possessing a shadowy outline, indistinct features faintly characterised by an indefinite expression, long ringlets of an almost impossible shade of whity-brown, and a complexion and general appearance only to be described by the term "washed out." "Yes, all the way ma'am." "Did you not dislike it very much? it ceases one's gown so, unless it is a merino, or mousseline-de-laine, but one can't always wear them, you know." Not being in the least prepared with an answer suitable to this, I merely made what I intended to be an affirmative grunt, in doing which a crumb of bread chose to go the wrong way, producing thereby a violent fit of coughing, in the agonies of which I seized and drank off Dr. Mildman's tumbler of ale, mistaking it for my own. The effect of this, my crowning gaucherie, was to call forth a languid smile on the countenance of the senior pupil, a tall young man, with dark hair, and a rather forbidding expression of face, which struggled only too successfully with an attempt to look exceedingly amiable; which smile was repeated with variations by all the others. "Thomas, a clean glass," said Dr. Mildman; but Thomas had evaporated suddenly, leaving no clue to his whereabouts, unless sundry faint sounds of suppressed laughter outside the door, indicating, as I fancied, his extreme appreciation of my unfortunate mistake, proceeded from him. It is, I believe, a generally received axiom, that all mortal affairs must sooner or later come to an end; at all events the dinner I have been describing did not form an exception to the rule. In due time Mrs. Mildman disappeared, after which Dr. Mildman addressed a remark or two about Greek tragedy to the tall pupil, which led to a dissertation on the merits of a gentleman named Prometheus, who, it seemed, was bound in some peculiar way, but whether this referred to his apprenticeship to some trade did not appear. This lasted about ten minutes, at the expiration of which the senior pupil "grinned horribly a ghastly smile" at the others, who instantly rose, and conveyed themselves out of the room with such rapidity, that I, being quite unprepared for such a proceeding, sat for a moment in silent amazement, and then, becoming suddenly alive to a sense of my situation, rushed frantically after them. My speed was checked somewhat abruptly by a door at the end of the passage being violently slammed in my face, for which polite attention I was indebted to the philanthropy of the hindmost pupil, who thereby imposed upon me the agreeable task of feeling in the dark for a door-handle in an unknown locality. After fumbling for some time, in a state of the greatest bewilderment, I at length opened the

door, and beheld the interior of the "pupil's room," which, for the benefit of such of my readers as may never have seen the like, I will now endeavour shortly to describe.

The parlour devoted to the pupil's use was of a good size, and nearly square, and, like the cabin of a certain "ould Irish gentleman," appeared to be fitted up with "nothing at all for show." In three of the corners stood small tables covered with books and writing materials, for the use of Dr. Mildman and the two senior pupils; in the fourth was a book-case. The centre of the room was occupied by a large square table, the common property of the other pupils; while a carpet, "a little the worse for wear," and sundry veteran chairs, rather crazy from the treatment to which many generations of pupils had subjected them, (a chair being the favourite projectile in the event of a *shindy*), completed the catalogue. Mr. Richard Cumberland, the senior pupil, was lounging in an easy attitude on one side of the fireplace; on the other stood, bolt upright, a lad rather older than myself, with a long unmeaning face, and a set of arms and legs which appeared not to belong to one another. This worthy, as I soon learned, responded to the name of Nathaniel Mullins, and usually served as the butt of the party, in the absence of newer or worthier game. Exactly in front of the fire, with his coat tails under his arms, and his legs extended like a pair of compasses, was stationed Mr. George Lawless, who, after being expelled from one of the upper forms at Eton, for some heroic exploit, which the head master could not be persuaded to view in its proper light, was sent to vegetate for a year or two at Dr. Mildman's, ere he proceeded to one of the universities. This gentleman was of rather a short thick-set figure, with a large head, and an expression of countenance resembling that of a bull when the animal "means mischief," and was supposed by his friends to be more thoroughly "wide awake" than any one of his years in the three kingdoms. The quartette was completed by Mr. Frederick Coleman, a small lad, with a round merry face, who was perched on the back of a chair, with his feet resting on the hob, and his person so disposed as effectually to screen every ray of fire from Nathaniel Mullins. "You are not cold, Fairleigh? Don't let me keep the fire from you," said Lawless, without, however, showing the slightest intention of moving. "Not very, thank you." "Oh! quite right—glad to hear it; it's Mildman's wish that, during the first half, no pupil should come on the hearth-rug. I made a point of conscience of it myself when I first came. The Spartans, you know, never allowed their little boys to do so, and even the Athenians, a much more luxurious people, always had their pinafores made of asbestos, or some such fire-proof stuff. You are well read in Walker's History of Greece, I hope?" I replied, that I was afraid I was not. "Never read 'Hookeyus Magnus?' Your father ought to be ashamed of himself for neglecting you so. You are aware, I suppose, that the Greeks had a different sort of fire to what we burn now-a-days? You've heard of Greek fire?" I answered that I had, but did not exactly understand what it meant. "Not know that, either? disgraceful! Well, it was a kind of way they had of flaring up in those times, a sort of 'light of other days,' which enabled them to give their friends a warm reception; so much so, indeed, that their friends found it too warm sometimes, and latterly they usually reserved it for their enemies. Mind you remember all this, for it is one of the first things old Sam will be sure to ask you." Did my ears deceive me? Could he have called the tutor, the dreaded tutor, "old Sam?" I trembled as I stood—plain, unhonoured "Sam," as though he had spoken of a footman? The room turned round with me. Alas! for Sandford and Merton, and affectionate and respectful esteem! "But how's this?" continued Lawless, "we have forgotten to introduce you in form to your companions, and to enter your name in the books of the establishment; why, Cumberland, what were you think-

ing off!" "Beg pardon," rejoined Cumberland, "I really was so buried in thought, trying to solve that problem about bisecting the Siamese twins, and extracting the square roots of their back teeth,—you know it, Lawless! However, it is not too late, is it? Allow me to introduce you, Mr. Fairleigh,"—"legh, sir," interrupted I. "Ah, exactly; well, then, Mr. Fairleigh, let me introduce this gentleman, Mr. George Lawless, who has, if I mistake not, been already trying, with his usual benevolence, to supply a few of your deficiencies; he is, if he will allow me to say so, one of the most rising young men of his generation, one of the firmest props of the glorious edifice of our rights and privilege." "A regular brick," interposed Coleman. "Hold your tongue, Freddy; little boys should be seen and not heard, as Tacitus tells us," said Cumberland, reprovingly. The only reply to this, if reply it could be called, was something which sounded to me like a muttered reference to the Greek historian Walker, whom Lawless had so lately mentioned; and Cumberland continued, "You will pay great attention to every thing Lawless tells you, and endeavour to improve by following his example, at a respectful distance—ahem! The gentleman on your right hand, Mr. Mullins, who is chiefly remarkable for looking ('like a fool' put in Coleman, *sotto voce*,) before he leaps, so long, that in general he postpones leaping altogether, and is in the habit of making ('an ass of himself,' said Coleman)—really, Freddy, I am surprised at you,—of making two bites at a cherry—you will be better able to appreciate when you know more of him. As to my young friend Freddy, here, his naturally good abilities and amiable temper ('Draw it mild, old fellow' interrupted the young gentleman in question,) have interested us so much in his favour, that we cannot but view with regret a habit he has of late fallen into, of turning every thing into ridicule, ('What a pity!' from the same individual,) and a lamentable addiction to the use of slang terms. Let me hope his association with such a polished young gentleman as Mr. Fairleigh may improve him in these particulars." "Who drank Mildman's ale at dinner?" asked Coleman; "if that's a specimen of his polished manners, I think mine take the shine out of them, rather." "I assure you," interrupted I, cagerly, "I never was more distressed in my life; it was quite a mistake." "Pretty good mistake,—Hodgson's pale ale for Muddytub's swipes,—eh, Mull?" rejoined Coleman. "Prime," replied Mullins. "Well, now for entering your name; that's important, you know," said Lawless; "you had better ring the bell, and tell Thomas to bring the books." I obeyed, and when Thomas made his appearance, informed him of my desire to enter my name in the books of the establishment, which I begged he would bring for that purpose. A look of bewilderment which came over his face on hearing my request, changed to an expression of intelligence, as, after receiving some masonic sign from Lawless, he replied, "The books, sir? yes, sir; bring 'em directly, sir." After a few minutes he returned with two small, not over clean, books, ruled with blue lines; one of these Lawless took from him, opened with much ceremony, and, covering the upper part of the page with a bit of blotting paper, pointed to a line, and desired me to write my name and age, as well as the date of my arrival, upon it. The same ceremony was repeated with the second. "That's all right: now let's see how it reads," said he, and, removing the blotting paper, read as follows:—"Pair of Wellingtons, 1*l*. 15*s*.; satin stock, 25*s*.; cap ribbon for Sally Duster, 2*s*. 6*d*.; box of cigars, 1*l*. 18*s*. (mem. shocking bad lot)—Nov. 5*th*, Francis Fairleigh, aged 16."—So much for that; now let's see the next:—"Five shirts, four pair of stockings, six pocket handkerchiefs, two pairs of white ducks.—Nov. 5*th*, Francis Fairleigh, aged 16." Here his voice was drowned in a roar of laughter from the whole party assembled, Thomas included, during which the true state of the case dawned upon me, viz.—that I had,

with much pomp and ceremony, entered my name, age, and the date of my arrival, in Mr. George Lawless's private account and washing books!

My thoughts, as I laid my aching head upon my pillow that night, were not of the most enviable nature. Leaving for the first time the home where I had lived from childhood, and in which I had met with affection and kindness from all around me, had been a trial under which my fortitude would most assuredly have given way, but for the brilliant picture my imagination had very obligingly sketched of the "happy family," of which I was about to become a member; in the foreground of which stood a group of fellow pupils, a united brotherhood of congenial souls, containing three bosom friends at the very least, anxiously awaiting my arrival, with outstretched arms of welcome. Now, however, this last hope had failed me; for, innocent (or, as Coleman would have termed it, *green*) as I then was, I could not but perceive, that the mock tone of politeness assumed towards me by Cumberland and Lawless was merely a convenient cloak for impertinence, which could be thrown aside at any moment when a more open display of their powers of tormenting should seem advisable. In fact, (though I was little aware of the pleasures in store for me,) I had already seen enough to prove that the life of a private pupil was not exactly "all my fancy painted it;" and, as the misery of leaving those I loved proved in its "sad reality" a much more serious affair than I had imagined, the result of my cogitations was that I was a very unhappy boy, (I did not feel the smallest inclination to boast myself *man* at that moment,) and that, if something very much to my advantage did not turn up in the course of the next twenty-four hours, my friends would have the melancholy satisfaction of depositing a broken heart, (which, on the principle of the Kilkenny cats, was all I expected would remain of me by that time,) in an early grave. Here my feelings becoming too many for me at the thought of my own funeral, I fairly gave up the struggle, and, bursting into a flood of tears, cried myself to sleep, like a child.

E. S.

THE DAIRIES OF HOLSTEIN.

HOLSTEIN butter is said to be (with the exception of that made in Holland proper) the best in the world; and it may not be uninteresting to our readers to describe the process adopted in that duchy for making this valuable article.

The duchy of Holstein, together with the duchies of Schleswig and Lauenburg, lies in a favourable position for commerce, being bounded by the Elbe and the German Ocean on the West, and by the Baltic on the East, while a ship canal unites the two seas. The climate is temperate, inclining to moisture: it does not materially differ from that of the midland counties of England, except that the cold is more steady and severe in winter, while the summers are warmer and drier. The night-frosts of April and May are the most unfavourable circumstance affecting the interests of agriculture; they are more felt than in England, because the heat of the sun in day time is greater, and the contrast, therefore, the more prejudicial. The soil is rich, and often receives accessions from the depositions of the river Elbe, and other sources.

The peculiarities of management in the Holstein dairy system relate to the buildings and utensils; to the time of milking, and number of hands employed; to the management of the milk; and to the mode of working, salting, and packing the butter. These have been described by Mr. Carr, in a communication to the

Royal Agricultural Society, and may be thus shortly stated.

The buildings on a large dairy are, a milk cellar, a butter cellar, a churning house, with a horse-mill adjoining, a cheese room, and a kitchen in which the utensils are washed, and food is cooked for all the persons immediately engaged in dairy work; to which are sometimes added their sleeping and eating apartments. The size and situation of the milk cellar are esteemed of great importance: it fronts the north, and is shaded from the southern sun by rows of trees, the elder being especially chosen, and planted as near the windows as possible, on account of the influence of that tree in keeping off insects. A thatched projecting roof affords protection from the heat, and great care is taken in choosing the site of a dairy, to place it out of the reach of anything which might taint the atmosphere. The size of the milk cellar is regulated by the number of cows, but it is generally calculated to contain the produce of four milkings. The milk dishes are always placed on the floor, and usually occupy a space of two feet square each; thus the produce of one hundred cows, giving, on an average, eight quarts per day, would fill fifty milk dishes at each milking, and would require a ground surface of 500 square feet, as there must unavoidably be spaces left to enable the dairy maids to go through their various operations. The floor is sometimes flagged, but oftener of brick, neatly fitted, so that no water may lodge in the joints; and always gently inclined, with a grating at the lower end, to facilitate the washing of the floor, which is never omitted to be done twice a day, notwithstanding that every source of impurity is guarded against, and every drop that may fall at the time of the milk being strained, is carefully wiped up. A recent improvement is the dividing the floor into compartments with brick ledges, from three to four inches high, between which the milk dishes stand. The lower extremity of these compartments is fitted with a small sluice, and twice a day they are filled with cold water from a pump. Thus the milk is preserved so cool as to prevent all approach to acidity for several hours longer than when placed on a dry floor. In sultry weather, a piece of pure ice is sometimes dropped into each milk pan, or a pailful of ice is placed in the dairy, which, by absorbing the heat, sensibly lowers the atmospheric temperature.

The best milk cellars are sunk from three to four feet in the ground; they are from sixteen to eighteen feet high, with an arched roof, and two rows of windows, looking north, east, and west, to secure a thorough air. The lower range of windows consists of wooden trellis-work, provided inside with gauze frames, to exclude insects, and outside with hanging shutters which can be lowered and elevated at pleasure. The upper range is furnished with glass sashes, which are exchanged for gauze frames when greater coolness is needed.

The butter cellar also is light, airy, and cool: it is likewise sunk in the ground, and supplied by the same means as the milk cellar with plenty of pure air. Here the butter, when carried from the churning house, is worked, salted, and packed. The filled butter-casks are ranged on clean boards, a little elevated from the floor, to allow of a free passage of air, and are turned and wiped every week.

Next in order comes the churning house, which has much the same arrangements as we find common in England. Of late years the perpendicular movement

of the churn-staff has been exchanged for the rotatory, which is found to churn in a shorter time, and with less risk of *oiling* the butter. The cheese room, in these dairies, is placed as far as possible from both the milk and the butter cellars.

The persons required to conduct the business of the dairy are, an overseer, a cooper, one or two cowherds, one or more swineherds, an upper dairywoman, and dairymaids in the proportion of one to every eighteen cows. The overseer takes care of the cattle, and is expected to know their diseases and the remedies. He is responsible for the conduct of the swineherd and cowherd, and superintends the fattening and rearing of calves. He also sees that the milking is thoroughly performed. When the number of cows does not exceed a hundred, he also undertakes the cooper's work, but, in large dairies, a cooper is kept in addition, who, besides his particular duties, assists in carrying the milk, feeding the cows when housed, &c. The wages of these two persons vary with the extent of the dairy, but may be averaged at sixty dollars for the first, and forty for the second, per annum.

The dairymaids, besides milking, cleaning the vessels, &c., work in the garden in summer, spin in winter, and wash, bake, brew, and cook, for the establishment, under the direction of the upper dairywoman, who is by far the most important personage therein, as on her skill, attention, and diligence, depend, in great measure, both the quantity and quality of the product. She must not only thoroughly understand, but accurately observe, the moment when the milk should be creamed; the degree of acidity it must attain in the cream-barrels; its temperature, whether requiring the addition of warm or cold water to the churn, as well as the subsequent operations of kneading, beating, salting, and packing, the butter. She must be punctiliously clean in her person and work, and require the same cleanliness of her maidens. In large establishments, the upper woman has full employment without milking, and even requires assistance in her own department; but in smaller dairies she milks about ten cows. Her wages are from fifty-five to sixty dollars per annum, while her chief assistants receive twenty-two, and the rest eighteen dollars.

During summer, the dairy people of Holstein rise at three, or even two, in the morning, if the weather be very hot; for which exertion they are allowed two hours' sleep in the middle of the day. The milking is carried on in the field, generally commencing at four, and lasting two hours. Each girl marks her own cows, by tying a particular coloured ribbon round their tails; and in some places each milker carries a string, on which a knot is made for every cow that is milked, to prevent any from being forgotten. The fields are large, and often at a great distance from the dairy, but the milk is safely and easily transported, by means of a long, low, four-wheeled, one-horse wagon, in the side bars of which, strong iron hooks are inserted, at such distances, that the milk-pails, containing from thirty to forty quarts each, may swing free of each other, and these, though filled nearly to the brim, are prevented spilling by merely having thin pieces of wood, about the size of a dinner plate, floating on the surface. The milk, when brought to the dairy, is immediately strained through a hair sieve into the vessels placed to receive it. These vessels are of various materials; they may be of wood, earthenware, copper tinned, zinc, cast iron lined with a china-like composition, or glass.

In order to secure butter of a first-rate quality, the cream is removed from the milk before any acidity is perceptible, and it has been found that a cellar-temperature of from 60° to 62° Fahr. is the most favourable, allowing of a complete disengagement of the cream in thirty-six hours; whereas a greater degree of warmth, while it quickens the separation, still more hastens the souring process, which injures both the quantity and quality of the butter. In a cold temperature the sepa-

ration is effected much more slowly, so that forty-eight, or even sixty hours may be required; this, however, is the longest period which can be given without the risk of imparting a rank unpleasant flavour to the butter. The first signs of acidity in milk are a very slight wrinkling of the cream, and a scarcely perceptible acid taste. The moment this is observed, the skimming begins, even if the milk have stood but twenty-four hours. The cream is poured through a hair sieve (which is kept for this purpose, and never employed in straining the new milk) into large barrels, containing about two hundred and forty quarts each, in which it remains until it is sufficiently sour, being stirred at intervals to prevent its becoming *cheesy*. The next object of the dairywoman's skill is the degree of warmth or coolness which must be imparted in order to secure good butter. In warm weather the churn is rinsed with the coldest water, in which a piece of pure ice is often thrown, and sometimes, though more rarely, cold spring-water is added to the cream about to be churned, which operation is then always performed either very early in the morning, or late in the evening. In cold weather, on the contrary, warm water is applied both to rinsing the churn, and to the cream itself.

The churning being completed, the butter is taken off by means of a large wooden ladle, and carried in a tub directly to the butter cellar, where it is cast into a large trough, hollowed out of the trunk of an oak or beech, very smoothly polished inside, and provided with a plug-hole at the lower extremity, beneath which a small tub is placed to receive the expressed milk. There the butter is slightly worked, and salted with the purest salt; then moulded with a wooden ladle into a mass at the upper end of the trough, and left for some hours to soak and drain. In the evening it is thoroughly kneaded and beaten, or rather slapped, the dairy maid repeatedly lifting a piece of from three to four pounds, and slapping it with force against the trough, so as to beat out all the milky particles; and thus lump after lump being freed from extraneous matter, the whole mass is spread out, receives its full proportion of salt, about an ounce and one-eighth per pound, which is worked with the utmost care equally through it, and again moulded into one compact mass. The butter in Holstein is scarcely ever washed, as water is believed to rob it of its richness and flavour, and to be unfavourable to its preservation.

When a quantity is ready sufficient to fill a cask, the several churnings are once more kneaded through, a very little fresh salt added, and the butter is packed in a barrel made of red beech wood, water-tight, which has been prepared by careful washing, and rubbing on the inside with salt. Great care is taken that no space shall be left either between the layers of butter, or the sides of the cask. In large dairies a cask is never begun to be filled until it can be completed, as thus alone the butter can be exactly of the same flavour and colour throughout.

The qualities of the excellent butter on which the Holsteiner so much prides himself, are, *first*, a fine even yellow colour, neither pale nor orange tinted; *secondly*, a close waxy texture, in which extremely minute and perfectly transparent beads of brine are perceptible; but if these drops be either large, or in the slightest degree tinged with milk colour, it is considered as marking an imperfect working of the butter, while an entirely dry tallowy appearance is equally disapproved; *thirdly*, a fresh fragrant perfume, and a sweet kernelly taste; *fourthly*, the quality of keeping for a considerable time without acquiring an old or rancid flavour.

There are four classes or varieties of butter known in Holstein. These are named *fresh-milk*; *May*, *Summer*, and *stubble* butter, according to the season in which each is produced. The fresh-milk butter is that made in spring, between the time when the cows calve and their being turned out to pasture. The May butter is that produced in May, after the cows have been sent to

grass. This is highly prized for its peculiarly fine aroma when fresh, but is found not to keep well, and therefore, like the fresh-milk butter, is generally sent to market as it is made. The summer butter is made in June and July, and from that time until the cows are removed from pasture, the butter bears the name of *stubble* butter. Both these latter sorts, if properly made, keep well, and retain their fine flavour nearly unimpaired until the following spring. The small quantity produced between the time of the cows being housed and becoming dry, is called *old milk* butter, and is least of all esteemed.

In winter, when the cows are confined to dry food, and the butter loses its fine yellow colour, artificial means are employed to remedy the defect; for the Holstein merchants find, that without the usual degree of colouring, their butter will not in some markets, (as in Spain and Portugal,) fetch its accustomed price. The ingredients used for this purpose are a mixture of annatto and turmeric, in the proportion of five ounces of the latter to one pound of the former. These ingredients are boiled in butter for half an hour, stirring them frequently, and then straining through linen; the preparation can then be kept for use. When butter is to be coloured, a portion of this mixture is melted over the fire: it is then poured into a hollow made in the mass of fresh churned butter, and by rapid stirring is intimately united with the butter immediately in contact with it, which being then spread over the whole mass, is, together with the requisite proportion of salt, carefully kneaded and worked through until no particle remains more highly coloured than another; and when smaller portions have thus been coloured from day to day, before a cask can be filled, the whole must, before packing, be kneaded once more, that no disparity of shade may disfigure it.

The greater portion of the butter made in the dairies of Holstein and Schleswig, is bought up by the Hamburg merchants, though it is likewise sent in considerable quantities from Kiel and other parts to England, Copenhagen, and the West Indies.

We have already noticed the importance attached to every particular relating to the milk cellar, and the utensils employed in making this celebrated butter. The different materials used for milk pans were named, and we may now give some further notices from the same authority on this head.

Various kinds of utensils have been tried in Holstein, in the hope of discovering how, in hot weather, more especially when a thunder storm is gathering, the milk can be kept from too early an acidity. Those in most general use are shallow wooden vessels, nearly of an equal diameter at top and bottom, containing, when full, about eight quarts, but in which, during summer, seldom more than six quarts are poured. The chief disadvantage of these vessels is the great labour and attention required to remove all acidity, which, in some states of the atmosphere, is almost unavoidable, and which, penetrating the pores of the wood, sometimes resists all the patient scrubbing, first, with hot water and small birch scrubbers, and secondly, with boiling water, and a hard round brush made of pig's bristles, with which every part of the utensil is carefully polished over. Sometimes the dairymaid is compelled to resort to washing in a ley of wood-ashes, or boiling, or even scorching over lighted chips, followed by countless rinsings in pure spring water. To diminish this labour, the milk-vendors in towns paint the milking pails and dishes with a preparation of cinnabar, linseed-oil, and litharge; but this is expensive, for the vessels require three coats of the composition at first, and one yearly afterwards, and, after all, the milk, for some days after these vessels are brought into use, has a perceptible taste of paint. Tinned copper milk-pans are very costly, and require careful watching, lest they should require re-tinning. The zinc pans are yet but little known, and their value not sufficiently proved. Cast

iron, lined with enamel, are durable and very clean, but too expensive. Glass-pans have many opponents on account of their brittleness. The testimony of Mr. Carr, however, is decidedly in favour of this material. He says, that in his dairy (which is supplied by 180 cows) the glass vessels have been used for four years. They are sixteen inches broad at the top, and twelve at the bottom: the glass is dark bottle green, transparent, and perfectly smooth, about one eighth of an inch thick, and furnished with a round rim at the upper edge, which makes it easy to retain a safe hold of them even when full. They would contain eight quarts, but never receive more than six. "They cost eight-pence a-piece, and their durability may be estimated by the fact that, to encourage carefulness, each dairy maid is allowed one dollar extra, as *pan-money*, being bound at the same time to pay ten-pence for each one she breaks; yet hitherto," says Mr. Carr, "no girl has broken to the extent of her dollar." The great advantage of these vessels is in the saving of time, fuel, and labour they effect, for they merely require to be washed in luke-warm water, then rinsed in cold water, and put in a rack to dry. Supposing, therefore, (which Mr. Carr does not admit,) that the milk, during a few weeks in summer, becomes sour sooner, and consequently throws up less cream, in glass than in wood, this disadvantage would be more than counterbalanced by the diminished expenditure of glass vessels, for, of course, where time and labour are saved, the number of domestics may be lessened.¹

Cow-houses in Holstein are generally twice as long as broad, and calculated for four cows lengthways, standing head to head, with passages between, floored with brick, and furnished with feeding and drinking troughs. One passage, if not both, is broad enough to admit a loaded hay-wagon, and is provided with large folding doors at each end, while there is also room behind the cattle sufficient to permit the manure being sledged out with a horse, without incommoding them. The lofty roof affords accommodation for hay and straw, which helps to keep the house warm in winter; the doors are kept shut as much as possible during that season, sufficient light being admitted by small glazed windows. The quantity of food which can be afforded to the cows during winter, is ascertained as soon as the harvest returns are known. In plentiful seasons the calculation is, that each cow should be allowed three sacks of grain, (generally oats, of 140lb. each sack,) 3,900lbs. of straw, including bedding, and 1,800lbs. of good hay; whilst for every hundred pounds of hay less, she receives twenty-five pounds of grain more, or *vice versa*.

There are three distinct breeds of cattle in the duchies, the native cow, the marsh cow, and the Jutland cow. The first is middle-sized, with fine head and horns, and moderately thick neck; the colour generally red or brown, though often yellow, black, or spotted. The district of Angeln produces the finest specimens of these cows, which are considered to yield more milk in proportion to the food they require, than any other kind. The marsh cows are large-boned, generally red, and requiring luxuriant pasture. They thrive well in the marshy delta of the Elbe, giving, when in full-milk, from twenty-four to thirty-two, or even forty quarts of milk daily; but the return of butter is much smaller and of inferior quality to that of the Angeln cattle. The Jutland cow is fine in bone, rather lengthy than deep in body; but not generally long-legged. The usual colours are grey, dun, or black, or either of these spotted with white. They are distinguished for fattening easily, and are not much prized for dairy purposes.

The average quantity of milk obtained from good stock is estimated at from 2,000 to 3,000 quarts per annum, according to the food and care bestowed on the

cows. The produce has been calculated thus—every 100 lbs. of milk will give $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of butter, 6 lbs. of fresh cheese, 14 lbs. of butter-milk, (exclusive of the water added before and after churning,) and 76 lbs. of whey; and though the different circumstances affecting the cows cause a great variety in the results, still it is considered a fair average that fifteen quarts of milk are required for a pound of butter; for although from some cows a pound may be obtained from twelve quarts; yet, others, and even the same cows at different seasons, and with different food, (such as beet, or raw potatoes,) will not produce a pound of butter from less than seventeen or eighteen quarts. On the whole, it is esteemed a fair return in these duchies, when the average produce of the dairy amounts to 100 lbs. of butter, and 150 lbs. of cheese, per cow.

The above particulars will, we doubt not, prove interesting to many of our readers, who may be concerned in the business of the dairy, and may, in some cases, supply a few hints of practical utility; for there is much to admire, and something to copy, in the numerous precautions taken by the Holstein dairy-farmer, to insure an article of first-rate excellence as the product of his industry.

THE HOLY CITY.¹

[First Notice.]

Rest of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place? sad city! this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone,
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick darting eye of restless fear;
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.

BISHOP HEBER.

No other city in the world possesses such remarkable claims on our attention as Jerusalem. Its unequalled antiquity, dimly appearing in the uncertainty of very early tradition; its eventful history in all ages; and its having so long been the scene of contention between Christian and infidel states; the prominent place it occupies in the sacred writings, as the Mountain of the Lord's House, where his glory visibly appeared; and the fact of its having been the scene of the ministry, death, and resurrection of our blessed Lord; these, and a hundred other unequalled claims, give to the Holy City an overwhelming importance, and invest it with an unrivalled sanctity.

The early history of Jerusalem is lost in the obscure mist of very remote ages. Some names of high authority support the testimony of Josephus—who probably represented the tradition of the Jewish church—that

(1) "The Holy City, or Historical and Topographical Notices of Jerusalem, with some account of its Antiquities, and of its present Condition. By the Rev. George Williams, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and late Chaplain to Bishop Alexander, at Jerusalem. With illustrations, from sketches by the Rev. W. F. Witts, B.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." London: John W. Parker. 8vo. 1845.

(1) The recent liberation of glass from all duty, now affords manufacturers an opportunity of supplying our dairy farms with milk-pans made of that beautiful material.

the Salem of Melchizedec is identical with the Jerusalem of which David was the second founder. Nothing, however, is known of its origin, nor are writers agreed as to where it is first mentioned in holy Scripture. If the Jewish historian is correct in ascribing its foundation to Melchizedec, then may the Holy City boast of greater antiquity than any city in the world, and of a founder worthy of its future celebrity.

Jerusalem is not named by that title in Scripture until the time arrived for the fulfilment of the promise to Abraham, when the Israelites, under the command of Joshua, entered upon the possession of their inheritance. The decisive victory obtained by Joshua over the combined army was obtained on a plain distant about an hour from Jerusalem, and to the east of it. The king of Jerusalem, with his four allies, was taken and put to death; but we do not read that his city, like theirs, fell into the hands of the conquerors at this time. It was reserved for David to bring it under complete subjection. No sooner had he come into the undisputed sovereignty of the whole land, than he went to Jerusalem, and took the castle of Zion out of the hands of the Jebusites. This fortress came now to be called "The City of David." He took up his abode in the castle, and enlarged the city to a size worthy of the dignity of a royal city, and of the seat of government.

It is remarkable that in no part of canonical Scripture is any mention made of the fate of that most sacred object of veneration—the ark of the covenant, with its holy contents. Jewish tradition informs us that it had no place in the second temple; but its fate is nowhere recorded on any certain authority. The prevailing belief of the late Jewish church has been, that it is miraculously preserved in a secret chamber of most difficult access, in the sacred rock within the great mosque at Jerusalem, where it was deposited by King Josiah. But the chroniclers of the Crusades incline rather to the account referred to in the second book of the Maccabees, by which it is said to be securely hidden in a cave under Mount Nebo.

It was a wise caution, and worthy of imitation, which withheld an old historian of the church from commenting on the events connected with the early ministry of our blessed Lord, and those first years of the Christian church, of which it has pleased the divine Spirit to dictate an inspired history, lest the defects of a human narrative should detract from the dignity of actions which have been judged worthy of such a record. Eusebius informs us that the church at Jerusalem, from the period of its establishment to the time of the Emperor Adrian, was governed by fifteen bishops in succession, the first of whom was St. James the Just, the brother of our Lord, one of the Twelve, and the writer of that Catholic epistle which bears his name.

The return of the Christians to Jerusalem is placed by all the ancient authorities immediately after its destruction by Titus. The church maintained its virgin purity until the presidency of Justus, who succeeded St. Simeon, when it became tainted with heretical pravity. From this period to the reign of Adrian the records are very scanty; when the Jews were forbidden all access to the Holy City, which was again desecrated by the Romans. It was subsequently adorned with churches, and rendered illustrious as a Christian capital. Now occurred the important events of the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, and the erection of the Basilica of the Resurrection. Julian the Apostate encouraged the Jews to rebuild the temple, but by a miraculous interference they were prevented: fearful balls of fire broke forth with irresistible violence from near the foundations, scorched the workmen, and drove them from the place. In the seventh century Jerusalem was taken by Chosroes, king of Persia, when several of the churches, and part of the city, were destroyed. The sacred buildings having been restored, the Christian emperor Heraclius repaired in person to Jerusalem, carrying with him, according to Mr. Williams' narra-

tive, the true cross; the seals of the chest in which it was contained having continued unbroken during the Captivity. On the 14th of September, A.D. 629, a day still marked in the English calendar, and whose anniversary is celebrated with especial solemnity in other churches of the west and east, Heraclius, having laid aside his royal apparel, entered the Holy City clothed in mean garments, and barefoot, carrying on his shoulder the wood on which he supposed the redemption of the world had been accomplished.

It was during this century that the Arabian prophet arose, whose victorious arms soon subdued so many fair and fertile provinces. Jerusalem was besieged by his followers; but the patriarch refused to treat with any but the Khalif himself. Omar accordingly repaired to the Holy City; and they concluded articles of capitulation, remarkably favourable for the Christians. From this period they enjoyed peace and protection, until the accession to power of the family of Abbas, when they suffered from the caprice of that tyrannical and bloody house.

In the year 1094, Peter, a French hermit, came as a pilgrim to the Holy City; and his sympathy was awakened by the sufferings of the native church. He witnessed with righteous indignation the flagitious practices of its ruthless oppressors, who exposed them to insults in their holy places, and profaned their churches, and the sacred vessels, and the altars. Peter the Hermit resolved on rousing the western part of Christendom. The cause was strenuously taken up by Pope Urban II. The watch-word—claiming the Divine sanction for the undertaking—*Deus vult*, ran like wildfire through the countries of the west; and Europe was convulsed to its centre with preparations for the Holy War. Italy, France, and Germany, sent forth their willing thousands on this first Crusade; and the mighty hosts assembled under the command of their Christian princes and generals. Inspired by an enthusiasm which shrunk from no danger, the gallant army crossed the barren plain, the broad river, the rocky mountain, and the sandy desert, until the remnant that had escaped the perils of the way sat down under the walls of the Holy City, June 7, 1099.

They soon found, to their dismay, that all their efforts would be fruitless without the aid of machines. Trees were felled at a distance of six or seven miles from the city, and conveyed on camels. All distinctions of rank were forgotten: high and low, rich and poor, emulated each other. Exposed to the oppressive heat of a Syrian sun, beneath which they toiled incessantly, the Christian host underwent enormous suffering. To the horrors of drought, infection was shortly added, as many of the cattle had died for want of pasture. Having, after some weeks of arduous toil, completed their preparations, the day was fixed for the assault, and it was resolved to spend some time in the most solemn religious services, to bring down upon them the blessing of the Lord of Hosts. A procession of barefooted clergy was formed, who chanted solemn litanies; and proceeding to the Mount of Olives, their zeal was stimulated by sermons from Peter the Hermit and Anselmus.

At the dawn of day the soldiers of the Cross commenced the assault. Animated by a like spirit, they proposed to themselves one of two alternatives—victory or martyrdom. Even the aged and the sick, the women and children, took part in the fight. Night parted the combatants, which gave place to the dawn of the memorable 15th of July, when the battle was again renewed. But, after seven hours' hard fighting, the courage of the weary and dispirited besiegers began to flag, when a timely apparition on Mount Olivet, said to have been distinctly seen by the Christian princes, Duke Godfrey and his brother Eustachius, revived the dying embers of zeal. The outworks were soon carried; and the valiant brothers, at the head of a chosen band, carried the wall, when the besieged flew in all directions. The

northern gates were opened, and the Crusaders were masters of Jerusalem. It was on a Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, that the Holy City was taken; and the chroniclers do not fail to remark, that it seemed divinely ordered that at the very hour, and on the same day of the week, on which our Lord suffered, His followers were permitted to see the consummation of their wishes, in their triumph over His enemies.

How strange and unaccountable it appears that the soldiers of the Cross—who, before commencing the siege, had sought in humiliation and penitence the blessing of the Almighty, and besought Him to go forth with their hosts—should now, flushed with victory, and thirsting for blood, commit the most frightful and inhuman carnage! The transition in the events of this day, fills, perhaps, the most striking page in the history of enthusiasm. Having wearied themselves with slaughter, they laid aside their weapons, washed their blood-stained hands, and changed their garments;—then, with bare feet, and the most striking outward indications of humble spirit and contrite heart, and singing hymns of praise, they proceeded to the venerable places which their Saviour had deigned to adorn and sanctify by His presence. Fain would we close the scene here; but a darker tragedy of cold-blooded butchery was enacted three days after the capture of the city; when the surviving Moslems were most barbarously slaughtered in violation of the treaty.

The first act of the assembled princes, after the burial of the dead and the purification of the city, was the election of a king; and the personal merits and important services of Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, were not forgotten nor unrewarded. But the history of the Frank kingdom in Palestine can only be slightly glanced at. Its kings found their office one of great difficulty. The helmet was their crown, the coat-of-mail their robe of state, the heavens their royal canopy, and the saddle of the war-horse their throne. They extended their arms beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Only the warrior monks of the Temple, and the Knights of the Hospital of St. John, maintained their devotion to the Holy Sepulchre unimpaired, and earned for themselves a deathless fame.

Eighty-eight years after the conquest of the Crusaders, the green and yellow banners of the Moslems were unfurled before the walls of Jerusalem, at the hour of evening prayer. Again was the Holy City wrested from the Christians; again did the Mohammedan banners flaunt over its towers and battlements. The whole of Christendom was dismayed at the fall of Jerusalem, while the infidels rejoiced over the humbled Christians, and dragged, in dishonour, a golden cross through the streets. The subsequent history of Jerusalem may be told in few words. The defenceless state of the phoenix-like city was the protection of its inhabitants from further molestation during the expiring struggles of the Crusaders, whose ruin was hastened by the conquests of the first Mamluk sultan of Egypt, and consummated by the fall of Acre before the victorious arms of Kelason. The historical importance of Jerusalem terminates with the expulsion of the Franks from the country. In 1542, the Ottoman sultan, Soleiman, erected the well-built walls round the city, which remain to this day. From this period, not a year has passed for three successive centuries, without disputes between the three principal Christian communities which divide the city. In 1808, the churches of the Resurrection and of the Holy Gethsemane, with the buildings connected with them, were destroyed by fire. The heat was so excessive, that the marble columns which surrounded the circular building, in the centre of which stood the Holy Grotto, were completely pulverized. The molten lead from the immense dome which covers the Holy Sepulchre, poured down in torrents; yet the Holy Cave itself received not the slightest injury, externally or internally; the silk hangings remained unscathed by the flames, the smell of fire not having passed upon them. The churches, &c.

were restored in the following year, after the original models, at an immense expense, chiefly borne by the Greek Christians.

Of late years, the Holy City has shared the fortunes of Syria; having passed into the possession of Ibrahim Pasha in 1832, it was restored to the Ottoman power, after the memorable bombardment of Acre, in November 1840. Formerly subject to the pashalic of Damascus, it has latterly enjoyed the distinction of a resident pasha; but its tranquillity is liable, at any moment, to be disturbed by the lawless sheiks of the country, whose violence Ibrahim Pasha was alone able to repress by the terrors of the sword. So low has she now fallen, who defied for months the arms of Imperial Rome!

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

May.

THE "merry month of May" was the second in the old Alban Kalendar, the third in that of Romulus, and the fifth—the station it now holds—in the one instituted by Numa Pompilius. It consisted of twenty-two days in the Alban, and of thirty-one in Romulus's Kalendar; Numa deprived it of the odd day, which was restored by Julius Cæsar. Some imagine that May was so called from the heathen goddess, Maia, the mother of Mercury. Brady says, that "Romulus continued to this month the name of Maius, out of respect to the senate appointed to assist him when he was elected king, who were distinguished by the epithet *Majores*." The Romans deemed it to be under the protection of Apollo. In the middle age it was dedicated to St. Mary, "when men," writes Mr. Digby, "would devoutly repeat her office as they walked in some garden, bright with the sweet hue of eastern sapphire that was spread over the serene aspect of the pure air, at the rising of the sun, and beheld the swans majestically resting on the limpid waters."

Our Saxon forefathers termed it *Tri-milki*, because at this season "they began to milk their kine three times in the day." *Me*, an evident corruption of May, was the old Cornish name of this month. May was anciently represented as a beautiful youth, clothed in robes of white and green, embroidered with daffodils and hawthorn blossoms, his head crowned with white and damask roses, holding a lute in one hand, and bearing, on the fore finger of the other, a nightingale. Spenser sings:—

"Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda; which on either side
Supported her, like to their sovereign Queen.
Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leap'd and danced as they had ravish'd been!
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green."

There is an allusion in the above stanza to Castor and Pollux, or Gemini, into which sign the sun enters on the 20th of May. This month and its beauties have been a popular theme of poetical celebration; but in England, and particularly since we have reckoned by the new style, a great part of it is frequently yet too cold for a perfect enjoyment of nature's loveliness, and sometimes injury is done to the flowers and young fruits, during its course, by blights and chilling winds. A cold and windy May, however, is accounted favourable to the corn; and an old Scotch proverb says:

"A wet May and a winnie
Brings a fou stackyard and a finnie;"

implying that rain in this month, and dry winds afterwards, produce a plentiful crop, with that mark of excellence by which grain is usually judged of by connois-

seurs—a good feeling in the hand. There is another rhyme, which is not over flattering to the favourite month of the poets :

"Till May be out
Change na a clout."

That is, thin not your winter clothing till the end of May—"A good maxim," says Mr. Chambers, "if we are to put faith in the great father of modern medicine, Boerhaave, who, on being consulted as to the proper time for putting off flannel, is said to have answered, "On Midsummer night, and put it on again next morning."

The latest summer birds of passage, the fern-owl, sedge and reed-warbler, spotted fly-catcher, field-lark, razor-bill, dobel, red-backed shrike, hobby, and land-rail, arrive about the beginning of this month. Most of our birds are hatching and rearing their young, and the males are in full song. The sulphur, peacock, tortoise-shell, and white cabbage butterflies are now on the wing; field-crickets, cock-chafers, grasshoppers, and glow-worms abound; and towards the end of May the bees send forth their early swarms. Fruit gardens now afford an agreeable though immature product in the young gooseberries and currants. Trees put on all their verdure. The lilac and hawthorn bloom. The flowers of the oak, chestnut, Scotch-fir, beech, hornbeam, holly, and alder trees, begin to open, and the orchards display all their charms in the delicate blush of the plum, cherry, pear, and apple blossoms. Meadows are thick with the bright young grass, "running into clouds of white and gold," with daisies and buttercups; the earth in woods is now shaded; and in dank and dark places is spread with yellow and blue patches of primroses; violets open among the mossy roots of old trees; lilies of the valley "nod their welcome to the little wren as she twitters upon pendant branches," and the orchis, the honeysuckle, germander, and columbine are in beauty. The hyacinth, standard tulip, laburnum, guelder rose, peony, wallflower, rhododendron, rocket, and stock, marygold, and anemone, bloom in the garden.

"All the earth is gay,
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May,
Does every beast keep holiday."

About the 12th of this month, or old May-day, cows are turned out to pasture. Their milk soon becomes rich and copious, and cheese-making begins, particularly in Cheshire, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire. Potatoes and cow-cabbage are planted; trees are barked and felled, and corn is weeded. Children gather cowslips for wine, and the gardener sows flower seeds, and weeds his borders. May is generally considered an unlucky time for the celebration of marriage. "This," says Brand, "is an idea which has been transmitted to us by our popish ancestors, and was borrowed by them from the ancients."

May 1.—Feast of St. Philip and St. James.

MAY-DAY.

The celebration of the first of May is one of the oldest customs in the world, having come down from the earliest ages of Paganism, through various channels. "It must have been prompted," says a recent journalist, "by nature herself. The time of the young flower and leaf, and of all the promise which August fulfils, could not but impress the minds of the simplest people, and dispose them to joyful demonstrations in word and act." The sun, as the immediate author of the glories of the season, was now worshipped by the Celtic nations under the name of Baal; hence the festival of Beltein, still faintly observed in Ireland and other places. The

people kindle fires on the tops of their mountains on May-day, called Beal fires. This practice is to be traced in the mountainous and uncultivated parts of Cumberland, amongst the Cheviots, and in many parts of Scotland. Pennant relates,—"On the first of May, in the highlands, the herdsmen of every district hold their Beltein. They cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle. On that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk, and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whisky, for each of the company must contribute something. The rite begins by spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation. On that, every one takes a cake of oatmeal, on which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulder, says—'This I give to thee, preserve thou my sheep; this I give to thee, preserve thou my horses;' and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals. 'This I give to thee, O fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded crow! this to thee, eagle!' When the ceremony is over they dine on the caudle." Even in Ayrshire they kindled Baal's fire on the evening of May-day, till about the year 1790.

The European observance of May-day is principally derived from the Romans, who have left traces of it in all the countries they subdued. It was their festival of Flora, at which there was great display of flowers, and where women danced, if we are to believe Juvenal, "only too enthusiastically."

We gather from authentic sources that the Saxon Eldermen, going at this season to their Wittenagemote, or Assembly of Wise Men, left their peasantry to a sort of saturnalia, in which they chose a king, who chose his queen. He wore an oaken, and she a hawthorn wreath; and together they gave laws to the rustic sports, during those sweet days of freedom. The May-pole too, or the Column of May, as it was then called, was the grand standard of justice amongst our ancestors, in the *ry-commons*, or fields of May, and the garland hung on its top was the grand signal for convening the people. Here it was that they deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and kings. The first of May was also considered the boundary day that divided the confines of winter and summer, in allusion to which there was instituted a "sportful war" between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. The youth were divided into troops, the one in winter livery, the other in the gay habit of spring. The latter were always sure to obtain the victory, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly green branches with May-flowers, singing a song of joy, of which the burthen was in these or equivalent terms:

"We have brought the summer home."

"In England," remarks a late writer, "we have to go back a couple of hundred years for the complete May-day; since then it has gradually declined, and now it is almost extinct." When it was fully observed, "the business of the day began with the day itself," that is to say, at midnight. Shakspeare, in his play of Henry VIII., mentions that it was impossible to make the

people sleep on May-morning. Immediately after twelve had struck they were all astir, wishing each other a merry May. They then repaired to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. This done, they returned homewards about the time of sun-rise, and "made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil."

In Herrick's "Hesperides" is the following allusion to this practice:—

"Come, my Corinna, come: and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove."

Stubbs, in the "Anatomie of Abuses," 1585, tells us, "Against May, every parish, town, and village, assemble themselves together, both men, and women, and children, old and young, even all indifferently: and either all going together, or dividing themselves into companies, they go, some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch boughs, and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal." Stow records of the citizens of London, that they "of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets." In some places "the Mayers" brought home a garland suspended from a pole, round which they danced. In others there was an established May-pole for the village. "Their chiefest jewel," says Stubbs, "is their May-pole, which they bring home with great veneration, as thus:—they have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the tip of his horns; and these oxen draw home this May-pole, (this stinking idol, rather,) which is covered all over with flowers and herbs, wound round about with strings from the top to the bottom, and sometimes painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men and women and children following it with great devotion; and thus being reared up with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about, bend green boughs about it, set up summer-halls, bowers, and arbours, hard by it. And then fall they to banquet and feast, and leap and dance about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself." The May-pole was often as tall as the mast of a sloop of fifty tons, and properly fixed in a frame to keep it upright. Once erected, it remained until nearly the end of the year, and was resorted to at all other seasons of festivity, as well as during May. Some even continued for years, being merely fresh ornamented, instead of being removed, as was the common practice. There were several throughout the city. Chaucer mentions the pole, or *shaft* in Leadenhall-street, higher than the steeple of the church of St. Andrew-under-shaft. Another, alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher, stood nearly on the site of St. Mary-le-Strand. Its successor was taken down in 1717, and conveyed to Wanstead, in Essex, where it became the support of a large telescope, the property of the Royal Society. Its original height was upwards of one hundred feet above the surface of the ground. It had two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, and was deco-

rated on public occasions with streamers and garlands. Pope thus perpetuates its remembrance:—

"Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand."

"Besides the principal May-pole," says Brady, "others of less dimensions were likewise erected in our villages, to mark the place where refreshments were to be obtained; hence the name of ale-stake is frequently to be met with in old authors, as signifying a May-pole." The regular "May-games" appear to have been introduced about the beginning of the 15th century. It seems to have been a constant practice at their celebration, to elect a Lord and Lady of the May, who presided over the sports, and were decorated with scarfs, ribands, and other fineries. To the latter of these personages, a poem, published in 1625, contains the following allusion:—

"As I have seen the Lady of the May
Set in an arbour (on a holiday)
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swains
Dance with their maidens to the bagpipe's strains."

It was customary also to personify that darling of England's yeomanry, Robin Hood, with several of his most noted associates: when this was the case, he presided as Lord of the May, and a female, or rather, perhaps, a boy attired like a female, called the Maid Marian, his faithful mistress, was the Lady of the May. His companions were distinguished by the title of "Robin Hood's men," and were also arrayed in appropriate dresses; their coats, hoods, and hose, were generally green. In the churchwardens' account for the parish of St. Helen's, Abingdon, Berks, dated 1566, is the following article:—"Paid for setting up Robin Hood's bower, eighteen-pence;" that is, a bower for the reception of the fictitious Robin Hood and his company, belonging to the May-day pageant. The fool, the dragon, and the hobby-horse, likewise formed part of the show. The last was a compound figure; the resemblance of the head and tail of a horse, with a light wooden frame for the body, was attached to the person who was to perform the double character, covered with trappings reaching to the ground, so as to conceal the feet of the actor, and prevent it being seen that the supposed steed had none. Thus equipped, he was to prance about, imitating the curvetings and motions of a horse. This worthy and the dragon are excellently figured in Nash's "Mansions of England in the olden time," first series, Plate XXV.; and their gambols, together with the entire manner in which a "May-game" was anciently performed, will be found fully described in Strutt's *Queenhoo Hall*. Such were the "festivities of youth and nature" in which our monarchs, especially Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James, used to participate. In the reign of the "maiden Queen," pageant seemed to have arrived at its greatest height: and the May-day revelries were celebrated in their fullest manner, and so they continued, attracting the attention of the royal and noble, as well as vulgar, till the close of the reign of James I. In "The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," is this entry:—"May 8th, 1602. On May-day, the Queen went a-Maying to Sir Richard Buckley's, at Lewisham, some three or four miles off Greenwich." It is recorded by Hall that, in the seventh year of Henry VIII., that prince made a grand procession, with his queen, and many lords and ladies, from Greenwich to Shooter's-hill: "when, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods, and with bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred. One, being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoot: whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled again, they likewise shot again: their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen,

and their company." The royal retinue afterwards entered the "green wood," where, in arbours made with boughs, and decked with flowers, they were entertained by Robin and his men "to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes." In Henry VI.'s time, the aldermen and sheriffs of London went to the Bishop of London's wood, in the parish of Stebenheath, and there had a worshipful dinner for themselves and other comers; and Lydgate, the poet, a monk of Bury, sent them, by a pursuivant, "a joyful commendation of that season, containing sixteen stanzas in metre royal."

May-poles and games were altogether suppressed during the Great Rebellion. In April, 1644, there was an ordinance of both Houses of Parliament "for taking down all and singular May-poles." At the Restoration these favourites of the populace, with all their jovial concomitants, were re-established. A May-pole, as we have remarked, remained in London until the beginning of the last century. About the same period, a learned foreigner relates that, "on the first of May, and the five and six days following, all the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk, dress themselves up very neatly, and borrow abundance of silver plate, whereof they make a pyramid, which they adorn with ribands and flowers, and carry upon their heads, instead of their common milk-pails. In this "equipage," accompanied by some of their fellow milkmaids, and a bagpipe or fiddle, they go from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers, in the midst of boys and girls that follow them in troops, and every one gives them something. "The Mayings," says Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," published so recently as 1801, "are in some sort yet kept up by the milkmaids at London, who go about the streets with their garlands and music, dancing."

The milkmaids' "garland" of forty years ago, was a pyramidal frame, covered with damask, glittering on each side with polished silver plate, and adorned with knots of gay coloured ribands, and posies of fresh flowers, surmounted by a silver urn, or tankard. This "garland" being placed on a wooden frame, was carried by two men, sometimes preceded by a pipe and tabor, but more frequently by a fiddle; the gayest milkmaids followed the music, others the "garland," and they stopped at their customers' doors, and danced, as above related. The plate in some of the "garlands" was very costly. It was usually borrowed for the occasion of the pawnbrokers, upon security. It was customary for milk people of less profitable walks to make a display of another kind, less gaudy in appearance, but better bespeaking their occupation, and more appropriate to the festival. A beautiful country girl, more gaily attired than on any other day, with flowers in her hat and on her bosom, led her cow, by a rope depending from its horns, decorated with garlands and ribands; the horns, neck, and head of the animal were similarly ornamented; a fine net, like those upon ladies' palfries, tastefully stuck with flowers, covered the cow's back, and even its tail was adorned with "products of the spring," and silken knots. The proprietress of the cow followed on one side, in holiday array, with a sprig in her country bonnet, a nosegay in her handkerchief, and ribands on her stomacher. Even these faint shadows of the original sports of May-day have subsequently faded away in the metropolis, so that the green glories and flowery festivities of the season only survive, (if the grim show may not rather be deemed a posthumous pageant,) in the Saturnalia of the chimney-sweeping imps, "who," says Horace Smith, "with daubed visages, and bedizened in tinsel trumpery, hop around a faded Jack-in-the-green, to the dissonant clatter of their shovels and brushes."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Reading for the Young.



DRUIDICAL MONUMENTS.

IN no other part of England are there so many Druidical monuments remaining as in Devon and Cornwall. The discoveries which Mr. Bray has made among the rocks at Dartmoor warrant the assertion, that, perhaps, there was not a more celebrated station of Druidism than on Dartmoor; one reason for this being the facilities which the masses of granite, everywhere strewn throughout the moor, and the tors that crowned the summit of every hill, afforded for the purpose of their altars, circles, obelisks, and logans (or rocking stones).

On the plains of Salisbury nature had done nothing for the grandeur of Druidism, and art had to do all. The architects of Egypt, who planned the Pyramids, like the Druids of Stonehenge, had a level country to contend with, and they gave to it the glory of mountains, as far as art may be said to imitate nature in the effects of her most stupendous works. On Dartmoor, the priests of the Britons appropriated the tors themselves as temples, so that what in level countries became the most imposing object, was here considered as a matter of comparative indifference. In such scenes a Stonehenge would have dwindled, in comparison with the granite tors, into insignificance; it would have been as a pyramid at the foot of Snowdon. These tors are rocks which lie piled mass on mass in horizontal strata. They are mostly found on the summits of the hills.

Perhaps the most remarkable logan, or rocking-stone, is in Cornwall, on the top of a ledge of high rocks near the Land's End. Though from 80 to 100 tons weight, it vibrates with the slightest pressure of the hand. In the month of April, in the year 1824, whilst the "Nimble" cutter was lying off the Land's End, on the preventive service, the lieutenant in command, with fourteen of his men, after much perseverance, by means of hand pikes, and a hand screw, called by sailors *jack in the box*, succeeded in overthrowing this stone. This inconsiderate and mischievous act excited great indignation throughout Cornwall, and the officer received orders from the Admiralty to repair, if possible, and at his own expense, the mischief he had done; and in December in the same year, after three days' labour and exertion, the logan stone was replaced upon its point of equilibrium, and now rocks as before. Its replacement was a most impressive sight. Greater multitudes than were ever before collected on that wild coast were assembled to behold an attempt which required all the skill and coolness of British seamen. Large chain cables were fastened round

the stone, and attached to the blocks by which it was lifted; and this was effected by the aid of three pair of large sheers, six capstans, worked by eight men each, and numerous pulleys. On the first day the rock was swung in the air by this complicated tackling, in the presence of about two thousand persons; much anxiety was expressed as to the success of the undertaking; the ropes were much stretched, and the pulleys, the sheers, and the capstans, all shrieked and groaned; the noise of the machinery being audible at some distance. Sufficient stays, however, were supplied to prevent accident, and the united efforts of sixty men were employed. On the third day, as the rock hung suspended over the place from which it had been thrown down, the person who directed the proceedings asked of the spectators, whether it was in the exact position. One man, who seemed to speak with the certainty of accurate knowledge, and to whose judgment others deferred, advised a little movement to one side, and, when his approbation was given, the stone was let down. As soon as this was done, the men who had been employed in replacing it fell on their knees and thanked God that no life had been lost; and it was not till they rose from this act of spontaneous devotion, that the multitude, who had been kept silent first by expectant suspense, and then by the devotional feelings which they partook, filled the air with their huzzas!

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE COTTAGE HOME.

oft have I roam'd amid the hills
With sense of awe that inly thrills,
And listen'd to each sound
Which gives so deep an emphasis
To silence, and makes loneliness
Seem only more profound.
I've pass'd through crowded street and mart,
With yet more solitude of heart
Than ever yet was mine,
When, wandering "in untrodden ways,"
Wild nature to my awe-struck gaze
Reveal'd her inner shrine.
Fitful of mood—by impulse sway'd,
How oft we make the sun and shade
Which lights or dims our way;
View'd through some medium of our own,
Now seems our path with weeds o'ergrown.
And now with roses gay.
But yesterday, at Fancy's call,
I sought the rushing waterfall,
The wild and lonely glen;
To-morrow, it may be my mood,
To mingle with the multitude,
And list "the hum of men."
Meanwhile, 'tis mine well-pleased to view,
'Twixt both extremes a medium true,
In this low cottage-home;

(1) See Engraving, page 1.

For here I find society,
From noise, and strife, and tumult free,—
Seclusion without gloom.

Those little curly-pated elves,
Blest in each other and themselves,
Right pleasant 'tis to see
Glancing like sunbeams in and out
The lowly porch, and round about
The ancient household tree.

And pleasant 'tis to greet the smile
Of her who rules this domicile
With firm but gentle sway;
To hear her busy step and tone,
Which tell of household cares begun
That end but with the day.

'Tis pleasant too to stroll around
The tiny plot of garden ground,
Where all in gleaming row
Sweet primroses, the spring's delight,
And double daisies, red and white,
And yellow wall-flowers grow.

What if such homely view as this
Awaken not the high-wrought bliss
Which loftier scenes impart?
To better feelings sure it leads,
If but to kindly thoughts and deeds,
It prompt the feeling heart.

Recollections of the Lakes, [by Mrs. Hay.]

THE DEER.

BY RACHEL L.—.

In the long summer days, in the shade of green trees,
Whose thickly leaved branches scarce stir in the breeze,
When the bright sun looks down from the cloudless blue sky,
In the depth of the wood live my children and I.
We drink the pure stream as it babbles along,
And refreshing to hear is its soft murmured song;
The greenest young branches we pluck for our food,
And crop the young herbage we find in the wood.
We are blithesome and gay, when the winter is past,
To think the warm sunshine is coming at last;
And our bright eyes keep watch o'er the violets' beds,
To see 'mid the broad leaves the first purple heads;
And our hearts are made merry the while of the day,
When the snows of old Winter are melted away.
The cuckoo we welcome, and see with delight
Each feathery songster return from his flight.
Then the hot summer comes, and we stand in the stream,
With its bright gravelled bottom, and sound like a dream;
We watch the young saplings that darken and grow,
Till each is beginning a shadow to throw.
In the joy of sweet summer we run, skip, and bound,
Tossing high our proud antlers, scarce touching the ground,
Scarce brushing the dew-drops from off the long grass,
Scarce stirring the scent of the flowers as we pass.
We know well how the seasons are hastening on
By the sounds and the sights that are come and are gone.
Then the autumn arrives, with its bright coloured flowers,
And its bunches of ripe nuts, that tumble in showers.
If in passing or browsing we shake the green trees,
Or they are stirred by the sound of the cool evening breeze,
That the winter is coming with crisp white snow,
And the bleak northern wind is preparing to blow,
And the golden leaves falling seem softly to say,
"The flowers and the sun-beams are going away."

Yet the winter will pass, and the young birds will sing
Another sweet song to another green spring.

O when your cheek glows and your eye kindles bright,
And your hearts are made glad by the merry sunlight,
Then think of the deer in his forest of green,
And the many sweet sights that he may have seen ;
Nor neglect to make use of your time all you can,
For there is but one spring-time that cometh to man.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

A RAILWAY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

A FEW years ago it was a fatiguing tour of many weeks to reach the Falls of Niagara from Albany. We are now carried along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, on a railway often supported on piles, through large swamps covered by aquatic trees and shrubs, or through dense forests, with occasional clearings, where orchards are planted by anticipation among the stumps, before they have even had time to run up a log-house. The traveller views with surprise, in the midst of so much unoccupied land, one flourishing town after another, such as Utica, Syracuse, and Auburn. At Rochester he admires the streets of large houses, inhabited by 20,000 souls, where the first settler built his log-cabin in the wilderness only twenty-five years ago. At one point our train stopped at a handsome newly-built station-house, and, on looking out at one window, we saw a group of Indians of the Oneida tribe, lately the owners of the broad lands around, but now humbly offering for sale a few trinkets, such as baskets ornamented with porcupine quills, mocassins of moose-deer-skin, and boxes of birch bark. At the other window stood a well-dressed waiter, handing ice and confectionery. When we reflect that some single towns, of which the foundations were laid by persons still living, can already number a population equal to all the aboriginal hunter tribes who possessed the forest for hundreds of miles around, we soon cease to repine at the extraordinary revolution, however much we may commiserate the unhappy fate of the disinherited race.—*Lyell's Travels in North America*.

A DILEMMA !

WITH the utmost possible despatch a handsome letter arrived from the Emperor (of China), agreeing in full with H. B. M.'s plenipotentiary's demands, and stating that his Imperial Majesty regarded alike all outside and inside subjects; and that due consideration should in future be shown to all of us. This instantly called forth a reply, to show that we by no means considered ourselves his subjects, outside or inside; the letter concluding with this remarkable sentence—"That H. B. Majesty owned no superior but God." This was given to the interpreter to translate into Chinese. After long consideration, they all declared, that such was the imperfection of the Chinese language, that the only way in which they could translate the sentence, was by placing the word "emperor" in Chinese for the word "God;" thus rendering the sense precisely and diametrically opposed to what was intended. Eventually, they found themselves obliged to make use of the expression, "the Emperor's father;" paternal respect being carried so far, that this is the best expression they could adopt, which would in any way serve to explain their meaning.—*Captain Cunningham's Recollections*.

THE KING AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.

A FEW years before the King's death a dealer in singing birds from the Prussian part of the Hartz mountains came to Berlin, and called at the palace to express, in what he thought the best way, his thanks for the kindness which had been shown to his sons, who were soldiers—namely, by presenting to the King a so-called piping bull-finch, which, with enduring patience, he had taught to pipe the national air of "Hail! Frederick William," &c., throughout and correctly—this being the only instance of perfect success. The King smiled, and ordered the bird-fancier to be shown up, who having placed the cage containing the interesting songster on the table, the bird, after some kindly words from its music master, went through the practised air with all the solemnity of a cathedral priest, to the surprise and amusement of the King, whose delight increased when, on his saying, "Da Capo," the bird piped the air again. To the question, "What's the price?" the pleased Papageno replied, "I won't take money for him; but if my dear King will accept the bird, and love him, the bare thought of his piping in the King's chamber will make me the happiest man of our Hartz, and the first bird-catcher in the world." The King felt good-will towards the honest fellow, who stood before him unabashed in his linen jacket; and Timm, who had been summoned, received his Majesty's command to have a room prepared for the bird-fancier in the adjoining wing of the palace, who was more than once summoned into the King's presence, who inquired minutely as to the localities of his part of the Hartz, and was amazed at his sensible and frank replies. During this stay Timm adroitly obtained such knowledge of his private circumstances and views as contented the King. When the time for the man's departure came, Timm franked him by the diligence. Arrived at home, he found to his utter astonishment that the mortgage of 500 dollars on his house had been paid off by command of his Majesty. Thus was his unhopd-for but highest earthly desire accomplished whilst he was enjoying the sights in Berlin.—*Van Eyck's Life of the late King of Prussia*.

TESTS are, as it were, sauce, whereby we are recreated, that we may eat with more appetite; but, as that were an absurd banquet in which there were few dishes of meat, and much variety of sauces, and that an unpleasant one where there were no sauce at all; even so that life were spent idly, where nothing were but mirth and jollity; and again, that tedious and uncomfortable, where no pleasure or mirth were to be expected.—*Sir T. More*.

If there is any one eminent criterion, which, above all the rest, distinguishes a wise government from an administration weak and improvident, it is this—"well to know the best time and manner of yielding what it is impossible to keep."—*Burke*.

WHETHER I am praised or blamed, says a Chinese sage, I make it far to my advancement in virtue. Those who commend, I conceive to point out the way I ought to go; those who blame me, as telling me the dangers I have run.

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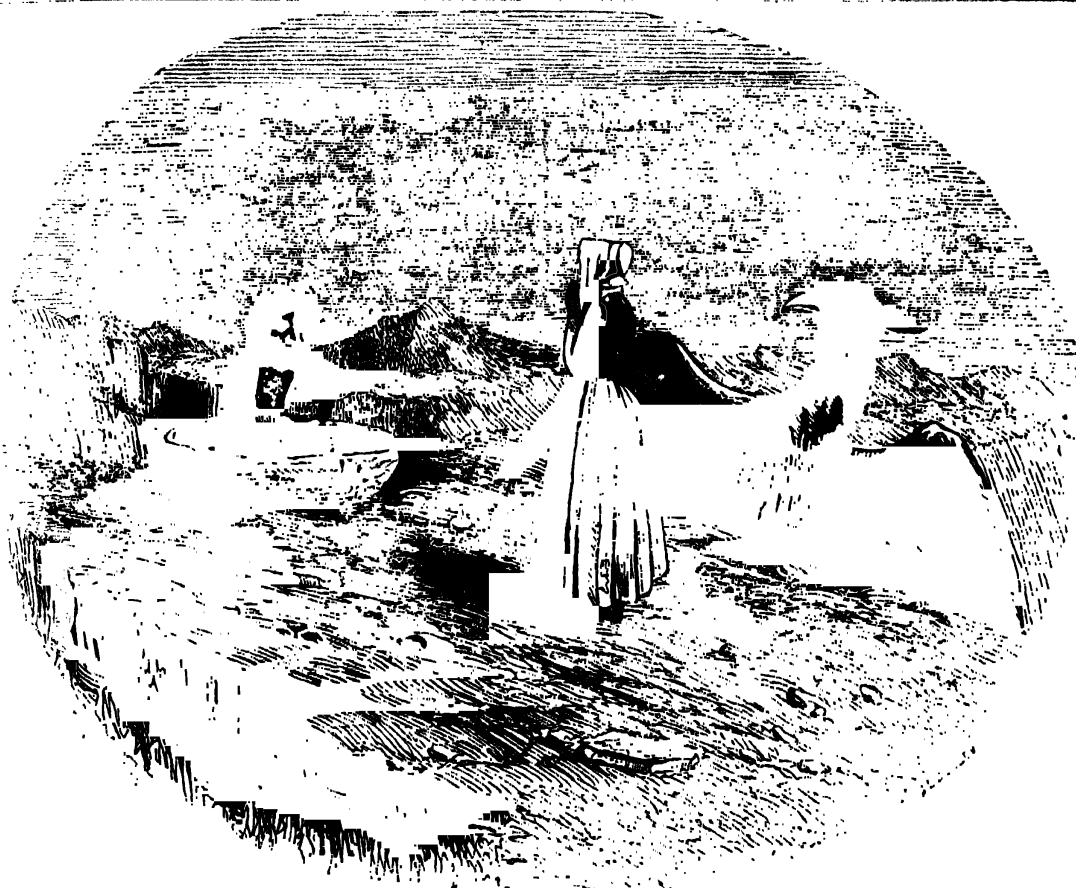
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The Croak of the Isle of Lok.

(See page 23.)

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SCHILLER.

POETRY and imaginative literature must always suffer from translation; and thus it is impossible duly to estimate their merit, where we cannot read them in their proper tongue. But no poets and imaginative writers have suffered so deeply in the estimation of our countrymen, as those of Germany. This, at first, appears paradoxical; since the German language is exactly that, of all others, (unless we except the kindred dialects,) which is most easily transferred into our own, and the spirit of which has the closest affinity with the English. But the cause is external to the nature of the subject. Prejudice was early excited against German literature, and on two very distinct grounds, moral and literary. About the time of the first French revolution, anarchical and immoral publications were imported from Germany no less than from France. German poetry, indeed, was born at a period when all departments of literature were more or less tainted with revolutionary

principles, which were too hastily identified with the temper of the people; and, as it was from translations of lax writings that the idea of German literature was mainly collected by the English public, it was concluded that all German fiction must be anarchical and immoral. It seems needless seriously to rebut such a conclusion. From the literature of our own country, probably the purest in the world, it would be easy to export an equivalent for our imported German impurities. It is to be admitted, however, that most of the noblest productions of German imagination have appeared since the period alluded to. Another objection was, that the literature of Germany was not modelled on the principles of those of Greece and Rome, which were supposed to be the casting-moulds of the English mind; though, in reality, a French caricature was the standard, and the reader of Racine flattered himself that he understood Sophocles. It was forgotten that the great charm of the Greek literature was its originality and freshness; and that thus the qualities condemned in

the German were really the very same which those inconsistent censors admired in the Greek.

These prejudices are not wholly passed away; but a better and a juster spirit is awakening. The German writers gave an impulse to the poetry of our own country, and sent our language to its native resources. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, among the foremost—all more or less influenced by German literature—have rescued us from being mere imitators. We have, accordingly, revised our condemnation of our German brethren, and sought to be better acquainted with them. The result has been that we have found our judgment as erroneous as it was rash. We find the imaginative literature of Germany perhaps the noblest and most splendid in the world, next to our own, and even more copious.

It must be remembered that it is only of the imaginative part of German literature that we are here treating. With its refinements in metaphysics, and its melancholy wanderings in theology, we are not now concerned. That portion which we have here been considering, is not only little affected by these things, but favourable and conducive to worthier objects. We are not unaware that the case of Goethe, the most conspicuous of German imaginative writers, may be cited as an example against us. Yet, eminent as he is, he is but one; and from his voluminous writings much might be selected which would even strengthen our position.

Our present purpose, however, is to apply these remarks to the compositions of Schiller, a writer who disputes with Goethe himself the throne of German imagination, but whose imaginative writings, with little more than one early well-known exception, are conducive to pure amusement or elevated instruction. It is not, of course, our intention to present a formal criticism on compositions so varied and so numerous as Schiller's. We shall prefer illustrating, in broad outline, his more celebrated pieces, in connexion with a biographical sketch, which will, with our brief extracts and criticisms, serve the purpose of mutual illustration. Our source will be chiefly a memoir, written in the year 1812, by his friend Körner of Dresden, father of the youthful patriot whose biography we have sketched in a former number. From the year 1785, he was one of Schiller's most intimate friends, and wrote from personal knowledge chiefly; and, when this was not the case, from the most authentic information. This sketch we shall illustrate, where convenient, from the lives of Schiller, by Mr. Carlyle and Sir Bulwer Lytton; the latter of whom is not only an able biographer, but an abbreviator of those who had the best opportunities for the successful prosecution of the task.

John Christopher Frederick Schiller, best known by the last of his Christian names, was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach, on the Neckar, in the duchy of Württemberg. His father, John Caspar Schiller, was originally an army surgeon, who afterwards entered the army itself, and ended his days as manager of a very extensive nursery-plantation at Ludwigsburg, belonging to the duke. Though not a well-educated man, he strove to compensate this defect by diligent labour; and a thanksgiving prayer of his is still extant, written after his son had attained celebrity, in which he commemorates the fact, that, from the birth of his son, he had not ceased to pray that the deficiencies of his boy's educational means might in some way be supplied to him. He appears to have been a good parent and a good man: nor were the excellencies of his wife inferior. She was affectionately attached to her husband and her children, and mutually and deeply beloved. Although of slender education, she could relish the religious poetry of Utz and Gellert. The early characteristics of young Schiller, as described by Körner, were piety, gentleness, and tenderness of conscience. He received the rudiments of his education at Lorch, a frontier village of the Württemberg territory, where his parents were residing from 1765 to 1768. His tutor here was a parochial minister, named Moser, after whom, perhaps, he drew

the character of Pastor Moser, in "The Robbers." The son of this tutor was his earliest friend, and is thought to have excited the desire which he long felt of entering the ministry.

Schiller's poetical temperament was early developed. When scarcely past the period of infancy, it is said, he was missed during a thunderstorm. His father sought him, and found him in a solitary place, on a branch of a tree, gazing on the scene. On being reprimanded, he is said to have replied, "The lightning was very beautiful, and I wished to see whence it came." Another anecdote of his childhood is better authenticated. At the age of nine years, he, and a friend of the like age, received two kreutzers apiece for repetition of their catechism in church. This money they resolved to invest in a dish of curds and cream at Harteneck; but here the young adventurers failed to obtain the desired delicacy, while the whole four kreutzers were demanded for a quarter cake of cheese, without bread! Thus foiled, they proceeded to Neckarweihingen, where they accomplished their object for three kreutzers, having one to spare for a bunch of grapes. On this, young Schiller ascended an eminence which overlooks both places, and uttered a grave poetical anathema on the barren land, and a like benediction on the region of cream.

On his father's return to Ludwigsburg, young Schiller, then nine years old, first saw the interior of a theatre. This circumstance seemed at once to disclose his genius. From that moment, all his boyish sports had reference to the drama; and he began to forecast plans for tragedies. Not that his inclination to the profession of his early choice diminished. He only regarded dramatic literature and exhibitions as amusements and relaxations from severer pursuits. He now continued his studies in a school at Ludwigsburg, where he was conspicuous for energy, diligence, and activity of mind and body. The testimonials which he here received induced the duke to offer him a higher education, in a seminary at Stuttgart, which he had lately founded. His father, who felt his obligations to the duke, and not least the favour which was now offered him, reluctantly abandoned his original intention of indulging his son with the profession of his wishes; and young Schiller, still more reluctantly, in 1778, surrendered the Church for the bar. In the following year, when each scholar of the establishment was called on to delineate his own character, he openly avowed "that he should deem himself much happier if he could serve his country as a divine." And he found legal studies so little attractive, that, on the addition of a medical school to the establishment, in 1775, he availed himself of the duke's permission to enrol himself a member.

During this period, Schiller was not inattentive to the revolution, or rather, creation, then working in the poetry of Germany. The immense resources of the German language were, in great measure, unknown to the Germans themselves. They studied and composed in the classical tongues, and, finding their own so far removed from those which they contemplated as the only models, regarded it as barbarous; or, if they condescended to use it, endeavoured to cast both words and sentiments in a classical mould. But there were minds among them who were beginning to perceive that the defects of German literature were not inherent, but the natural result of endeavouring to bind a singularly free and original language to rules and imagery foreign to its genius. Klopstock, Utz, Lessing, Goethe, and Gerstenberg, were, in different manners and degrees, of this order. From the study of these, Schiller caught the spirit of a German originality, which he afterwards so remarkably contributed to advance. Becoming, about the same time, acquainted (through Wieland's translation) with the writings of Shakspeare, he studied them with avidity and delight; though, as he acknowledges, with an imperfect comprehension of their depth. During his residence at Stuttgart, he had composed an epic, entitled "Moses," and a tragedy called "Cosmo de"

Medici," part of which was afterwards worked up in "The Robbers." But he had no sooner decided on the medical profession, than he resolved to abandon poetry for two years. He wrote a Latin treatise "On the Philosophy of Physiology," and defended a thesis "On the Connexion of the Animal and Spiritual Natures in Man." He afterwards received an appointment as a military surgeon, and was esteemed able in his profession. On the expiration of his probational course, he held himself free to prosecute his favourite study. Accordingly, in the year 1780, the famous play of "The Robbers" saw the light. It was published at his own expense, no bookseller venturing to undertake it.

Of the genius displayed in this work there can be but one opinion. The language of Coleridge concerning it is very remarkable:

"Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry!
That in no after-moment aught less vast
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
From the more withering scene diminish'd past.
Ah! hard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!"

Nevertheless, the defects of this work are not less glaring than its power is unquestionable; nor are these defects literary only. The sympathies of the reader are in part enlisted on the side of crime; while the whole spirit of the play but too well coincides with the tumultuous character of that period. And yet, we believe it is not less truly than finely said by Sir Bulwer Lytton, "Nothing could be further from the mind of the boy from whose unpractised hand came this rough Titan sketch, than to unsettle virtue, in his delineations of crime. Virtue was then, as it continued to the last, his ideal; and if at the first he shook the statue on its pedestal, it was but from the rudeness of the caress that sought to warm it into life." Schiller's religious and virtuous feelings had, however, unconsciously to himself, been deteriorated by the French sceptical writers. Voltaire moved his scorn and disgust; but abhorrence of filth will not save us from pollution, if we permit its contact. Rousseau, insidious and visionary, harmonized but too well with the temperament of the earnest and contemplative youth; we know from the painful evidence of a little poem of Schiller's, bearing the name of that subtle anarchy, that the influence had been but too effective; and we trace the fact even more distinctly in the "Philosophical Letters." But it would seem from his own testimony, no less than from general evidence, that the military despotism which was the constitution of the seminary at Stuttgart was the real creative principle of the "Robbers." It furnished Schiller's idea of order and government, while his own restlessness beneath that rigid coercion supplied his notion of liberty. It was from a translation of the "Robbers," that the general tendency of German literature, and of the drama particularly, was estimated in England. The "Robbers" could not long be a stranger to the stage. The Freiherr von Dalberg, manager of the theatre at Mannheim, produced it on his boards in 1782. Schiller was present at the two first representations in January and May of that year. His absence, however, was known to the duke, and he was placed under arrest for a fortnight.

But his misfortunes did not end here. A passage in the "Robbers" gave offence to the Grisons,⁽¹⁾ who complained to the duke against his subject. The result was that Schiller was prohibited from all but professional writing, and commanded to abandon all connexion with other states. But Körner informs us

that, however exasperated at the time, he spoke in cooler moments kindly of the duke, and even justified his proceeding, which was not directed against the poet's genius, but his ill-taste. He, indeed, even dwelt warmly on the duke's paternal conduct, who gave him salutary advice and warning, and asked to see all his poetry. This was resolutely refused; and the refusal, as might be expected, was not inoffensive. Yet the duke seems not to have renounced his interest in his young favourite, for no measures were taken against him or his family on his subsequent departure from Stuttgart, and Schiller even paid a visit to them during the duke's life, without any molestation. For this departure he wished the duke's permission, and endeavoured, through his friend Dalberg, to obtain it; but, impatient at the tediousness of the negotiations, he took advantage of the festivities occasioned by the visit of the Archduke Paul of Russia, in October, 1782, and left Stuttgart unperceived.

His mother and sister were in the secret; his father had not been informed, lest loyalty and military subordination should compel disclosure to the duke. There was another person left behind, in whom rumour attributes an interest to Schiller, though we are not informed whether she was apprised of his flight. This was the widow of a military officer, to whom, it is said, Schiller had paid his addresses, and who is by some supposed to be the "Laura" of his early poems. A youth named Streicher was the companion of his wanderings. All Schiller's fortune lay in his tragedy, "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa," which he had, for the most part, composed when under arrest. Arrived at Mannheim, he recited his play to the stage-manager, Meier, (for Dalberg was at Stuttgart,) with little success. His Swabian dialect, and unmelodious declamation, drove away all his audience save Illand, to whose personation his "Francis Moor" in "the Robbers" had been deeply indebted. But, on a perusal, Meier acknowledged the real merit of "Fiesco," and agreed to produce it on the stage, if Schiller would make the requisite alterations. Meanwhile, Schiller and his friend were warned, by letters from Stuttgart, that their position at Mannheim was perilous. They accordingly once more took flight, and, after many hardships, took up their quarters at an inn at Oggersheim, where "Fiesco" was completed, and "Cabal and Love" begun. While at this place, Schiller was offered an asylum at Bauerbach, near Meinungen, an estate of Madame von Wollzogen, with whose sons he had studied at Stuttgart. Having disposed of his "Fiesco" to a bookseller, he with alacrity accepted the generous offer, and Streicher pursued his way to Hamburg. At Bauerbach, Schiller found repose and appliances for study; finished "Cabal and Love," and sketched "Don Carlos." Of the two first of these works our limits will not permit us to speak. They are not without evidence of their author's genius; but they are not less evidential of a taste which he lived to correct, and which, even at this period, he was correcting.

"Don Carlos" is an immeasurable advance into the regions of taste and order. The wild irregular prose of the previous dramas is exchanged for rich and melodious blank heroic verse: the characters are no longer the crude imaginations of an undisciplined ardour, but finished studies from nature, in historical prototypes; no longer bold distorted sketches, but richly, yet chastely, coloured pictures; no longer flung together in heedless and disorderly profusion, but grouped with consummate art and sense of harmony. Yet it is probable that the historian has in this work encroached upon the poet, and rendered it in parts obscure, and the connexion not always palpable. It is far less lucid than the great dramatic writings which formed the labours of Schiller's later days. A considerable interval elapsed between the composition of the first and last portions; and, as the former was printed, the drama could not well be rewritten, to make it harmonize with Schiller's altered feelings and opinions; but it spoke a great promise, and gave earnest of a faithful performance.

(1) He had called their country "the thief's Athens."

It has been ably translated by Francis Herbert Cottrell, Esq.

In 1785, Schiller took up his residence at Mannheim, where he occupied himself with theatrical projects. From this place he wrote to Madame von Wollzogen, soliciting the hand of her daughter Charlotte; but it appears that the attachment was not mutual, though Schiller always continued to be received in the most friendly manner by Madame von Wollzogen and her daughters. Perhaps the young lady herself regarded Schiller's as rather a preference than an affection, which she seems to have been justified in doing, as, not long after, he formed an attachment to Margaret, daughter of his friend Schwann the bookseller; a lady whom some suppose to have been his "Laura." During this period he wrote essays on dramatic subjects, edited a periodical called "The Rhenish Thalia," composed a poem called "Conrad of Swabia," and a second part of the "Robbers," to harmonize the incongruities of the first. Some scenes of his "Don Carlos," appearing in the "Thalia," attracted the notice of the reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was then on a visit to the court of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt. The duke was a lover of literature, and a poet, and he appointed Schiller a member of his council. In March, 1785, Schiller removed to Leipzig, where his poetry had prepared him many friends, and from this year commenced what is called "the second period" of Schiller's life. He spent the summer at a village in the neighbourhood, named Golis, surrounded by warm and affectionate hearts. It was during this time that he wrote his "Ode to Joy." But his joy was fated to be overclouded. He wrote to Schwann soliciting a union with his daughter; a request to which he had no anticipation of refusal, as he and the young lady had corresponded; and, had his destiny rested in her hands, there can be little doubt that he would not have been doomed to disappointment. The father, however, had apparently seen enough of Schiller's habits to infer that his wealth was not likely to equal his fame, and the poet was once more met with a refusal.

From the friendly circle at Leipzig he removed to Dresden the same year. Here he completed his "Don Carlos," which he recast, as far as was practicable; and is thought to have assimilated his princess Eboli to a certain Fräulein A—, a great beauty of that city. Here, too, he sketched the plan of a drama which he named "The Misanthrope;" collected materials for a history of the revolt of the Netherlands, under Philip II.; and wrote his strange romance of "The Ghost Seer;" a work suggested by the quackeries of Cagliostro. At this period, also, were written the "Philosophical Letters," before alluded to. In 1787 he repaired to Weimar, where he was received with great enthusiasm by Herder and Wieland. Here he undertook the management of a periodical called "The German Mercury," which he enriched with several contributions in verse and prose, and to which he imparted new life and vigour. In the same year he received an invitation from Madame von Wollzogen to visit her at Meinungen. On his return thence he made a brief sojourn at Rudolstadt, but a memorable one, as it was here that he saw the Fräulein von Langefeld. This event called forth the following observations in a letter to a friend:

"I require a medium through which to enjoy other pleasures. Friendship, taste, truth, and beauty would operate on me more powerfully, if an unbroken train of refined, beneficent, domestic sentiments attuned me to joy, and renewed the warmth of my torpid being. Hitherto I have been an isolated stranger wandering about amid nature, and have possessed nothing of my own. I yearn for a political and domestic existence. For many years I have known no perfect happiness, not so much for want of opportunities, as because I rather tasted pleasures than enjoyed them, and wanted that even, equable, and gentle susceptibility which only the quiet of domestic life bestows."

It may be well imagined that Schiller repaired to Rudolstadt again, as early as possible. He spent the following summer there, and partly at Volkstädt, in

the same neighbourhood. Here he cultivated the friendship of the Langefeld family, and extended the circle of his friends; and during this sojourn he made his first acquaintance with Goethe. His first impressions of the great master of German imagination are thus detailed:—

"On the whole, my truly high idea of Goethe has not been diminished by this personal intercourse; but I doubt whether we shall ever approach very closely. Much which is yet interesting to me, much which is yet among my wishes and my hopes, has with him lived out its period. His whole being is, from the first, very differently constituted from mine; his world is not mine. Our modes of imagination are essentially distinct. However, no certain and well-grounded intimacy can result from such a meeting. Time will teach further."

And the lesson was soon imparted; especially when it is considered that all Goethe's prejudices were revolted by "The Robbers," and that he had actually avoided an interview as long as possible. But in a few months Goethe's interest in Schiller, and high estimate of his abilities, were practically exemplified. "The Revolt of the Netherlands" had in part seen the light, and obtained high reputation for Schiller as a historian. By the efforts of Goethe, he was now appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Jena.

In this situation Schiller laboured diligently, not only in reading and writing history, but also in the continued cultivation of poetry. He was at all times, as such a mind might be expected to be, devoted to classical literature. But, at this period, he imposed on himself a course of this study with a direct view to the purification of taste and style. He studied Homer profoundly, and with great delight. He translated into German the "Iphigenia in Aulis" (with the exception of the last scene), and a part of the "Phœnissæ" of Euripides. His freedom, yet accuracy, particularly in the former of these translations, can scarcely be sufficiently admired. He projected a version of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, a play in which he much delighted. Bürger visited him at Weimar, in 1789, and the friends agreed to translate the same passage of Virgil, each in a metre of his own selection. These studies had a perceptible influence on his poetry, particularly his dramas.

Schiller's inaugural lecture at Jena was attended by an audience of more than 400; nor did it disappoint the high expectation which had been formed of it. His pen was now a ready and certain source of emolument; a "History of the Thirty Years' War," and a "German Plutarch," among various minor literary enterprises, were put in preparation. He was admired and caressed by the great; a pension was assigned him by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and there was now no obstacle to the fulfilment of his dearest wishes. In February, 1790, he had the happiness to obtain the hand of the Fräulein von Langefeld. We here cast together, from several of his letters, as selected by Körner, passages descriptive of his enjoyment:—"It is quite another life, by the side of a beloved woman, from that which I led before, so desolate and solitary; even in summer, I now, for the first time, enjoy beautiful Nature entirely, and live in her. All around me is arrayed in poetic forms, and within me, too, they are oft stirring. What a beautiful life am I now leading! I gaze around me with joyful spirit, and my heart finds an everduring gentle satisfaction from without! My soul experiences such sweet support and refreshment! My being moves in harmonious evenness; not overstrained by passion, but calm and bright are the days which I pass. I look forward on my destiny with cheerful spirit; standing at the goal of my desires, I am myself astonished to think how all has succeeded beyond my expectations. Destiny has overcome my difficulties, and brought me smoothly to the end of my career. From the future I have every thing to hope. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my mind; nay, I even hope to return to youth; the poet-life within me will restore it."

This language, while it proves the writer's affection,

purity, and elevation of mind, conveys a painful impression that his worldly happiness had rendered him insensible, at least for a time, to considerations which are not less needful in such moments than amid the darkest sorrows; but of which our ingratitude then most loses sight, when the love which would awaken them is most conspicuous. How little do we know our real happiness, when we envy the sunshine of Schiller's heart, or repine in the night of solitude and abandonment! In that sunshine he had lost sight of the pole-star whereby alone his voyage could be directed, and which is ever clearest when other lights are away. In his prosperity, like the Psalmist, he had said, "I shall never be moved!" and, too probably, even without the pious acknowledgment which qualified that presumption, "Lord, by thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." For though Schiller, under all circumstances, had never lost the first fresh devotional feelings of his boyhood, and had admitted doubts with pain, and desired to escape from them, yet he could not be as one whose faith was steadfastly grounded on the sure rock of Revelation. Like the Psalmist, however, he could add, "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." Mercy and chastisement, each involved in the other, overtook him in the beginning of the following year. He was afflicted with a severe attack of disease of the chest, from which, though "fifteen years were added to his life," he never recovered. His whole frame was shattered; and repeated relapses left him incapable of public lectures and every other laborious exertion. The diminution of income consequent on this calamity added much to its severity. But this was not long to be a part of his distress. The Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Count von Schimmelmänn, offered him a salary of 1000 thalers for three years, with a delicacy and kindness, as he informs us, not less gratifying than the boon itself. Unembarrassed now by narrow circumstances and public duties, he gave himself to the study of metaphysics. He had formed, at Jena, the friendship of Paulus, Schütz, Hufeland, and Reinhold; and by them he was initiated in the philosophy of Kant, which he has exemplified in some of his prose writings. To this Sir Bulwer Lytton attributes the Christian conviction and religious tone which, after this period (so marked as to be called "the third" in Schiller's life), pervades his compositions. We would rather ascribe it to the teaching of sickness, before the revelations of which the mists of sophistry and self-confidence vanish as in daylight. The thirtieth Psalm will still afford illustration. When David was troubled, his testimony was, "I cried unto thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made supplication." It is impossible to doubt that Schiller did likewise; or that he experienced a like return from Him who is unchangeable.

(To be continued.)

THE STILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAGI AND THE STAR."

To the poet and the moralist, the most trifling object may afford an occasion of serious musing. A Cowper can write beautiful poetry "on finding the heel of a shoe," and a Leigh Hunt can instruct and amuse by meditations "on a stone." Let us try if something amusing or instructive cannot be said about a stile.

These useful entrances to the fields have now in many places been made to give way to gates. Against this improvement we at least vehemently protest. Go on, ye improvers, if ye will, to perforate rocks, fell trees, and devastate estates,—bring, if you will, the clatter and shriek of steam-engines into our most lovely rural retreats—turn the beautiful cottages, with their picturesque

roofs, and the mantles of jessamine, honeysuckle, or roses, into edifices without shape or name; but, we entreat you, leave us our stiles. The male part of the community most certainly must wish their retention: and if any of the gentler sex desire their destruction, surely they cannot be the beautiful and the young. Where does a man find so befitting and easy an opportunity of exhibiting his agility and tenderness, as at a stile? There are now no longer any dragons or lions from which distressed damsels are to be delivered; enchanted castles and amorous giants have now all disappeared even from the nursery; but in some fortunate places, there still remain stiles. Gates, the modern substitutes, are strongly to be deprecated, for they forbid any exhibition of courtesy. Try it not, O enamoured reader! for most assuredly, instead of expediting the passage of your beloved by opening for her the gate, you will only awkwardly contrive to force it against her side, and put her out of temper for the rest of the walk. But let us see how much better things are managed where the stiles have been suffered to remain.

Let us, in fancy, follow for a few moments the couple who have just passed into yonder fields. With light, joyous step, lost in earnest conversation, they go trippingly over the grass, till their progress is stopped by the stile. The gentleman, pleased at the opportunity of displaying his legs and his nimbleness, steps gaily across: but the lady looks towards the barrier with trepidation. She declares that it will be impossible for her to cross. She has always disliked stiles, she says, and this is one of the worst she ever saw; they had better return and go some other way. The cavalier gently insinuates, that, by a little exertion, he thinks it might be passed: a transverse piece of wood will greatly assist the descent; and, besides, the other way is far less pleasant, and he is not certain whether by going in that direction they should not have to climb a five-barred gate. "And then," he adds, "am I not here to help you?" The last two arguments are conclusive, and mentally ejaculating "anywhere with him!" she places her foot on the lowest bar of the stile. Her *innamorato* then takes her hand: it is necessary that he should grasp it firmly, for the terror of the lady might induce her to let go her hold: it is also necessary that she should lean on his shoulder when she has gained the top of the stile; but was it necessary that she should remain so long in that position, or that he should place his arm around her as she descended? However, she is now safely landed on the other side: and the frank familiarity with which she presses his arm may be caused by her grateful recollections of the perils from which he has just rescued her. But let us follow them a little further. The next stile is less lofty; the top is broad and smooth; a board beneath forms a convenient resting-place for the feet: and the prospect around is delightful. Can they do otherwise than sit down upon it for a short time? The space is limited; it is necessary, therefore, that they should sit close to each other: there is no support for the back; the gentleman, therefore, cannot do otherwise than form one for his companion by placing his arm round her waist: and should he also grasp one of her hands, the circumstance may be attributed to his anxiety to save her from the slightest danger of a fall. There, then, they sit, side by side, thinking of course of nothing but the prospect: and there we must be contented to leave them, merely observing, that there are many worse situations in the world, than that of sharing with an amiable and virtuous woman the top of a stile.

But there are other uses to which the stile is applied. Some unfortunate invalid totters out for a walk, accompanied by his anxious wife. When he has walked some little distance, his strength begins to fail, and he becomes anxious to return. "Try, my dear," says the wife, encouragingly, "try to walk at least to the stile, and there you will be able to rest." The sufferer does so, and finds in the friendly stile a pleasant resting

place, whence he is able to return, refreshed and animated, to his home.

And then, how useful is the stile to the poet or the philosopher! Our ancestors, with a due regard for the interests of others, have often placed the stiles on spots which command beautiful prospects. Here, then, does the poet often sit and indulge in those delightful reveries which seem like a foretaste of Heaven—here does some “mute, inglorious Milton” frame those fantastical creations which are to die away unknown to the world—and here the more fortunate votaries of the muse shape those glittering conceptions which are afterwards enshrined for immortality in an “Excursion” or a “Task.” And here, too, the Christian moralist may have paused to gather some illustration to add point to his expositions of sacred truth.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some inconveniences attached to the stile. In rainy weather, for instance, it gets slippery: you mount with confidence, but your descent is disastrous: and a bruised ankle is sometimes the result. Another annoyance is, when you are passing through the fields in haste, to discover a large party making their way to the stile in an opposite direction. You hurry towards it in the hope of reaching it first: you are just too late; and have the satisfaction of standing still, looking like a simpleton, while one after another of your rivals proceeds slowly to ascend and descend; each one, as he or she steps down before you, casting on you a compassionate glance, and seeming to say, “Have patience; it will be your turn by-and-by; there are only a dozen of us!”

It is with a pleasing melancholy that we gaze on the worn and worm-eaten top of the stile, and think of those who, in succession, have pressed it. There have the children from time immemorial gathered to play, choosing, with the usual perversity of childhood, the very spot where they are most in the way; there has sat the aged, musing on the past with the calm of gratified desire, or perhaps, envying the robust strength of those whom he sees labouring in the field; there has sat the sentimentalist whom uncongenial society has driven to solitude, and who finds in the trees and the birds a more cheerful companionship than that of unsympathising man; and thither, perhaps, has the wanderer returned after many years of toil and sorrow in other lands, to retrace the haunts of his childhood, and to weep bitter tears over the well-remembered spot which he once enjoyed in the society of those at length estranged from him or dead. Yes; across the stile may they all have passed; and now beneath yonder grassy hillocks, “after life’s fitful fever, they sleep well;” while, perhaps, seated on the spot which they once occupied, the care-worn man looks towards their graves, and sighs for the day when he may be permitted to share in the repose which he trusts they are now enjoying; or the ambitious enthusiast, shrinking from the oblivion in which they seem to be enwrapped, pants to win for himself an immortality even on earth, by leaving behind him something which may benefit his fellows, and which the world shall “not willingly let die.”

M. N.

FRANK FAIRLEGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. II.

AMONGST the minor phenomena which are hourly occurring in the details of every-day life, although we are seldom sufficiently close observers to perceive them, there is none more remarkable than the change wrought in our feelings and ideas by a good night’s rest; and never was this change more strikingly exemplified than on the present occasion. I had fallen asleep in the act of performing the character of chief-mourner at my own funeral, and I awoke in the highest possible health and

spirits, with a strong determination never to “say die” under any conceivable aspect affairs might assume. “What in the world,” said I to myself, as I sprang out of bed and began to dress,—“what in the world was there for me to make myself so miserable about last night? Suppose Cumberland and Lawless should laugh at, and tease me a little at first, what does it signify? I must take it in good part as long as I can, and if that does not do, I must speak seriously to them,—tell them they really annoy me, and make me uncomfortable, and then, of course, they will leave off. As to Coleman, I am certain—Well, it’s very odd!”—This last remark was elicited by the fact, that a search I had been making for some minutes, in every place possible and impossible, for that indispensable article of male attire, my trowsers, had proved wholly ineffectual, although I had a distinct recollection of having placed them carefully on a chair by my bedside, the previous night. There, however, they certainly were not now, nor, as far as I could discover, any where else in the room. Under these circumstances ringing the bell for Thomas seemed advisable, as it occurred to me that he had probably abstracted the missing garment for the purpose of brushing. In a few moments he answered the summons, and, with a face bright from the combined effects of a light heart and a severe application of yellow soap, inquired, “if I had rung for my shaving-water?” “Why, no—I do not—that is, it was not—I seldom shave of a morning; for the fact is, I have no beard to shave as yet.” “Oh, sir, that’s no reason; there’s Mr. Coleman’s not got the leastest westige of a hair upon his chin, and he’s been mowing away with the greatest of perseverance for the last six months, and sends his rashier to be ground every three weeks, regular, in order to get a beard—but what can I do for you, sir?” “Why,” replied I, trying to look grave, “it’s very odd, but I have lost—that is, I can’t find—my trowsers anywhere. I put them on this chair last night, I know.” “Umph! that’s sing’lar, too; I was just a coming up stairs to brush ‘em for you; you did not hear any body come into your room, after you went to bed, did you, sir?” “No; but then I was so tired, I slept as sound as a top.” “Ah! I shouldn’t much wonder if Mr. Coleman knew something about ‘em: perhaps you had better put on another pair, and if I can find ‘em, I’ll bring ‘em back after breakfast.” This was very good advice, and therefore, of course, impossible to follow; for, on examining my trunk, lo and behold! dress pantaloons, white ducks, “et hoc genus omne,” had totally disappeared, and I seemed to stand a very good chance of making my first appearance at my tutor’s breakfast table, in an extemporary “kilt,” improvised for the occasion, out of two towels and a checked neckcloth. In this extremity Thomas, as a last resource, knocked at Coleman’s door, informing him, that I should be glad to speak to him,—a proceeding speedily followed by the appearance of that gentleman in propria persona. “Good morning, Fairlegh! hope you slept well. You are looking cold; had not you better get some clothes on? Mildman will be down in a minute, and there will be a pretty row if we are not all there; he’s precious particular, I can tell you.” “That is exactly what I want to do,” replied I, “but the fact is, somebody has taken away all my trowsers in the night.” “Bless me! you don’t say so? another case of pilfering! this is getting serious: I will call Lawless.—I say, Lawless!” “Now, what’s the row?” was the reply, “have the French landed? or is the kitchen chimney on fire? What do I see? Fairlegh, lightly and elegantly attired in nothing but his shirt, and Thomas standing like Niobe, the picture of woe,—here’s a sight for a father!” “Why! it’s a bad job,” said Coleman; “here’s another case of pilfering; Fairlegh has had all his trowsers stolen in the night.” “You don’t say so!” rejoined Lawless: “what is to be done? It must be stopped somehow: we had better tell him what we know about it. Thomas, leave the room.” Thomas obeyed, giving me a look of great

intelligence as he went, and Lawless continued, "I am afraid you will hardly believe us,—it is really a most unheard-of thing,—but we have lately missed a great many of our clothes, and we have every reason to suspect, (I declare I can scarcely bear to mention it,) that Mildman takes them himself, fancying, of course, that being placed by his position so entirely above suspicion, he may do it with impunity. We have suspected this for some time, and lately one or two circumstances,—old clothsmen having been seen leaving his study, a pawn-ticket falling out of his waistcoat pocket one day as he was going out of our parlour, &c.,—have put the matter beyond a doubt; but he has never gone to such an extent as this before. Mind you do not mention a word of this to Thomas, for, bad as Mildman is, one would not wish to show him up before his own servant." "Good gracious!" cried I, "I had no idea such things ever could take place, and he a clergyman, too!—dreadful! but what in the world am I to do? I have not got a pair of trowsers to put on. Oh! if he would but have taken any thing else, even my watch, instead, I should not have minded—what shall I do?" "Why really," replied Coleman, "it is not so easy to advise: you can't go down as you are, that's certain. Suppose you were to wrap yourself up in a blanket, and go and tell him you have found him out, and that you will call a policeman if he does not give you your clothes at once; have it out with him fairly and check the thing effectually once for all—eh?" "No, that won't do," said Lawless, "I should say, sit down quietly, (how cold you must be!) and write him a civil note, saying, that you had reason to believe he had borrowed your trowsers, (that's the way I should put it,) and that you would be very much gratified by his sending you a pair to wear to-day; and then you can stick in something about your being always accustomed to live with people who were particular about dress, and that you are sorry you are obliged to trouble him about such a trifle; in fact, do a bit of the respectful, and then pull up short with 'obedient pupil,' &c." "Aye, that's the way to do it," said Coleman, "in the shop-fellow's style, you know,—much obliged for past favours, and hope for a continuance of the same,—more than *you* do, though, Fairleigh, I should fancy, but there goes the bell—I am off," and away he scudded, followed by Lawless humming,—

"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he took an old catskin and made him a pair."

Here was a pretty state of things: the breakfast bell had rung, and I, who considered being too late a crime of the first magnitude, was unable even to begin dressing, from the melancholy fact that every pair of trowsers I had in the world had disappeared; while, to complete my misery, I was led to believe the delinquent who had abstracted them was no less a person than the tutor, whom I had come fully prepared to regard with feelings of the utmost respect and veneration.

However, in such a situation, thinking over my miseries was worse than useless; *something* must be done at once,—but what? Write the note, as Lawless had advised? No, it was no good thinking of that; I felt I *could* not do it. "Ah! a bright idea!—I'll try it." So, suiting the action to the word, I rang the bell, and then, jumping into bed, muffled myself up in the bed-clothes.

"Well, sir, have you found them?" asked Thomas, entering. "No, Thomas," replied I dolefully, "nor ever shall, I fear; but will you go to Dr. Mildman, and tell him, with my respects, that I cannot get up to breakfast this morning, and, if he asks what is the matter with me, say that I am prevented from coming down by *severe cold*. I am sure that is true enough," added I, shivering. "Well, sir, I will, if you wish it; but I don't exactly see the good of it; you must get up sometime or other." "I don't know," replied I gloomily, "we shall see; only do you take my message." And he accordingly left the room, muttering as he did so, "Well, I call this a great deal too bad, and I'll tell

master of it myself, if nobody else won't." "Tell master of it himself!"—he also suspects him! then. This crushed my last faint hope that, after all, it might turn out to be only a trick of the pupils; and, overpowered by the utter vileness and depravity of him who was set in authority over me, I buried my face in the pillow, feeling a strong inclination to renew the lamentations of the preceding night. Not many minutes had elapsed, when the sound of a heavy footstep slowly ascending the stairs attracted my attention. I raised my head, and beheld the benevolent countenance (for even then it certainly *did* wear a benevolent expression) of my wicked tutor, regarding me with a mingled look of scrutiny and pity. "Why, Fairleigh, what's all this?—Thomas tells me you are not able to come down to breakfast; you are not ill, I hope?" "No, sir," replied I, "I don't think I am very ill, but I *can't* come down to breakfast." "Not ill, and yet you can't come down to breakfast! what in the world prevents you?" "Perhaps," said I, (for I was becoming angry at what I considered his unparalleled effrontery, and thought I would give him a hint that he could not deceive me so easily as he seemed to expect,) "Perhaps you can tell that better than I can."—"I, my boy!—I am afraid not; my pretensions to the title of doctor are based on divinity, not physic:—however, put out your tongue—that's right enough; let me feel your hand—a little cold or so, but nothing to signify; did you ever have this sort of seizure happen at home?" Well, this was adding insult to injury with a vengeance: not content with stealing my clothes himself, but actually asking me whether such things did not happen at home! The wretch! thought I; does he suppose that every body is as wicked as himself? "No," answered I, my voice trembling with the anger I was scarcely able to repress; "no, sir, such a thing never could happen in my dear father's house." "There, don't agitate yourself; you seem excited: perhaps you had better lie in bed a little longer; I will send you up something warm, and after that you may feel more inclined to get up," said he kindly, adding to himself as he left the room, "Very strange boy,—I can't make him out at all."

The door closed, and I was once more alone. "Is he guilty, or not guilty?" thought I; "if he really has taken the clothes, he is the most accomplished hypocrite I ever heard of; yet he *must* have done so, every thing combines to prove it—Thomas's speech—nay, even his own offer of sending me 'something warm;' something warm, indeed! what do I want with any thing warm, except my trowsers?" No! the fact was beyond dispute; they were gone, and he had stolen them, whilst I, unhappy youth, was entirely in his power, and had not therefore, a chance of redress. "But I will not bear it," cried I, "I'll write to my father,—I'll run away,—I'll—" "Hurra!" shouted Thomas, rushing into the room with his arm full of clothes, "here they are, sir! I have found the whole kit of them at last." "Where?" exclaimed I eagerly. "Where? why, in such a queer place!" replied he, "stuffed up the chimney, in master's study; but I've given them a good brushing, and they are none the worse for it, except them blessed white ducks; they are a most black ducks now, though they will wash, so that don't signify none." "Up the chimney, in master's study!" here was at last proof positive; my clothes had been actually found in his possession—oh, the wickedness of this world! "But how did you ever find them?" asked I. "Why! I happened to go in to fetch something, and I see'd a little bit of the leg of one of them hanging down the chimney, so I guessed how it all was, directly. I think I know how they got there, too, they did not walk there by themselves, I should say." "I wish they had," muttered I. "I thought *somebody* was up too early this morning to be about any good," continued he; "he is never out of bed till the last moment, without there's some mischief in the wind." This was pretty plain speaking, however. Thomas was clearly as well aware of his master's nefarious practices as the pupils themselves, and Law-

less's amiable desire to conceal Dr. Mildman's sins from his servant's knowledge was no longer of any avail. I hastened, therefore, (the only reason for silence being thus removed,) to relieve my mind from the burden of just indignation which was oppressing it. "And can you, Thomas," exclaimed I, with flashing eyes, "remain the servant of a man who dares thus to outrage every law, human and divine? one who, having taken upon himself the sacred office of a clergyman of the Church of England, and so made it his especial duty to set a good example to all around him, can take advantage of the situation in which he is placed in regard to his pupils, and actually demean himself by purloining the clothes of the young men (I felt five and twenty at the very least at that moment) committed to his charge?—why! my father"—what I imagined my father would have said or done under these circumstances, was fated to remain a mystery, as my eloquence was brought to a sudden conclusion by my consternation at a series of remarkable phenomena, which had been developing themselves during my harangue in the countenance of Thomas, terminating abruptly in what appeared to me a fit of most unmitigated insanity. A look of extreme astonishment, which he had assumed at the beginning of my speech, had given place to an expression of mingled surprise and anger as I continued; which again in its turn had yielded to a grin of intense amusement, growing every moment broader and broader, accompanied by rubbing together his hands, and a spasmodic twitching of his whole person; and, as I mentioned his master's purloining my trowsers, he suddenly sprang up from the floor nearly a yard high, and commenced an extempore *pas seul* of a Jim Crow character, which he continued with unabated vigour during several minutes. This "*Mazourka d'ecstasy*," or whatever a ballet-master would have called it, having at length, to my great joy, concluded, the performer of it sank exhausted into a chair, and regarding me with a face still somewhat the worse for his late violent exertions, favoured me with the following geographical remark:—"Well, I never did believe in the existence of such a place as Greenland before, but there's no where else as you could have come from, sir, I am certain." "Eh! why! what's the matter with you! have I done any thing particularly 'green,' as you call it? what are you talking about?" said I, not feeling exactly pleased at the reception my virtuous indignation had met with. "Oh! don't be angry, sir; I am sure I did not mean to offend you; but really I could not help it, when I heard you say about master's having stole your things. Oh lor!" he added, holding his sides with both hands, "how my sides do ache, surely!" "Do you consider that any laughing matter?" said I, still in the dark. "Oh! don't sir, don't say it again, or you will be the death of me," replied Thomas, struggling against a relapse, "why! bless your innocence, what could ever make you think master would take your clothes?" "Make me think? why! Lawless told me so," answered I, "and he also said, it was not the first time such a thing had occurred either." "You'll have enough to do, sir, if you believe all the young gentlemen tell you; why! master would as soon think of flying, as of stealing anything. It was Mr. Coleman as put them up the chimney; he's always a playing some trick for everlasting." A pause ensued, during which the whole affair in its true bearings became for the first time clear to my mind's eye; the result of my cogitations may be gathered from the following remark, which escaped me as it were involuntarily,—"What a confounded ass I have made of myself, to be sure!"

Should any of my readers be rude enough to agree with me in this particular, let them reflect for a moment on the peculiar position in which I was placed. Having lived from childhood in a quiet country parsonage, with my father and mother, and a sister younger than myself, as my sole companions, "mystification," that is, telling falsehoods by way of a joke, was a per-

fectly novel idea to me, and, when that joke involved such serious consequences as offending the tutor under whose care we were placed, I (wholly ignorant of the impudence and recklessness of public school boys) considered such a solution of the mystery inconceivable. Moreover, every thing around me was so strange, and so entirely different to the habits of life in which I had been hitherto brought up, that for the time my mind was completely bewildered. I appeared to have lost my powers of judgment, and to have relapsed, as far as intellect was concerned, into childhood again. My readers must excuse this digression, but it appeared to me necessary to explain how it was possible for a lad of fifteen to have been made the victim of such a palpably absurd deception, without its involving the necessity of his not being "so sharp as he should be."

The promised "something warm" made its appearance ere long, in the shape of tea and toast, which, despite my alarming seizure, I demolished with great gusto in bed, (for I did not dare to get up,) feeling, from the fact of my having obtained it under false pretences, very like a culprit all the while. Having finished my breakfast, and allowed sufficient time to elapse for my recovery, I got up, and, selecting a pair of trowsers which appeared to have suffered less from their sojourn in the chimney than the others, dressed myself, and soon after eleven o'clock made my appearance in the pupil's room, where I found Dr. Mildman seated at his desk, and the pupils apparently very hard at work. "How do you find yourself now you are up, Fairleigh?" inquired my tutor kindly. "Quite well, sir, thank you," I replied, feeling like an impostor. "Quite recovered?" continued he. "Every thing—entirely, I mean," stammered I, thinking of my trowsers. "That's well, and now let us see what kind of a Latin and Greek lining you have got to your head." So saying, he pointed to a seat by his side, and commenced what I considered a very formidable examination, with the view of eliciting the extent of my acquaintance with the writers of Antiquity, which proved to be extremely select. When he had thoroughly satisfied (or dissatisfied) himself upon this point, he recommended Horace and Xenophon to my particular notice, adding, that Coleman was also directing his attention to the sayings and doings of the same honourable and learned gentlemen,—and that, therefore, we were to work together. He then explained to me certain rules and regulations of his establishment, to which he added a few moral remarks, conveying the information, that, if I always did exactly what he considered right, and scrupulously avoided every thing he deemed wrong, I might relieve my mind from all fears of his displeasure, which was, to say the least, satisfactory, if not particularly original. Exactly as the clock struck one, Dr. Mildman left the room, (the morning's "study," as it was called, ending at that hour,) leaving us our own masters till five, at which time we dined. Lest any kind reader should fancy we were starved, let me add, that at half-past one a substantial luncheon was provided, of which we might partake or not as we pleased. As well as I remember, we generally did incline towards the demolition of the viands, unless "metal more attractive" awaited us elsewhere—but I am digressing.

"Pray, Fairleigh, what did you mean by not coming down till eleven o'clock?" asked Cumberland, in an angry tone. "Did its mamma say it was always to have its breakfast in bed, a dear?" sneered Lawless. "When she fastened that pretty square collar round its neck," chimed in Coleman. "Just like a great gal," added Mullins. "Mildman was exceedingly angry about it, I can tell you," continued Cumberland, "and desired me to speak seriously to you on the subject; such abominable idleness is not to be tolerated." "It was not idleness," answered I, warmly; "you all know, very well, why I could not come down, and I don't think it was at all right or kind of you to play me such a trick." "Eh,—now don't say that,—you will hurt my feelings;"

I declare it is quite affecting," said Coleman, wiping his eyes with Mullins's handkerchief, of which he had just picked his pocket. "I'd have given five pounds to have seen old Sam's phiz, when he was trying to make out what ailed young stupid here, whether he was really ill, or only shamming," said Lawless; "depend upon it, he thinks it was all pretence, and he can't bear any thing of that sort; that was why he began spinning him that long yarn about 'meriting his approbation by upright and straightforward conduct,' this morning. I saw what the old boy was aiming at in a minute; there's nothing puts him out so much as being deceived." "Won't he set him all the hard lines to construe that's all," said Mullins. "It will be 'hard lines' upon him if he does," observed Coleman. "Hold your tongue, Freddy! your puns are enough to make one ill," said Cumberland. "Well, I don't know whether you are going to stand here all day, baiting young pinafore, Cumberland?" interrupted Lawless; "I'm not, for I've got a horse waiting for me down at Snaffles's, and I am going to ride over to Hookley; there's a pigeon-match coming off to-day between Clayton, of the lancers—(he was just above me at Eton,—you know,) and Tom Horton, who won the great match at Finchley, and I have backed Clayton pretty heavily,—shall you come?" "No," replied Cumberland; "no, I am going down to F— Street." "As usual, the board of green cloth, eh? you will go there once too often, if you don't mind, old fellow." "That's my look out," replied Cumberland;—and away they went to their different pursuits, each, as he left the room, making me a very low obeisance; and Coleman taking the trouble to open the door again after he had gone out, to beg, "that if I were going to write to my mother, I would tell her, with his love, that she need not make herself in the least uneasy, as *he had quite* got over his last little attack." In a few minutes they had all quitted the house, and I remained the sole tenant of the pupils' room.

Many a long year has passed over my head since the day I am now describing, and each (though ~~my~~ life has been on the whole as free from care as that of most of the sons of Adam) has brought with it some portion of sorrow or suffering, to temper the happiness I have enjoyed, and teach me the much required lesson, that "here we have no abiding place." I have lived to see bright hopes fade, high and noble aspirations fall to the ground, checked by the sordid policy of worldly men, and the proud hearts which gave them birth become gradually debased to the level of those around them, or break in the unequal struggle,—and these things have pained me. I have beheld those dear to me stretched upon the bed of sickness, and taken from me by the icy hand of death, and have deemed, as the grave closed over them, that my happiness, as far as this world was concerned, was buried with them. I have known (and this was grief indeed) those loved with all the warm and trustful confidence of youth, prove false and unworthy of such deep affection, and have wished, in the bitterness of my soul, that the pit had shut her mouth upon me also, so that I had died with my faith in them unshaken. Still, although such sorrows as these may have produced a more deep and lasting effect upon me, I do not remember ever to have felt more thoroughly desolate than upon the present occasion. The last scene, though trifling in itself, had made a great impression upon me, from the fact, that it proved, as I considered, the animus of the pupils towards me. "Every man's hand was against me." Even the oaf Mullins might insult me with impunity; secure that, in so doing, if in nothing else, he would be supported by the rest. Then I had offended my tutor, all my predilections in whose favour had returned with double force, since I had satisfied myself that he was not addicted to the commission of petty larceny; offended him by allowing him to suppose that I had practised a mean deception upon him. Moreover it was impossible to explain my conduct to him without showing up Coleman, an extreme measure

for which I was by no means prepared. Besides, every one would think, if I were to do so, that I was actuated by a paltry spirit of malice, and that would have been worse to bear than any thing. No—turn my gaze to whichever side I would, the horizon seemed alike clouded; there was no comfort for me any where. I looked at my watch—two o'clock! Three long hours to dinner time, in which I might do what I liked. *What I liked!* there was mockery in the very sound. What was there for me to do? go out and see more new faces looking coldly on me, and wander up and down in strange places alone, amidst a crowd? No! I had not the heart to do that. Sit down, and write home, and by telling them how miserable I was, render them unhappy too? that was worst of all. At length I found a book, and began reading as it were mechanically, but so little was I able to fix my attention, that had I been questioned at the end of the time as to the subject of the work I had been perusing, I should have been utterly at a loss for an answer. I had fairly given it up as hopeless, and closed the book, when I heard footsteps in the passage, followed by the sudden apparition of the ever-smiling Mr. Frederick Coleman, who, closing the door after him, accosted me as follows:—"What, Fairleigh, all in the downs, old fellow? 'never say die'; come, be jolly,—look at me." As he said this, I involuntary raised my eyes to his features, and certainly, if ever there were a face formed for banishing blue devils by a glance, it was his. It was a round face, not remarkable for beauty of outline, inasmuch as it bore a strong resemblance to that of the gentleman on the blue China plates, in two pigtails and a petticoat, who appears to pass a mild ornithological and botanical existence in studying intently the two flashy-looking birds, and the cannon ball tree, which form the leading features of the landscape in his vicinity. With regard to expression, however, Coleman had a decided advantage over the Chinese horticulturist, for, whereas the countenance of the latter gentleman expressed (if indeed it could be said to express any thing) only meek astonishment, Coleman's small black eyes danced and sparkled with such a spirit of mischief and devilry, while such a fund of merriment, and, as it now for the first time struck me, of good-nature also, lurked about the corners of his mouth, that it seemed impossible to look at him without feeling that there was something contagious in his hilarity. "Why," said I, "every thing here is so new to me, so entirely different from all I have been accustomed to before, and the unkind—that is, the odd way in which Lawless and the rest of you seem to behave to me, treating me as if you thought I was either a fool or a baby,—it all seems so strange, that I confess I am not over happy." "Very odd if you were, I think," replied Coleman, "and it was a horrid shame of me to hide your trowsers, as I did this morning. Oh! how cold you did look, as you stood shivering up in the cold. I'm sorry for it now, but I'm such a chap for a bit of fun, that, if a trick like that comes into my head, do it I must—oh! I get into no end of scrapes that way. Why it was but the other day I put a piece of cobbler's wax upon the seat of Mildman's chair, and ruined his best Sunday-going sit-upons; he knew, too, who did it, I'm sure, for the next day he gave me a double dose of Euclid, to take the nonsense out of me, I suppose; he had better mind what he's at, though; I have got another dodge ready for him if he does not take care; but I did not mean to annoy you, and you behaved like a brick, too, in not saying any thing about it,—I am really very sorry." "Never mind," said I, "it's all right again now: I like a joke as well as any body when I know it's only fun; the thing I am afraid of now is, that Dr. Mildman may think I wanted to deceive him, by pretending to be ill, when I was not." "I dare say he has got a pretty good notion how it is," said Coleman, "but we'll get Thomas to tell him what I was up to, and that will set it all straight again." "That will be very

kind, indeed," replied I, "but will not Dr. Mildman be angry with you about it?" "Not he," said Coleman, "he never finds fault unless there's real necessity for it; he's as good a fellow as ever lived, is old Sam, only he's so precious slow." "I am glad you like him, he seems so very kind and good-natured," said I, "just the sort of person one should wish one's tutor to be. But about Cumberland and Lawless; what kind of fellows are they when you come to know them?" "Oh, you will like Lawless well enough when he gets tired of bullying you," replied Coleman, "though you need not stand so much of that as I was obliged to bear; you are a good head taller than I am,—let's look at your arm; it would be all the better for a little more muscle, but that will soon improve. I'll put on the gloves with you for an hour or so of a day." "Put on the gloves!" repeated I, "how do you mean? what has that to do with Lawless?" "Oh you muff, don't you understand? of course I mean the boxing-gloves; and when you know how to use your fists, if Lawless comes it too strong, slip into him." "He must bully a good deal before I am driven to that," replied I, "I never struck a blow in anger in my life." "You will see, before long," rejoined Coleman, "but at all events there's no harm in learning to use your fists; a man should always be able to defend himself if he is attacked." "Yes, that's very true," observed I, "but you have not told me any thing of Cumberland—shall I ever like him, do you think?" "Not if you are the sort of fellow I take you to be," replied he; "there's something about Cumberland not altogether right, I fancy; I'm not very straight-laced myself, particularly if there's any fun in a thing, not so much so as I should be, I suspect; but Cumberland is too bad even for me; besides, there's no fun in what he does, and then he's such a humbug,—not straightforward and honest, you know. Lawless would not be half such a bully either, if Cumberland did not set him on. But don't you say a word about this to any one; Cumberland would be ready to murder me, or to get somebody else to do it for him—that's more in his way." "Do not fear my repeating any thing told me in confidence," replied I, "but what do you mean when you say there's something wrong about Cumberland?" "Do you know what Lawless meant by the 'board of green cloth' this morning?" "No,—it puzzled me." "I will tell you then," replied Coleman, sinking his voice almost to a whisper,—“the billiard table!” After telling me this, Coleman, evidently fearing to commit himself further with one of whom he knew so little, turned the conversation, and, finding it still wanted more than an hour to dinner, proposed that we should take a stroll along the shore together. In the course of our walk, I acquired the additional information that another pupil was expected in a few days,—the only son of Sir John Oaklands, a baronet of large fortune in Hertfordshire; and that an acquaintance of Coleman's, who knew him, said he was a capital fellow, but very odd,—though in what the oddity consisted did not appear. Moreover, Coleman confirmed me in my preconceived idea, that Mullins's genius lay at present chiefly in the eating, drinking, and sleeping line,—adding that, in his opinion, he bore a striking resemblance to those somewhat dissimilar articles,—a muff and a spoon. In converse such as this the time slipped away, till we suddenly discovered that we had only a quarter of an hour left in which to walk back to Langdale Terrace, and prepare for dinner; whereupon a race began, in which my longer legs gave me so decided an advantage over Coleman, that he declared he would deliver me up to the tender mercies of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," for what he was pleased to call "an aggravated case of over-driving a private pupil."

THE GROACH OF THE ISLE OF LOK.¹*A Legend of the country of Léon. (2)*

EVERY one who knows the *land of the Church* (Lanillis), knows also that it is one of the loveliest parishes in the diocese of Léon. To say nothing of green crops and corn, its orchards are famed from all time for apples sweeter than the honey of Sizun, and plum-trees, of which every blossom ripens into fruit. As for the marriageable maidens, they are all models of discretion and housewifery; at least so say their nearest relations, who of course know them best.

In olden times, when miracles were as common in these parts as christenings and burials now, there dwelt in Lanillis a young man, called Houarn Pogamm, and a damsel, whose name was Bellah Postik. They were akin, at some little distance, and their mothers had cradled them together in their infancy, as they do there with children that are destined, with God's blessing, to become man and wife.²

They grew up together in love, as in age and stature; but every one that they had to care for them being dead, one after the other, and they left portionless, the two poor orphans were at last obliged to go into service. They ought indeed to have been happy, for they served the same master; but lovers are like the sea, that murmurs ever.

"If we only had enough to buy a little cow and a lean pig," said Houarn, "I would take a bit of land of our master, and then the good father should marry us, and we would go and live together."

"Yes," replied Bellah, with a deep sigh, "but the times are so hard! The cows and pigs were dearer than ever at Ploudalmerzean the last fair! Providence must surely have given up caring for the world!"

"I am afraid we shall have to wait a long time," said the young man, "for I never get the last glass of the bottle when I drink with the rest of them."

"Very long," replied the maiden; "for I never can hear the cuckoo."

Day after day it was the same story; till at last Houarn was quite out of patience. So one morning he came to Bellah, as she was winnowing some corn in the threshing-floor, and told her how he had made up his mind that he would set out on his travels to seek his fortune.

Sadly troubled was the poor girl at this resolve, and she said all she could to dissuade him from it; but Houarn, who was a determined young fellow, would not be withheld.

"The birds," said he, "fly hither and thither till they have found a field of corn, and the bees till they meet with flowers that may yield them honey; is it for man to be less reasonable than the winged creatures? I also will go forth on my quest; what I want is but the price of a little cow and a lean pig. If you love me, Bellah, you will no longer oppose a project which is to hasten our marriage."

Bellah could not but acknowledge that there was reason in his words; so with a sigh and a yearning heart she said,—“Go, then, Houarn, with God's blessing, if it must be so; but first let me share with you my family relics.”

(1) The name Groach'h, or Grac'h, means literally *old woman*, and was given to the Druidesses who had established themselves in an island off the south-west coast of Brittany, called thence the Isle of Groach'h, by corruption Groais, or Groix. But the word gradually lost its original meaning of old woman, and came to signify a woman endowed with power over the elements, and dwelling amongst the waves, as did the island Druidesses; in fact, a sort of water-fay, but of a malevolent nature, like all the Breton fairies. Such of our readers as are not acquainted with La Motte Fouqué's beautiful tale of Undine, may require to be reminded that the sprites, sylphs, gnomes, and fairies, of the popular mythologies, are not necessarily, perhaps not even generally, exempt from mortality.

(2) *Vide* the head-note to the tale of Robin Redbreast, in No. 7, p. 100.

(3) This custom exists throughout Cornouaille. The children destined for each other are laid, from their birth, in the same cradle.

She led him to her press, and took out a little bell, a knife, and a staff.

"There," said she, "these are immemorial heir-looms of our family. This is the bell of St. Kolodok. Its sound can be heard at any distance, however great, and will give immediate notice to the possessor's friends should he be in any danger. The knife once belonged to St. Corentin, and its touch dissolves all spells, were they of the arch-fiend himself. Lastly, here is the staff of St. Vouga, which will lead its possessor whithersoever he may desire to go. I will give you the knife to defend you from enchantments, and the little bell to let me know if you are in peril; the staff I will keep, that I may be able to join you should you need my presence."

Houarn accepted with thanks his Bellah's gifts, wept awhile with her, as belongs to a parting, and set out towards the mountains.

But it was then just as it is now, and in all the villages through which he passed, the traveller was beset by beggars, to whom any one with whole garments was a man of rank and fortune.

"By my faith," thought he, "this part of the country seems fitter for spending a fortune than for making one; I must go farther."

He went onwards therefore towards the west, till at last he arrived at Pontaven, a pretty town, built upon a river bordered with poplars.

There, as he sat at the inn-door, he overheard two carriers, who, as they loaded their mules, were talking together of the Groac'h of the Isle of Lok.

Houarn inquired who or what that might be, and was told that it was the name of a fairy, who inhabited the lake in the largest of the Glénans,¹ and who was said to be as rich as all the kings of the earth together. Many had been the treasure-seekers that had visited her island, but not ever had one of them returned.

The thought came suddenly into Houarn's mind that he too would try the adventure. The muleteers did all they could to dissuade him. They were so loud in their remonstrances, that they collected quite a crowd about him, crying out that it was downright unchristian to let him run into destruction in that way, and the people would even have kept him back by force. Houarn thanked them for the interest they manifested in his welfare, and declared himself ready to give up his design, if only they would make a collection amongst them which would enable him to buy a little cow and a lean pig: but at this proposition the muleteers and all the others drew back, simply repeating that he was an obstinate fellow, and that it was of no use talking to him. So Houarn repaired to the sea-shore, where he took a boat, and was carried to the Isle of Lok.

He had no difficulty in finding the pond, which was in the centre of the island, its banks fringed by sea plants with rose-coloured flowers. As he walked round, he saw lying at one end of it, shaded by a tuft of broom, a sea-green canoe, which floated on the unruffled waters. It was fashioned like a swan asleep, with its head under its wing.

Houarn, who had never seen anything like it before, drew nearer with curiosity, and stepped into the boat that he might examine it the better; but scarcely had he set foot within it, than the swan seemed to awake, its head started from amongst the feathers, its wide feet spread themselves to the waters; and it swam rapidly from the bank.

The young man gave a cry of alarm, but the swan only made the more swiftly for the middle of the lake; and just as Houarn had decided on throwing himself from his strange bark, and swimming for the shore, the bird plunged downwards, head foremost, drawing him under water along with it.

(1) A cluster of islets off the southern coast of Brittany, near the headland of Penmarc'h. The name signifies literally *summer-land*. One of them is called the Isle of Lok, or Lock, and contains a fish pool, from which it seems to derive its name.

The unfortunate Léonard, who could not cry out without gulping down the unsavoury water of the pool, was silent by necessity, and soon arrived at the Groac'h's dwelling.

It was a palace of shells, far surpassing in beauty all that can be imagined. It was entered by a flight of crystal steps, each stair of which, as the foot pressed it, gave forth a concert of sweet sounds, like the song of many birds. All around stretched gardens of immense extent, with forests of marine plants, and plots of green seaweed, spangled with diamonds in the place of flowers.

The Groac'h was reclining in the entrance hall upon a couch of gold. Her dress was of sea-green silk, exquisitely fine, and floating round her like the waves that wrapped her grotto. Her black locks, intertwined with coral, descended to her feet, and the white and red of her brilliant complexion blended as in the polished lining of some Indian shell.

Dazzled with a sight at once so fair and unexpected, Houarn stood still, but with a winning smile the Groac'h rose, and came forward to meet him. So easy and flowing were her movements, that she seemed like a snowy billow heaving along the sea, as she advanced to greet the young Léonard.

"You are welcome," said she, beckoning him with her hand to enter; "there is always room here for all comers, especially for handsome young men."

At this gracious reception Houarn somewhat recovered himself, and entered the hall.

"Who are you? Whence come you? What seek you?" continued the Groac'h.

"My name is Houarn," replied the Léonard; "I come from Lanillis; and I am in quest of the wherewithal to buy a little cow and a lean pig."

"Well, come in, Houarn," said the fairy, "and dismiss all anxiety from your mind; you shall have every thing to make you happy."

While this was passing she had led him into a circular hall, the walls of which were covered with pearls, where she set before him eight different kinds of wine, in eight goblets of chased silver. Houarn made trial of all, and found all so much to his taste that he repeated his draught of each eight times, while ever as the cup left his lips, the Groac'h seemed still fairer than before.

She meanwhile encouraged him to drink, telling him he need be in no fear of ruining her, for that the lake in the Isle of Lok communicated with the sea, and that all the treasures swallowed up by shipwrecks were conveyed thither by a magic current.

"I do not wonder," cried Houarn, emboldened at once by the wine and the manner of his hostess, that the people on shore speak so badly of you; in fact, it just comes to this, that you are rich, and they are envious. For my part, I should be very well content with the half of your fortune."

"It shall be yours if you will, Houarn," said the fairy.

"How can that be?" he asked.

"My husband, the Korandon, is dead," she answered, "so that I am now a widow; if you like me well enough, I will become your wife."

Houarn quite lost his breath for very wonderment. For him to marry that beautiful creature! to dwell in that splendid palace! and to drink to his heart's content of the eight sorts of wine! True, he was engaged to Bellah; but men easily forget such promises,—indeed, for that they are just like women. So he gallantly assured the fairy that one so lovely must be irresistible, and that it would be his pride and joy to become her husband.

Thereupon the Groac'h exclaimed that she would forthwith make ready the wedding feast. She spread a table, which she covered with all the delicacies that the Léonard had ever heard of, besides a great many unknown to him even by name; and then proceeding to a little fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, she began to call,—“Now, attorney! now, miller! now,

tailor! now, Mr. Dean!" And at each call up swam a fish, which she successively caught in a steel net. When the net was full, she carried it into the next room, and threw all the fish into a golden frying-pan.

But it seemed to Houarn as though there was a whispering of little voices amidst the hissing of the pan.

"What is that whispering in the frying-pan, Groach'h?" he asked.

"It is the crackling of the wood," said she, stirring the fire.

An instant after the little voices again began to murmur.

"What is that murmuring, Groach'h?" asked the bridegroom.

"It is the butter in the frying-pan," she answered, giving the fish a toss.

But soon the little voices cried yet louder.

"What is that cry, Groach'h?" said Houarn.

"It is the cricket in the hearth," replied the fairy, and she began to sing, so that the Léonard could no longer hear anything but her voice.

But he could not help thinking on what he had noticed: and thought brought fear, and fear, of course, repentance.

"Alas!" he cried, "can it then be possible that I have so soon forgotten Bellah for this Groach'h, who is no doubt a child of Satan! With her for my wife, I shall not even dare to say my prayers at night, and shall be as sure to go to hell as an exciseman."

While he thus communed with himself, the fairy brought in the fried fish, and pressed him to eat, while she went to fetch him twelve new sorts of wine.

Houarn sighed, took out his knife, and prepared to begin; but scarcely had the spell-destroying blade touched the golden dish, than all the fish rose up in the form of little men, each one clad in the proper costume of his rank and occupation. There was a lawyer with his bands; a tailor in blue stockings; a miller all white with flour; a reverend dean in full canonicals; and all crying out at once, as they swam in the melted butter,—

"Houarn, save us, if thou wouldst thyself be saved!"

"Holy Virgin! what are these little men singing out from amongst the melted butter?" cried the Léonard, in bewilderment.

"We are Christians like thyself," they answered. "We, too, came to seek our fortunes in the Isle of Lok; we, too, consented to marry the Groach'h; and the day after the wedding she did with us as she had done with all our predecessors, of whom the fish-pond in the garden is full."

"What!" cried Houarn, "a creature that looks so young already the widow of this multitude of fishes?"

"And thou wilt soon be in the same condition; subject thyself to be fried and eaten by some new comer."

Houarn gave a jump, as though he felt himself already in the golden frying-pan, and ran towards the door, thinking only how he might escape before the Groach'h should return. But she was already there, and had heard all; her net of steel was soon thrown over the Léonard, who found himself instantly transformed into a frog, in which guise the fairy carried him to the fish-pond, and threw him in, to keep her former husband's company.

At this moment the little bell, which Houarn wore round his neck, tinkled of its own accord, and Bellah heard it at Lanillis, where she was busy skimming the last night's milk.

The sound struck upon her heart like a funeral knell; and she cried aloud,—*"Houarn is in danger!"* And without a moment's delay, without asking counsel of any as to what she should do, she ran and put on her Sunday clothes, her shoes and silver cross, and set out from the farm with her magic staff. Arrived where four roads met, she set the stick upright in the ground, murmuring in a low voice,—

"List, thou crab-tree staff of mine!
By good St. Vouga hear me!
O'er earth and water, through air, 'tis thine
Whither I will to bear me!"

And lo! the stick became a bay nag, a right roadster of St. Thegonec, dressed, saddled, and bridled, with a rosette behind each ear, and a blue feather in front.

Bellah mounted without the slightest hesitation, and the horse set forward; first at a walking pace, then he trotted, and at last galloped, and that so swiftly, that ditches, trees, houses, and steeples passed before the young girl's eyes like the arms of a spindle. But she complained not, feeling that each step brought her nearer to her dear Houarn; nay, she rather urged on her beast, saying,—

"Less swift than the swallow is the horse, less swift the swallow than the wind, the wind than the lightning; but thou, my good steed, if thou lovest me, outstrip them all in speed; for a part of my heart is suffering; the better half of my own life is in danger."

The horse understood her, and flew like a straw driven by the whirlwind, till he arrived in the country of Arhés, at the foot of the rock called the Stag's Leap. But there he stood still, for never had horse foaled of mare scaled that precipice. Bellah, perceiving the cause of his stopping, renewed her incantation, saying—

"Once again, thou courser mine,
By good St. Vouga hear me!
O'er earth and water, through air, 'tis thine
Whither I will to bear me!"

She had hardly finished, when a pair of wings sprang from the sides of her horse, which now became a great bird, and in this shape flew away with her to the top of the rock.

Strange indeed was the sight that here met her eyes. Upon a nest made of potter's clay and dry moss, squatted a little korandon,¹ all swarthy and wrinkled, who, on beholding Bellah, began to cry aloud,—

"Hurry! Here is the pretty maiden come to save me!"

"Save thee?" said Bellah. "Who art thou, then, my little man?"

"I am Grannik, the husband of the Groach'h of the Isle of Lok. She it was that sent me here."

"But what art thou doing in this nest?"

"I am sitting on six stone eggs, and I cannot be free till they are hatched."

Bellah could not keep herself from laughing right out.

"Poor little dear!" said she; "and how can I deliver thee?"

"By saving Houarn, who is in the Groach'h's power."

"Ah, tell me how I may do that!" cried the orphan girl, "and not a moment will I lose in setting about my part in the matter, though I should have to make the circuit of the four dioceses upon my bare knees."

"Well, then, there are two things to be done," said the korandon. "The first, to present thyself before the Groach'h as a young man; and the next, to take from her the steel net which she carries at her girdle, and shut her up in it till the day of judgment."

"And where shall I get a suit of clothes to fit me, Korandon, my darling?"

"Thou shalt see, my pretty one."

With these words the little dwarf pulled out four hairs from his foxy poll, and blew them to the winds, muttering something in an under tone, and lo! the four hairs became four tailors, of whom the first held in his hand a cabbage, the second a pair of scissors, the third a needle, and the last a smoothing goosic. All the four seated themselves cross-legged round the nest, and began to prepare a suit of clothes for Bellah.

Out of one cabbage-leaf they made a beautiful coat, laced at every seam; of another they made a waistcoat; but it took two leaves for the trunk breeches, such as are worn in the country of Léon; lastly, the heart of

(1) A dwarfish sprite. See Illustration, p. 17.

the cabbage was shaped into a hat, and the stalk was converted into shoes.

Thus equipped, Bellah would have passed anywhere for a handsome young gentleman, in green velvet lined with white satin.

She thanked the korandon, who added some further instructions, and then her great bird flew away with her straight to the Isle of Lok. There she commanded him to resume the form of a crab-stick; and entering the swan-shaped boat arrived safely at the Groach's palace.

The fairy was quite taken at first sight with the velvet clad young Léonard.

"Well," quoth she to herself, "you are the best looking young fellow that has ever come to see me; and I do think I shall love you for three times three days."

And she began to make much of her guest, calling him her darling, and heart of hearts. She treated her with a collation, and Bellah found upon the table St. Corentin's knife, which had been left there by Houarn. She took it up against the time of need, and followed the Groach into the garden. There the fairy showed her the grass-plots, flowered with diamonds, the fountains of perfumed waters, and, above all, the fish-pond, wherein swam fishes of a thousand colours.

With these last Bellah made to be especially taken, so that she must needs sit down upon the edge of the pond, the better to enjoy the sight of them.

The Groach took advantage of her manifest delight to ask her if she would not like to spend all her days in this lovely place. Bellah replied that she should like it of all things.

"Well, then, so you may, and from this very hour, if you are only ready at once to marry me," proceeded the fairy.

"So I will," replied Bellah; "but you must let me fetch up one of these beautiful fishes with the steel net that hangs at your girdle."

The Groach, nothing suspecting, and taking this request for a mere boyish freak, gave her the net, saying with a smile, "Let us see, fair fisherman, what you will catch."

"Thee, fiend!" cried Bellah, throwing the net over the Groach's head. "In the name of the Saviour of men, accursed sorceress, become in body even as thou art in soul."

The cry uttered by the Groach died away in a stifled murmur, for the exorcism had already taken effect; the beautiful water fay was now nothing more than the hideous queen of toadstools.

In an instant Bellah drew to the net, and with all speed threw it into a well, upon which she laid a stone, sealed with the sign of the cross, that it might remain closed till the tombs shall be opened at the last day.

She then hastened back to the pond, but all the fish were already out of it, coming forth to meet her, like a procession of many coloured monks, crying in their little hoarse voices, "Behold our lord and master! who has delivered us from the net of steel, and the golden frying-pan."

"And who will also restore you to your shape of Christians," said Bellah, drawing forth the knife of St. Corentin. But as she was about to touch the first fish, she perceived close to her a green frog, with the magic bell hung about his neck, and sobbing bitterly as he knelt before her, his two little paws pressed upon his tiny heart. Bellah felt her bosom swell, and she exclaimed,—"Is it thou, is it thou, my Houarn, thou lord of my sorrow and my joy?"

"It is I," answered the befrogged youth.

At a touch with the potent blade he recovered his proper form, and Bellah and he fell into each other's arms, the one eye weeping for the past, the other glistening with the present joy.

She then did the like for all the fishes, who were restored each of them to his pristine shape and condition.

The work of disenchantment was hardly at an end, when up came the little korandon from the Stag's Leap rock, drawn in his nest, as in a chariot, by six great cockchafers, which had just been hatched from the six eggs of stone.

"Here I am, my pretty maiden," cried he to Bellah: "the spell which held me where you saw me is broken, and I am come to thank you, for from a hen you have made me a man again."

He then conducted the lovers to the Groach's coffers, which were filled with precious stones, of which he begged them to take as many as they pleased.

They both loaded their pockets, their girdles, their hats, and even their great trunk breeches; and when they had as much as they could possibly carry, Bellah commanded her staff to become a winged chariot, of sufficient size to convey them to Lanillis, with all whom she had delivered from the enchantment.

The banns were soon published, and Houarn married his Bellah, as he had so long desired. But instead of a little cow and a lean pig, he bought all the land in the parish, and put in as farmers the people he had brought with him from the Isle of Lok.

THE POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

MAY-DAY, concluded from p. 14.

In many parts of the country May-poles may yet be found. The writer of these pages saw one eighty feet high, on the village green of West Dean, Wilts, in the summer of 1836; and another, in a neighbouring parish, at the same period. From an account of a festival in St. James's District, Enfield, 1844, we learn that "there was running in sacks, and running blindfold, jingling, racing, and dancing round the May-pole; while the band played old national airs that our forefathers loved." "In crossing the Trent," says Washington Irving, in his interesting account of his visit to Newstead Abbey, "one seems to step back into old times; and in the villages of Sherwood Forest we are in a black-letter region. The moss-grown cottages, the lowly mansions of grey-stone, the Gothic crosses at each end of the villages, and the tall May-pole in the centre, transport us, in imagination, to foregone centuries. Every thing has a quaint and antiquated air." Upon this, Mr. Howitt observes:—"There is certainly a May-pole standing in the village of Linby, near Newstead, and there is one in the village of Farnsfield, near Southwell; but I have been endeavouring to recollect any others for twenty miles round, and cannot do it; and though garlands are generally hung on these poles on May-day, wreathed by the hands of some fair damsel, who has a lingering affection for the elden times, and carried up by some adventurous lad, alas! the dance beneath it, where is it? In the dales of Derbyshire, May-poles are more frequent, but the dancing I never saw." The late Dr. Parr was a patron of May-day festivities. Opposite his parsonage-house at Hatton, near Warwick, on the other side of the road, stood the parish May-pole, which, on the annual festival, was dressed with garlands, and surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The Doctor was "first of the throng," and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the May-pole in the closet of his house, from whence it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers, preparatory to its elevation, and to the Doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to himself, and advantage to his neighbours.

"A certain superstitious feeling," says Mr. Chambers, "attached to May-day. The dew of that morning was considered as a cosmetic of the highest efficacy; and women used to go abroad, before sunrise, to gather it. Maidens, also, threw it over their shoulder, in order to propitiate Fate in allotting them a good husband. In the *Morning Post*, May 2, 1791, it was mentioned that,

"yesterday, according to annual custom, a number of persons went into the fields, and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would make them beautiful." To this day, there is a resort of the fair sex, every May morning, to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for the same purpose. Mr. Pepys makes this entry in his Diary:—"My wife away to Woolwich, in order to a little air, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing to wash her face with." Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," observes,—"To be delivered from witches, they hang in their entries (among other things) hay-thorn, otherwise white-thorn, gathered on May-day." Gay's "Shepherd's Week" describes another " quaint " superstition connected with this festival.

"Last May-day fair, I searched to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin; home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawled the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes marked a curious L.
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."

A description of the festive customs still, or within these few years, remaining on May-day, in different parts of the kingdom, would occupy a number of this Magazine; and, of course, cannot, consequently, be given: yet our "Year Book" would be very incomplete without a brief account of some of the principal of them. There was formerly a practice of making fools on this day, similar to that which obtains on the first of April. The deluded were called *May-goslings*. At Lynn, in Norfolk, the May garlands are made of two hoops of the same size fixed transversely, and attached to a pole or staff, with the end through the centre, and parallel to the hoops; bunches of flowers, interspersed with evergreens, are tied round the hoops, from the interior of which festoons of blown birds' eggs are usually suspended, and long strips of various coloured ribands are also pendant from the top. A doll, full dressed, of proportionate size, is seated in the centre, thus exhibiting an humble representation of *Flora*, surrounded by the "fragrant emblems of her consecrated offerings." These garlands are carried about the town in all directions, each with an attendant group of "juveniles," who blow, in deafening concert, the horns of bulls and cows. Each garland is subsequently dismounted from the staff, and suspended across a court or lane, where the amusement of throwing balls over it, from one to another, generally terminates the day. May-garlands, with dolls, are carried at Northampton by the neighbouring villagers. In Huntingdonshire, the children suspend a sort of crown of hoops, wreathed and ornamented with flowers, ribands, handkerchiefs, necklaces, silver spoons, &c., at a considerable height above the road, by a rope, extending from chimney to chimney of the cottages, and attempt, as at Lynn, to fling their balls over it from side to side, singing, and begging halfpence from the passengers. A doll, or larger figure, "sometimes makes an appendage in some side nook." The money collected is afterwards spent in a tea-drinking, with cakes, &c. At Cambridge, the children formerly had a similar "maulkin," before which they set a table, having wine on it, and begged money, with the supplication, "Pray remember the poor May-lady." As lately as last May-day, a May-pole was set up in a meadow behind the College walks, and the games were excellent. A Maid Marian figured among the dancers, who footed it merrily, till sunset, to the fiddle's jovial sound. "At Oxford," says Aubrey, "the boys do blow cows' horns and hollow canes all night; and on May-day the young maids of every parish carry about garlands of flowers,

which afterwards they hang up in their churches." In this city, also, at the hour of five on May-day morning, the choristers of the College of St. Mary Magdalene assemble on the top of the chapel tower, and sing a Latin hymn, in lieu of a requiem, which, before the Reformation, was performed in the same place for the soul of Henry VII. A singular custom used to be annually observed on May-day by the boys of Frindsbury, and the neighbouring town of Stroud. They met on Rochester bridge, where a skirmish ensued between them. "This combat," Brand remarks, "probably derived its origin from a drubbing received by the monks of Rochester, in the reign of Edward I." At Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, the youths and maidens used to come marching up to the May-pole with wands wreathed with cowslips, which they there struck together in wild enthusiasm, and scattered the flowers in a shower around them. At Padstow, in Cornwall, they have, or had lately, the procession of the hobby-horse. At Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, a large party of the town-people and neighbouring labourers parade the streets, soon after three o'clock in the morning, singing the "Mayer's Song." They carry in their hands large branches of May, and they affix one of these upon the doors of nearly every respectable house. Those of unpopular persons are marked with a bough of elder and a bunch of nettles instead. Throughout the day, parties of these Mayers are seen, dancing and frolicking, in various parts of the town. "The group that I saw to-day," says one of Mr. Hone's correspondents, "was composed as follows:—First came two men with their faces blacked, one of them with a birch broom in his hand, and a large artificial hump on his back; the other dressed as a woman, all in rags and tatters, with a large straw bonnet on, and carrying a ladle; these are called 'Mad Moll, and her husband.' Next came two men, one most fantastically dressed with ribands, and a great variety of gaudy-coloured handkerchiefs, tied round his arms, from the shoulders to the wrists, and down his thighs and legs to the ankles; he carried a drawn sword in his hand; leaning on his arm was a youth, dressed as a fine lady, in white muslin, and profusely bedecked from top to toe with gay ribands; these were called the 'Lord and Lady' of the company. After these followed six or seven couples more, attired much in the same style as the Lord and Lady, only the men were without swords. When this group received a satisfactory contribution at any house, the music struck up from a violin, clarinet, and fife, accompanied by the long drum, and they began the merry dance." While this continued, the principal amusement to the populace was caused by the grimaces and clownish tricks of Mad Moll and her husband. "When the circle of spectators became so contracted as to interrupt the dancers, then Mad Moll's husband went to work with his broom, and swept the road dust all round the circle into the faces of the crowd; and when any pretended affronts were offered to his wife, he pursued the offenders, broom in hand; if he could not overtake them, whether they were males or females, he flung the broom at them." The song intoned by these personages consists of seven religious verses, of great antiquity. It concludes as follows:—

"The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour."

"The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

At Great Gandsden, Cambridgeshire, "the farmers' young men-servants," says Mr. Howitt, "go and cut hawthorn, singing what we call the *Night Song*. They leave a bough at each house, according to the number of young persons in it. On the evening of May-day, and the following evening, they go round to every

house where they left a bush, singing *The May Song*. One has a handkerchief on a long wand for a flag, with which he keeps off the crowd. The rest have ribands in their hats." Hutchinson, in his *History of Northumberland*, tells us, "that a syllabus is prepared for the May-feast, which is made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cake, and wine; and a kind of divination is practised, by fishing with a ladle for a wedding ring, which is dropped into it, for the purpose of prognosticating who shall be first married." At Penzance, in Ireland, and in Wales, May dances and observances (to which, we are sorry to say, we have only space to allude,) are still practised.

May 8.—On this day, at Helstone, in Cornwall, is held what is called "the Furry,"—a name supposed by Mr. Polwhele to have been derived from the old Cornish word *fer*, a fair or jubilee. The morning is ushered in by the music of drums and kettles, and other accompaniments of a song "not very comprehensible." So strict is the observance of this day as a general festival, that, should any person be found at work, he is instantly seized, set astride on a pole, and hurried on men's shoulders, amidst thousands of huzzas, to the river, where he is sentenced to leap over a wide place, which he, of course, fails in accomplishing, and jumps into the water. A small contribution, however, towards the expenses of the feast, saves him from this cooling. About nine o'clock, the mob gathers round the various seminaries, and demands a holiday for their youthful inmates, which request is acceded to; a collection from house to house is then commenced, towards the general fund. The "young folks," of both sexes, then *fade* into the country, (fade being an old English word for *go*;) and return at twelve, with flowers and oak branches in their hats and caps. On entering the town, they are joined by a band of music, and dance, hand in hand, through the streets, to the "Flora Tune." In their progress, they enter every house and garden they please, without distinction; all doors are opened, and, in fact, it is thought much of by the householders to be thus favoured.

The *older* branch of the population dance in the same manner; for it is to be noticed, they have select parties, and at different hours; no two sets dance together, or at the same time. "Then follow the gentry, which," says an eye-witness, "is really a very pleasing sight on a fine day, from the noted respectability of this rich borough. In this set, the sons and daughters of some of the first and noblest families of Cornwall join. The appearance of the ladies is enchanting. Added to their personal charms, in ball-room attire, each, tastefully adorned with beautiful spring flowers, in herself appears to the gazer's eye a *Flora*, and leads us to conceive the whole a scene from fairy land." The next set is the soldiers and their lasses; then come the tradesmen and their wives; journeymen and their "sweethearts;" and, "though last not least," the male and female servants, in splendid livery. In the evening a grand ball is always held at the assembly rooms; to which, in 1826, were added the performance of the "Honey-moon," at the theatre, a troop of horse at the circus, and an exhibition of sleight of hand, at the rooms. The borough, on this occasion, was thronged with visitors from all parts of the country. A writer, in 1790, states that at that period the dance round the streets was called a "Faddy." "In the afternoon," he adds, "the gentility go to some farm-house in the neighbourhood, to drink tea, syllabubs, &c., and return in a morris-dance to the town, where they form a Faddy, and dance through the streets till it is dark, claiming a right of going through any person's house—in at one door and out at another. And here it formerly used to end, and the company of all kinds to disperse quietly to their several habitations. . . . The ladies are now conducted by their partners to the ball-room, where they continue their dance till supper time; after which, they all faddy it out of the house, breaking off by degrees to their

respective houses. The mobility imitate their superiors, and also adjourn to the several public-houses, where they continue their dance till midnight." "There is no doubt," says Hone, "of the 'Furry' originating from the 'Floralia,' anciently observed by the Romans on the fourth of the kalends of May."

There is a tradition that St. Michael, the patron saint of Helstone, made his appearance, or apparition, as it is called, on the 8th of May, at St. Michael's Mount, on a rock called his chair. This may have been a reason for making the octave of the May feast, or 9th of May, a marked day at Helstone; and when May-day festivities became obsolete here, as elsewhere, the Furry-day continued to be observed, as at this present time, with much zeal and enjoyment.

THE FRIENDS.¹

Few have lived

As we have lived, unsevered; our young life
Was but a summer's frolic: we have been
Like two babes passing hand in hand along
A sunny bank of flowers. The busy world
Goes on around us, and its multitudes
Pass by me, and I look them in the face,
But cannot read such meaning as I read
In this of thine: and thou too dost but move
Among them for a season, but returnest
With a light step and smiles to our old seats,
Our quiet walks, our solitary bower.
Some we love well; the early presences
That were first round us, and the silvery tones
Of those most far-away and dreamy voices
That sounded all about us at the dawn
Of our young life,—these, as the world of things
Sets in upon our being like a tide,
Keep with us, and are ever uppermost.
And some there are, tall, beautiful, and wise,
Whose step is heavenward, and whose souls have past
Out from the nether darkness, and been born
Into a new and glorious universe,
Who speak of things to come; but there is that
In thy soft eye and long-accustomed voice
Would win me from them all.

For since our birth,

Our thoughts have flowed together in one stream:
All through the seasons of our infancy
The same hills rose about us—the same trees,
Now bare, now sprinkled with the tender leaf,
Now thick with full dark foliage; the same church,
Our own dear village-church, has seen us pray,
In the same seat, with hands clasped side by side;
And we have sung together; and have walked,
Full of one thought, along the homeward lane;
And so were we built upwards for the storm
That on my walls hath fallen unsparingly,
Shattering their frail foundations; and which thou
Hast yet to look for,—but hast found the help
Which then I knew not—rest thee firmly there!

When first I issued forth into the world,
Well I remember that unwelcome morn,
When we rose long before the accustomed hour
By the faint taper-light; and by that gate
We just now swung behind us carelessly,
I gave thee the last kiss:—I travelled on,
Giving my mind up to the world without,
Which poured in strange ideas of strange things,
New towns, new churches, new inhabitants:—
And ever and anon some happy child
Beneath a rose-trailed porch played as I past:

(1) From Poems, by the Rev. H. Alford. London: Burns.



And then the thought of thee swept through my soul,
And made the hot drops stand in either eye :—
And so I travelled—till between two hills,
Two turf-enamelled mounds of brightest green,
Stretched the blue limit of the distant sea,
Unknown to me before :—then with strange joy,
Forgetting all, I gazed upon that sea,
Till I could see the white waves leaping up,
And all my heart leapt with them :—so I past
Southward, and neared that wilderness of waves,
And stopt upon its brink ; and when the even
Spread out upon the sky unusual clouds,
I sat me down upon a wooded cliff,
Watching the earth's last daylight fade away,
Till that the dim wave far beneath my feet
Did make low moanings to the infant moon,
And the lights twinkled out along the shore ;
Then I looked upwards, and I saw the stars,

Sirius, Orion, and the Northern wain,
And the Seven Sisters, and the beacon-flame
Of bright Arcturus,—every one the same
As when I shewed them thee.—“ But yesternight,”
I said, “ she gazed with me upon those stars :
Why did we not agree to look on them
Both at one moment every starlight night,
And think that the same star beheld us both ? ”

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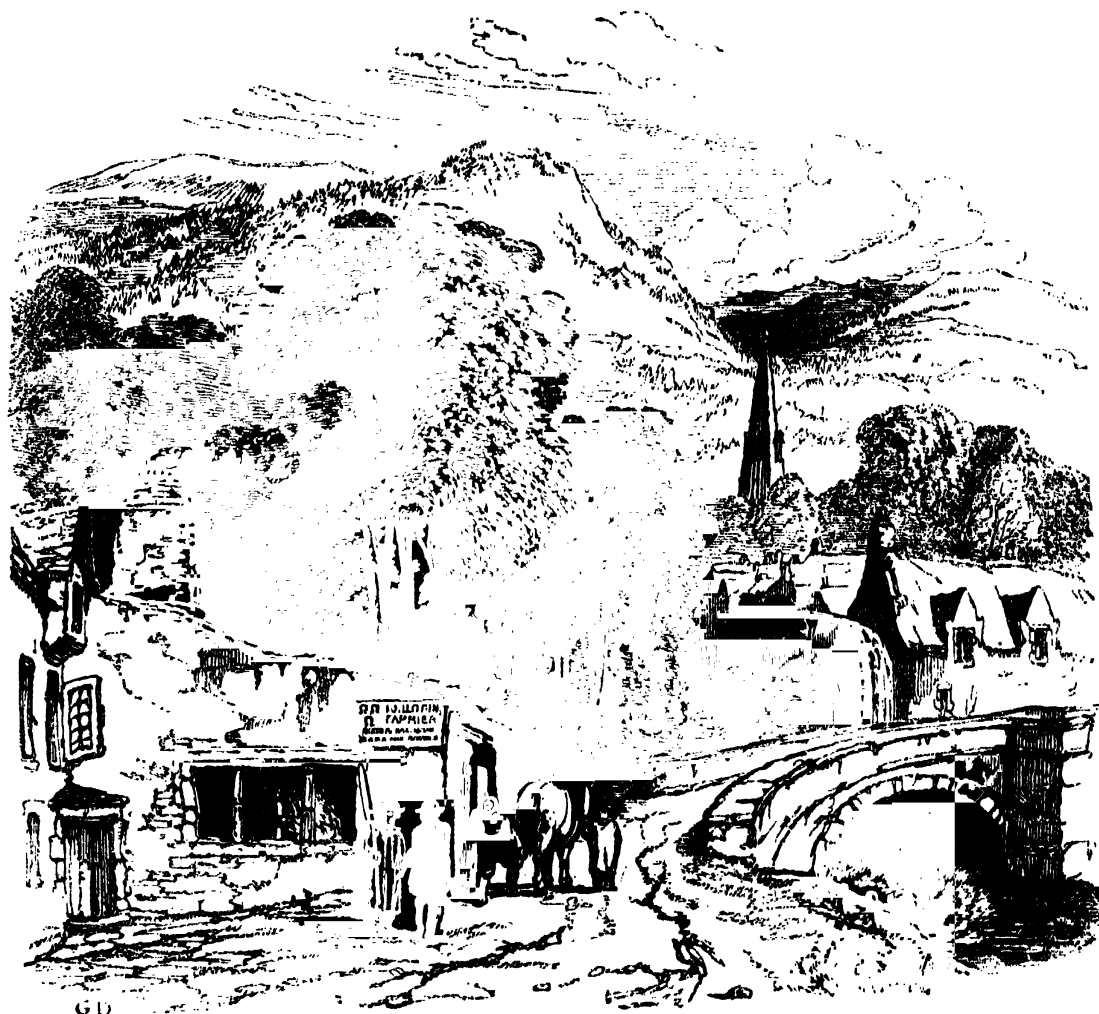
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See page 47.

SELF-CULTIVATION.

WHAT is our precise meaning when we speak of a man's cultivating himself? And is the power which we ascribe to him in using these words a reality or a delusion?

In the primary use of the word "cultivate," it bears two distinct, and broadly distinguished, significations. We say that we cultivate the ground, by which we mean that we prepare and labour the ground, removing those things which obstruct the exercise of its natural powers, and applying such things as our experience has taught us will stimulate and strengthen them, so that it may most effectually put them forth in the production

of fruits and plants from the seed which is committed to it. This is one, and perhaps the original use of the word. But we also say that we cultivate the plants and fruits themselves; and by that we mean that, applying our labour and skill to cause them to be produced in as great perfection as possible, we thereby effect a progressive improvement, more or less marked, in their character and qualities. We know from experience that we can do this; that improvement in the quality of any product of the earth is the unfailing result of continued and judicious cultivation; and so uniform and certain is this result, that we have come to express our conviction

tion of its certainty in the very word which we use to denote the effort to arrive at it. We have caused the word "cultivate," as applied to any product of the earth, to mean not merely the endeavour to produce it, but the improvement in its quality, which is the invariable consequence of that endeavour, when sufficiently sustained and rightly directed. When we speak of a man's cultivating the apple, we do not mean merely that he causes apples to grow, or that he goes on producing year after year, unimproved, the sour crab which, we believe, was the original progenitor of all the varieties of that excellent fruit; we mean that he is carrying on the process, which has already had the effect of converting the diminutive and useless crab into the valuable and delicious fruit, which, in such varied profusion, adorns and enriches our orchards.

In passing from the primary signification of the word "cultivate," as expressing the physical processes intended to affect the operations of the earth in the production of fruits, to its application to analogous operations upon our moral and intellectual powers, we shall not here attempt to follow out the distinction we have drawn between its two significations, to the extent of separating that operation which corresponds to the cultivation of the ground, from that which corresponds to the cultivation of its fruits. We believe both to be more or less implied in every application of the word to the moral discipline which our minds undergo. But of far more importance than any amount of success in drawing fine metaphysical or logical distinctions between any of the operations of our minds, or the terms by which it may be right to describe them, is the discovery, and application to our conduct in life, of the practical lesson to be drawn from the fact, that a word descriptive of physical processes carried on every day under our eyes, and the mode of whose operation, or at least the external machinery by which they are conducted to the desired results, is the subject of actual observation, has been, by that general consent of mankind, more unerring by far than the most refined speculations of philosophy, which alone can give currency to any particular acceptance of a word, transferred to functions of our invisible and spiritual part, of which our senses can take no cognizance, and of which, without the aid of such material analogies, we should have a very dim and indistinct conception.

A common understanding of the expression "self-cultivation," is that it means something similar to "self-education;" that is, that we conduct the moral and intellectual training of our minds for ourselves, instead of leaving it to be done by others. But this, though undoubtedly implied in it, is only a part, and the least important part of its meaning; it points to the agent merely; it leaves unexplained the thing done, and it presents no indication of the means by which it is to be done. These we find in the analogy furnished by the more extended use of the word "self-cultivation" for which we contend, namely that, when we speak of *self-cultivation*, we mean a man's cultivating himself, implying thereby that, in so doing, he effects upon himself an improvement analogous to that which, by the judicious employment of the means suggested by experience, the cultivator of any plant or fruit effects upon its nature and qualities.

Do we possess such a power? Can we so cultivate ourselves? Can we regulate the growth of our moral and intellectual powers, so as, in the end, to give the preponderance of strength to such of them as will constitute us beings largely improved in true nobility of nature? Such a question, if we have any means whatever of answering it, is unquestionably one of the most important which can be addressed to the mind of man.

It would appear to be a law of our nature—it certainly is so in the case of our bodily frame—that our ability to perform any act is increased by each effort that we make to perform it. We do not say this merely in reference to the increased skill which practice always confers, but to the increased power of the organs em-

ployed. Workmen, the nature of whose employment brings a particular set of muscles constantly into play, acquire a degree of strength in those muscles which is truly astonishing, and altogether out of proportion to the general strength of their bodies. The arm of a blacksmith, for example, though he may be in other respects no stronger than ordinary men, becomes, by the continual use which he is obliged to make of it, a weapon as formidable as the ponderous fore-hammer which he wields as if it were a child's toy. In all other employments it is the same. Those muscles, which are most frequently brought into exercise, become developed to an extent much beyond the general growth of the body.

On the other hand, where any particular set of muscles are kept in an unnatural condition of inactivity, they are left behind the rest of the body in its advancement to maturity of strength. The experience of most men can furnish abundant illustrations of this fact. A limb, so distorted at birth, or by early accident, as to make the natural use of it impossible, or difficult and painful, and which in consequence is never or seldom used, remains through life in a condition of the most helpless feebleness. This is the reason—we know of no other—why, in the case of the generality of men, the left hand is weaker than the right. The general inclination to use the right hand in preference to the left, to whatever cause it may be owing, and the consequently greater amount of exercise enjoyed by the former, cause it to advance far ahead of the other in the attainment of strength. It would appear as if exercise—the habitual repetition of the acts for which it was intended by nature—were part of the necessary aliment of the muscular part of our frame; as essential to its full development as the flow of blood through our veins, the admission of air to the lungs, and the mastication, digestion, and assimilation of food are to the preservation of life. Campbell's beautiful line,

"The might that *slumbers* in a peasant's arm,"

would thus appear, exquisite as is the poetical image it presents, to be founded on a physical error. Might cannot continue to slumber in any arm. If it does so it dies. It may be noiseless, unobtrusive, putting itself forth in hidden directions where its movements escape notice, but it has not been asleep. Had it slept, it would not have been to be found when wanted, nor been able to step forth into vigorous action when the necessity for its appearance arose.

Into the *rationale* of this arrangement of Nature it is unnecessary to enter. No matter whether we are able or not to explain, why or how it is, that every exercise of our muscles in the mode intended by Nature adds to their strength, and that, by neglecting or avoiding to exercise them, we prevent them from acquiring the strength necessary for enabling them to maintain their due place in our system; it is enough for us to know that the fact is so—that it is a *law*, upon whose uniform operation we can repose with unerring certainty. It points out to us the means by which we can bring our bodily frame to the highest state of perfection of which its original constitution will admit; and it also indicates to us, by a very natural analogy, a means by which we may probably reach the utmost attainable perfection of our moral nature—strengthening what is good—weakening and deadening what is evil.

The influence of habit, or of the frequent repetition of such acts as are the object of any natural tendency, appetite, or desire, in increasing the intensity of the natural feeling which prompts to their performance, is matter of the commonest observation. It proves to us that we have, in one class of cases at least, reason for inferring the existence of an analogy between the body and the mind in regard to the increase of strength derived by any organ of either from the frequent exercise of its functions. For the desire, or appetite, though closely related to the body, and incapable, perhaps, of being

exercised otherwise than through its instrumentality, is in itself a purely mental affection; and, as it undeniably derives continued accessions of strength from the simple fact of being repeatedly put forth, we have it thus proved that one class of mental affections does derive strength from exercise; and we therefore do no violence to the most cautious principles of reasoning when we infer, as a matter of the highest probability, that it is a general law, that *all* our powers, moral and intellectual, as well as bodily, derive their strength from continued and well regulated exercise, and dwindle away, sicken, and die in the absence of that necessary aliment.

It is therefore no delusion, but a great practical truth, that we can cultivate ourselves, as a gardener cultivates a rich fruit, so as to make ourselves in the end something very different from, and infinitely superior to, the unpromising affair which we found ourselves at starting; that we can cause what is good in us to grow in magnitude and strength, until it becomes the predominating part of our being; and that we can reduce the evil to such a condition of feebleness and insignificance, that it shall, in the end, almost cease to give us any annoyance. And the mode of cultivation which we are to adopt, is just the continued and regular exercise of those feelings and principles of action which we wish to cause to predominate, and systematically retaining in a state of inactivity those which we wish to weaken and destroy.

It is a mistake, we suspect, often fallen into—at least we have ourselves been conscious of an unacknowledged feeling of the kind,—to feel as if it were hopeless, and therefore scarcely a duty, to attempt to enter upon the exercise of a virtue to which we are conscious of not possessing a strong natural tendency, or of possessing, perhaps, a tendency to its opposite vice. Under the influence of this mistake, the utmost that is done is to allow our virtuous aspirations to evaporate in mere longings after the possession of a better spirit, as aimless and unpractical as the wishes of a man of unattractive personal appearance that his limbs were better formed, and his features more regular and expressive. There is a sort of imagination, that virtuous actions are to be expected only from men so constituted as that to act virtuously costs them no effort; and thus, instead of manfully setting about being virtuous, we are too apt, even in our best moods, to satisfy ourselves with merely wishing that we were so. We invert the true order of things. We expect to find ourselves at the goal before we have entered upon the course. We exemplify the folly of the man immortalized by the Greek Joe Miller, Hierocles, who having been nearly drowned in an attempt to swim, resolved never again to touch water until he had become perfect in the art. It is, we may rely upon it, as true in morals, that a virtuous spirit is only to be attained by continued and sustained efforts to perform virtuous deeds, as it is, in physics, that the art of swimming can only be acquired by repeated attempts to swim.

There is a certain amount of honesty in abstaining from acts, the performance of which is generally accepted as evidence of an inclination, which we are conscious we do not possess, towards any particular virtue. We cannot help, amid all our disapprobation for his irregularity of conduct, feeling some sort of respect for the man who disdains to appear better than he really is. It is undeniably one point of goodness, not to be a hypocrite. But let us not make more of it than it is worth, nor fall into the mistake of accepting the reverse of wrong for right. Hypocrisy has been very happily, but not quite accurately, described to be an homage which vice renders to virtue. It is an acknowledgment of the superior excellence of the latter, and so far serves a useful purpose that it bears public testimony to a truth. The homage itself is a right thing, and the withholding of it a serious crime; but, to describe hypocrisy truly, we must add something more to the definition. Its essence consists in this, that it is an homage paid by vice to virtue to serve the purposes of vice; that it is a yielding

of outward reverence to the good, in order more securely to bestow the affections of the heart upon the evil. The bad man who refuses to put on the outward appearance of a regard for virtue which he does not feel, is one step further removed from utter reprobation, than he who endeavours, by a show of outward reverence for virtue, to secure a larger license for vicious indulgence; but only one step. He is more offensive, without being more respectable, than he who, though feeling no desire, and making no effort, after amelioration of character, shows so far a deference for what he knows to be right, as to cast a decent veil over his moral deformities. And he is not only offensive, but a fool, if he makes his boasted dislike of hypocrisy an excuse for holding back from that course of virtuous endeavour, which we believe to be the only means within our reach of acquiring, and rearing up to maturity, of strength, virtuous inclinations.

Let no man, therefore, who truly desires to become better than he is, suffer his consciousness of the present want of strong moral principle, or of a real inclination for what he knows to be right, to deter him from the endeavour to act as these feelings would prompt him to do if he possessed them. If he feels humiliated by the reflection that his conduct speaks a different language from his heart, and fears that, on that account, he may be chargeable with hypocrisy, let him console himself by reflecting, that, in adopting the outward demeanour, the habits, and practices of virtue, he is taking the most effectual means in his power for bringing round his heart to a right tone of moral feeling; and that, so long as the object of the appearance of virtue which he puts on, is that he may thereby gain the reality, he is free from that which constitutes the very essence of hypocrisy.

Let us take, for example, the case of a man who is naturally of an avaricious disposition—of slow and reluctant sympathies for the sufferings of others, and whose habitual inclination, when he sees any one in need of assistance, is to pass by on the other side. If such a man, impressed by some means with the persuasion that he would be a better man, happier, and more estimable, if his heart were more open to sympathy for the distresses of his neighbours, and his hand more ready to relieve them, continues to act on the impression that a change of his natural disposition must precede any available attempt on his part to change the course of his outward actions, he will never succeed in changing either. Mere wishes, not carried out into action, will be as little productive of permanent effect, as the slight breeze which ruffles the surface of the lake. The breeze falls, and the water returns to its former condition of calm placidity. The slight sickly seed of sympathy within him, will sicken yet more and more from the want of its proper nourishment, until at last it sinks beyond all possibility of recovery. But, on the other hand, let him begin by doing, no matter how grudgingly,—with what constraint upon his inclinations,—that which the feelings he desires to possess would prompt him to do in the circumstances if he had them—let him give, however unwillingly,—let him act the part of the good Samaritan, with however had a grace,—and let him but continue steadfastly so doing; the selfish hardness of his heart will by degrees give way under the repeated strokes of this wholesome discipline; the sympathies forcibly called into action will acquire the habit of coming spontaneously; the habits of his mind, the tendency of his feelings, will fall into a new track, over which they will travel with ease and vigour; that which was at first a painful constraint will grow to be a pleasurable impulse; by a moral chemistry, analogous to that by which we convert the food we eat into a part of our bodily frame, the mind, daily nourished upon virtuous habits, will assimilate them into virtuous principles; until, by this course of *self-cultivation*, the whole character of the man is changed: the crab is converted into an apple.

We might go over the whole catalogue of the virtues in like manner, and illustrate by each of them the prin-

ciple of self-cultivation which we have been endeavouring to enforce. We might show that there is no one quality which gives a man a pre-eminence over his fellows, which is not, to a greater or less degree, within the reach of whoever will take the trouble of placing himself under the requisite training for its attainment; that, making the proper allowance for constitutional differences, the existence of which it would be folly to deny, every quality of which a seed, however minute, exists in the mind, may be made to grow up into strength, or sink into inanition, according to the direction which we give to our active habits.

The advantage of this mode of looking at the question of self-training, is that it is pre-eminently practical, that it clears away from the subject the haze which invests it, as long as we speak of the mind, its faculties, or inclinations, as things to be moved or affected by the will. We feel assured that we speak to the experience of many of our readers,—that we recall to their minds the recollection of many a feeling of anxious bewilderment, connected with that portion of their lives when the mind most perplexes itself with high and abstruse questions—the period of emerging from early childhood, when we refer to the inevitable obscurity attending such precepts as direct us to *be* this or *be* that, but fail to indicate what we are to *do* in order to *be* what is required. How often, after listening with submissive reverence to the sage and serious counsels of an affectionate parent—admirable in every thing but the want of a distinct practical bearing—does the child depart, his heart glowing with a longing for the purity of heart, the heavenly serenity of temper, the resolute courage in the path of duty, which have been so feelingly urged upon him, but his mind hopelessly perplexed with the inquiry, to which he can find no satisfactory answer, “How am I to set about it? What thing am I to do that I may attain all this?” He feels that he cannot lay his hand upon the mind itself, and make it abide until he has moulded it according to the model set before him; and he does not know what else he can do. How great a relief would he not find from his perplexity in the simplicity, the directness, the almost mechanical practicability of the precept, which, bidding him give up as useless the attempt to produce a permanent effect upon the mind by a mere effort of volition, however sustained, or by any other means pointed directly at the mind itself, shows him how he can accomplish the object by entering upon a course of action involving no mystery as to means, and every step of which is placed under the direct and undivided control of the will.

If we are right in the view we have taken of this subject, it follows that no original faultiness of constitution can ever be a sufficient excuse for permanent degradation of character. Whatever may be the case with regard to occasional outbursts of natural temper or disposition, no man can go on saying with truth of any course of action to the end of the chapter, “I could not help it.” There is nothing which we cannot help, unless it be the height of our stature, or the hue of our skin. These we cannot alter “by taking thought;” but, in other respects, we are our own gardeners, having it in our power to make of ourselves very much what we please, to cause one branch to grow and another to wither away, as we find to be most conducive to the eventual perfection of our being.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE contemplation of living nature has always riveted the attention of thoughtful men, and opened innumerable sources of the purest enjoyment to the

inquiring intellects of every age. The numberless forms of beauty and grandeur which crowd this universe, have such a deep significance, that all truth-seeking minds must stand and gaze reverently, till the great phenomena are understood.

When we consider that millions upon millions of living beings, each possessing an organization the mysteries of which baffle all the acuteness of our philosophy, present daily subjects for speculation, it is no matter of surprise to find multitudes drawn to the spectacle. The theme is not deep and recondite, for beauty is here united with simplicity, whilst a rich diversity of facts ensures a constant flow of interest.

The subjects of natural history are ever at hand; all parts of the earth, every ocean region, and the wide far-stretching aerial spaces, pour forth a stream of life for our contemplation. Thus the world is but one great cabinet of wonders, open to all who have acquired the ability to use it rightly. How pitiable to live in this vast museum of nature, ignorant of the beauties surrounding us, seeing no mystery, and therefore impressed by no reverence! Such resemble the rustic, who walked without interest through a gallery, rich in the great works of many ages, but was, in the next hour, thrown into ecstasies by the tumbles of a harlequin. The countryman did not understand the objects displayed, hence his mind kindled not. In like manner, indifference to the great facts of nature arises from our ignorance of those bright facts, and glorious revelations, which light up with a mysterious splendour the whole system of nature.

Let us, therefore, look into the universe of life: let us gaze upon the countless proofs of wisdom, and goodness, in the worlds of animated existence, assured that, from the minutest invisible animalculæ, through every order of being, we shall find matter to enlarge the intellect and improve the heart.

It is, therefore, our purpose to furnish a series of articles, comprehending the most important and interesting facts in natural history, so arranged that each department shall have its due share of attention, and all its parts presented in a certain number of consecutive papers. Each division of a subject will be discussed before proceeding to the next, and thus the reader will possess an unbroken and full view of the whole series.

We commence with the inhabitants of the air, a department of Natural History abounding in diversified and striking facts. From the age of Aristotle to the present period, Ornithology has won for itself the attention of the most distinguished zoologists, who have devoted their best years to the illustrations of its facts and principles. Some, carried away by their enthusiasm, have given up, for a time, the pleasures of civilization, penetrated into wild regions, and made their homes in almost inaccessible forests, for the better observation of the habits and instincts of the feathered tribes. Nor let any too hastily conclude such pursuits beneath the dignity of man. God is known by his works; and the glory of the Eternal may be as clearly manifested by the organization of a bird, as by the structure of a planet.

It is evident that birds must be classed according to their several natures, in order that a clear survey may be taken of their history. No extensive subject can be studied, without some arrangement of its facts; and the better the disposition, the greater will be the

facility given to the student in prosecuting his researches. We do not intend to describe minutely the various systems of classification advocated by different authors, as a sentence or two will suffice for stating the principles on which all classification is founded.

If two birds are seen at the same time, one feeding on land, the other in the water, no person, however ignorant of ornithology, would place them in the same order. We would call the one a land, the other a water bird. This is the primary division made by the celebrated English naturalists, Willoughby and Ray, whose system was published about the year 1676. They divide the whole feathered creation into land and water birds—an arrangement which is both simple and natural. Again, we may perceive a striking dissimilarity between two land birds; and this diversity requires further classification. One may be a bird of prey, the other a feeder on grain. All of the first kind, we should class by themselves, and call the whole order *raptores*, from the Latin word *raptor*, which denotes a plunderer. The feeders on grain we should designate by the term *Granivori*, signifying grain eaters. These divisions we call orders.

But we might discover some remarkable differences between the birds in one of these orders; as, for instance, the eagle and the owl are both placed in the order *raptores*; but they are widely separated by some obvious peculiarities.

Hence arises the necessity for a further division. The eagles would be classed by themselves, under the name *falconide*, which includes all birds of the falcon kind. The owls we should arrange in a group, by the term *strigide*, a word derived from *strix*, the Latin for an owl. These subdivisions are called families; and, in a regular system, would thus be placed.

ORDER *Raptores*.

First family, *falconide*.

Second family, *strigide*.

These remarks may serve to illustrate the principles of scientific classification; and the following outline of what is called the *Linnean* system, may more clearly exemplify the usual methods of classification.

First order, *raptores*, or birds of prey; which includes vultures, eagles, owls, and butcher-birds.

Second order, *pica*, or *pica*. This includes numerous birds, such as the crow, bird of paradise, cuckoo, and parrot.

Third order, *passeres*; a large order, including the pigeon, thrush, finches, robins, &c.

Fourth order, *galline*; comprehending all the poultry kind: such as the pheasant, peacock, and turkey.

Fifth order, *grallae*. These are wading birds, as the heron, bittern, woodcock, and snipe.

Sixth order, *anseræ*, including all of the geese and duck kind.

This arrangement is not given as the most perfect, but as sufficiently explicit for the general reader. The naturalist is well aware of the imperfections clinging to most systems of classification; but it would be useless to weary the reader with comparisons between the classifications of Linnaeus, Pennant, Cuvier, and Temminck. Nor would the most enthusiastic ornithologist be much edified by an analyzation of the Quinary system, with its orders, tribes, and families of *fives*.

We shall now proceed to notice some facts connected with the organization and habits of birds, which may prepare the reader to enter with advantage into the details of the ensuing articles.

Flight of Birds.—The first phenomenon which attracts the attention of those who observe the peculiarities of birds, is that of flight. The easy and beautifully undulatory motion of an animal body through the air, compels the attention of the most sluggish.

How do birds fly? is a question which a child may

ask, but to which many men are unable to reply. Most have a notion that the bird is somehow raised by the wings striking against the air, but here the ideas stop.

The act of flying is the result of a series of complicated and beautiful agencies, illustrating the character of that infinite wisdom, which is equally adorable, whether manifested in the workings of the solar system, or developed in the muscular action of a winged animal.

Let us notice a bird in the act of rising from the ground. The animal does not rely first upon its wings, but uses the legs to assist it in making a spring upwards, by which it clears the ground, and secures air-room for the action of the wings.

Any one who observes the rising of a bird, must notice the crouch by which it prepares for the spring; and which may be compared to the plunge made by a diver into the water. So essential is the action of the legs in this spring, that birds with very short legs, as the swift, rarely alight upon the ground, as if conscious of the difficulty of rising.

When the bird has clearly risen from the ground, the agency of the wings is at once applied. As the arms of a swimmer, sweeping through the water, give the body an impulse, so the wings of a bird, striking another fluid, sends the animal forwards or upwards, according to the direction of the impulse. When the wings are raised to make the impelling stroke, they are kept as closely folded as possible, in order to diminish the resistance of the air; but, in making the stroke, each wing is fully expanded, to render that resistance as great as possible. Thus the rower feathers his oar, or turns the edge to the wind when bringing it forwards, but presents the whole breadth of the blade to the water in making the stroke. By such a series of rapid strokes the flight is performed.

But a further provision for facilitating this aerial locomotion must be noticed. The larger bones of a bird are hollow, and without marrow; these cavities are filled with air from the lungs when the bird flies, and thus the body becomes much lighter than is possible in the case of an animal whose bones are solid or filled with marrow. Besides the air cells just named, there are numerous cavities interspersed through the body, into which air is injected.

The air is rarefied by the heat of the bird's body, and must therefore act upon it as gas upon a balloon, tending to raise the whole trunk upwards.

This inflation of the body must evidently be an important auxiliary in promoting the flight of birds, especially of those which soar to great heights. We need hardly remind the reader that all the feathers of a full grown bird are hollow, as the inspection of a quill will show; these are also filled with air in flying; so that every part of a bird during flight is filled with gas like a balloon. In addition to all these means, birds are furnished with muscles of great strength; those which move a swallow's wing being at least seventy times stronger in proportion to the other muscles, than those which move the human arm. From all these combinations directed to one end, arise those varied, graceful, and easy motions, exhibited in the long sweep of the eagle, and the circling flight of the pigeon.

Hence we cannot wonder at the failure of all attempts to enable man to fly; for no machinery can provide the human body with air cells, by which its specific gravity might be diminished; nor can an arm acquire muscular power to move artificial wings, with the force which a bird exerts in each of its numerous strokes.

Hence we must ever yield to birds the realms of air, in spite of all our balloons and highly-wrought mechanical devices.

The Feet of Birds.—These, though of less importance to most birds than the wings, require a few observations. The feet and legs of birds are as beautifully adapted to their several modes of life as the wings. This, indeed, we should expect, for all the productions of an infinite designer must be equally perfect. The differences between the feet of birds have a great influence in fixing

their place in ornithological arrangements, for it is obvious that the duck's paddle-shaped feet fit it for the water; whilst those of the swallow, or sparrow, are formed for perching and clinging to branches, twigs, or other projections.

Those birds which seek their food in marshes, and shallow waters, as the heron, require long legs to assist them in wading; and with these they are provided; whereas, such limbs would be an incumbrance to the hawk, which requires a powerful grasping apparatus.

Most persons, doubtless, have observed a bird sleeping on its perch: and some may have wondered how a sleeping bird maintains its position on one leg during the most tempestuous night, when the branches of the gnarled oak are tossed to and fro by the storm; yet there the little slumberer rests safely, whilst our strongest houses tremble to their foundation. The mechanism of the bird's leg secures this result without effort. The moment a bird perches upon a branch the weight of its body causes the leg to bend at the joint; this bending tightens a set of muscles which descend to the toes; this stretching of the muscles forces the claws to contract round the substance on which the bird stands. Thus the claws are kept tightly grasped round the twig till the bird chooses to move. Such is the simple and beautiful mechanism by which the smallest of the feathered race maintains its hold by one leg during the longest night; and a bird is most completely at rest when standing, for this stretching of the muscle does not require the slightest labour on the part of a bird. The shape of a bird's body requires a peculiar organization of the feet. The body projects forward, very much, hence the toes must be long, to give a strong base of support, and prevent the bird from falling forward. All birds have feet and legs, though sometimes they are very short; hence the term *apodæ* (footless), given to some, and especially to the birds of paradise, is erroneously applied.

The sight of birds—is another point deserving consideration. The vast height to which some birds soar, and their detection of small objects from such immense altitudes, prove the possession of strong seeing organs. It has been proved by repeated experiments, that birds can see minute objects at distances beyond the power of the human eye, and it is supposed that the carrier pigeon is guided in its voyages by the eye alone. Soaring circle above circle, it gains at last a view of its well-known home, and flies direct to its destination.

The kite frequently rises to a height beyond our view, but mice, and the smallest animals, can be discerned with ease from its loftiest ranges.

By what peculiar organization of the eye do birds possess this astonishing power of sight? *The optic nerve*—is very much expanded, and thus numerous sensations are received by a bird to which our organs are insensible. The eyes of birds are also much larger in proportion to their size than those of other animals; hence some birds are completely overpowered by the full glare of the sun, and come abroad in the evening, when their exquisitely constructed organs are able to extract abundant light from the dimness of twilight.

The circle of vision must be very great in birds, for an eye being placed on either side of the head, they must take in nearly two semicircles of the whole horizon. A man sees the same object with both eyes, but a bird may see at the same time, a tree on one side, and a man on the other; and each perception be distinct and accurate. The eyes of birds are defended from injuries in their rapid flights, and from the intense glare of the sun, by a kind of curtain, which can be drawn at will over the eye. It is transparent, and thus the organ of vision is protected, and sight not obstructed. The eyelids form an additional defensive curtain, for these, being large, especially the lower one, are of themselves a secure protective case.

Hearing of birds.—When we observe the human ear, we see an extended conformation fitted to collect sounds.

No such structure is perceived in the generality of birds; hence some have imagined that their power of hearing must be feeble. This however is not the fact. Birds have no external ear, because such an appendage to the head would have interfered with their movements through the air, but they possess an auditory conformation perfectly adapted to their natures. The aptness for imitating sounds and musical compositions, proves great quickness of ear. Birds have been known to listen with every symptom of delight to pieces of music, and to manifest anger when their favourite melodies have been exchanged for others. Thus a pigeon listened to the performance of Madame Piozzi on the harpsichord, and detected any variation from correctness, which the lady often made to test its delicacy of ear.

The nightingale distinguishes a rival in song, when the distance requires the nicest attention and quickest ear in man to detect the remote melody. Thus the absence of an external ear must be compensated by great delicacy of structure in the internal organ.

Voice of Birds.—The variety, strength, and beauty of the sounds uttered by these inhabitants of the air, delight all persons. As our observations must be brief, the reader must not expect a treatise on the song of birds. Such notices will be given, as opportunity offers, in the subsequent papers.

The lungs and windpipe of birds may be compared to an organ or bagpipe; the lungs supply the wind, and the windpipe represents the pipes. The sounds produced by some have a startling resemblance to those proceeding from a hautboy, or clarinet; and the various windings of the windpipe may be likened to the turns of a French horn, or the divisions of a bassoon.

Muscles of great power have been demonstrated by anatomists to exist in the vocal organs of birds noted for their power of voice; and the cries of many birds, as storks and geese, reach us when they are more than a league above the earth. When the rarity of the higher parts of the air, and the downward passage of the sound, are considered, we must regard the vocal organs of these birds as possessing five or six times the strength of the human voice.

There are evidently certain notes which birds of all species understand, especially the alarm cry, sounded on the approach of danger. Thus, let a hawk be described by a swallow, the latter raises a peculiar cry: from every spot a host of other birds, swallows, sparrows, robins, finches, &c., rush to the place, as if to meet in battle array their foe.

Birds which move in troops by night, as geese, cranes, and the like, have a note which enables them to avoid straggling in the dark. There is, also, a peculiar cry uttered by many birds, upon the discovery of a large feeding ground, which never fails to bring troops of their species to the place. Hence, for strife, or peace, there are fixed sounds, understood by all birds of the same race, and, in some cases, by all birds whatever.

The variations in the notes of birds are numerous, and result from differences in the windpipe, just as large organ pipes produce a deeper tone than those of a smaller diameter. Some connexion appears to exist between the nature of the bill and the character of the song; for all soft-billed birds have mellow and plaintive voices, whilst those of the hard-billed kind are lively and harsher. The former also sing more from the lower part of the throat than the latter, and thus acquire that rich mellowness of note, possessed in its highest perfection by the nightingale.

Birds of the same species do not keep to one note; and White illustrates this fact in his account of some owls. He says, "A friend remarks that most owls hoot in B flat; but that one went almost half a note below A." "A neighbour of mine remarks that the owls about the village, hoot in their different keys, in G flat, or F sharp, in B flat, and A flat. The note of the cuckoo varies in different individuals; for about Selbourne wood they were mostly in D. He heard two

sing together, the one in D, the other in D sharp, which made a disagreeable concert; he afterwards heard one in D sharp, and some in C."

Here this introductory article must be brought to a close. In the next part, we shall describe the habits, uses, and peculiarities of birds of prey, illustrating those topics by appropriate facts and observations.

THE HOLY CITY.

[Second Notice.]

"Even the lifeless stone is dear
For thoughts of Him."

HOLY Scripture, and all the ancient writers, agree that the site of Calvary was formerly without the city; but it has been brought within its bounds by a later disposition of the walls. The credit of the whole church, Mr. Williams says, for fifteen hundred years, is in some measure involved in the tradition relating to the Holy Sepulchre; and we are bound to weigh with jealousy the evidence adduced by Dr. Robinson and Dr. Clarke, which would convict of fraud and hypocrisy the brightest lights of the universal Church, at a period which we are taught to regard as "uncorrupt," when Christianity was "most pure, and, indeed, golden." "Either they were impostors," says Mr. Williams, "or they had sufficient evidence to believe that they had really recovered the Sepulchre of our Lord. And it is remarkable that the strongest objection that has been urged against the authority of the tradition, is such as it would have been most easy to obviate—such as an impostor would have been certain to foresee, and most careful to anticipate."

We have not space to follow Mr. Williams in his long controversy with Dr. Robinson, respecting the Holy Sepulchre, but shall now proceed to abridge his account of that holy place, and the localities around it. The Sepulchre itself consists of two chambers, whereof the outer one is said to have been built by St. Helena, while the inner one is represented as the very cave, hewn out of the rock, where was the tomb of our Lord. The very spot where the holy body is said to have lain, is now covered with marble to protect it from injury. "The tomb was designed by Joseph for his own burial, so that it had but one receptacle; and, as it had known no occupant before, so we may be well assured that it would know none after it had been so honoured, but would be preserved inviolate by its believing owner, who would provide himself another resting-place, probably in the same sacred garden." The Sepulchre stands in the centre of a circular building, covered with a handsome dome left open at the top, in order that the tomb may be exposed to the canopy of heaven. Opposite to the entrance of the cave is the door of the Greek church, supposed to occupy the site of the Basilica erected by Constantine. This is the finest church in Jerusalem, excepting only the magnificent church of St. James, attached to the Armenian convent on Mount Zion. It is of large dimensions, and surmounted by a cupola of considerable size. A cloister runs completely round the church without, forming the means of communication between the sacred localities, common to all the Christians.

The church of the Franciscans is a meaner building, to the north of the Sepulchre, and is called the Church

of the Apparition. Mr. Williams thus describes the other parts of the sacred building: "The Armenians worship in one of the galleries of the Rotunda; the Syrians have a small chapel in the thickness of the wall to the west of the Sepulchre; while the Copts have their altar in a small erection, scarcely large enough to admit the officiating priest; at the west of the cave itself. There are also apartments in the neighbourhood of the respective chapels, assigned to the monks of these several churches, who wait continually on their ministry at the sacred places, and live immured, as it were, within the walls; while other chapels, commemorative of events connected with our Saviour's Passion, in various parts of the building, occupy the remainder of the sacred enclosure, which is of considerable extent.

"The entrance is from a paved court on the south side, through the westernmost of two handsome doorways, with an architrave in bas-relief, representing our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The first object that attracts attention within the building is the stone of unction in the vestibule. . . . Proceeding a few paces down this [south] cloister, [the pilgrim] finds on the right a flight of eighteen steps leading up to the chapel of the Holy Golgotha; and if he be an oriental he will put off his shoes from his feet, and approach with reverential awe the scene of his Lord's last Passion, and draw near on bended knees to the very spot of the Crucifixion. If he be an Englishman or American, the attendant priest will not look for such a deportment; he will expect nothing more than a look of indifference, or at most of idle curiosity, and will be prepared for sceptical objections; he will even look for an expression of incredulity, and an apparent pre-determination to disbelieve. It is sad to think that a person in Frank habit, kneeling at Calvary and the Sepulchre of Christ, and offering up his devotions at these sacred spots, venerated by Christians of all nations for fifteen hundred years, should be as it were a monster to those who witness it; but such is the fact. . . . At the east end of the north side of the double chapel he will see a platform raised about a foot and a half from the floor, covered with white marble; and, under the altar of the orthodox he will observe a hole in the marble, communicating with a deep bore in the solid rock, in which he will be told that our Saviour's cross was erected. Near this, on his right, he will see another incision in the marble, showing a fissure in the rock, said to have been occasioned by the earthquake which occurred at the time of the Crucifixion.¹ If he examine it minutely he will perceive that 'the insides do testify that art had no hand therein, each side to other being answerably rugged, and these where inaccessible to the workmen.' The continuation of this cleft may be seen in the chapel of the Forerunner, below Golgotha. . . ."

We are then conducted to the cave where St. Helena is supposed to have discovered the cross of our Lord:—

"Descending from Golgotha, and passing down the cloister towards the east, we come to a wide staircase, leading down twenty-nine steps to a chapel of the Armenians, where they show the throne of St. Helena; and then, by thirteen more, into the cave where the cross of our Lord is said to have been discovered. There the rock overhangs the chapel, which is formed in its cavity.

"The Invention of the Holy Cross, which is commemorated in the English calendar on May 3, would seem to be historically connected with St. Helena's visit, and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; and a writer, who is least disposed to admit the reality of the discovery, is forced to acknowledge, that 'notwithstanding the silence of Eusebius, there would seem to be hardly any part of history better accredited than the alleged discovery of the true cross.'"

(1) "It is said to have been rent at the feet of the centurion, and to have produced the exclamation, St. Matt. xxvii. 54."

"St. Ambrose is the first extant writer who gives a detailed account of the undertaking, and ascribes it to St. Helena. In his discourse upon the death of Theodosius, he takes occasion to eulogize the mother of Constantine, and relates the success of her endeavour to possess herself of the Holy Cross. This narrative, divested of the flowers of oratory, is simple enough, and contains no account of any miracle, unless the very preservation of the wood deserves to be so considered. This father, in argument with St. Chrysostom, relates the discovery of three crosses, and that the Cross of our Lord was distinguished by the title affixed to it by Pilate; not by the restoration of a sick person to health, or of a dead corpse to life, as we find in later writers.

"St. Helena would appear to have been guided in this case, as in the case of the Holy Sepulchre, by the received and continuous tradition of the native Christian church, which reported that the instrument of our Lord's crucifixion had been cast aside, in the hurry of the preparation of the Passover, into a pit near the place of execution, which she caused to be examined, and three crosses were actually discovered; and, however strange or startling the fact may appear, it is better to suspend the judgment, if we are not satisfied with the evidence, than to impute so great a crime as imposture and fraud to men who, for ought we know to the contrary, may have been eminent saints."

Mr. Williams passes from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the opposite hill of Moriah; and he appears to have subjected it to a very minute inspection. The Mosque of Omar occupies part of its site. It is octagonal in form; its dome is covered with lead, surmounted by a tall gilt crescent. Beneath the dome is a remarkable limestone rock, which appears to be the natural surface of the rock of Mount Moriah. Here, also, are the Mosque of el-Aksa, with two or three others, and the remains of the tower of Antonia. Mr. Williams thinks there can be but one opinion that the Mosque el-Aksa is the church erected by the Emperor Justinian, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and was described as placed on the loftiest hill of the city. "I firmly believe," says Mr. Williams, "that es-Shakrah (the rock) does mark the site of the Most Holy Place, as Christians, Jews, and Mahomedans all agree."

Eusebius, commenting on the predictions of our Lord respecting the entire destruction of the Temple, so that "there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down," says, "Just as the prediction was, are the results in fact remaining; the whole Temple and its walls, as well as those ornamented and beautiful buildings which were within it, and which exceeded all description, having suffered desolation from that time to this!"

After making a longer quotation from Eusebius, Mr. Williams adds:—

"Thus far Eusebius. For myself I look for the accomplishment of the prophecy in its widest and most literal sense; and expect that if there be still one stone left upon another, which at least is not certain, the mighty, though silent, operation of that wonder-working Word will in due time bring it down; and who can tell whether, before the time of the end, some second Julian may not renew the attempt to rebuild the Jewish temple, which antichrist alone shall rear, and whether this attempt may not result in the destruction of such portions of it as remain?"

Mr. Williams now proceeds to describe the antiquities without the city.

"We quit the city by the gate of 'our Lady Mary' (Bab Sitti Miriam), as the natives term it, more commonly known to the Franks as the St. Stephen's Gate. . . . Descending now into the Valley of Jehoshaphat by a zig-zag path of steps down the deep declivity, the dry bed of the torrent Kedron is passed by a bridge of one arch, a few paces beyond which is the chapel of St. Mary, on the left, and the garden of Gethsemane on

the right, between which the most direct path ascends to the church of the Ascension, which crowns the centre of the three summits of the Mount Olivet, 2,400 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea."

After replying to a late severe attack on the tradition which marks this as the scene of the last act of our Saviour's ministry, Mr. Williams says:—

"A very few words may suffice for the description of this ruin, for at present it is nothing more. Instead of a church there is now a mosque near this site, the keeper of which holds the keys of a small portal giving entrance into a paved court of some extent, open to the sky, around which are ranged the altars of the various Christian churches, while the centre is occupied by a small circular building, surmounted by a cupola. . . . Descending now to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by a more circuitous path, we pass the Cave of the Creed, a curious vaulted chamber in ruins, beneath the surface of the ground, apparently sunk in the rock, and plastered; oblong in form, with six niches on each side facing one another, where the apostles are said to have assembled to compose the Creed. Further down the mountain side is pointed out the spot where our Lord wept over the city, and foretold its destruction."

The Fountain of Siloam is thus described:—

"The descent to the spring is one of the most picturesque *pieces* about Jerusalem. It is effected by a flight of steps, much worn by the natives, cut through the rock, which is wildly irregular. There are twenty-six steps, making the depth about twenty-five feet, for the steps are deep. There is a cave in the rock, of no great dimensions, roughly hewn, into which the water flows from beneath the lowest step. . . . From the chamber there is a channel cut in a serpentine course, 1,750 feet long, to convey the water to the Pool of Siloam, which will next demand attention. To reach it we ascend again to the bed of the Kedron, and pass round the point of Ophel, a distance of 1,355 feet. . . . Turning to the right, round a sharp angle of rock, we enter the mouth of the valley of the Tyropean, and passing under the precipitous rock, which has a small channel for the water cut in its base, we soon arrive at the Pool of Siloam.

" . . . The pool itself is a small tank just without the fissure, of an oblong form, remarkable for nothing but some fragments of marble columns projecting from its sides, probably the remains of a church; the water is confined in this or in the rocky basin, and drawn off, as occasion requires, to irrigate the gardens beneath.

"There is every appearance of there having existed formerly a much larger reservoir than the present, immediately to the east of it, confined at the lower end by a substantial wall of masonry, which now forms a dry bridge, at the south end of which is the ancient tree said to mark the spot of Isaiah's martyrdom."

Of the Pool of Bethesda, Mr. Williams says:—

"It has been remarked by critics, that St. John, by his use of the present tense in speaking of Bethesda, intimates that it had survived the destruction of Jerusalem, and was still well known when he wrote his Gospel, at the close of the first century, which would form a strong presumption for its continued preservation until the time of Constantine. The pool is placed by this evangelist in the 'sheep-market,' but many commentators are of opinion that the word *gate* should be supplied in this passage instead of *market*. . . . It would appear that the tradition which marks the Birket Israil as the 'Pool of Bethesda,' has much to be said in its favour, and I am not aware of any arguments against it. The five porches have long since disappeared."

We must make one other extract from this chapter, and then pass on to Mr. Williams' account of Modern Jerusalem.

"From a very early period [Christians] have been taught, rightly or wrongly, to regard a chamber in the pile of buildings surrounding the tomb [of David], as

the upper room consecrated by the institution of the perfecting Sacrament of our Redemption, where also our Lord appeared to the assembled apostles after his resurrection, and where the Holy Ghost descended visibly on the believers on the day of Pentecost. It is related by Epiphanius, that this building, and a few others in its vicinity, escaped destruction on the desolation by Titus, and that this chamber was the church of the faithful after their return from Pella."

From the account of the present state of the Holy City and its inhabitants, we have merely room for the following extracts.

"The Christian pilgrim who approaches Jerusalem for the first time, will probably be disappointed to find that his emotions on the first sight of a city, associated in his mind from his earliest infancy with all that is most sacred, are so much less intense than he anticipated, and that he can look on Mount Olivet and Mount Zion with feelings, certainly not of indifference, but of much less painful interest than he imagined possible, when he thought on them at a distance. The truth is, the events transacted here are so great in every view, that the mind cannot at once grasp them; but is, as it were, stupified by the effort. It takes time to realize the truth that this is the home of Scripture History, the cradle of the Christian Church.

"If he is journeying from the west, as most pilgrims do, he will come in sight of the city about a mile from its gates, and will have the least interesting view which it presents—merely a dull line of wall, with the Mount of Olives rising above. He will, perhaps, have read of the desolate appearance of the neighbourhood of the city; it is sometimes said to resemble a city of the dead. Travellers, who have so written, must have been singularly unfortunate in the time of their entrance; for on a bright evening, at any time of the year, nothing can well be imagined more lively than the scene without the Jaffa Gate. It is then that the inhabitants, of whatever nation, and whatever faith, walk out to 'drink the air,' as they express it, and the various companies may be seen sauntering about, or reclining on the ground. Let him enter the gates, and the delusion which its compact and well-built walls, and the appearance of its inhabitants, may have produced, will be quickly dispelled. He no sooner enters the city than desolation stares him in the face.

"Let us suppose him present in Jerusalem during the holy week; he will feel a curiosity to witness the ceremonies in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—let him go, by all means, at least if he can go to mourn, not to mock or to triumph over the scenes which will there be enacted. If he arrives at the great gates of the Church about sunset, he will find them closed for a few minutes, while the Moslem guardian and his attendants perform their devotions. A small window in the door will allow him to watch their ceremony, and he may learn a lesson of outward propriety and decorum from the infidels, which he will look for in vain among the worshippers within. On his admission, the first object which will excite his astonishment and horror, will be the Turkish soldiers of the garrison standing with their bayonets fixed, in various parts of the sacred precincts, and about the Holy Cave itself. If he inquire the reason of this dreadful profanation, he will be informed that the Latins have requested it as a protection against molestation from the Greeks!

"But among all the exhibitions of the Christians in the Holy City, that which must most scandalize the infidels is their shameful divisions, accompanied with jealousies and heart-burnings, and not unfrequently attended with sanguinary quarrels and acts of violence, which call for the interference of the civil powers."

The principal Christian bodies in the Holy City are the Greeks and the Latins; the others are the Georgians, the Armenians, the Syrians, the Copts, and American Congregationalists. The Anglican Church, until the arrival of Bishop Alexander, in 1842, cannot pro-

perly be said to have been represented in Jerusalem. He was its representative in Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Abyssinia.

We must now take our leave of Jerusalem, and of Mr. Williams' very attractive and instructive volume. Many more passages might have been transferred to our pages, but for want of room. Those, however, that we have given will furnish a foretaste of the gratification which a perusal of Mr. Williams' book will not fail to afford. It is profusely illustrated by maps and plans, and by very clever lithographs and wood-cuts.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. III.

We had not more than five minutes left when we arrived at Dr. Mildman's door, Coleman affording a practical illustration of the truth of the aphorism, that "it is the pace that kills;" so that Thomas's injunction, "Look sharp, gentlemen," was scarcely necessary to induce us to rush up stairs two steps at a time. In the same hurry I entered my bed-room, without observing that the door was standing ajar rather suspiciously, for which piece of inattention I was rewarded by a deluge of water, which wetted me from head to foot, and a violent blow on the shoulder, which stretched me on the ground in the midst of a puddle. That I may not keep the reader in suspense, I will at once inform him, that I was indebted for this agreeable surprise to the kindness and skill of Lawless, who, having returned from his pigeon-match half-an-hour sooner than was necessary, had devoted it to the construction of what he called a "booby trap," which ingenious piece of mechanism was arranged in the following manner. The victim's room-door was placed ajar, and upon the top thereof a Greek Lexicon, or any other equally ponderous volume was carefully balanced, and upon this was set in its turn a jug of water. If all these were properly adjusted, the catastrophe above described was certain to ensue when the door was opened. "Fairly caught, by Jove," cried Lawless, who had been on the watch. "By Jupiter Pluvius, you should have said," joined in Coleman, helping me up again; for so sudden and unexpected had been the shock, that I had remained for a minute or two just as I had fallen, with a kind of vague expectation that the roof of the house would come down upon me. "I suppose I have to thank you for that," said I, turning to Lawless. "Pray don't mention it, Pinafore," answered he; "what little trouble I had in making the arrangement, I can assure you, was quite repaid by its success." "I'll certainly put on the gloves to-morrow," whispered I to Coleman—to which he replied by a sympathetic wink, adding, "and now I think you had better get ready, more particularly as you will have to find out 'how to dress *jugged hair*,' as the cookery-books say." By dint of almost superhuman exertions, I did just contrive to get down in time for dinner, though my unfortunate "*jugged hair*," which was any thing but dry, must have presented rather a singular appearance. In the course of dinner, Dr. Mildman told us that we should have the whole of the next day to ourselves, as he was obliged to go to Town on business, and should not return till the middle of the following one;—an announcement which seemed to afford great satisfaction to his hearers, despite an attempt made by Cumberland to keep up appearances by putting on a look of mournful resignation, which, being imitated by Coleman, who, as might be expected, rather overdid the thing, failed most signally. On returning to the Pupils' room, Lawless commenced (to my great delight, as I thereby enjoyed a complete immunity from his somewhat troublesome attentions) a full, true, and particular account of the

pigeon-match, in which his friend Clayton had, with unrivalled skill, slain a sufficient number of victims to furnish forth pies for the supply of the whole mess during the ensuing fortnight. At length, however, all was said that could be said, even upon this interesting subject, and the narrator casting his eyes around in search of wherewithal to amuse himself, chanced to espy my new writing-desk, a parting gift from my dear little sister Fanny, who, with the self-denial of true affection, had saved up her pocket-money during many previous months, in order to provide funds for this munificent present. "Pinafore, is that desk yours?" demanded Lawless. Not much admiring the *sobriquet* by which Lawless chose to address me, I did not feel myself called upon to reply. "Are you deaf, Stupid? don't you hear me speaking to you?—where did you get that writing-desk?" Still I did not answer. "Sulky, eh? I shall have to lick him before long, I see. Here you, what's your name? Fairleigh, did your grandmother give you that writing-desk?" "No," replied I, "my sister Fanny gave it to me the day before I left home." "Oh, you have got a sister Fanny, have you? how old is she, and what is she like?" "She is just thirteen, and she has got the dearest little face in the world," answered I, earnestly, as the recollection of her bright blue eyes and sunny smile came across me. "How interesting!" sighed Coleman; "it quite makes my heart beat; you could not send for her, could you?" "And she gave you that desk, did she?—how very kind of her," resumed Lawless, putting the poker in the fire. "Yes, was it not?" said I, eagerly. "I would not have any harm happen to it for more than I can tell." "So I suppose," replied Lawless, still devoting himself to the poker, which was rapidly becoming red-hot. "Have you ever," continued he, "seen this new way they have of ornamenting things? encaustic work, I think they call it:—it's done by the application of heat, you know." "I never even heard of it," said I. "Ah! I thought not," rejoined Lawless. "Well, as I happen to understand the process, I'll condescend to enlighten your ignorance. Mullins, give me that desk." "Don't touch it," cried I, bounding forward to the rescue; "I won't have any thing done to it." My design was however frustrated by Cumberland and Lawless, who, both throwing themselves upon me at the same moment, succeeded, despite my struggles, in forcing me into a chair, where they held me, while Mullins, by their direction, with the aid of sundry neckcloths, braces, &c., tied me hand and foot, Coleman, who attempted to interfere in my behalf, receiving a push which sent him reeling across the room, and a hint that if he did not mind his own business he would be served in the same manner.

Having thus effectually placed me *hors de combat*, Lawless took possession of my poor writing-desk, and commenced tracing on the top thereof, with the red-hot poker, what he was pleased to term a "design from the antique," which consisted of a spirited outline of that riddle-loving female the Sphinx, as she appeared when dressed in top-boots and a wide-awake, and employed in smoking a cigar! He was giving the finishing touch to a large pair of moustaches, with which he had embellished her countenance, and which he declared was the only thing wanted to complete the likeness to an old aunt of Dr. Mildman's, whom they usually designated by the endearing appellation of "Growler," when the door opened, and Thomas announced that "Smithson" was waiting to see Mr. Lawless. "Oh, yes, to be sure, let him come in; no, wait a minute. Here, you, Coleman and Mullins, untie Fairleigh; be quick:—confound that desk, how it smells of burning, and I have made my hands all black too. Well Smithson, have you brought the things?" The person to whom this query was addressed, was a young man, attired in the extreme of the fashion, who lounged into the room, with a "quite at home" kind of air, and nodding familiarly all around, arranged his curls with a ring-adorned hand, as he replied in a drawling tone, "Ya'as, Mr. Lawless, we're

all right,—punctual to a moment—always ready 'to come to time,' as we say in the ring." "Who is he?" whispered I to Coleman. "Who is he?" replied Coleman; "why, the best fellow in the world, to be sure. Not know Smithson, the prince of tailors, the tailor *par excellence*? I suppose you never heard of the Duke of Wellington, have you?" I replied humbly, that I believed I had heard the name of that illustrious individual mentioned in connexion with Waterloo and the Peninsula,—and that I was accustomed to regard him as the first man of the age. "Aye, well then, Smithson is the second; though I really don't know whether he is not quite as great in his way as Wellington, upon my honour. The last pair of trowsers he made for Lawless were something sublime, a great deal too good for this wicked world." During this brief conversation, Smithson had been engaged in extricating a somewhat voluminous garment from the interior of a blue bag, which a boy, who accompanied him, had just placed inside the study door. "There, this is the new invention I told you about; a man named Macintosh hit upon it. Now, with this coat on, you might stand under a water-fall without getting even damp. Try it on, Mr. Lawless;—just the thing, eh, Gents?" Our curiosity being roused by this panegyric, we gathered round Lawless to examine the garment which had called it forth. Such of my readers as recollect the first introduction of Macintoshes, will doubtless remember that the earlier specimens of the race differed very materially in form from those which are in use at the present day. The one we were now inspecting was of a whity-brown colour, and, though it had sleeves like a coat, hung in straight folds from the waist to the ankles, somewhat after the fashion of a carter's frock, having huge pockets at the side, and fastening round the neck with a hook and eye. "How does it do?" asked Lawless, screwing himself round in an insane effort to look at the small of his own back, a thing a man is certain to attempt to do when employed in trying on a coat. "It does not make a fellow look like a Guy, does it?" "No, I rather admire the sort of thing," said Cumberland. "A jolly dodge for a shower of rain, and no mistake," put in Coleman. "It's deucedly fashionable, really," said Smithson—"this one of yours, and one we made for Augustus Flare-away, Lord Fitz-scampers's son, the man in the guards, you know, are the only two out yet." "I have just got it at the right time then," said Lawless; "I knew old Sam was going to Town, so I settled to drive Clayton over to Woodend, in the tandem, to-morrow. The harriers meet there at eleven, and this will be the very thing to hide the leathers, and tops, and the bit of pink under. I saw you at the match, by the bye, Smithy, this morning." "Ya'as, I was there; did you see the thing I was on?" "A bright bay, with a star on the forehead! a spicy looking nag enough; whose is it?" "Why, young Robarts, who came into a lot of tin the other day, has just bought it; Snaffles charged him ninety guineas for it." "And what is it worth?" asked Lawless. "Oh! he would not do a dirty thing by any gent I introduced," replied Smithson. "I took young Robarts there: he merely made his fair profit out of it; he gave 40% for it himself to the man who bred it, only the week before, to my certain knowledge: it's a very sweet thing, and would carry him well, but he's afraid to ride it; that's how I was on it to-day. I'm getting it steady for him." "A thing it will take you some time to accomplish, eh? A mount like that is not to be had for nothing, every day, is it?" "Ya'as, you're about right there, Mr. Lawless; you're down to every move, I see, as usual. Any orders to-day, Gents? your two vests will be home to-morrow, Mr. Coleman." "Here, Smithson, wait a moment," said Cumberland, drawing him on one side; "I was deucedly unlucky with the balls this morning," continued he in a lower tone, "can you let me have 25%?" "What you please, Sir," replied Smithson, bowing. "On the old terms, I suppose," observed Cumberland. "All right," answered Smithson. "Stay, I

can leave it with you now," added he, drawing out a leather case; "oblige me by writing your name here,—thank you." So saying, he handed some bank notes to Cumberland, carefully replaced the paper he had just signed in his pocket-book, and withdrew.

"Smithy was in great force to-night," observed Lawless, as the door closed behind him—"nicely they are bleeding that young ass Roberts among them—he has got into good hands to help him to get rid of his money, at all events. I don't believe Snaffles gave 40*l.* for that bay horse; he has got a decided curb on the off hock, if I ever saw one, and I fancy he's a little touched in the wind too, and there's another thing I should say—"

What other failing might be attributed to Mr. Roberts' bay steed, we were, however, not destined to learn, as tea was at this moment announced. In due time followed evening prayers, after which we retired for the night. Being very sleepy, I threw off my clothes, and jumped hastily into bed, by which act I became painfully aware of the presence of what a surgeon would term "certain foreign bodies;" i. e. not, as might be imagined, sundry French, German, and Italian corpses, but various hard substances, totally opposed to one's preconceived ideas of the component parts of a feather-bed. Sleep being out of the question on a couch so constituted, I immediately commenced an active search, in the course of which I succeeded in bringing to light two clothes-brushes, a boot-jack, a pair of spurs, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, and a brick-bat. Having freed myself from these tormentors, I soon fell asleep, and passed (as it seemed to me) the whole night in dreaming that I was a pigeon, or thereabouts, and that Smithson, mounted on the top-booted Sphynx, was inciting Lawless to shoot at me with a red-hot poker!

As Coleman and I were standing at the window of the Pupils' room, about ten o'clock on the following morning, watching the vehicle destined to convey Dr. Mildman to the coach-office, Lawless made his appearance, prepared for his expedition, with his hunting-cos-tume effectually concealed under the new Macintosh—"Isn't Mildman gone yet? Deuce take it, what a time he is! I ought to be off—I'm too late already!" "They have not even put his carpet-bag in yet," said I. "Well, I shall make a bolt, and chance all about his seeing me," exclaimed Lawless; "he'll only think I'm going out for a walk rather earlier than usual, if he does catch a glimpse of me, so here's off." So saying he placed his hat upon his head, with the air of a man determined to do or die, and vanished. Fortune is currently reported to favour the brave, and so, to do her justice, she generally does: still, at the best of times, she is but a fickle jade; at all events she was determined to prove herself so in the present instance, for scarcely had Lawless got a dozen paces from the house, before Dr. Mildman appeared at the front door with his great coat and hat on, followed by Thomas bearing a carpet-bag and umbrella, and his attention being attracted by footsteps, he turned his head, and beheld Lawless. As soon as he perceived him, he gave a start of surprise, and pulling out his eye-glass, (he was rather short-sighted,) gazed long and fixedly after the retreating figure. At length, having apparently satisfied himself as to the identity of the person he was examining, he replaced his glass, stood for a moment, as if confounded by what he had seen, and then turning, abruptly, re-entered the house, and shut his study-door behind him with a bang, leaving Thomas and the fly-driver mute with astonishment. In about five minutes he re-appeared, and saying to Thomas, in a stern tone, "Let that note be given to Mr. Lawless the moment he returns," got into the fly and drove off.

"There's a precious go," observed Coleman; "I wonder what's in the wind now. I have not seen old Sam get up the steam like that since I have been here—he was not near so angry when I put Thomas's hat on the peg where he hangs his own, and he, never noticing the difference, put it on, and walked to Church in it, gold band and all." "I wouldn't be Lawless for something,"

observed I—"I wonder what the note's about!" "That's just what puzzles me," said Coleman. "I should have thought he had seen the pink, but that's impossible; he must have a penetrating glance indeed, if he could see through that Macintosh." "Lawless was too impatient," said Cumberland; "he should have waited a few minutes longer, and then Mildman would have gone off without knowing anything about him. Depend upon it the grand rule of life is to take things coolly, and wait for an opportunity: you have the game in your own hands then, and can take advantage of the follies and passions of others, instead of allowing them to avail themselves of yours." "In plain English, cheat instead of being cheated," put in Coleman. "You're not far wrong there, Freddy; the world's made up of knaves and fools—those who cheat, and those who are cheated, and I, for one, have no taste for being a fool," said Cumberland. "Nor I," said Mullins; "I should not like to be a fool at all; I had rather be—" "A Butterfly," interrupted Coleman, thereby astonishing Mullins to such a degree, that he remained silent for some moments, with his mouth wide open, as if in the act of speaking. "You cannot mean what you say; you surely would not wish to cheat people," said I to Cumberland; "if it were really true that one must be either a knave or a fool, I'm sure I'd rather be a fool—I'm sure you could never be happy if you cheated any one," continued I. "What does the Bible say about doing to others as you would have others do to you?"—"There, don't preach to me, you canting young prig," said Cumberland angrily, and immediately left the room. "You hit him pretty hard there," whispered Coleman; "a very bad piece of business happened just before I came, about his winning a lot of tin from a young fellow here, at billiards, and they do say that Cumberland did not play fairly. It was rather unlucky your saying it; he will be your enemy from henceforth, depend upon it. He never forgets nor forgives a thing of that sort." "I meant no harm by the remark," replied I; "I knew nothing of his having cheated any one; however I do not care; I don't like him, and I'm just as well pleased he should not like me. And now, as my foreign relations seem to be rapidly assuming a warlike character, (as the newspapers have it,) what do you say to giving me a lesson in sparring, as you proposed, by way of preparation?" "With all my heart," replied Coleman; and accordingly the gloves were produced, and my initiatory lesson in the pugilistic art commenced by Coleman's first placing me in an exceedingly uncomfortable attitude, and then very considerably knocking me out of it again, thereby depositing me with much skill and science flat upon the hearth-rug. This manœuvre he repeated with great success during some half hour or so, at the end of which time I began to discover the knack with which it was done, and proceeded to demonstrate the proficiency I was making, by a well-directed blow, which being delivered with much greater force than I had intended, sent Coleman flying across the room. Chancing to encounter Mullins in the course of his transit, he overturned that worthy against the table in the centre of the apartment, which, yielding to their combined weight, fell over with a grand crash, dragging them down with it, in the midst of an avalanche of books, papers, and inkstands.

This *grand coup* brought, as might be expected, our lesson to a close for the day, Coleman declaring that such another hit would inevitably knock him into the middle of next week, if not farther, and that he really should not feel justified in allowing such a serious interruption to study to take place. "And now, what are we going to do with ourselves?" asked I; "as this is a holiday, we ought to do something." "Are you fond of riding?" inquired Coleman. "Nothing I like better," replied I; "I have been used to it all my life; I have had a pony ever since I was four years old." "I wish I was used to it," said Coleman. "My Governor living in London, I never crossed a horse till I came here, and I'm a regular muff at it, but I want to learn; what do you

say to a ride this afternoon?" "Just the thing," said I, "if it is not too expensive for my pocket." "Oh, no," replied Coleman; "Snaffles lets horses at as cheap a rate as any one, and good 'uns to go too; does not he, Cumberland?" "Eh, what are you talking about?" said Cumberland, who had just entered the room; "Snaffles? Oh yes, he's the man for horse-flesh. Are you going to try and tumble off that fat little cob of his again, Fred?" "I was thinking of having another try," replied Coleman; "what do you say, Fairleigh? Never mind the tin, I daresay you have got plenty, and can get more when that's gone." "I have got a ten-pound note," answered I; "but that must last me all this quarter: however, we'll have our ride to-day." "I'll walk down with you," said Cumberland; "I'm going that way; besides it's worth a walk any day to see Coleman mount; it took him ten minutes the last time I saw him, and then he threw the wrong leg over, so that he turned his face to the tail." "*Scandalum magnatum!* not a true bill," replied Coleman. "Now, come along, Fairleigh, let's get ready, and be off."

During our walk down to Snaffles' stables, Cumberland (who seemed entirely to have forgotten my *mal à propos* remark) talked to me in a much more amiable manner than he had yet done; and the conversation naturally turning upon horses and riding, a theme always interesting to me, I was induced to enter into sundry details of my own exploits in that line. We reached the Livery Stables just as I had concluded a somewhat egotistical relation concerning a horse which a gentleman in our neighbourhood had bought for his invalid son, but which, proving at first rather too spirited, I had undertaken to ride every day for a month, in order to get him quiet; a feat I was rather proud of having satisfactorily accomplished. "Good morning, Mr. Snaffles; is Punch at home?" asked Coleman of a stout red-faced man, attired in a bright green Newmarket coat, and top boots. "Yes, Sir. Mr. Lawless told me your Governor was gone to town, so I kept him at home, thinking perhaps you would want him." "That's all right," said Coleman; "and here's my friend, Mr. Fairleigh, will want a nag too." "Proud to serve any gent as is a friend of yours, Mr. Coleman," replied Snaffles, with a bob of his head towards me, intended as a bow. "What stamp of a horse do you like, Sir? Most of my nags are out with the harriers to-day." "Snaffles, a word with you," interrupted Cumberland. "One moment, Sir," said Snaffles to me, as he crossed over to where Cumberland was standing. "Come and look at Punch; and let's hear what you think of him," said Coleman, drawing me towards Punch's stable. "What does Cumberland want with that man?" asked I. "What, Snaffles? I fancy he owes a bill here, and I dare say it is something about that." "Oh, is that all?" rejoined I. "Why, what did you think it was?" inquired Coleman. "Never mind," I replied; "let's look at Punch." And accordingly I was introduced to a little fat, round, jolly looking cob, about fourteen hands high, who appeared to me an equine counterpart of Coleman himself. After having duly praised and patted him, I turned to leave the stable, just as Cumberland and Snaffles were passing the door, and I caught the following words from the latter, who, appeared rather excited:—"Well, if any harm comes of it, Mr. Cumberland, you'll remember it's your doing, not mine." Cumberland's reply was inaudible, and Snaffles turned to me, saying, "I've only one horse at home likely to suit you, Sir; you'll find her rather high couraged, but Mr. Cumberland tells me you won't mind that." "I have been mentioning what a good rider you say you are," said Cumberland, laying a slight emphasis on the *say*. "Oh, I dare say she will do very well," replied I. "I suppose she has no vice about her." "Oh dear, no," said Snaffles, "nothing of the sort.—James," added he, calling to a helper, "saddle the chestnut mare, and bring her out directly." The man whom he addressed, and who was a fellow with a good humoured, honest face, became suddenly grave, as he

replied in a deprecatory tone, "The chestnut mare? Mad Bess, Sir?" "Don't repeat my words, but do as you are told," was the answer; and the man went away looking surly. After the interval of a few minutes, a stable door opposite was thrown open, and Mad Bess made her appearance, led by two grooms. She was a bright chestnut, with flowing mane and tail, about fifteen and a half hands high, nearly thorough-bred, and as handsome as a picture, but the restless motion of her eye disclosing the white, the ears laid back at the slightest sound, and a half-frightened, half-wild air, when any one went up to her, told a tale as to her temper, about which no one in the least accustomed to horses could doubt for an instant. "That mare is vicious," said I, as soon as I had looked at her. "Oh dear, no, Sir, as quiet as a lamb, I can assure you." "Soh, girl! soh!" said Snaffles, in a coaxing tone of voice, attempting to pat her; but Bess did not choose to "soh," if by "sohing" is meant, as I presume, standing still and behaving prettily, for on her master's approach she snorted, attempted to rear, and ran back, giving the men at her head as much as they could do to hold her. "She's a little fresh to-day; she was not out yesterday, but it's all play, pretty creature! nothing but play," continued Snaffles. "If you are afraid, Fairleigh, don't ride her," said Cumberland; "but I fancied from your conversation you were a bold rider, and did not mind a little spirit in a horse: you had better take her in again, Snaffles." "Leave her alone," cried I, quickly, (for I was becoming irritated by Cumberland's sneers, in spite of my attempt at self-control) "I'll ride her. I'm no more afraid than other people, nor do I mind a spirited horse, Cumberland, but that mare is more than spirited, she's ill-tempered,—look at her eye!" "Well, you had better not ride her, then," said Cumberland. "Yes, I will," replied I, for I was now thoroughly roused, and determined to go through with the affair, at all hazards. I was always, even as a boy, of a determined, or, as ill-natured people would call it, obstinate disposition, and I doubt whether I am entirely cured of the fault at the present time. "Please yourself; only mind, I have warned you not to ride her if you are afraid," said Cumberland. "A nice warning," replied I, turning away;—"who'll lend me a pair of spurs?" "I've got a pair here, Sir; if you'll step this way I'll put them on for you," said the man, whom I had heard addressed as "James"—adding, in a lower tone, as he buckled them on, "for Heaven's sake, young gentleman, don't mount that mare, unless you're a first-rate rider." "Why, what's the matter with her? does she kick?" inquired I. "She'll try and pitch you off, if possible, and if she can't do that, she'll bolt with you, and then the Lord have mercy upon you!" This was encouraging, certainly! "You are an honest fellow, James," replied I; "and I am much obliged to you. Ride her I must, my honour is at stake, but I'll be as careful as I can, and, if I come back safe you shall have half-a-crown." "Thank you, Sir," was the reply, "I shall be glad enough to see you come back, in any other way than on a shutter, without the money." Of a truth, the race of Job's comforters is not yet extinct, thought I, as I turned to look for Coleman, who had been up to this moment employed in superintending the saddling of Punch, and now made his appearance, leading that renowned steed by the bridle. "Why, Fairleigh, you are not going to ride that vicious brute to be sure; even Lawless won't mount her, and he does not mind what he rides in general." "Never mind about Lawless," said I, assuming an air of confidence I was very far from feeling; "she won't eat me I dare say." "I don't know that," rejoined Coleman, regarding Mad Bess with a look of horror; "Cumberland, don't let him mount her." "Nay, I can't prevent it; Fairleigh is his own master, and can do as he likes," was the answer. "Come, we can't keep the men standing here the whole day," said I to Coleman; "get on to Punch, and out of my way, as fast as you can, if you are going to do so at all"—a request with which, seeing I was quite determined, he

at length unwillingly complied, and having, after one or two failures, succeeded in getting his leg over the cob's broad back, he rode slowly out of the yard, and took up his station outside, in order to witness my proceedings. "Now, then," said I, "keep her as steady as you can for a minute, and as soon as I am fairly mounted give her her head—stand clear there." I then took a short run, and placing one hand on the saddle, while I seized a lock of the mane with the other, I sprang from the ground, and vaulted at once upon her back, without the aid of the stirrup, a feat I had learned from a groom who once lived with us, and which stood me in good stead on this occasion, as I thereby avoided a kick, with which Mad Bess greeted my approach. I next took up the reins as gently as I could, the man let go her head, and after a little dancing and capering, though much less than I had expected, her ladyship gave up hostilities for the present, and allowed me to ride her quietly up and down the yard. I then wished Cumberland, (who looked, as I thought, somewhat mortified,) a good afternoon, turned a deaf ear to the eulogies of Mr. Snaffles and his satellites, and proceeded to join Coleman. As I left the yard my friend James joined me, under the pretence of arranging my stirrup leather, when he took the opportunity of saying—"She'll go pretty well now you're once mounted, sir, as long as you can hold her with the snaffle, but if you are obliged to use the curb—look out for squalls!!!"

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

May 17.—Rogation Sunday. (1846.)

THIS is always the fifth after Easter, and the next before Whit Sunday, and so called from the Latin word *rogare*, to beseech; because, on the succeeding Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Rogations and Litanies were used, and fasting, or at least abstinence, enjoined by the Church, "for these reasons," says Bishop Sparrow: "I. Because this time of the year, the fruits of the earth are tender and easily hurt; therefore Litanies extraordinary are said to God, to avert this judgment. II. Because our Lord's Ascension is the Thursday following. Therefore, these three days before are to be spent in prayers and fasting, that so, the flesh being tamed, and the soul winged with fasting, we may ascend with CHRIST."

May 18, 19, 20.—The Rogation Days, (1846.)

The author of the "Popish Kingdom" thus describes the medieval manner of their observance in this country:

"Now comes the day wherein they gad abroad, with cross in hand,
To bounds of every field, and round about their neighbour's land;
And as they go, they sing and pray to every saint above,
But to our Lady specially, whom most of all they love;
When, as they to the town are come, the church they enter in,
And look what saint that church doth guide, they humbly pray to him,
That he preserve both corn and fruit from storm and tempest great,
And them defend from harm, and send them store of drink and meat.
These things three days continually are done with solemn sport,
With many crosses after they unto some church resort;
Whereas they all do chant aloud, whereby there strait doth spring
A bawling noise, while every man seeks highest for to sing."

"The custom," says Strutt, "of marking the boundaries of parishes by the inhabitants going round them once every year, and stopping at certain spots, to per-

form different ceremonies, in order that the localities might be impressed on the memories of both young and old, is of great antiquity. It is derived from the heathen feast, dedicated to the god Terminus, the guardian of the fields and landmarks. The priest of each parish, accompanied by his churchwardens and parishioners, bearing willow wands and banners, went round the limits of his parish on one of the three days before Holy Thursday, and stopped at remarkable spots and trees, to recite passages from the Gospels, and implore the blessing of the ALMIGHTY on the fruits of the earth, and for the preservation of the rights and properties of the parish. On these occasions, it was considered one of his chief duties to go to those of his flock whom he knew to be at variance, and, reconciling their differences, make them march side by side in the procession." It is recorded of Sir Thomas More that he would often walk in the Rogation perambulations. Once, when one of these was to go to the confines of the parish, he was requested, "for his state and dignity, to ease himself with a horse." His reply betokened his profound humility. He answered (alluding to the crucifix which was usually carried in front of these processions), "God forbid he should follow his Master prancing on cock-horse, when He went on foot."

The "golden legend" says, that the bearing of banners with the cross, on Rogation days, is to represent the victory of CHRIST in His resurrection and ascension: that the people followed the cross and the banners, as CHRIST was followed when He ascended to heaven with a great prey; and that in some churches, especially in France, it was the custom to bear a dragon, with a long tail, filled with chaff: the first two days it was borne *before* the cross, with the tail *full*; but on the third day it was borne *after* the cross, with the tail *empty*; by which it was understood, that on the first two days the devil reigned in the world, but that on the third he was dispossessed of his kingdom.

The "parochial perambulations" in Rogation week, survived the Reformation. Elizabeth's "advertisements" direct, "That in the Rogation days of procession, they sing or say, in English, the two psalms beginning, *Benedic anima mea*, &c., with the litany and suffrages thereunto, with one homily of thanksgiving to God, . . . without any superstitious ceremonies heretofore used." Hooker, it is related, "would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love and their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation." The "vine" Herbert says of his "country parson," "Early he loves procession, and maintains it, there are contained therein four manifest advantages. First, a blessing of God for the fruits of the earth; secondly, justice, in the preservation of bounds; thirdly, charity, in loving, walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another; with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any; fourthly, mercy, in relieving the poor, by a liberal distribution and largess, which at that time is, or ought to be, used."

This custom was particularly distasteful to the Puritans, one of whom, in 1572, among "Popish abuses," places "the gang week, when the priest in his surplice, singing gospels and making crosses, rangeth about in many places." Notwithstanding this, the practice retained its ground in many places, till a recent period, and, we believe, is not even yet entirely discontinued. A writer, in 1790, observes, "Some time in the spring, I think the day before Holy Thursday, all the clergy of Ripon, attended by the singing men and boys of the choir, perambulate the town in their canonicals, singing hymns; and the blue-coat charity boys follow, singing, with green boughs in their hands." The historian of Staffordshire, speaking of Wolverhampton, says, "Many of the older inhabitants can well remember when the sacrist, resident prebendaries, and members of the choir assembled at morning prayers, on Monday and

(1) See the Homilies.

Tuesday in Rogation week, with the charity children bearing long poles, clothed with all kinds of flowers then in season, and which were afterwards carried through the streets of the town with much solemnity; the clergy, singing men, and boys, dressed in their sacred vestments, closing the procession, and chanting, in a grave and appropriate melody, the Canticle, '*Benedicite omnia opera*,' &c. This usage was relinquished about 1765. In the skirts of the town are ranged, at determinate distances, a number of large trees, which serve to mark the limits between the township and the parish. These are denominated by the inhabitants *gospel trees*, from the practice of reading the gospel under them, when the clergy were wont to perambulate the boundaries." Plott, in his history of Oxfordshire, tells us that at Stanlake, in that county, the minister of the parish, in his procession in Rogation week, reads the gospel at a barrel's head, in the cellar of the Chequer Inn, in that town, where some say there was formerly a hermitage, others a cross, at which they read a gospel in former times. "At Oxford," says Brand, "at this time, the little crosses cut in the stones of buildings, to denote the division of the parishes, are whitened with chalk. Great numbers of boys, with peeled willow-rods in their hands, accompany the minister in the procession."

The village Rogation processions in other lands afford a remarkable instance of the innocent hilarities so closely connected with the Christian holidays. "The bells of the village church strike up," says Chateaubriand, "and the rustics immediately quit their various employments. The vine dresser descends the hill, the husbandman hastens from the plain, the woodcutter leaves the forest; the mothers, rallying from their huts, arrive with their children; and the young maidens relinquish their spinning-wheels, their sheep, and the fountains, to attend the rural festival. They assemble in the parish church-yard, on the verdant graves of their forefathers. The only ecclesiastic who is to take part in the ceremony soon appears. . . . He assembles his flock before the principal entrance of the church; he delivers a discourse, which must certainly be very impressive, to judge from the tears of his audience. He frequently repeats the words, *My children! my dearly beloved children!* And herein consists the whole secret of the eloquence of this rustic Chrysostom.

"The exhortation ended, the assembly begins to move off, singing, 'Ye shall go forth with pleasure, and ye shall be received with joy; the hills shall leap, and shall hear you with delight.'

"The standard of the saints, the antique banner of the days of chivalry, opens the procession; the villagers follow their pastor. They pursue their course through lanes, overshadowed with trees, and deeply cut by the wheels of the rustic vehicles; they climb over high barriers, formed by a single trunk of a tree; they proceed along a hedge of hawthorn, where the bee hums, where the bullfinch and the blackbird whistle. The budding trees display the promise of their fruit; all nature is a nosegay of flowers. The woods, the valleys, the rivers, the rocks, hear, in their turns, the hymns of the husbandmen, in their course through the plains, enamelled by the hand of their Creator. . . . To finish well a day so piously began, the old men of the village repair at night to converse with their pastor. The moon then sheds her last beams on their festival, which the Church has made to correspond with the return of the most pleasant of the months, and the course of the most mysterious of the constellations. Amid the silence of the woods arise unknown voices, as from the choir of rural angels, whose succour has been implored; and the plaintive and sweet notes of the nightingale salute the ears of the veterans, seated in friendly converse beneath the lofty poplars."

One or two old English customs observed in Rogation week, but unconnected with its peculiar usages, remain to be described. Hasted relates that at this season, at

Keston and Wickham, Kent, "a number of young men meet together, and with a 'most hideous noise,' run into the orchards, and, encircling each tree, pronounce these words:

"Stand fast root, bear well top;
God send us a youling sop,
Every twig apple big,
Every bough apple enow."

For which incantation the 'confused rabble' expect a gratuity in money, or drink, which is no less welcome; but if they are disappointed of both, they, with great solemnity, anathematize the owners and trees, with 'altogether as insignificant a curse.' This custom is called *youling*, and probably had a pagan origin.

Hutchins tells us "that the inhabitants of Shaftesbury have from time immemorial been supplied with water brought on horses' backs, or on people's heads, from three or four large wells, a quarter of a mile below the town, in the hamlet of Motcombe, and parish of Gillingham, on which account there is this particular ceremonial yearly observed by ancient agreement, dated 1662, between the lord of the manor of Gillingham, and the mayor and burgesses of Shaftesbury. The mayor is obliged on the Monday before Holy Thursday, to dress up a prize besom, or *byzant*, as they call it, somewhat like a May garland in form, with gold and peacock's feathers, and carry it to Enmore Green, half a mile below the town, in Motcombe, as an acknowledgment for the water; together with a raw calf's head, a pair of gloves, a gallon of beer, or ale, and two penny loaves of white wheaten bread, which the steward receives and carries away for his own use. The ceremony being over, the *byzant* is restored to the mayor, and brought back by one of his officers with great solemnity. It is generally so richly adorned with plate and jewels, borrowed from the neighbouring gentry, as to be worth not less than 1500*l*.

May 21st, 1846.—Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day.

This is one of the four most ancient festivals of the Church, and has always been regarded of apostolic institution. St. Augustine says, that it was celebrated throughout the whole world. Though with extraordinary pomp observed on the Mount of Olives, its solemn celebration was universal in the middle ages.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1787, states, "It is the custom in many villages in the neighbourhood of Exeter, to 'hail the lamb' upon ascension morn. That the figure of a lamb actually appears in the east upon this morning, is the popular persuasion." The following superstitions relating to this day are found in Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft." "In some countries," he remarks, "they run out of the doors in time of tempest, blessing themselves with a cheese, whereupon was a cross made with a rope's end upon Ascension Day."—"Item, to hang an egg laid on Ascension Day in the roof of the house, preserveth the same from all hurts." On Holy Thursday "it is a common custom," says Hone, "of established usage, for the minister of each parish, followed by the boys of the parish school, headed by their master, to go in procession to the different parish boundaries; which boundaries the boys strike with peeled willow wands that they bear in their hands, and this is called beating the bounds." A sorry substitute for the old Rogation perambulations, and often attended by gross improprieties. *Bumping* persons to make them remember the parochial limits, is not unfrequently practised on these occasions. A few years since, an angler, in the Lea, was thus maltreated by the parishioners of Walthamstow, and obtained 50*l*. damages for the assault. Brand states, that on this festival, the magistrates, river-jury, &c., of the corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, according to an ancient usage, make their annual procession by water, in their barges, visiting the bounds

of their jurisdiction on the river, to prevent encroachments.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

In the afternoon of this day, before the Reformation, our ancestors assembled in the Churches, when, according to Barnaby Googe, a representation of our SAVIOUR was, in some places, drawn up to the roof, and a frightful image of Satan thrown down, upon which all the boys surrounded it, and "beat it into pieces small, to show their enmity." Then the Service proceeded, every versicle and every prayer concluding with the joyful Alleluia, and then, with the antiphon praying the promised gift of the Paraclete, "singing cakes" and unconsecrated wafers were distributed among the people, and the Office concluded. At Durham Abbey, they had a general procession, in which every monk wore a gorgeous cope, and the prior a "marvellous one" of cloth of gold, which was so heavy as to require support on every side. He held his pastoral staff and wore a precious mitre. St. Bede's shrine was carried by four monks on their shoulders. Other "holy relics" were borne in the procession, which was headed by St. Cuthbert's sacred banner, and two crosses, one of "silver parcel gilt," and the other, "all of gold."

It was formerly a practice at Lichfield on Ascension day, for the clergyman of the parish, accompanied by the church-wardens and sides-men, and followed by a concourse of children, bearing green boughs, to repair to the several reservoirs of water, and here read the gospel for the day, after which they were regaled with cakes and ale. During the ceremony the door of every house was decorated with an elm bough. This custom was founded on one of the early institutions of Christianity, that of blessing the wells and springs. An ancient and somewhat similar observance still prevails on Holy Thursday, in the village of Tissington, Derbyshire, which not only claims a high antiquity, but is one of the few country fêtes which are kept up with anything like the ancient spirit. It is called *well-flowering*. The following is an "exact account" of the circumstances attendant on this annual festival on the 8th of May, 1823. There are five wells, and the method of decorating them is this: the flowers are inserted in moist clay, and put upon boards cut in various forms, surrounded with boughs of laurel or white-thorn, so as to give an appearance of water issuing from small grottoes. The flowers are adjusted and arranged in various patterns to give the effect of mosaic work, having inscribed upon them texts of scripture, appropriate to the season, and sentences expressive of the kindness of the DEITY. They vary each year, and as the wells are dressed by persons contiguous to the springs, so their ideas vary. A sermon was preached on the above occasion, from 1 Peter iii. 22. From the church the congregation walked in procession to the first, or the Hall well; so called from being opposite to the house of the ancient family of Fitzherbert. Here was read by the clergyman the first Psalm for the day, and another sung by the parish choir. As there is a recess at the back of the well, and an elevated wall, a great profusion of laurel-branches were placed upon it, interspersed with daffodils, Chinese roses, and marsh-marygolds. Over the spring was a square board, surmounted with a crown, composed of white and red daisies. The board, being covered with moss, had written upon it in red daisies, "While He blessed them He was carried up into heaven." The second, or Hand's well, was also surmounted with laurel-branches, and had a canopy, with, "The Lord's unsparing hand supports us from this spring." The letters were formed with the bud of the larch, and between the lines were two rows of purple primroses and marsh-marygolds. In the centre above the spring, on a moss ground, in letters of white daisies, "Sons of earth, the triumph join." Beneath, was formed in auriculars "G. R." The second Psalm for the day was read here. The third, or Frith's well, was greatly admired, as it was situated in Mr. Frith's garden, and the shrubs around it were numerous.

Here were formed two arches, one within the other. The first had a ground of white hyacinths, and purple primroses, edged with white, on which was inscribed in red daisies, "Ascension." The receding arch was covered with various flowers, and in the centre on a ground of marsh-marygolds edged with white hyacinths, in red daisies, "Peace be unto you." Here was read the third Psalm for the day. The fourth, or Holland's well, was thickly surrounded with branches of white-thorn placed in the earth. The well springs from a small coppice of firs and thorns. The form of the erection over it was a circular arch, and in the centre, on a ground of marsh-marygolds edged with purple primroses, in red daisies, these words, "In God is all." At this well was read the Epistle. The fifth, or Miss Goodwin's well, was surrounded with branches of evergreens, having, on a pointed arch, covered with marsh-marygolds, daffodils, and wild hyacinths, "He did no sin," in red daisies. On the summit of the arch was placed a crown of laurel, over which was a cross of white daisies, edged with wild hyacinths; on the transverse piece of the cross, "I. H. S." was placed in red daisies. At this well was read the Gospel. The day concluded by the visitors partaking of the hospitality of the inhabitants, and being gratified with a well-arranged band, playing appropriate pieces of music at each other's houses.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.¹

SHELTERED well by friendly mountains,
Wash'd by clear and cooling fountains,
In a nook so still and green,
Lovelier hamlet ne'er was seen.

Overhead, on ridges high,
Old dark pine-trees hide the sky;
Down below, the stream flows near,
And the air is mild and clear.

House and yard swarm all day long
With a busy bustling throng;
Ever as the day comes round,
Rings the anvil's restless sound.

And the bright sparks dart and quiver,
And the steely splinters shiver,
And the flood, with thunder-sound,
Flings the ponderous mill-wheel round.

Earthly cares shall not molest,
In this vale, my peaceful breast;
Joy within my heart shall dwell,
As a pure, untroubled well.

Shaded by the whispering trees,
Will I woo the dreamy breeze;
Mountain, vale, and murmuring rill,
With deep peace my heart shall fill.

Körner.

(1) See Illustration, p. 33.

SONNETS

Illustrating the development of poetical talent in a working man.

H. F. LOTT.

I.

OF Poetry, our simple ballad lore
Long form'd my only library, till the page
Of unsurpass'd Shakspeare did engage
Mine eye, its depths of treasure to explore:
My favourites were, the much beguiled Moor,
And the fair victim of his jealous rage,—
Romeo and Juliet; and upon the stage
Of martial heroes, him of Agincour.
But much of what was nature seem'd uncouth,
Far as my folded faculties could see,
And fail'd to strike my inexperienced youth
Either with sweetness or sublimity;
Till by degrees its beauty and its truth
Won, and still wins, my deep idolatry.

II.

NEXT Burns's light upon me shone, and smiled
In manly sentiment and loving song;
And o'er his lyrics I delighted hung,
When woman's beauty first my heart beguiled.
Eliza! Thou rememberest how wild
My transports were, how tender, deep, and strong
The love that burn'd within me, and how long
Passion and peace remain'd unreconciled.
His proud unbent integrity of mind,
His wit and satire spurning every rein,
His worship and his love of womankind,
The troubles that he struggled with in vain,
Claim'd all my sympathy; and deep enshrin'd
In memory's temple his most touching strain.

III.

AND then the paintings of The Seasons led
My soul to contemplation, and I stood
In open landscape, and embow'ring wood,
Enchanted with the wonders round me spread:
Imbibing sentiment from all I read,
And musing on it, I became embued
With sense of all the beautiful and good,
That heaven on earth so bountifully had shed.
The flowers grew lovelier, sweeter; birds and streams
Warbled and murmur'd softer in mine ear.
The morning's radiance—evening's glowing beams,
The voiceful winds, the moon, each glittering sphere,
Woke in my mind enthusiastic dreams,
Which Fancy idealizing, rendered dear.

IV.

CHARM'D was I now by rich melodious Pope:
By Mentor Cowper pointed to the right;
And sooth'd or lifted up by Henry White.
Then saw the portals of the heavens ope,
Through Milton's genius, which alone could cope
With so sublime a theme; and heard Young slight
The selfish world, in which he took delight;
And wept for very joy o'er Campbell's Hope!
And Bloomfield's watching spirit pleas'd has been
To see me lie upon the daisied grass,
Fancying I saw his faithful painted scene
Reflected round me, as if in a glass:
And Butler's shade, too, might have heard, I ween,
My laughter o'er his matchless Hudibras.

V.

FINALLY, Byron warm'd me with his fire,
And in a magic spell my feelings held,
Till the strong impulse could no more be quell'd,
And artlessly and low I woke my lyre,
Where few could hear its breathings; or the mire
Of deep obscurity its efforts hid,
Or cool indifference every hope forbid,
Further to mount to where it would aspire.
Since then, some humble channels opening round,
Invite a simple bard like me to send
His bubbles on the sea, to float or drown,
As critics may destroy them or befriend;
And should these meet the last, then have I found,
The effort well rewarded by the end.

VI.

YET, some may deem my numbers sounding shells
That merely echo back another's thought,
Into a different tone of language wrought
As memory moveth, or as passion swells:
But if I be no poet, deeply dwells
The love of song within me—ever fraught
With an intense delight, when I have sought
Those springs where its pure spirit most out-wells,
And drunk, yet was not blinded by the charm,
So as to lead my youthful mind astray,
Nor for my daily toil unfit my arm;
But so has drawn me from the evil way
That even those around me could but say—
“How it expands his heart and keeps it warm.”

Miscellaneous.

“I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them.”—*Montaigne*.

IMPORTANCE OF HUMILITY.

DR. FRANKLIN ONCE received a very useful lesson from Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates, in a letter to his son. “The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a a shorter way out of the house, by a narrow passage which was crossed by a beam over-head. We were still talking, as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, “Stoop! Stoop!” I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction; and upon this, he said to me, “You are young, and have the world before you, *learn to stoop* as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.” This advice thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought on people by their carrying their heads too high.

THIS too is a very principal point to attend to—knowledge how to converse: to interrogate without over-earnestness; to answer without desire of display: not to interrupt a profitable speaker, or to desire ambitiously to put in a word of one's own: to be measured in speaking and hearing: not to be ashamed of receiving, or to be grudging in giving, information, nor to pass another's knowledge for one's own. The middle tone of voice is best, neither so low as to be inaudible, nor ill-bred from its high pitch. One should reflect first what one is going to say, and then give it utterance: be courteous when addressed, amiable in social intercourse: not aiming to be pleasant by facetiousness, but cultivating gentleness in kind admonitions. Harshness is ever to be put aside, even in censuring.—*Church of the Fathers*.

THOSE who most doubt friendship, are precisely those the least calculated to excite or feel it.

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The Old Water-cross Man.

(See page 62.)

THE SEIKS AND THE SINGHS.

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

It has long been evident to every one who has surveyed the map of Hindostan with an attentive eye, or known anything of the history of that vast country, that the district called the Punjaub must, sooner or later, be placed under the control of the British government. And this for several reasons, amongst the most cogent of which were the protection from attack of the territories on the left bank of the Sutlej, which have for some time past sought and received our guardianship; the introduction of peace and civilization amongst tribes of people living in a state of confusion and barbarism; and the consolidation of our own empire within a well defined northern frontier. The expediency of our extending a mild but strong rule to that province, of replacing anarchy by regulation, and distraction by tranquillity, has been long felt, and the

accomplishment of the desirable end was foreseen to be not far distant. Any doubts as to the absolute necessity of our interference have at length been swept away by a hostile incursion on the part of the inhabitants of the Punjaub, and we shall in all probability hear in a short time of the addition of another kingdom to the power and wealth of the British dominion in the East.¹ Meanwhile it may be interesting to our readers to have a succinct account of the country, and of the people dwelling there; and this we propose to give them in these papers, in the preparation of which we have carefully consulted the latest and best authorities.

For a great number of years, indeed from the commencement of authentic history, up to a very recent period, the Punjaub territory had no independent government of its own. The earliest

(1) The opinion here expressed will be understood to be that of the writer of this paper only. We view the matter differently, and sincerely rejoice in the prospect that his anticipations will not be realized.—EDITOR.

account we have of it is derived from a Hindu volume, which denounces the inhabitants as an impure race, because they ate beef, drank arrack, and paid no attention to caste. Their name, Bahikas, was derived from two demons who dwelt upon the banks of one of the rivers. It was always a mere province of some vaster empire. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, it was an appanage of the Mogul dynasty, and, whilst the emperor lay lapt in luxury at Delhi, a viceroy was stationed at Lahore to defend his sovereign's dominions on the north and west. This dynasty was established by Baber, a warlike Turcoman prince, who advanced upon Delhi about 1527, and dethroned the Afghan then seated on the throne of northern Hindostan. It is a strange misnomer that has crept into history, to style Baber and his successors Moguls, that is Mongols, for the fact is they were not Mongols, but princes of a Turki tribe. The mistake originated from Baber having many Mongols in his train when he effected his conquests, and from his being the successor of Timur, "the Axis of the Faith, the great Wolf, the Master of Time," (better known to us under the name of Tamerlane) who succeeded in uniting the fragments of the old Mongol empire of Gengis Khan. The religion of the Moguls was Mohamedan, but a great number of their subjects were Hindoos. In the year 1469 there was born near Lahore a man called Nanac Shah. He was a Hindoo of the warrior caste, and, even in his childhood, his mind had a strong religious tendency, exhibiting itself in an indifference to worldly pursuits, and in acts of charity: at least so the writers of the sect he founded assert; and they cite instances of miraculous interposition as additional proofs of his sanctity. For instance, as he was tending cattle one day in the fields, he fell asleep under a tree, and he continued in slumber until the shade which had protected him from the sun's influence had moved away, and the solar rays fell upon him. But the Ruler of the world intended him for great things, and, in order to prevent the fatal effects that might have ensued from the youth's exposure to a hot sun, a snake moved out of an adjoining bush, and, raising itself on its tail, spread its hood over Nanac like a screen until the set of day. The governor of the district happened to pass by as the snake was thus employed, and marked with attention this augury of future greatness, as unequivocal and certain as that of the eagle in the sight of a Roman Aruspex. Nanac became a Fakir, and practised all kinds of austerities, after the approved fanatic fashion. He performed pilgrimages not only to the holy places of the Hindoos, but to those of the Mohamedans likewise, and in his travels he preached his own doctrines respecting the unity and omnipresence of the Supreme Being, endeavouring to reconcile the conflicting creeds of Brahma and Mohamed by enforcing attention to the one point whereon they theoretically agreed. He sought to impress upon his hearers a regard for purity of life, and peace with all men. He boldly condemned the propagation of any form of belief by means of the sword, and thereby excited the hatred of the Mohamedans. "I am sent," he declared, "from heaven to publish unto mankind a book, which shall reduce all the names given unto God to one name, which is God, and he who calls him by any other shall fall into the path of the devil, and have his feet

bound in the chain of wretchedness." Again he said: "Without the practice of true piety, both Hindoos and Moslems are in error, and neither will be acceptable before the throne of God; for the faded tinge of scarlet that has been soiled by water will never return. Reading is useless without obedience to the doctrine taught, for God has said, no man shall be saved except he has performed good works. The Almighty will not ask to what tribe or persuasion he belongs: He will only ask what he has done." High and low, perceiving he was in earnest, listened to him with attention, and he was even permitted to expound his tenets before the emperor Baber. During the progress of his pretended apostolical mission, he was assailed with fierce threats as well as bland temptations; nevertheless he remained immovable. A Rajah offered him all the luxuries of the world if he would abandon his object; but rich meats, splendid clothing, and fair women, were appropriate texts upon which Nanac could enlarge, and he contrasted the purity of his doctrines with the vain, sinful practices of the world, in words of such eloquence and force, that the Rajah himself was converted to the new faith. At another time, when he visited the country of the Yogis-waras, (recluses, who by means of penances were believed to have obtained command over the powers of nature,) all the means they possessed were employed to terrify him from his course. Dire enchantments appeared before him under the terrible shapes of lions, tigers, and snakes; showers of fire fell from heaven, and the stars were torn down from the firmament. He died at Kirtipoor, on the Ravee, and was buried on the banks of that river. The waters of the stream now run over the place of his interment, but Kirtipoor, where he performed many miracles, is resorted to by devotees to this day, and a fragment of his garment is the only tangible memorial of the departed Nanac that his pious followers can exhibit in proof that he once lived. There is, to be sure, a treatise of his writing called *Granth*, (meaning the Book,) but that is consulted as little as may be, for the doctrines it teaches differ to an uncomfortable extent from the present practices of the Seiks, the name adopted by the followers of Nanac, derived from a Sanscrit word, signifying disciple. Though a great part of Asia was visited by Nanac, his system seems only to have taken lasting root in the district where he was born. Whilst he lived he was looked upon as spiritual head of his sect, and he was followed by nine persons who successively assumed the name of *Gooroo* (that is, spiritual instructor), all of whom supported their position by affecting superior sanctity, and performing pretended miracles. Several of these leaders made additions to, or modified, the established creed, and there are in consequence many sects in the Seik church. We need not trace the history of the Gooroos, or of the alterations they introduced; but it is proper to mention that the most important of these alterations was made by Govind, the tenth Gooroo, who repudiated the quietism of Nanac, and put a sword into the hands of his adherents, changing their name from *Seik* to *Singh*, or lion. In order to distinguish his followers from their neighbours, he commanded them to allow their hair and beard to grow, and to attire themselves in blue garments. To swell their number he abolished the invidious distinction of caste, permitting all classes to enrol themselves

Seiks who chose to abandon their previous belief. The eating of flesh, except that of kine, was no longer forbidden, and hence pork, which is an abomination to the Mohamedans, is freely consumed by the Seiks. Govind wrote another *Granth*, which does not exclusively relate to religious subjects, for there are in it many narrations of its author's warlike achievements, and he traces the descent of his own tribe and the progress of his own life.

The religion founded by Nanac professed to combine the leading axioms and excellent points both of the institutes of Hindooism, and the laws of Mohamed. Yet we may perceive even in the beginning, that its leaning was towards the ancient faith of Hindostan, and the corruptions that in progress of time crept in were strongly tinged by the superstitions which surrounded the antique gods. Thus the cow, which is an object of reverence wherever the religion of Brahma and his fellow deities prevails, is worshipped by the Seiks. The great body of Hindoo mythological fiction is adopted, the efficacy of penance is insisted on, the holy books of Brahminism are consulted, the great festivals of the Hindoos observed, and their sacred shrines attended. This sympathy with the Hindoos was partly the cause, and partly the effect, of the persecutions the Seiks had to endure from the Mohamedans, persecutions which, in the end, rendered necessary some kind of defensive organization. The result of Govind's rule was to convert the whole body of his followers into a tribe of armed warriors. The struggles they made for mere existence tested their strength, and showed the weakness of their adversaries, so that, after a time, they found themselves in a position to take possession of the Punjaub country. But to give a clear explanation of the history of the Seiks, it will be necessary to go back a little, and state the circumstances of the surrounding countries.

The Mogul empire, founded by Baber, attained to the zenith of its prosperity under Aurungzebe. At that monarch's death, which took place in 1707, a series of princes sat in the *musnud* who were incapable of withstanding attacks from without, or of resisting treason within the limits of their vast dominions. In the short space of thirteen years after Aurungzebe had been gathered to his fathers, four different kings ruled northern Hindostan, and then Mohamed Shah was proclaimed supreme head. He was a pusillanimous monarch, given up to sensual pleasures, and destitute of any skill in the art of governing. Ever ready to purchase peace, he found that the money expended in this base purpose drained his coffers, without ensuring the quiet he sought. One-fourth of his revenues had been alienated in this way when Nadir Shah made his appearance, and inflicted a blow from which the empire never recovered. Nadir was a soldier of fortune, who had raised himself from a subordinate situation to the throne of Persia. His father was the chief of the tribe of the Giljees, seated in that part of Afghanistan which is close adjoining upon the Punjaub. Afghanistan at that period belonged to Persia. After having given incontestable proofs of his valour, his services were engaged by the Persian monarch, and, when the Afghan tribes arose in rebellion and audaciously entered the Shah's kingdom, he was employed against them and expelled them with great slaughter. Troubles in other quarters threatened

the very being of the Persian kingdom, which the Shah, an effeminate person, was unable to ward off, and had not Nadir given his whole strength to its support, the throne would have tottered into the dust. Nadir had the policy to conceal his ambitious views for a time, but a convenient opportunity occurring, he procured himself to be elected king. This event did not stop him from indulging his bent for war, and, immediately after his coronation, he marched against the rebellious Afghans, whom he reduced to obedience. Whilst still in Afghanistan, reports of the weakness and the wealth of the Delhi monarch reached him, nor was he long before he found a pretence for indulging his love of conquest by an attack upon the country south of the Indus. Some Afghans had fled for protection into the Mogul empire, and Nadir demanded that they should be given up to him. No attention was paid by the proud Mogul to the demand, and Nadir at once determined to march his troops into his country. A battle was fought, in which the Indian troops were irretrievably routed, and Mahomed Shah voluntarily threw himself upon the mercy of the conqueror. They proceeded together to Delhi, Nadir ostensibly as the guest of Mahomed; and the sums claimed by the Persians were only under the name of indemnification for the expenses of the war. The inhabitants of Delhi were in the depths of despair at the enormous amount of the levies, and a false report of Nadir's death having been circulated, they rose in arms and attacked the Persian soldiers. No explanation would satisfy Nadir; he saw at a glance his precarious situation, and in order to strike such a terror as would paralyze them for the future, he ordered a general massacre, in which, though it continued only from sunrise till noon, an immense number of persons was slaughtered. The plunder that Nadir extorted was enormous, and when he returned to Persia it is calculated that he carried with him somewhere between thirty and seventy millions sterling. Nadir afterwards exhibited such cruelty in his own kingdom, that madness alone can account for his conduct, and his death became a matter of absolute necessity. Ahmed Khan, one of Nadir's officers, and chief of an Afghan tribe, took advantage of the crisis to found the kingdom of Afghanistan, by making himself master of Kandahar, and assuming the title of king. Like Nadir, Ahmed perceived that the best method of keeping his title unquestioned, was to employ his people in predatory wars, and his first impulse was to march upon Delhi; for the recollection of the impotence of the Mogul had not faded from his memory, since he had visited that capital in the train of the late Shah. He was, however, so vigorously opposed by the viceroy of the Punjaub, that he determined upon a retreat, reserving the full force of his attack for a more convenient season. Ahmed's next invasion (1751) was attended with greater success. The viceroy sustained a defeat near his capital, and tendered his submission. Ahmed continued his government, however, but it was as his own viceroy. During the troubles that besieged the unfortunate Punjaub, the Seiks had rendered themselves a formidable body; and although measures were taken to suppress them, they increased in numbers and strength. Ahmed had no longer much to fear from the Mogul emperor, but the Mahrattas now made their appearance, and the viceroy fled at their approach.

Ahmed took the field in person, and the great battle of Paniput was fought in 1761, in which the new invaders were utterly routed. After this "wild Mahratta battle," the Seiks securing themselves in several strongholds began to make head against the Afghans, and although they were repeatedly punished, they succeeded at last in establishing themselves masters of the Punjaub.

The relation of the Seiks to each other seems, at this time, to be as nearly that of the feudal warriors of Europe as we can well conceive. The chiefs were numerous, and they acknowledged no supreme head, but were linked together for mutual benefit. A chain of mutual dependence bound together the subordinate officers with those above them, and the ties of kinship and clanship had as much to do in keeping the bodies united, as the hopes of reward. In fact, the members of the Seik association considered themselves partners in their enterprises, but it was necessary, to ensure success, that some should lead and some should follow. The chiefs, of whom there were twelve, took the name of Misuls, and of these Chooroot Singh was amongst the most powerful. Of course, in such a state of society, there were many temptations and opportunities for an enterprising warrior to distinguish himself. It is true that a sort of council was constituted called Gooroo Matta, by which a federative form was nominally given to the Seik commonwealth, but intrigues prevailed to such an extent amongst the Misuls, that it was virtually inoperative. Maha Singh, Chooroot's son, was of a bold, energetic disposition, and the bravery he exhibited on divers occasions attached several independent Sirdars to him, and ingratiated him so much with the people that none of his fellow chiefs could rival his influence. Having thus obtained the ascendancy, he was wise enough to use his power for the good of his country; and it is said that a period of repose and tranquillity was the consequence, to which the Punjaub had long been a stranger. Maha Singh died at the age of twenty-seven, and his only son, Runjeet, was but twelve years old when his father's early death took place. At that age it was not to be expected that he would have either capacity in himself, or the permission of his elders, to undertake the management of affairs; but when he arrived at the termination of his sixteenth year, he dissolved the body that had governed during his minority, and assumed his father's seat. In the meantime Shah Zemaun, who was then chief of the Afghanistan country, had crossed the Indus, and invaded the Punjaub. He repeated his attack soon after Runjeet had taken upon himself the conduct of affairs, but, as he found he could not permanently occupy the country, he retreated once more. Runjeet rendered the Shah some services, and he solicited, in return, a grant of Lahore, which he readily obtained. From the time of his taking possession of that city, Runjeet may be considered as having founded the kingdom, to which he was continually adding for some years. We reserve, however, an account of his proceedings for another paper.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SCHILLER.

(Continued from page 21.)

HISTORY, next to poetry, was Schiller's favourite employment; and he now occupied himself in an eminently congenial work, and that on which his reputation, as a prose writer, is chiefly founded;—*The History of the Thirty Years' War*. This work appeared in Göschen's Historical Almanack. This passage of history, from its poetical character, had always a peculiar charm for Schiller; and various were his poetical projects in connexion with it. They resulted at length in the noblest productions of his pen, the two tragedies on the subject of Wallenstein. It is remarkable that, during this latter task, he had much less confidence in his poetic powers, criticized his former writings with severity, and acknowledged that he had become a new man in poetry. The truth was, his taste had grown severer, and his judgment riper, and his mind had been disciplined by the study of the ancients; in particular of Aristotle, whom he had found to differ far from the French theories ascribed to him. Schiller's genius was never more vigorous or brilliant, but it was now under guidance and command. The "Wallenstein" occupied seven years. During this period, the French Revolution was approaching its bloody crisis. Schiller gave the most unquestionable proof of his hostility to its barbarous principles by projecting an address to the French people in favour of their monarch, monarchy, order, and religion; a project which was not executed only because he could meet with no person who would undertake to translate his intended work into French. In 1793, the poet revisited the scenes and companions of his youth, having previously ascertained that the Duke of Württemberg would not interfere with his residence at Stuttgart. His meeting with his parents was productive of great joy and thankfulness to all parties.

On his return to Jena, Schiller conceived a new literary project. He had formed an intimacy with William von Humboldt, (brother of the celebrated traveller,) who was then at Jena, and in concert with him, and his more distinguished friend Goethe, he started a periodical called "Die Horen," to which the most eminent literary men of Germany contributed. This was a fertile period with our poet, who contributed largely to this work, and to "The Almanack of the Muses," while he continued to labour energetically at "Wallenstein." This period also produced the "Xenien," a collection of varied epigrams, which have widely influenced the literature of Germany; and the ballads, which are some of the most attractive of Schiller's writings, were the result of a friendly rivalry with Goethe about this time. "Wallenstein" saw the light in 1797. Two portions of this magnificent work are well known to English readers, in the no less magnificent translation of Coleridge. It consists of three parts; the first called "Wallenstein's Camp," introductory, which Coleridge has not rendered, as it adds nothing to the dramatic interest. It is not, however, without its uses; as depicting the licence and turbulence of Wallenstein's soldiery, and inspiring the reader with a high idea of the commanding intellect and military tact which restrained so many thousands of lawless and discordant spirits, not only in subordination, but attachment. It has, moreover, somewhat the same relation to the following parts that the Satyrical Drama had to Tragedy among the Greeks. The other divisions of the poem are intitled "The Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein." The towering ambition, and all-mastering genius of the hero—the cold steady loyalty of Octavio Piccolomini, which all that genius is powerless to touch—the high, confiding, devoted spirit of his son, who will

not abandon Wallenstein till his treason is palpable, and then hesitates not to sacrifice all for his sovereign—the gentle beauty and devotedness of Thekla—these are pictures which have never been surpassed.

About this time, Schiller changed his winter abode to Weimar, in order that, in conjunction with his friend Goethe, he might direct the theatre there, according to the taste and opinions of both. At Jena he bought a garden, in the midst of which he built a small house, to which he betook himself in the summer, to have leisure and opportunity for composition. But he afterwards settled entirely at Weimar. The reigning duke continued and increased the pension bestowed by the Danish prince, though Schiller's literary successes placed him beyond the need of it.

"Wallenstein" was followed in rapid succession by his other plays. "Mary Stuart" appeared in 1800; "The Maid of Orleans" in 1801; "The Bride of Messina" in 1803; "William Tell" in 1804. During this period he translated Shakspeare's "Macbeth," Gozzi's "Turandot," and Racine's "Phædra," beside some other pieces. While occupied in the tragedy of "Demetrius," a severe return of his complaint ended his life on the 9th of May, 1805. His death exemplified tranquillity and hope. He was, as has been above observed, a different man after the first accession of his illness; and the teaching he had received from his first affliction was yet further improved by others. In the last ten years of his life he lost his sister, father, and mother; the two former in the same year (1796.) "He felt both losses acutely," says Sir Bulwer Lytton; "the last perhaps the most; but in his letters it pleases us to see the philosopher return to the old childlike faith in God, the reliance on divine goodness for support in grief, the trust in divine mercy for the life to come. For it has been remarked with justice, that, while Schiller's *reason* is often troubled in regard to the fundamental truths of religion, his *heart* is always clear. The moment death strikes upon his affections, the phraseology of the schools vanishes from his lips—its cavils and scruples from his mind; and he comforts himself and his fellow mourners with the simple lessons of gospel resignation and gospel hope." It is singular that the writer of this passage failed to perceive that the philosophy which Schiller found powerless to console affliction, could scarcely have been that which aided him so effectually in the trying season of incipient disease.

A few words on some of his latest dramas must conclude this memoir. While we cannot concur in the censure which Sir Bulwer Lytton passes on the "Mary Stuart," there can, we think, be no question of its inferiority to "The Maid of Orleans." "Mary Stuart" is a beautiful creature of imagination; for such we must call her, notwithstanding her historical name; as, without entering on the much litigated question of Mary's real conduct under several suspicious circumstances, the poetical Mary is certainly much more than childlike ideal perfection which Schiller loved to contemplate, than the nursling of courts and the directress and intimate of statesmen. Nor, indeed, is the character strictly self-consistent; for it embraces, in some degree, the latter view. "Joanna" is still further removed from the Joan of history, than Mary from her historical prototype; but she is altogether a character of a higher order, and appears to have been drawn with higher views, to exemplify and teach exalted truth. It is difficult to conceive that Schiller's mind, while occupied with this poem, was not deeply influenced by spiritual religion; that he did not feel what he evidently so well understood. Besides, it was his avowed intention, not without a lingering of his early predilections, to make the stage a kind of pulpit, and inculcate from it a Christian morality. And the "Maid of Orleans" has done even more. The blessing of obedience, the evil of the smallest sin, the necessity and blessedness of contrition, are there depicted in the liveliest colours. "The Bride of Messina" is an attempt to

familiarize the modern stage with the chorus. Its plot is simple, but unpleasing. The lyrical portions are of consummate beauty. "William Tell" is the impersonation of civil liberty, as "Joanna" is of spiritual religion. He is of a very different order from Charles Moorin "The Robbers;" and, indeed, but for the assassination of the tyrant, he might stand as a noble representative of the abstraction. The catastrophe was historical, yet we know that Schiller did not consider his fictions necessarily to be limited by history. But, as Sir Bulwer Lytton truly remarks, "throughout the whole breathes the condemnation of the French anarchy."

In a sketch of this kind we have necessarily left unnoticed great numbers of pieces, both in prose and verse, the productions of Schiller's fertile pen. Of the general character of his works we would say with Sir Bulwer Lytton, "The whole scope and tendency of his writings, taken one with the other, are eminently christian. No German writer, no writer not simply theological, has done more to increase, to widen, and to sanctify, the reverential disposition that inclines to Faith." This is saying much for one educated in the imperfect system of German Protestantism, and exposed to metaphysical temptation in no ordinary degree.

We conclude this article with a few extracts from Schiller's dramatic productions.

BOYISH FRIENDSHIP.

DON CARLOS, Act 1. Scene 2.

(Translation of Charles Herbert Cottrell, Esq.)

CARLOS.

Ah! let me weep, and on thy bosom shed
A flood of burning tears, my only friend.
I possess none—none—none on this wide earth.
In the broad realms my father's sceptre sways,
The expanse of waters where our flag's unfurled,
'There is no place—none else—where I could dare
By tears to lighten my o'erburdened soul.
I charge thee, Roderick, by all that thou
And I hereafter hope in heaven above,
Dispel me not from this beloved spot!

[The Marquis bends over him in speechless emotion.]

Persuade thyself I am an orphan child,
Whom thy compassion raised up by the throne.
'Truly I know not what a father means—
I am a king's son.—O should it occur,
What my heart whispers, should'st thou be alone
'Mong millions found to understand my state;
Should it be true, that Nature's parent hand
In Carlos re-created Roderick,
And in the morning of our life awoke
The sympathetic chord which joins our souls—
O! if the tear which mitigates my grief
Be dearer to thee than my father's smiles—

MARQUIS.

'Tis dearer far than all the world besides.

CARLOS.

So low I'm fallen, and so poor I'm grown,
That I must conjure up our childhood's years—
That I must sue thee to discharge the debts,
Forgotten long, in infancy contracted—
When thou and I, two wild boys as we were,
Grew up as brothers, my one sorrow was
To feel my talents thus eclipsed by thine;
Then I resolved to love thee without bounds,
Because I had not courage to be like thee.
Hereon began I to torment thee with
A thousand tender pledges of my love,
Which thy proud heart returned with chilling cold.
Oft stood I there—yet thou observed'st it not!
Hot, heavy tear-drops hanging on mine eye,
If thou ran'st by me, and with open arms
Press'd'st to thy bosom some inferior friends.
'Why only these?' I mournfully exclaimed:
'Do I not also dearly love thee too?'
Thou ceremoniously and coldly knelt'st;
'That,' thou observed'st, 'is due to the King's son.'

MARQUIS.

O! cease, Prince, from these boyish recollections,
Which make me still red with the blush of shame.

CARLOS.

This did I merit not from thee. Despise
Thou might'st, and deeply wound my heart, but ne'er
Estrange it from thee. Thrice this Prince repulsed,—
Thrice he came back to thee a suppliant,
T' implore thy love, and force his own on thee.
Chance brought about, what Carlos ne'er could do—
It happened in our games thy shuttlecock
Struck in the eye, my aunt, Bohemia's Queen—
She thought 'twas done intentionally, and,
Suffused in tears, complained unto the King.
All the young courtiers were straightway summoned
The culprit to denounce—The treacherous act
The Monarch swore most fearfully to punish,
Though 'twere his son who did it—I perceived
Thee trembling in the distance, and forthwith
Stepped out, and threw me at the Monarch's feet—
"I, it was who did it," I exclaimed;
On thine own son thy vengeance wreak!

MARQUIS.

Ah, Prince,
What recollections you recall!

CARLOS.

It was wreaked.
In presence of the servants of the court,
Who all stood round compassionate, 'twas wreaked
Upon thy Carl, fully as on a slave.
I looked at thee and wept not; though the pang
Made my teeth chatter loudly, yet I wept not—
My royal blood gushed mercilessly out
At every stroke disgracefully; I looked
At thee, and wept not—thou cam'st up, and threw'st
Thyself loud sobbing at my feet—"Yes, yes,"
Thou cried'st; "my pride is overcome—I will
Repay the debt, when thou art king."

MARQUIS—[holds out his hand to him.]

And I

Will do so, Carl.—The vow I made as boy
I now renew as man. I will repay.
E'en now, perhaps, the hour is come.

MARY STUART'S IMPRISONMENT RELAXED.

MARY STUART. Act III. Scene I.

(Our own version, as we are not aware of another.)

[A Park—The foreground occupied with trees—An extensive
prospect in the background—Mary runs forward in haste
from behind the trees—Hannah Kennedy, (her nurse),
follows at a distance.]

KENNEDY.

You hasten, e'en as though you were on wing!
I cannot follow!—O do wait for me!

MARY.

Let me enjoy my new freedom's pleasure!
I must be a child! O be thou one too!
I spurn the green turf without mode or measure!
Dip my wing'd step in the morning dew!
Am I in truth an enfranchised creature?
Are the black walls of my dungeon riven?
Leave me to drink in each thirsting feature,
Full and free, the sweet breeze of heaven!

KENNEDY.

O my dear lady! you are still imprison'd;
Only the prison bounds are not so narrow.
You only see not the surrounding walls
For the thick foliage of the trees that shroud them.

MARY.

Thanks, thanks again, to those dear friendly trees,
That veil my prison walls with verdant gleam;
Here will I dream of liberty and ease;
O why awake me from that happy dream?

Is not the broad expanse of heaven around?
My glance, delighted and unbound,
Roams forth into the far immensities:

There, where arise the misty mountains gray,
The frontiers stern of my dominion stand,
And those free clouds that southward sweep their way,
Are hasting to dear Gallia's distant strand.
Voyagers light of the joyous gale,
O on your pinions away to sail!
Greet with my blessing my childhood's land!
Stern captivity doom'd to rue,
Envoys none have I left but you;
Free through the air is your path serene;
Ye serve not the will of this moody queen.

KENNEDY.

Ah, my dear lady! you are rapt too far,
And long withholden freedom makes you rave!

MARY.

See where a fisher his shallow moors!
Scant is the pittance his labour gains!
Well would I guerdon his dearest pains,
Would he but waft me to friendly shores!
Gem and gold for his fee he should get,
A draught should he have he ne'er drew before;
Fortune and wealth he should find in his net,
Would he speed me but safe to some friendly shore.

KENNEDY.

O desperate hopes! what? see ye not that spies
Ev'n now at distance track our every step?
A dark and gloomy prohibition scares
Each pity-loving creature from our way.

MARY.

Nay, my good Hannah. 'Trust me, not for nought
My dungeon's door is open'd. This small grace
Is voucher of some greater bliss to come.
No—I mistake not! 'tis the active hand
Of ever-watchful love! I recognise
In all this scheme Lord Le'ster's mighty arm.
By soft degrees my bounds will be extended,
The less shall but familiarize the greater,
Until at length I gaze upon his presence
Who shall dissolve my bonds for evermore.

KENNEDY.

Alas! I cannot search this mystery.
But yesterday and you were doom'd to death,
And now to-day they grant this sudden freedom.
But I have heard it said, their chains are loos'd
For whom the everlasting freedom waits.

MARY.

Hear'st thou the hunter's horn resounding,
Mightily calling o'er wood and plain?
O on the spirited steed to be bounding,
Bounding along in the glad some train!
Hark to that well-known note again!
Sadly sweet its memories are:
Oft have I joy'd when I heard of yore,
Over the highland and over the moor,
Rushing in clamour, the chase afar.

JOANNA'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE PROCEEDING ON
HER MISSION.

MAID OF ORLEANS, Induction.

(Translation in Burns's Fireside Library.)

FAREWELL, ye hills and ye beloved pastures;
Ye still and sombre valleys, fare ye well!
Joanna shall no more frequent your haunts;
Joanna bids you now farewell for ever.
Ye plants which I have watered oft, ye trees
Which I have planted, burgeon blithesomely!
Farewell, ye grottoes, and ye cooling fountains;
Thou Echo, clear soft voice of this calm glen,
That oft gave answer to my maiden strain,
Joanna goes, and ne'er returns again!

Scenes of my early quiet joys, farewell!
I leave you all behind me now for aye!
Rove forth, my lambs, upon the turf-fell,
Destined henceforth all shepherdless to stray!
Far other duties call me hence away;
Far other flock 'tis now my lot to lead
On the red field of peril and dismay:
No idle earthly yearnings prompt the deed;
The Spirit bids me haste—He calls, and I must heed.

For He who erst on Horeb's hallowed side
To Moses blazed in fiery bush revealed,
And bade him face the Egyptian's ire and pride;
And called the pious David from the field,
For pastoral crook imperial glaive to wield;
He who was gracious aye to shepherds—He
To his high work my ministry hath sealed;
He called me from the branches of this tree,
And said, "Go forth on earth to testify for me:

In rugged arms thy graceful form enfold;
In griding steel thy tender breast attire:
No youth shall kindle in that bosom cold
Profane and idle flame of earth's desire.
Thy chainless locks shall feel no bridal tire;
No babe, reposing on thy bosom, trace
An infant image of a manly sire;
For thee have I of old decreed to grace
With martial power and fame above all female race.

And when in strife the boldest fall away,
When the last hour of France is hovering nigh,
Then shall thy hand my Oriflamme display,
And, swift as reaper shreds the harvest dry,
The haught oppressor shalt thou hurl from high,
Bid his proud star in mid ascendant cower,
Rescue thy land's heroic progeny,
And, 'neath fair Rheims' emancipated tower,
Set on the rightful brow the sovran crown of power."

A token Heaven hath shewn—I know it well!
He sends to me the casque! it comes from Him!
With might divine I feel my bosom swell!
The spirit of the flaming Cherubim
With force supernal nerves each feeble limb,
And, wild as tempest sweeps the midnight sky,
Forth urges to the iron conflict grim!
Hark! through me peals my country's battle-cry!
The trumpets' fierce acclaim! the mustering chivalry!

TELL'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE THE ASSASSINATION OF GESLER.

WILLIAM TELL, *Act IV. Scene III.*

(Translation in Burns's Fireside Library.)

[A hollow pass, near Küssnacht—The road leads down between the rocks; and, before they appear on the stage, travellers are seen on the heights. Rocks close in the scene on every side: on one in the foreground is a projecting point, covered with low trees.]

TELL—[with his crossbow.]

THROUGH this high gulley must he pass,
There is no other way to Küssnacht—Here
Will I commit the deed for which I came.
The place is suited to the act: the trees
Will shield me from the view, and there is space
Through which my messenger can seek its aim;
The narrow path will hinder followers.
Make up thy account with heaven, lord Governor!
Thou must go hence—thy last sands are run out.

Oh! I lived calm and harmless, and my prey
Was the wild deer that dwelt within our forests:
My thoughts were free from violence, until thou
Didst steal the gift of peace from out my heart,
And changed the milk of human thought and feeling
Into foul poison. To harsh thoughts, which ne'er
Till thou didst teach them me, my soul e'er knew,
Hast thou inured me. He who struck the aim
From the head of his own child, oh, shall he not
As surely strike to the life-blood of his foe?

My poor, my innocent children, my loved wife,
Must I protect 'gainst thee, lord Governor.
There, when I drew my bow, and my hand trembled,
And thou with devilish joy compelledst me
To aim at the head of my own child—when I,
All powerless, sunk before thee,—then I swore
A fearful oath—breathed to the ear of God,
And not of man—that my next arrow's aim
Should be thy heart. What in that hour I swore
Of deadly agony, I will perform;
God will require it at my hands—to Him
I breathed my oath.

Thou art, my lord, placed here in my emperor's stead.
Yet never had the emperor allowed
Such deeds as thou hast done. He sent thee here
To deal out justice to the land.—Severe
Perchance he knew thou wert, for 'twas in wrath
He sent thee; but he did not bid thee slake
Thy murderous thirst of blood on harmless men.
But there is One who shall avenge our cause.

O come then forth, thou messenger of pain!
My dearest treasure now, my highest good!
The heart that did resist all pious prayers
Shall not have power to resist thy point!
And thou, my trusty bow-string, in good stead
Thou oft hast served till now in joyful sports,—
Forsake me not in this most fearful earnest;
Hold firm for one aim more, and wing aright,
As thou so oft hast done, my pointed barb;
For if it play me false, I have no other
To fill its destined part.

[Travellers pass over the stage.]

Upon this stony bank will I sit down.
'Twas placed for the repose of travellers;
For here there is no dwelling; each one goes
With careless step, nor heeds the fellow-men
Who pass him by, nor thinks if they are well
Or ill, if joy or sorrow rest with them.
The careful merchant, pilgrims with few goods,
Few cares, the pious monk, the dark grim robber,
The merry player, and the carrier
Who comes from other lands with laden beasts,
From every region of the world do men
Pass by this road, to accomplish each his work:
Mine is a work of death!

[He sits down.]

Oh! once, my children, there was joy for you,
When from the chase your father late returned!
For never came he to his home but brought
Something for you—either a flower he'd plucked
From off the Alps, or some rare bird, or Ammon's horn
Such as the travellers find upon the hills.
Far other deadlier object now he seeks:
On the wild way he sits with vengeful thoughts—
It is his enemy's life for which he waits—
And yet e'en now his thoughts are but of you
His children. To guard you, and your gentle innocence
To shield against the tyrant's rage—he draws
His bow, such fearful murder to commit!

[He starts up.]

It is a noble prey for which I wait.
The hunter oft beneath the coldest skies
Will leap from crag to crag thro' the whole day,
And climb the rugged precipice, oft stained
By the drops of his own blood, and weary not,
So he can strike his prey; but here
I have a far more noble prize—the heart
Of my dread foe, who seeks to ruin us.

[Joyful music is heard—gradually approaches in the distance.]

From my first childhood have I been inured
To feats of archery; my bow has been
Constant companion of my life; to the goal
I oft have shot, and many a fair prize
Have I brought home from feasts where archers meet.
But the master-shot of all to-day I seek,
And carry the best prize that's to be won
Throughout the whole wide circle of the Alps.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. IV.

OUT of consideration for the excitable disposition of Mad Bess we took our way along the least bustling streets we could select; directing our course towards the outskirts of the town, behind which extended for some miles a portion of the range of hills known as the South Downs, over the smooth green turf of which we promised ourselves a canter. As we rode along, Coleman questioned me as to what had passed while he was seeing Punch saddled, to make me so determined to ride the chestnut mare, whose vicious disposition was, he informed me, so well known, that not only would no one ride her who could help it, but that Snaffles, who was most anxious to get rid of her, had not as yet been able to find a purchaser. In reply to this I gave him a short account of what had occurred, adding my more than suspicion that the whole matter had been arranged by Cumberland, in which notion he entirely agreed with me. "I was afraid of something of this sort, when I said I was sorry you had made that remark about cheating to him this morning—you see, he would no doubt suppose you had heard the particulars of his gambling affair, and that you meant to insult him by what you said, and he has done this out of revenge. Oh, how I wish we were safely at home again; shall we turn back now?" "Not for the world," said I—"you will find, when you know me better, that when once I have undertaken a thing I will go through with it—difficulties only make me more determined." "Ah!" said Coleman, "that is the kind of disposition they always give to the heroes of novels, the sort of character that will go and run his head against a brick wall to prove that it is the harder and thicker of the two—they knock out their brains though, sometimes, in doing it, when they happen to have any—it is very pretty to read about, splendid in theory, but I much doubt its acting so well if you come to put it in practice." "You may laugh at me, if you please," replied I; "but, depend upon it, a man of energy and determination will undertake great deeds, aye, and perform them too, which your prudent, cautious character would have considered impossibilities." "Perhaps it may be so," was the reply; "I know I am not the sort of stuff they cut heroes out of—woa, Punch! steady, old boy! holloa, what ails him? this is getting serious." During this conversation, we had been gradually leaving the town behind us, and approaching the Downs, and had arrived at a point where the road became a mere cart-track, and the open country lay spread for miles before us. Our two steeds had, up to the present time, conducted themselves with the greatest propriety; but they now began to show signs of excitement, and, as the fresh air from the downs blew against their nostrils, they tossed their heads, snorted, and exchanged the quiet jog-trot pace at which we had been proceeding, for a dancing, sidelong motion, which somewhat disturbed Coleman's equanimity, and elicited from him the expressions above recorded. The road now became so uneven and full of ruts, that we agreed to turn our horses' heads, and quit it for the more tempting path-way afforded by the green-sward. No sooner, however, did Punch feel the change from the hard road to the soft elastic footing of the turf, than he proceeded to demonstrate his happiness by slightly elevating his heels, and popping his head down between his fore-legs, thereby jerking the rein loose in Coleman's hand; and, perceiving that his rider (who was fully employed in grasping the pommel of the saddle in order to preserve his seat) made no effort to check his vivacity, he indulged his high spirits still further by setting off at a brisk canter. "Pull him in," cried I, "you'll have him run away with you; pull at him."

Whether my advice was acted upon or not I was un-

able to observe, as my whole attention was demanded by "Mad Bess," who appeared at length resolved to justify the propriety of her appellation. Holding her in by means of the snaffle alone had been quite as much as I had been able to accomplish during the last ten minutes, and this escapade on the part of Punch brought the matter to a crisis. I must either allow her to follow him, i.e. to run away, or use the curb to prevent it. Seating myself, therefore, as firmly as I could, and gripping the saddle tightly with my knees, I took up the curb rein, which till now had been hanging loosely on the mare's neck, and gradually tightened it. This did not, for a moment, seem to produce any effect, but as soon as I drew the rein sufficiently tight to check her speed, she stopped short, and shook her head violently. I attempted gently to urge her on,—not a step except backwards would she stir,—at length in despair I touched her slightly with the spur, and then "the fiend within her woke," and proceeded to make up for lost time with a vengeance. The moment the mare felt the spur, she reared until she stood perfectly erect, and fought the air with her fore-legs. Upon this I slackened the rein, and striking her over the ears with my riding-whip, brought her down again;—no sooner, however, had her fore-feet touched the ground than she gave two or three violent plunges, which nearly succeeded in unseating me, jerked down her head so suddenly as to loosen the reins from my grasp, kicked viciously several times, and seizing the check of the bit between her teeth so as to render it utterly useless, (evidently an old trick of hers,) sprang forward at a wild gallop. The pace at which we were going soon brought us alongside of Punch, who, having by this time mastered his rider, considered it highly improper that any steed should imagine itself able to pass him, and therefore proceeded to emulate the pace of Mad Bess. Thereupon a short but very spirited race ensued, the cob's pluck enabling him to keep neck and neck for a few yards; but the mare was going at racing speed, and the length of her stride soon began to tell; Punch, too, showed signs of having nearly had enough of it. I therefore shouted to Coleman, as we were leaving them, "Keep his head up hill, and you'll be able to pull him in directly." His answer was inaudible, but when I turned my head two or three minutes afterwards I was glad to see that he had followed my advice with complete success—Punch was standing still, about half a mile off, while his rider was apparently watching my course with looks of horror.

All anxiety on his account being thus at an end, I proceeded to take as calm a view of my own situation as circumstances would allow, in order to decide on the best means of extricating myself therefrom. We had reached the top of the first range of hills I have described, and were now tearing at a fearful rate down the descent on the opposite side. It was clear that the mare could not keep up the pace at which she was going for any length of time: still she was in first-rate racing condition, not an ounce of superfluous flesh about her, and though she must have gone more than two miles already, she appeared as fresh as when we started. I therefore cast my eyes around in search of some obstacle which might check her speed. The slope down which we were proceeding extended for about a mile before us, after which the ground again began to rise. In the valley between the two hills was a small piece of cultivated land, enclosed (as is usual in the district I am describing) within a low wall, built of flint-stones from the beach. Towards this I determined to guide the mare as well as I was able, in the hope that she would refuse the leap, in which case I imagined I might pull her in. The pace at which we were going soon brought us near the spot, when I was glad to perceive that the wall was a more formidable obstacle than I had at first imagined, being fully six feet high, with a ditch in front of it. I therefore selected a place where the ditch seemed widest, got her head well up by sawing her mouth with the snaffle, and put her fairly at it.

No sooner did she perceive the obstacles before her, than, slightly moderating her pace, she appeared to collect herself, gathered her legs well under her, and rushing forward, cleared wall, ditch, and at least seven feet of ground beyond, with a leap like a deer, alighting safely with me on her back on the opposite side, where she continued her course with unabated vigour.

We had crossed the field (a wheat stubble) ere I had recovered from my astonishment at finding myself safe after such a leap as I had most assuredly never dreamt of taking. Fortunately there was a low gate on the farther side, towards which I guided the mare, for though I could not check, I was in some measure able to direct her course. This time, however, she either did not see the impediment in her way, or despised it, as, without abating her speed, she literally rushed through the gate, snapping into shivers with her chest the upper bar, which was luckily rotten, and clearing the lower ones in her stride. The blow, and the splintered wood flying about her ears, appeared to frighten her afresh, and she tore up the opposite ascent, which was longer and steeper than the last, like a mad creature. I was glad to perceive, however, that the pace at which she had come, and the distance (which must have been several miles), were beginning to tell—her glossy coat was stained with sweat and dust, while her breath drawn with short and laboured sobs, her heaving flanks, and the tremulous motion of her limbs, afforded convincing proofs that the struggle could not be protracted much longer. Still she continued to hold the bit between her teeth as firmly as though it were in a vice, rendering any attempt to pull her in utterly futile. We had now reached the crest of the hill, when I was not best pleased to perceive that the descent on the other side was much more precipitous than any I had yet met with. I endeavoured, therefore, to pull her head round, thinking it would be best to try and retrace our steps, but I soon found that it was useless to attempt it. The mare had now become wholly unmanageable; I could not guide her in the slightest degree; and, though she was evidently getting more and more exhausted, she still continued to gallop madly forwards, as though some demon had taken possession of her, and was urging her on to our common destruction. As we proceeded down the hill our speed increased from the force of gravitation, till we actually seemed to fly—the wind appeared to shriek as it rushed past my ears, while, from the rapidity with which we were moving, the ground seemed to glide from under us, till my head reeled so giddily that I was afraid I should fall from the saddle. We had proceeded about half way down the descent, when on passing one or two stunted bushes which had concealed the ground beyond, I saw, oh horror of horrors, what appeared to be the mouth of an old chalk-pit, stretching dark and unfathomable, right across our path, about 300 yards before us. The mare perceives it when too late, attempts to stop, but from the impetus with which she is going, is unable to do so. Another moment, and we shall be over the side! With the energy of despair I lifted her with the rein with both hands, and drove the spurs madly into her flanks;—she rose to the leap, there was a bound! a sensation of flying through the air! a crash! and I found myself stretched on my back in safety on the turf beyond, and Mad Bess lying, panting, but uninjured, beside me.

To spring upon my feet, and seize the bridle of the mare, who had also by this time recovered her footing, was the work of a moment. I then proceeded to look around, in order to gain a more clear idea of the situation in which I was placed, in the hope of discovering the easiest method of extricating myself from it. Close behind me lay the chalk-pit, and, as I gazed down its rugged sides, overgrown with brambles and rank weeds, I shuddered to think of the probable fate from which I had been so almost miraculously preserved, and turned away with a heartfelt expression of thanksgiving to Him, who had mercifully decreed that the thread of my

young life should not be snapped in so sudden and fearful a manner. Straight before me, the descent became almost suddenly precipitous, but a little to the right I perceived a sort of sheep-track, winding downwards round the side of the hill. It was a self-evident fact that this must lead somewhere, and as all places were alike to me, so that they contained any human beings who were able and willing to direct me towards Helmstone, I determined to follow it. After walking about half a mile, Mad Bess (with her ears drooping, and her nose nearly touching the ground) following me as quietly as a dog, I was rejoiced by the sight of curling smoke, and on turning a corner, I came suddenly upon a little village green, around which some half dozen cottages were scattered at irregular distances. I directed my steps towards one of these, before which a crazy sign, rendered by age and exposure to the weather as delightfully vague and unintelligible as though it had come fresh from the brush of Turner himself, hung picturesquely from the branch of an old oak.

The sound of horses' feet attracted the attention of an elderly man, who appeared to combine in his single person the offices of ostler, waiter, and boots, and who, as soon as he became aware of my necessities, proceeded to fulfil the duties of these various situations with the greatest alacrity. First he rubbed down Mad Bess, and administered some refreshment to her in the shape of hay and water, then he brought me a glass of ale, declaring it would do me good, (in which by the way he was right, for so it did). He then brushed certain stains, which I had contracted in my fall, from my coat, and finally told me my way to Helmstone, seeming to consider himself over paid by the shilling with which I rewarded his various attentions. I now remounted Mad Bess, who, though much refreshed by the hay and water, still continued perfectly quiet and tractable, and setting off at a moderate trot, reached the town, after a ride of about eight miles, without any farther adventure, in rather less than an hour. As I entered the street in which Snaffles' stables were situated, I perceived Coleman and Lawless standing at the entrance of the yard, evidently awaiting my arrival. When I got near them, Coleman sprang eagerly forward to meet me, saying, "How jolly glad I am to see you safe again, old fellow! I was so frightened about you; how did you manage to stop her?" "Why, Fairfeigh, I had no idea you were such a rider," exclaimed Lawless; "I made up my mind you would break your neck, and old Sam be minus a pupil, when I heard you were gone out on that mare. You have taken the devil out of her somehow, and no mistake; she's as quiet as a lamb," added he, patting her. "You were very near being right," replied I; "she did her best to break my neck, and her own too, I can assure you." I then proceeded to relate my adventures, to which both Lawless and Coleman listened with great attention; the former interrupting me every now and then with various expressions of commendation, and when I had ended he shook me warmly by the hand, saying,—"I give you great credit; you behaved in a very plucky manner all through; I didn't think you had it in you; 'pon my word, I didn't. I shall just tell Cumberland and Snaffles a bit of my mind, too. Here Snaffles, you old humbug, where are you?" "Oh don't mind him," said I, "it's never worth while being angry with people of that sort; besides, Cumberland made him do it." "That does not signify; he knew the danger to which he was exposing you, perhaps better than Cumberland did. He had no business to do it, and I'll make him beg your pardon before we leave this yard. Here, you ostler fellow, where's your master?" shouted Lawless, as he turned into the yard, where I soon heard the loud tones of his voice engaged in angry colloquy with Snaffles, whose replies were inaudible. In a short time, the latter approached the spot where I was standing, and began a very long and humble apology, saying that he should never have thought of giving me the mare if he had not seen at a glance that I was

a first-rate rider, and much more to the same purpose, when Lawless interrupted him with, "There, cut it short; Mr. Fairleigh does not want any more of your blarney; and mind, if anything of the sort occurs again, I shall hire my horses somewhere else, and take care to let all my friends know why I do so. Now let's be off, it's getting near dinner time." So saying, he turned to leave the yard, a movement which, as soon as I had found my friend James, returned his spurs, and taken him the promised half-crown, I proceeded to imitate, and thus ended the episode of Mad Bess.

On reaching home, the door was opened by Thomas, who accosted us with, "Here's such a bit of fun, gentlemen! The new pupil's arrived, and ain't he a rum'un, jest? Oh, I never!" "Why, how do you mean? what's he like then?" asked Lawless. "Oh, he's very well to look at, only he's as tall as a life-guardsmen; but he's such a free and easy chap, and ain't he got a pretty good notion of making himself comfortable too, that's all—but come in, Gents, you'll soon see what I mean. He chucked the flyman who brought him here half-a-guinea, and when I asked him if he did not want the change, for the fare was only half-a-crown, he merely said, 'Pooh!' and told me not to talk, for it tired him." With our feelings of curiosity somewhat excited by this account, we hastened into the Pupils' room, anxious to behold the individual who had so greatly astonished Thomas.

Seated in Dr. Mildman's arm-chair, and with his legs resting upon two other chairs so arranged as to form a temporary sofa, was a young man apparently about eighteen, though his length of limb, and the almost herculean proportions of his chest and shoulders, seemed rather to belong to a more advanced age. He raised his head as we entered, disclosing a set of features which, but for an expression of languor and heaviness by which they were characterised, must have been pronounced unusually handsome. His complexion was a rich nut-brown, excepting over the high forehead, which was white as snow, contrasting well with the dark hue of his hair, the short clustering curls of which, harmonizing well with the classical outline of his head, reminded one involuntarily of the young Antinous. The small finely-formed mouth, and well chiselled nostril, told a tale of pride and resolution, strangely at variance with the mild sleepy appearance of the large dark hazel eyes, to which the long silky lashes that shaded them imparted an almost feminine expression. He did not attempt to alter his position as we approached, but, merely turning his head, gazed at us steadfastly for a moment, and then observed in a slow, half-absent manner, "Oh, the other pupils I suppose—how do you do, all of you?" Lawless, who was foremost, was so much surprised and so little pleased at this nonchalant style of address that he made no reply, but turning on his heel, proceeded to leave the room, in order to divest himself of his hunting costume, muttering as he went, "Cool enough that!" The duty of doing the polite having thus devolved upon Coleman, he winked at me by way of preliminary, and, making a low bow in the true dancing master style, replied as follows:—"Your penetration has not erred, sir; we *are* the other pupils; and in answer to your obliging inquiries I have much pleasure in informing you that we are all in perfect health; and now, sir, in return for your kind condescension, allow me, in the absence of my superiors, to express a hope that *you* are feeling tolerably comfortable,—ahem!" Having thus delivered himself, Coleman drew up his figure to its utmost height, and folding his arms with an air of pompous dignity, awaited an answer. "Oh, yes, I'm comfortable enough," was the reply; "I always am; only I'm so done up, tired as a dog,—the least thing fatigues me; I'm as weak as a rat; don't they give you sofas here, Mr. What's-your-name?" "My name is Norval—I mean, Coleman; my father divides his time between feeding his flocks on the Grampian Hills, and fleecing his clients in Russell-square; though I must confess, that ever since I can

remember, he has dropped the shepherd, and stuck to the solicitor, finding it pays best, I suppose. Regarding the sofa, we have not one at present, but Dr. Mildman went to town this morning, I did not till this moment know why,—but now I see it all,—he was doubtless aware you would arrive to-day, and finding he could not get a sufficiently comfortable sofa for you in Helmstone, he is gone to London to procure one; there is still time to write by the post, if there is any particular way in which you would like to have the stuffing arranged." This speech made Oaklands raise his head, and look Coleman so fixedly in the face, with such a clear, earnest, penetrating gaze, that it appeared as if he would read his very soul.

Having apparently satisfied himself, he smiled slightly, resumed his former attitude, and observed in the same half sleepy tone, "No, I'll leave all that to him; I am not particular; what time do you dine here?" I replied, (for the look I have described seemed to have the wonderful effect of silencing Coleman,) "at five o'clock." "Very good; and I believe there's a Mrs. Mildman, or some such thing, is there not? I suppose one must dress,—will you be so kind as to tell the servant to bring some hot water, and to look out my things for me at a quarter before five!—I hate to have to hurry, it tires me so." Having said this, he took up a book which was lying by his side, and murmuring something about "talking being so fatiguing," soon became buried in its contents.

Whilst I was dressing for dinner, Lawless came into my room, and told me that he had been speaking to Cumberland with regard to the way in which he had behaved to me about the mare, and that Cumberland professed himself exceedingly sorry that the affair had so nearly turned out a serious one, declaring he meant it quite as a joke, never expecting that when I saw the mare I should venture to mount her—"So you see," continued Lawless, "he merely wanted to have a good laugh at you, nothing more; it was a thoughtless thing to do, but not so bad as you fancied it, by any means." "Well" replied I, "as he says so, I am bound to believe him, but his manner certainly gave me the impression that he meant me to ride her. He went the right way to make me do so, at all events, by hinting that I was afraid." "Ah! he could not know that by intuition, you see," said Lawless; "he thought, I dare say, as I did, that you were a mere molly-coddle, brought up at your mother's apron-string, and had not pluck enough in you to do any thing sporting." "It's not worth saying any thing more about," replied I; "it will never happen again: I am very much obliged to you, though." "Oh! that's nothing," said Lawless; "if Cumberland had really meant to break your neck, I should have fallen out with him; that would have been too much of a good thing: however as it is, it's all right"—and so the conversation ended, though I felt far from satisfied in my own mind as to the innocence of Cumberland's intentions.

On reaching the drawing-room I found the whole party assembled, with the exception of Mr. Henry Oaklands, who had not yet made his appearance. At the moment of my entrance, Mrs. Mildman, who had not seen the new arrival, and who, like the rest of her sex, was somewhat curious, was examining Coleman, (who stood bolt upright before her with his hands behind him, looking like a boy saying his lesson,) as to his manners and appearance—"Very tall, and dark hair, and large eyes," continued Mrs. Mildman; "why he must be very handsome." "He seems as if he were half asleep," observed I. "Not always," said Coleman; "did you see the look he gave me? I thought he was going to eat me." "Dear me! why he must be quite a cannibal; besides, I don't think you would be at all nice to eat, Mr. Coleman," cried Mrs. Mildman, with a smile. "Horrid nasty, I'm sure," muttered Mullins, who was seated on the very edge of his chair, and looking thoroughly uncomfortable, as was his wont in any thing like civilized society. At this moment the door opened,

and Oaklands entered. If one had doubted about his height before, when lying on the three chairs, the question was set at rest the instant he was seen standing; he must have measured at least six feet two inches, though the extreme breadth of his chest and shoulders, and the graceful setting-on of his finely-formed head, together with the perfect symmetry and proportion of his limbs, prevented his appearing too tall. He went through the ceremony of introduction with the greatest ease and self-possession; and though he infused rather more courtesy into his manner towards Mrs. Mildman than he had taken the trouble to bestow on us, his behaviour was still characterised by the same indolence and listlessness I had previously noticed, and which indeed seemed part and parcel of himself. Having bowed slightly to Cumberland and Lawless, he seated himself very leisurely on the sofa by Mrs. Mildman's side, altering one of the pillows so as to make himself thoroughly comfortable, as he did so. Having settled it to his satisfaction, he addressed Mrs. Mildman with, "What a very fatiguing day this has been, haven't you found it so?" "No, I can't say I have," was the reply; "I dare say it was warm travelling: I'm afraid in that case, Dr. Mildman will not have a very pleasant journey,—he's gone to Town to-day." "Ah! so that short, stout young gentleman, (the first two adjectives he pronounced very slowly and distinctly) told me." "Mr. Coleman," insinuated Mrs. Mildman. "Pleasant, that," whispered Coleman to me. "Take care," replied I, "he'll hear you." "I'm afraid," continued Oaklands, "the old gentleman will be quite knocked up—I wonder he does not make two days' journey of it." "Dr. Mildman is not so very old," observed Mrs. Mildman, in rather an annoyed tone of voice. "I really beg pardon, I scarcely know why I said it," replied Oaklands, "only I somehow fancied all tutors were between sixty and seventy: very absurd of me. My father sent all kind of civil messages to the o — — to Dr. Mildman, only it is so much trouble to remember that sort of thing." At this point the conversation was interrupted by the announcement of dinner. Oaklands, (from whom I could not withdraw my eyes, so unlike anything I had ever met with before was he,) was evidently preparing to hand Mrs. Mildman down to dinner, as soon as he could summon sufficient energy to move, but perceiving Cumberland approach her for that purpose, he appeared to recollect himself, smiled slightly, as if at what he had been about to do, and taking me by the arm, said, "Come, Master Curlylocks, you shall be my lady, and a very pretty girl you would make too, if you were properly be-muslined;" adding as we went down stairs together, "You and I shall be great friends I'm sure; I like your face particularly—what a lot of stairs there are in this house! they'll tire me to death."

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.

No. II.

BIRDS OF PREY.—VULTURES AND EAGLES.

ALL writers agree in placing the birds of prey first in their systems. We therefore commence our series with an account of this order. Linnæus distinguished all such birds by the term *accipitres*, the plural of the Latin *accipiter*, signifying a hawk, or more properly, a bird which preys upon others of its kind. Some, however, apply the word *rapaces*, others, *raptores* to the order, and as each epithet denotes a bird of prey, the use of either is admissible.

The characteristics of this order are striking. Dwelling, for the most part, remote from human habitations, haunting sea-beaten rocks, frequenting wild mountain summits, or dwelling in lonely forests, their singular habits excite the curiosity of man. The love of solitude is a characteristic of all true birds of prey. Where the avalanche thunders as it crashes through the mountain

forest, you may find them; in the silence of the Apennines or the Andes they hold their homes, but retire before the sound of the woodman's axe, and love not the peopled villages or smiling fields. Everything connected with the race partakes of the stern and great, for power, not beauty, is its characteristic.



THE CONDOR.

The order is divided into four families:—

- The *vulturidae*, or vultures;
- The *falconidae*, or eagles and hawks;
- The *strigidae*, or owls;
- The *laniidae*, or butcher birds.

Each division has a marked peculiarity, and each a distinct use in the operations of nature.

The vulture family.—Let us enter a zoological garden, and take our stand near a group of vultures. We shall probably see little to admire in the appearance of these birds; if the spectator be a lady, she will doubtless dislike the collection. Others may pronounce, with Goldsmith, the vulture an unclean, cruel, and indolent brute, feeding on carrion, and only deserving contempt. But let such persons take a journey to Egypt; there they will find this unsightly bird protected by laws: heavy penalties await its assailant, whilst the natives rejoice to find a pair hovering near their village.

Why is this? If the question were proposed to some, they might answer by ascribing this regard to a stupid superstition respecting the vulture.

But the vulture would be prized by the most delicate ladies were they compelled to live in torrid regions, or in the filthy cities of the East. In England we pay scavengers to cleanse our towns, and the police indict the man who encumbers the footpath with putrid matter. The vulture saves all this trouble; he, considerate bird, stoops from his aerial height to become the purifier of cities. He is more effective than a whole college of physicians, and a board of health; for the putrid substances which would quickly taint the air are borne off by the vulture.

The chief use of this family of birds is to keep the air free from pestilential taint, and truly the office is an important one. There is something remarkably striking in this arrangement. Let us consider the facts. Substances accumulate in crowded cities, which send forth in a short time a pestiferous effluvia. Great labour and care would be required to bury such putrefying matter deep in the earth. It could scarcely be done on a large scale. But here comes in the provision of nature. A bird frequents those regions, exactly fitted by taste and organization to live upon the very materials which would generate the means of destruction to man.

kind. This is the vulture. So completely is the system and taste of the bird adapted to the end of its creation, that carrion is preferred to fresh meat.

In warm climates the vultures may be observed through the day, soaring high in air, and circling over a city on the watch; the instant any offal or carrion is thrown into the street, they descend in crowds and remove the nuisance. In some parts of America, vast quantities of large animals are killed for their hides only; the hunters, having skinned the beast, leave the body; in every case the observant vultures descend, and quickly leave nothing of the largest buffalo, save the bones, thus removing so prolific a source of pestilence.

As vultures often fly at great elevations, where the human eye cannot perceive them, it is evident that strong powers of vision belong to them; for no prey, however small, escapes their observation. The traveller journeying through the desert has often to leave behind him a dead horse, or camel; in a short time he may see far up in the sky a number of small black spots; whilst he is speculating on the cause of this appearance, the objects grow larger, and have a circling motion; nearer and nearer they approach, till at length a troop of vultures is clearly discerned. They must have seen the animal fall, and immediately descended from their invisible heights. Some naturalists have erroneously ascribed this keen detection of distant food to great powers of smell; but it is clear that the birds would not fly at such immense heights for the sake of smelling; this would rather lead them to sail near the ground. Besides, effluvia cannot be supposed to extend to such distances, as it must become diffused through the atmosphere, and so destroyed.

Experiments, also, have been made, which clearly prove that sight, not smell, brings the vulture from his lofty track.

Dried skins, from which no effluvia could rise, have been stuffed with straw to represent the figure of some dead animal. These stuffed resemblances being left on the ground, in a short time the vultures were seen descending with rapid sweeps toward the objects. Nor did they discover the deception till alighting, when, attempting to drive their beaks into the impenetrable substance, they evinced every symptom of surprise at the unusual occurrence.

The vultures differ from most birds of prey in evincing a tendency to fix themselves near the dwellings of men: this arises from the facilities which these localities afford for procuring food.

The geographical range of these birds is remarkably wide, extending from India to the coasts of Britain, abounding in America, and reaching from Africa on the south, to Norway on the north. But their principal home is in warm regions, where their peculiar habits of feeding are most usefully exercised.

We cannot reckon vultures amongst our British birds: though Mr. Garrell has ventured upon such a classification, from the fact that one was taken in Somersetshire, in 1825, whilst feeding on the carcase of a sheep. Such an isolated fact no more entitles us to rank the vulture amongst British birds, than to call a Spaniard an Englishman, because we may happen to meet with him in a Buckinghamshire village. The different species of vultures need not be described. Some are classed according to colour, as the golden and the brown; others according to the region inhabited, as the Egyptian vulture. The appearance of the whole family clearly distinguishes them from the eagles. The head and neck are without feathers, which gives them an unsightly appearance; the eyes project, whilst those of the eagle are deeply set in the head; the claws are shorter and less hooked than in the eagle, which birds they also exceed in size. The vulture's beak is more straight, and does not bend till near the point, whilst the eagle's curves more throughout.

One of the largest birds we are acquainted with, the condor, properly belongs to the vulture family. These

giant birds are generally found in the lonely peaks and valleys of the Andes, though at certain seasons they descend towards the coast, frequenting the wild shores of sea-beaten cliffs. Some are said to measure eighteen feet from wing to wing; the largest specimen which we have seen measures but ten feet; this, however, might not have been full grown. The appearance of this majestic bird, as he sails above the snow-capped mountains, is sublime; with a single sweep of those mighty wings, he soars away into the distant heavens, where the keenest sight is unable to follow his track. Sometimes the deep silence of a valley is broken by the roar of his flight, as, rising from an abutting rock, he sails through the long ravine, startling with his shadow the cowering birds. The strength of the condor enables it to carry off the largest animals, but unless pressed by hunger they rarely attack living creatures.

Second Family, The Falconidae.—This division includes both eagles and hawks, the characteristics of each being implied by the term *falco*, which has been given to the whole family, from the hooked form of the beak and claws.

The eagles first claim our attention.

Many persons talk of birds of prey, as if their existence was somewhat a defect, a cause of confusion and strife, in creation. They admire the dove, listen with interest to the history of the swallow, and rejoice in the rich melody of singing birds; but, say they, how different from these innocent, peaceful and beautiful creatures, is the fierce eagle or marauding hawk. We do not wish to present any portion of the living universe in an unlovely aspect; every part has its allotted object and a beauty of its own; and it should be our aim to discern this truth, in every link of the great chain of being. Disparage not the bird of prey, he has received his instincts from the Infinite Intelligence; these instincts form his commission to keep within certain limits the inhabitants of the air. Is he more fierce than the pet swallow, or the pretty goldfinch? How does this said swallow live? By destroying some hundreds of beautifully-formed insects every day, each of which may as justly claim our pity as the sparrow which affords a meal to the hawk. If we judge fairly, we shall see reason to pronounce some of our beautiful little birds more cruel than the eagle; he, perhaps, destroys two or three birds every day, but dozens of wonderfully-constructed insects will scarcely suffice for a swift's breakfast. All birds are in one sense birds of prey; they all destroy life; and the falconidae are, therefore, only in the same general predicament with the whole feathered creation—even with man himself, whose daily food attests his destruction of life. Away then with false sentiment! it is the great law that all mundane must end; birds too must die; and sudden death by the stroke of an eagle's talon is mercy compared with "dying daily, inch by inch, from slow decay;" there is decidedly less of pain in the former case. This order of birds existed in those remote geological eras, the wonderful histories of which have astonished our age. Thus, through all ages of life, the living world has been so constructed, that the death of one animal by another should form an essential part of the great system. These considerations should lead us to regard with closer attention the habits of this family. The proud motions, and commanding air of the eagle, induced various nations to adopt its figure on their banners, as the symbol of power and dominion. It was borne as a standard by the Assyrians, Persians, and Romans in ancient times, whilst several modern empires retain it in their insignia.

The food of the eagle is the very opposite to that chosen by the vulture. The former, unless pressed by hunger, will not eat carrion, preferring in general to kill its own prey. Eagles, therefore, do not flock round the dead bodies of animals; hence the text in St. Matthew, "wherever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together," is supposed to refer to an eastern species of vulture which is similar in appearance to the eagle. Eagles appear to kill their prey with the talons rather than the beak, for

when a dog was thrown into a cage where one was kept, the bird sprang on the dog's back, and gripping the neck, with one foot prevented the prey from turning to bite; it then began to tear and pierce the dog with the talons of the other foot till it died. The beak was then brought into use for devouring the body. Some eagles feed upon fish, which they snatch with daring address from the surface of the sea. The osprey is often seen hovering high above the waves; all at once we see him sweep down with an arrow's velocity, and plunge into the waters, whence he rises, bearing in his talons a large fish, with which he swoops away to some distant rock. The ospreys are often met with on the southern coast of England, and the antiquary sometimes lights upon a nest, in some ruined town of other days.

Some eagles which feed upon fish are not fitted for plunging into the water; these are constantly on the look out to rob the osprey of its prey as it rises from the sea. The white-headed eagle will sit for hours, watching the osprey fishing: the moment the latter has seized a fish, off darts the former in pursuit; the chase is often desperate, for the osprey does not readily abandon its booty, but, sweeping in large circles, endeavours to keep above the eagle, which being unencumbered, soon gets the advantage, upon which the osprey drops the fish. Now comes the feat of the white-headed eagle: descending with lightning speed, he grasps the fish before it can reach the water, and bears off the spoil with a scream of triumph. One species of eagle feeds chiefly on snakes, which it kills by repeated blows of its powerful wings: its food is not, however, confined to such animals, as in the stomach of one were found about twenty young turtles, in addition to many lizards and snakes.

Strange stories respecting the eagle's wonderful power of sight have been told; but, though many of these are doubtless exaggerations, there is no doubt that this bird possesses an acuteness of vision similar to that of the vulture. Our remarks on the sight of the latter will, therefore, apply to the eye of the eagle.

Of the various species, the golden eagle is the most noted and powerful; it is named from the coppery-yellow colour of the plumage, which is sometimes mingled with tints of brown. The appearance of this noble bird, when flying, is majestic: the hunter watches it soaring above the Alpine forest with a feeling approaching to awe, as he thinks of the wild tales which represent the mighty bird as the body of a fallen angel, who still seeks, in that winged shape, those regions of its former home. Solemn is the spectacle, when the setting sun flings his ruddy gleam on the grey walls of some ancient mountain tower, which stands as the solitary representative of a thousand departed ages; but how is the solemnity deepened, when, on the highest tower, we mark the golden eagle, calmly gazing with his eyes of fiery splendour on the departing sun! The golden eagle is sometimes met with in England, and more frequently in Scotland, where they build a platform nest in the sheltering recesses of the rocks.

The length of this bird, from beak to tail, is about 3½ feet; and the breadth, across the outspread wings, 8 feet. Its eggs are 3½ inches in length, and 2½ wide, of a dirty white colour, and speckled with reddish brown spots. The golden eagle is noted for its great longevity, some having been known to exist for more than a hundred years; indeed, every kind of eagle possesses great length of life. When they reach a great age in a state of captivity, few of their natural characteristics remain: instead of the bold and daring bird which glanced defiance on his foe, and claimed the sovereignty of many a league of air, we see a feeble and discredited bird, bearing the faded symbols of former kingly state.

In their natural state of wild freedom, few become thus enfeebled by age; their life of strife, tempestuous seasons, or the hunter's rifle, secures the means of terminating existence, before weakness unfits the king of birds to pursue, as of old, his prey.

There are several varieties of the eagle family, as the

golden eagle, bald eagle, white eagle, white-tailed eagle, osprey, and others; but each species possesses, in common, most of the qualities already noticed.

Hawks.—Some birds may be called lesser eagles, so much do their habits resemble those of the larger falcons, with which they are already classed under the family name, *falconidae*. Hawks have one peculiarity in their history widely distinguishing them from eagles; the latter have rarely been trained to become the willing servants of man, but the hawk has been the prized companion of kings and nobles; statesmen have stooped to superintend its education; and scholars and emperors have combined to write on its qualities.

Let us take a moment's glance into "England in the olden time;" behold a gallant and noble train issuing from a castellated baronial mansion; prancing steeds carry brave knights, and ladies fair; bright as the sun above them is each countenance, for the sport of kings is afoot; it is "a hawking party:" there sit on the hand of their noble owners the long-winged hawks,¹ quietly waiting till the game is flushed; see, the herons² are in view returning from their feeding grounds: off goes the falcon at the word of command, upwards with a perpendicular flight, the heron wings his way, as if to seek a refuge in the heavens: the falcon sweeps after him, whilst every heart in the crowd beats with wild excitement. At length the heron and falcon are seen descending together locked in a furious contest; the battle is quickly over, and the victorious hawk returns to his exulting master. So necessary was this amusement deemed by our ancestors, that King Edward III. took his collection of hawks and thirty mounted falconers with him into France, when he invaded that country. The excitement of the stag and fox-hunt have long superseded hawking in England; the falcon is no longer the companion of princes, though royalty still keeps its grand falconer in memory of the ancient sport. The hawk is yet found in our island, though an un-honoured bird; but the persecutions of game-keepers and farmers have driven the noblest species from the more cultivated parts of England.

The principal of the long-winged hawks was the *gyr* falcon, which approached some of the eagles in size and strength. This is extremely rare in England.

The *peregrine* falcon was formerly in high esteem, and employed to attack the heron and other large birds. It has a wider geographical range than the other falcons, and from this circumstance received the name *peregrine* (a wanderer). It is not uncommon in the North of Scotland, where, however, he must hunt on his own account; neither princes nor peasants assembling to applaud his daring. This bird is about eighteen inches long. The *hobby* may be termed a small peregrine falcon, and was used to fly at snipes and larks, the latter especially affording very exciting sport by its rapid evolutions and power of wing.

The *merlin* is the smallest of the long-winged hawks, but his desperate courage secures the destruction of large birds. The merlin sometimes visits the South of England in the winter season; this, however, is not a frequent event.

The *kestrel* or *windover* may often be seen balancing itself in the breeze with almost motionless wing, watching for prey; from this steady motion in the air, it has received its name of *windover*.

The *goshawk* is reckoned the best of the short-winged falcons; it does not stoop upon its prey from above, but follows it with a rapidity which secures the death of the pursued. This kind is also rare in the South of England.

The *sparrow-hawk* may be called a small goshawk;

(1) Hawks are divided into two classes, *long-winged*, as the *gyr* falcon, the peregrine falcon, Lanner and Merlin; and *short-winged*, as the Goshawk, and *sparrow* hawk. The first class were most esteemed.

(2) This bird was formerly preserved for hawking at, as partridges and pheasants are now for the gun.

its daring, however, is proverbial. Not unfrequently does it sweep into the farmyard and bear off a chicken from before the eyes of the indignant farmer's wife.

The kite is known by its long forked tail and calm gliding motion through the air. Its food is miscellaneous, consisting of moles, chickens, leverets, rats, and mice. The length is about 24 inches, but the bird is not often seen in England.

The common buzzard is chiefly found in wooded districts, where it watches for the appearance of prey, upon which it dashes out suddenly from its ambush. This habit arises from the bird's unfitness for rapid flight, which presents a sure pursuit. The buzzard is about twenty inches long, and may frequently be seen.

With this brief enumeration of the falcons we must conclude the present article, reserving for the next the natural history of the strigidae or owl family, with some notices of the Laniidae or butcher birds.



THE VULTURE.

Reading for the Young.

A LESSON FROM THE THRUSH;

BEING

Part of a Letter to a young Pianoforte-player.

I CAN tell you that the little musicians of the grove do not attain their wild and delicate modulation without practice. When I lay in bed last summer, unable to speak or move for many hours in the day, the song of the birds furnished me with an inexhaustible source of amusing observation. I could not but feel grateful to the melodious little creatures which beguiled me of half my pain, and made the weary hours of sickness fly away upon wings as light as their own. As if led by an instinctive sympathy, numbers of blackbirds and thrushes came to build their nests round our garden, and the wood pigeons, which had been silent the year before, renewed their soft notes in the high trees by the parsonage lawn. However, they were shy, and I thought myself fortunate if once or twice in the day their gentle cooing found its way to my ear. But there was one thrush whose notes I soon learned to distinguish from all the other thrushes; indeed, his skill seemed to exceed theirs as much as Cordoba's exceeds yours and mine. Every morning I listened for his voice, which was sure to precede the matins of all other birds. In the day time his brilliant tones were mingled

and almost lost in the general melody, but, as soon as the sun was preparing to set, when the black-birds had either sung themselves to sleep, or were flown off to their festivities elsewhere, then was my thrush's practising time. He was kind enough to select a tree not far from my window, while the other thrushes placed themselves at a respectful distance, and edged in a note here and there as they could. He opened the rehearsal with a number of wild trills and calls, which I could not well understand, only they were very sweet and cheering to me; and he would pause between each till a soft response was heard from some distant bough. But when he had fixed on a little cadence which pleased him, it became a serious business. Strange to say, I could always tell when this would be, for what pleased me particularly was sure to please him; so true it is that nature has given the same perception of melody to men and to birds. He would chant it over in a low tone two or three times, as if to make himself sure of it; then he carolled it out with triumphant glee; then stopped short on a sudden, as much as to say to his rivals, "Which of you can imitate my strains?" Their notes sounded most sweet, at various distances, during these little intervals, but they seemed conscious of their inferiority to my favourite, which would suddenly break out into the very same melody, upon which he had doubtless been musing all the while, enriching it by some little note or trill, the wildest and most touching that ever came into a thrush's heart. I needed neither concert nor music-master while I could listen to the untaught, but not unpremeditated, harmony of this original professor, nor could I quarrel with the sickness which had been the means of developing another link in that mysterious chain which binds me to the rest of the creation, by opening my ear and my heart more than ever to the language of universal nature. But I often wished to have you with me, that you might hear how much pains the birds are at to charm us with their warbling. It is pretty, also, to hear the young birds commence their small, faltering strains, which grow clearer and louder, till they are no longer to be distinguished from the rest. True, it is their profession, and we have many other things to think of; but what time we do give to the study of music, we should give it with our hearts, as they do.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE OLD WATER-CRESS MAN.¹

BY H. K. C.

WHERE Wye with silver-flowing tide
Rolls on through meadows rich and wide,
An aged man was wont to roam:
At early dawn he left his home,
With scarce a covering on his head,
And you might count each single thread
Of his thin clothes, where clothes he had,
For he was miserably clad.
Of poverty and care the trace
Was ever stamp'd upon his face;

(1) See Engraving, page 51.

For he was *sad* and *very poor* ;
 No wanderer e'er from door to door.
 Your help and kindness needed more.
 But was his gait erect, and strong
 His footsteps as he went along.
 He needed strength ; for travail sore
 Was his to seek his daily store
 Of watercresses as they drank
 Their freshness by the river's bank.
 But, oh ! their beauty at the hour
 Of prime, nor that of many a flower
 Just opening her dewy eyes
 Beneath the morning skies,
 He heeded not. The glories bright
 Of mist and cloud in rosy light,
 The fleecy vapours in the vale,
 Unstirr'd as yet by morning gale,
 Spread like a lake among the trees,
 No taste had he for sights like these.
 Across the stream the moorhen flies,
 He sees ~~he~~ not, nor yet espies
 Her little velvet brood,
 Picking, like him, their food,
 But blither far than he.
 The grayling in the crystal tide
 Fleets like an arrow from the side,
 Where slow and dull his footsteps fall,
 But nought can his attention call,
 Not e'en the rushing waterfall,
 That makes the sweetest sound of all
 The things in nature musical.
 Now why should he so early look
 For watercresses in the brook ?
 Why clad so ill ? why doth he bear
 In his old face such gloom and care ?
 I know not what he was in youth,
 Or where he lived, and that is truth.
 But he in manhood's strength had striven,
 Forecasting that he might be driven,
 When age and weakness came, to want,
 Some little wealth—it was but scant—
 With careful labour to amass,
 And what he wish'd for came to pass ;
 For gold was gain'd and treasure made.
 But then the neighbours said,
 Gold should not lie, and do no good.
 Great words by him not understood
 They spoke ; but meanings he opined
 They bore, and so he hoped to find.
 Of funds, investment, interest,
 They knew but little at the best,
 And he knew less. But covetise
 How eager oft she seeks the prize,
 Though reckless how the pathway lies !
 So keen her wish, so fix'd her eyes
 On distant good, she will not brook
 Restraint, or on the danger look.
 Ah ! foolish man, with thoughts of gold
 Increased above a hundred fold—
 Thoughts haunting him in dreams by night,
 And haunting him when day was bright.
 But I must hasten to relate
 That all his earnings to a fate
 Were doom'd, to which on earth below
 Hard earnings oftentimes must bow—
 They make them wings, and fly away.
 Happy is he who then can say,
 The Lord who gave may take away !
 But resignation such as this,
 To know, alas ! it was not his.
 He lost his hoard, and with it lost
 His worldly hopes and patience : tost
 Thenceforth on waves of discontent,
 His fruitless weary hours were spent.
 Since his poor heart had felt the change,
 His words, his look, to all were strange.
 About his clothes he took no care,
 Squalid his mien and wild his stare.
 Harsh was his language to his wife ;
 His home it was a house of strife.
 In daughter, who of womankind
 Was none the best, he could not find
 Sweet recompense for loss of gain—
 She nothing did to soothe his pain.

Like the "three bears," as runs the fable,
 They lived, but not right amicable.
 Each had a spoon, and suppd alone ;
 Each had a chair and only one.
 They never walk'd abroad together,
 Not they, in foul or in fair weather,
 But wander'd forth at break of day,
 Each in a solitary way,
 And sought their food where'er they might,
 And home they brought it all at night :
 Oft stale, and hard, and dry the fare,
 And very strange the cookings were.

But to the purpose of my song :
 It is not to relate how long
 The trio thus together growling,
 And thus around the country prowling,
 Together lived, but unconnected.
 It could not last. He soon effected
 Clean riddance of them from his hold,
 But where *they* went I am not told :
 And, truth to speak, compassionate
 I cannot feel me in their fate.
 Yet it must be a dreary lot
 To have no dwelling-place, no spot
 To call one's own : "to lie at e'en
 In barns or kilns when blood is thin ;"
 To rise and beg a wretched meal,
 Or, failing that, to filch and steal ;
 A sad lot, it must be confess'd,
 E'en with "content to make it blest."
 'Tis said with weeping eyes they went :
I only hope they found content.

But he, the hero of my story,
 Whose life thenceforth I've put before ye
 In the beginning of this strain,
 He would not take them in again.
 He heeded not, though thin might be
 Their blood through pinching poverty,
 And shelterless they slept at night ;
 From his old heart was gone the light
 Of soft affection ; hope and love
 No more within his bosom strove.
 I've seen him wandering day by day
 With heavy step along the way ;
 I've watched him by the river's flow
 With haggard eye and wrinkled brow ;
 I've heard the tale, and often told,
 How he had lost his hopes and gold :
 So strange, so strong, he seem'd to be,
 So full of gloomy energy,
 That I had thought 'twas likelier I
 Than in short space that *he* should die.

But death must come : from greedy grave
 Sad heart and merry naught can save !
 A season I had gone away ;
 But tidings often came to say
 How things and folk went on at home.
 I little thought the news would come
 Which brings my story to an end,
 And finishes my hapless friend.
 But so it was. For he to drinking,
 As solace to his gloomy thinking,
 Was sore addicted ; and when smit
 With love of liquor deep, the fit
 Sometimes for many a week would last,
 And then all thought with him was past
 Of watercresses by the brook :
 He slept away in alehouse nook.
 At last—to speak it gives me pain—
 He slept, and never woke again.

No solemn warning minute-bell
 When he was buried toll'd the knell,
 But pull'd for him the church-bells all
 Rung merry at his funeral.
 Yet 'twas not joy that moved the throng,
 That bore the corpse, or pass'd along ;
 It was his wish, and they complied,
 It should be so whene'er he died.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

MRS. COUTTS'S VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD—1825.

"The much talked of lady who began life as Miss Harriet Mellon, a comic actress in a provincial troop, and died duchess of St. Albans, was making a tour in Scotland as Mrs. Coutts, the enormously wealthy widow of the first English banker of his time. No person of such consequence could, in those days, have thought a Scotch progress complete, unless it included a reception at Abbotsford; but Mrs. Coutts had been previously acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, who, indeed, had some remote connexion with her late husband's family through the Stewarts of Allenbank, I believe, or perhaps the Swintons of Swinton. He had visited her occasionally in London, during Mr. Coutts's life, and was very willing to do the honour of Teviotdale in return. But although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying to poor lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts; her future lord, the Duke of St. Albans; one of his grace's sisters, a *dame de compagnie*, (vulgarly styled a toady); a brace of physicians, for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of any expedition so adventurous; and, besides other menials of every grade, two bedchamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person, she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because in her widowed condition she was fearful of ghosts, and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts's visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw something, of the ostentation, almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the outlook for absurdity and merriment; and I need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying anything that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did everything in his power to counteract this influence of the *evil eye*, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room, in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and, soon after joining the ladies, managed to draw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank, (a lovely Marchioness,) into his armorial hall adjoining. 'I said to her,' he told me, 'I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take anything I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even, sometimes, to hunt after them, to Mrs. Coutts's great balls and fêtes, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise upon her the delicate manoeuvre called *tipping the cold shoulder*. This, you agree with me, is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me that fine people will do shabbiness for which beggars might blush, if they once

stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not, for the world, do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest Mrs. Coutts in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told, a couple of days ago, that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now, if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and, as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her.' The beautiful peeress answered, 'I thank you, Sir Walter; you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter; and depend upon it, you shall be obeyed with heart and good will.' One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tête-à-tête* with her ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train. The Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts. 'Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts.' Mrs. Coutts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half-an-hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comical anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the chorus of Sir Adam's *Laird of Cockpen*. She staid out her three days!—saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests."—*Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott*.

CLEVER people often make as great mistakes in judging those with whom they come in contact, as do stupid people; for the first give them credit for a *finesse* and ability to which they really may have no claim; and the second imagine that others are not more clever than themselves. Hence both parties pursue an erroneous line of conduct, based on false impressions, formed from judging of others by self.

A BRILLIANT reputation, like a mirror held before the sun, dazzles the beholders, who, annoyed by the light, assail the mirror with missiles in order to destroy it.

THE glitter of riches often serves to draw attention to the worthlessness of the possessor, as the light emitted by the glow-worm reveals the insect.

REVOLUTIONS are produced by the faults of those who govern, rather than by the force of those who subvert. One is the cause, the other but the effect.

ONE of the most striking proofs of the corruption of the times is, that a generous action seldom fails to be attributed to a bad motive.

AN avaricious man believes that money is the sure bait for gaining men. A vain man thinks praise the most irresistible.

MEN sometimes make a point of honour not to be disabused, and they had rather fall into an hundred errors than confess one.—*Burke*.

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The Armada.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of México, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbenneted the stout old sheriff comes ;
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums ;
 His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle-shield.
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to lay,
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
 Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids :
 Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your blades :
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft her wide ;
 Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.
 The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;
 Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,—
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of summer was as bright and busy as the day ;
 For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread ;
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shore,
 Cape beyond Cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire ;
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,—
 The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew ;
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
 And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
 The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
 At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
 And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street ;
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :
 And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
 High o'er bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill :
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height—
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Greta's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.

THE SEIKS AND THE SINGHS.

(CONCLUDING ARTICLE.)

RUNJEET SINGH, having obtained a local habitation and a name in the Punjaub, proceeded to strengthen his position, and enlarge his dominions, much to the dismay of the independent Sirdars. These Sirdars, however, were so distracted by dissensions amongst themselves, that they never formed any united stand against the encroachments they saw daily going on, and the embarrassments of the Affghan kingdom invited Runjeet to further usur-

pations near the Indus. In 1808 he had attained to such a height of power, that the British Government thought it advisable to open negotiations with the Lahore monarch, but, his ambitious views being yet unsatisfied, he fought shy for some time, and showed little disposition to come to terms. The late Governor-General of Canada, Lord Metcalfe, conducted the negotiations on our behalf, and his skill, assisted by a show of military force, succeeded in convincing the valorous Runjeet that a contest with us would be hopeless, and a treaty was at

length concluded, by which he engaged not to encroach upon states under our protection. The superior discipline of our troops induced the Rajah to attempt to train his own on the European plan, and in this design he was assisted by some French and Italian officers, who, upon presenting themselves at his court, were readily engaged in his service. Cannon foundries, powder magazines, and manufactories of arms, were established, and a large body of troops so well organized, that the whole of native India could not show their equal. The success of his arms continued, and the districts of Mooltan, Cashmir, and Peshawur, were successively added to his dominions. Another treaty between the Rajah and the British Government was signed in 1835, when an interview took place between Lord William Bentinck and Runjeet, in a style of great magnificence. A few years previously, Sir Alexander Burnes had been entrusted with presents from the English monarch to Runjeet, and the flattering compliment thus paid him was acknowledged by the splendid reception given to the envoy.

"The seasons," said the Rajah's Master of the Ceremonies to Burnes and his companions, "have been changed to aid your safe arrival; and when it should have rained, the sun shines; but it is the sun of England. You must now consider yourselves at home; and in a garden, of which you are the roses. Such a friendship has now grown up between the British and the Seiks, that the inhabitants of Iran and Room will hear it proclaimed in their distant dominions. Light has succeeded to darkness when you came from amongst the barbarians of Sinde, and its genial influence has changed the bud into the rose." The presents consisted of five of the largest horses that could be found in England, and a carriage. When the horses were brought into Runjeet's presence, and the letter of greeting read, he ordered a salute of 60 guns to be fired twenty-one times. The immense size of the horses particularly struck him; he called them little elephants. The letter of thanks, sent in reply to the Governor-General, contains passages of such extravagance, that a short extract will amuse our readers:—"At a happy moment, when the balmy zephyrs of spring were blowing upon the garden of friendship, and wafting to my senses the grateful perfume of its flowers, your Excellency's epistle, every letter of which is a new-blown rose on the branch of regard, and every word a blooming fruit on the tree of esteem, was delivered to me by Mr. Burnes and Mr. John Leckie, who were appointed to convey to me some horses of superior quality, of singular beauty, of alpine form, and of elephantine stature. These presents have been delivered to me by that night-ingale of the garden of eloquence, that bird of the winged words of sweet discourse, Mr. Burnes, and the receipt of them has caused a thousand emotions of pleasure and delight to arise in my breast. The animals, in beauty, stature, and disposition, surpass the horses of every city, and every country in the world. On beholding their shoes the new moon turned pale with envy, and nearly disappeared from the sky. Such horses the eye of the sun has never before beheld in his course through the universe. Unable to bestow upon them, in writing, the praises that they merit, I am compelled to throw the reins on the neck of the steed of description, and relinquish the pursuit." Another interview took place between Runjeet Singh and the Governor-General, then Lord Auckland, in 1838, when the former was

observed to be gradually sinking. He died of a dropsy in June 1839, at the age of fifty-nine. His four wives and five of his Cashmirian slaves burnt themselves on his funeral pile, and his prime minister, Dihan Singh, was with difficulty restrained from throwing himself into the flames also. The Rajah's personal appearance was mean in the extreme; his height was not more than five feet three inches; he was terribly marked with the small-pox, and was blind of an eye. His remaining eye was a fine organ, fiery and piercing; and those who saw him were obliged to confess that there was no common degree of intellect and acuteness to be found upon perusal in his countenance, however repulsive its first appearance might be. In early life he was a generous rewarder of the gallantry of his troops, but latterly he got extremely avaricious, and he allowed the pay of his army to be so far in arrear, that some regiments were sometimes on the point of open revolt. His esteemed foreign officers had frequently to petition for payment of sums due to them. He is described as possessing a cool determined courage, that neither courted unnecessary danger, nor shunned any which it was expedient to encounter—great powers of endurance—an intuitive perception of character—a retentive memory—a rich fertility of invention and resource—a subtle foresight. This combination of qualities seemed destined by nature to push their owner forward to distinction, and the achievement of greatness. His evil qualities, on the other hand, were not wanting. They were such as history has taught us to look for in an Eastern character. Sensual to an excess; insensible to remorse, when he could safely indulge his cruelty he was stopped by no considerations of pity; unscrupulously ambitious; and so utterly uneducated that, to the end of his days, he could neither read nor write. The kingdom he left behind was composed of incompatible materials, that adhered by the force of pressure only; and when his commanding intellect disappeared, disorders broke out on all sides. His annual revenue amounted to about two and a half crores of rupees (2,500,000*l.*); and of this sum Cashmir furnished thirty-six lacs (360,000*l.*) When he died, it is said there were forty millions sterling in his coffers. His army consisted of a standing force of 75,000 men, 25,000 of which were infantry, the rest regular and irregular cavalry. His park of artillery had 150 guns. The pay of his troops was higher than that of the troops in the East India Company's service, but it was sometimes nearly two years in arrear.

* Runjeet Singh was succeeded by his son, Kurruck Singh, then thirty-seven years old. He lacked all talent for governing, and he died in little more than a year after his accession. Kurruck's son, Noo Nehal Singh, a youth nineteen years old, was the next occupant of the throne, but scarcely had he seated himself than he came to an untimely end. He was killed by the fall of an archway, as he rode on horseback underneath. Foul play has been suspected in both these deaths. Kurruck Singh's wife, then between forty and fifty years of age, next undertook the government; but discontents broke out, and Shere Singh, a natural son of Runjeet, marched a body of several thousand men to Lahore, and besieged the Ranee (the queen) in her capital, for five days, until the place yielded. Soon after Shere Singh seized the command, the Ranee was found dead in her apartment, her skull having been shattered by four of her female slaves. Shere Singh

had remained, in name, master of the field for nearly three years, a period which, to those who loved change, was an age too long; whereupon Ajeet Singh, one of Runjeet's favourite sirdars, a man, from all accounts, of extraordinary beauty, and of ferocity equal to his beauty;—this man, in conjunction with Dihan Singh, Runjeet's confidential minister, plotted the death of the rajah. The bloody deed was effected by Ajeet personally—he shot his master in the forehead, and then, within a few hours, he assassinated the rajah's only son, a youth of engaging disposition and appearance; and to make a good day's work complete, he murdered that youth's infant, a child who had seen the light but four and twenty hours. Thus ended the house of Shere Singh. Then came the task of dividing the spoil between the minister and the murderer. They both got into a carriage and discussed the matter as they drove along. Almost as a matter of course they quarrelled, for each wanted more than his share. With all Ajeet's faults he was a man of decided character, and to shorten a disagreeable discussion, he drew a pistol and shot his companion through the head, as the carriage was passing along the street. Apparently Ajeet was master of the Lahore state, but there were some powerful chiefs with whom he thought it dangerous to contend, namely, Heera Singh, the son, and Suchet Singh, and Gholah Singh, the brothers of the late minister. Under these circumstances it was considered advisable to select some one who might nominally rule, whilst the rival chiefs shared the sweets of power. They found a youth called Dhulip Singh, whom they styled the son of Runjeet, (whether truly so or not is a matter of doubt,) and him they placed upon the throne. The army, which had hitherto been patient lookers-on, now broke loose, and committed such excesses in the capital as are usually known to take place only when an enemy's city is captured. After this tumult was quieted there ensued such scenes of discord and intrigue amongst the rival chiefs, that we confess ourselves unable to trace them—nor, indeed, are we in possession of very accurate information on the subject. Enough, however, has been said to show the state of anarchy into which that once well-regulated kingdom has been thrown. To allow such a state of things to continue so near our own territories, were, surely, not the best policy; and now that a *casus belli* has been most indubitably made out, it is a duty we owe both to ourselves and to the afflicted people of the Punjab to restore peace to that country, by taking possession without further delay. How far we might have been justified in seizing the territory at an earlier period, we leave to political moralists to decide. Now, there can be no doubt that we shall but mildly exercise a righteous vengeance for the slaughter of our friends and countrymen on the banks of the Sutlej, by pinioning the Seik arm, and taking effectual means to prevent disturbances for the future.⁽¹⁾

The state of Lahore, as left by the old Lion, consisted of the Punjab proper, and the provinces of Cashmir, Peshawur, and Mooltan. The word Punjab literally signifies five rivers. Its name is derived from the fact of five rivers traversing the district, which when combined form the Indus. These streams all issue from the Himalayan chain, and their names are the Indus, Jeelam, Chanaub,

Ravi, and Sutlej. The shape of the Punjab, as an inspection of the map will show, is triangular, having its apex directly towards the Indian ocean, and the base against the Himalaya. The Indus, a river of historical interest as well as of importance for its magnitude, forms one side of the triangle, and the Sutlej, on the banks of which the recent bloody engagements took place, forms the other side. When Alexander the Great invaded India he crossed the Indus near Attock, where a tributary stream of considerable volume pours in its waters. Only a few Greek remains have been discovered, although there has been a good deal of research and conjecture. It is known that Bucephalus, Alexander's favourite steed, died in this region, and some imagine they have discovered his burial-place on the banks of the Jeelam. The great battle with Porus was fought somewhere in the same neighbourhood, but the spot has not been accurately identified. The sources of the Indus have never yet been explored; its course is computed to be about one thousand two hundred miles in length, and it is usually considered to form for all that distance the boundary of Hindostan. At the point where it is joined by the other streams of the Punjab, it is about three thousand feet wide, with a depth of twelve feet when the water is lowest. The ancient name of the Jeelam was Hydaspes, and the Hindoos still call it by a corruption of that name, Vettusta. The word Hydaspes falling easily into metre is frequently met with in Latin poetry, and it was often used without much reference to local peculiarity.⁽¹⁾ The tracts of country between the rivers are called *Duabs*, and that lying between the Indus and the Jeelam is represented as mountainous in its northern part, and a treeless flat elsewhere. Large droves of wild horses scamper across the level district, feeding at will on the pasture. Between the Jeelam and the Chanaub, the soil is stated to be good, but cultivated only to a trifling extent. It is level, and almost an unbroken pasture. There are some tolerably large towns in the district between the Chanaub and the Ravi; the country is flat, not very productive, and on a higher level than the other divisions. The remaining *duab* contains the great towns of the Punjab, many of which are in a state of decay. That part of it which is enclosed by the river Beeya and the Sutlej, is stated to be the most fertile district in the whole Punjab, there being an abundance of water, and the soil is light. The mountainous country in the neighbourhood of the Himalaya is termed Kohistan, and is possessed by chiefs who have never been entirely subjugated by the ruler of the Punjab, although most of them have acknowledged the superiority of the Singhs by furnishing a contingent in time of war, and paying a tribute.

The inhabitants of the Five Rivers country are computed to amount to four millions; they consist of Seiks, Mussulmen, Affghans, Jats, and other Hindoo tribes. The accounts of travellers as to the

(1) Thus in one of Claudian's poems (*De Raptu Proserpine*, l. 324,) where Ceres, bewailing the loss of her daughter Proserpine, who had been carried off by Pluto when gathering flowers in the fair field of Enna, expresses her determination to seek the fairest flower of all throughout the world, she is made to say that sunset should see her treading the African Atlas, and her torches should glitter on the Asiatic Hydaspes. It is otherwise when Lucan (*Pharsalia*, l. 235,) mentions that the mighty stream of the Indus, pouring rapidly along in many a whirlpool, scarcely acknowledges the contributions of the Hydaspes. Or when Horace, in that Ode where he commends a stainless life, enumerates amongst the perilous places of the earth, those through which the celebrated (fabulous) Hydaspes flows.

(1) See the Note to the former paper on this subject, p. 49.

productiveness of the country differ considerably, but they all seem to agree in stating that a small part only has been cultivated, probably not more than a fourth or a third. As might be expected, the soil is richest, and cultivation has proceeded furthest, in the vicinity of the great streams. Wheat, barley, peas, and rice are grown; the sugar cane thrives well, and its produce is sent out of the country; indigo is exported; salt is found in vast quantities in the mountains situate between the Indus and the Jeelam; the iron mines are extensive, and nitre is gathered in an efflorescent state from the plains. Notwithstanding the summer heats, the climate is not warm for a sufficient length of time to mature the most profitable plants of Hindostan, and the winters are cold. The shawls of Cashmir are sent to Europe entirely through this region; cotton goods of excellent texture are manufactured by native weavers. In Mooltan the silkworm is much attended to, and the silk is highly prized. The British have supplied the inhabitants for some time with metal instruments and vessels, as well as with chintz and woollens. The government derived its revenue principally from taxes on land and agricultural stock. The land-tax was paid on an estimate of the product of the soil, and hence in levying it many abuses were committed. Mr. Moorcroft mentions a singular method of coming at an estimate in one district. A given quantity of earth was put into a fine muslin sieve, and washed with water until all the mould was carried through, and nothing but sand left, and according to its proportion to the whole a deduction was made from the assessment. Four rupees for two begas was the rate for a rich soil; three if it contained one fourth of sand; two if it had one-half; and one where the sand was three-fourths of the quantity. The shawl manufacture of Cashmir yielded a considerable sum to the government. The salt mines were altogether in the hands of the government, and, notwithstanding they exacted a profit of more than a thousand per cent, the salt was sold at a third of the price of that of Bengal.

Of the four millions that people the Punjaub, Burnes computes the Seik population at not more than 500,000. The language spoken by the Seiks is a corruption of the Hindostanee. The head of the church is called Sahil Singh; he possesses great power over the tribe, and even Runjeet at the height of his authority was jealous of him. Irreligious himself, the Rajah saw the necessity of conciliating the priesthood. Two priests were constantly about his person, whose precepts he reverentially listened to, but systematically disobeyed. Runjeet made Lahore and Amritsir alternately his residence. The first city had been the capital where the Mogul's Viceroy resided. It contains about 80,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by a rampart eight miles in circuit. The houses are tall, built of brick, and with flat roofs. The streets are unpaved and narrow; a kennel runs down the middle of each. They are always in a dirty condition, and in wet weather they are scarcely passable for Europeans. The city in former times has been much larger than it is at present. It extended from east to west, for a distance of five miles, and had a breadth of three. Mosques and tombs that were once within the walls, are now falling to ruin amongst the fields. The bazaars are the liveliest part of the city, but they do not exhibit

much of the wealth of the Oriental shops, catables being the principal articles on sale. There are a few public buildings that deserve mention, but the most splendid edifices lie outside the walls. The royal mosque has been converted into a powder magazine. There are four minarets still standing. It is a building of red sandstone, constructed by Aurungzebe. The celebrated tomb of the Emperor Jehangir, (Hand of the World,) called Shah Dura, is on the opposite side of the Ravi. It is of quadrangular shape, having a minaret seventy feet high at each corner. It is constructed of alternate blocks of white marble and red sandstone, and the interior contains some fine mosaic work. Over the entrance there are two lines of black letters on a white ground, declaring the name and titles of him to whose memory the tomb was erected, and there are many inscriptions of the word "Allah," in Persian and Arabic letters, in various parts. A sarcophagus of white marble stands in the middle, covered with inscriptions. The dome that originally hung over the sarcophagus, was removed by Bahadur Shah, that the dew and rain of heaven might fall on the tomb of his illustrious ancestor. The whole is in a sad state of decay. When Dost Mahomed's brother was at Lahore, he took up his residence in Shah Dura, and inflicted great injury upon it by lighting fires in the hall, regardless of consequences. The whole is surrounded by a garden, adorned with numerous fountains, and four canals radiating from the centre. Adjoining the garden is a caravanserai, containing four hundred dwellings, and near at hand is the resting-place of Nourjehan, (Light of the World,) Jehangir's beautiful empress. Her tomb is also in ruin, and the only part of it that receives any attention is the marble sarcophagus. The summer palace used by Runjeet was called Shalimar, (House of Joy,) in the garden of which four hundred and fifty fountains threw up their waters to cool the air. The place was laid out by the Emperor Shah Jehan, who reigned from 1627 to 1656. A canal has been laboriously brought from a great distance to supply the requisite quantity of water. Sir Alexander Burnes was sixty days in sailing with a favourable navigation from the sea to Lahore; but he says that a boat might reach the sea in fifteen days from that city. Amritsir, (Fountain of Nectar,) the holy city of the Seiks, is thirty miles from Lahore. It is the present capital of the Punjaub. It is stated to be larger than Lahore, and is a place of greater importance, in consequence of its being the emporium of trade between India and Cabul. It is supplied with water by a canal from the Ravi. The sacred reservoir which gives a name to the city, is lined with brick, and is one hundred and thirty-five paces square. The national temple, a place of pilgrimage for the Seik sect, is dedicated to Gooroo Govind. The great book of their religion is preserved here with great reverence. A priest fans it with the tail of a Tibet cow, to keep away impurity, when he is not employed in reading it to the assembled worshippers. In the vicinity is a large building, inhabited by Acalees to the number of four or five hundreds. These people take their name from a word signifying 'never dying.' They are a set of fanatics, who make a point of insulting their neighbours in every possible way. Even the terrible Runjeet did not escape. They openly reviled him whenever he came into public, and sometimes did not scruple to attempt his life. Their violence

is frequently so great that lives are lost. They will acknowledge no superior; their dress is blue, as commanded by Govind, with a turban of a peculiar shape. Round their turban they carry several quoits, or rings of iron, as weapons of offence. These rings are from eight to fourteen inches in diameter, and their mode of using them is to twirl them rapidly round their finger or a stick, and then having acquired an impetus, they are projected with such a force, that anything of moderate bulk coming in contact with the sharpened outer edge is severed in two. A man's head or a limb has been known to be cut off by these quoits.

THE PONT DU GARD.

"Dumb are its fountains, and their channels dry."

ABOUT fifteen miles from Nîmes, a town in the south-east of France, there stands one of the most splendid relics of the Roman empire now in existence. We allude to the celebrated Pont du Gard, an edifice which takes its name from the river Gardon, over which it is built. Every one who has beheld this vestige of antiquity speaks in glowing terms of its beauty and majesty. It spans, at a height of 188 feet, and for a length of 878 feet, the narrow but beautiful valley of Gardon; and was originally constructed for the purpose of conveying to the town of Nîmes, the waters of two springs fourteen miles distant. The river which it crosses takes its rise in the Cevennes, and runs eastward until it swells the waters of the Rhone. The aqueduct is made up of three rows of arches, piled upon one another, and forming in fact three bridges. The lowest of these bridges is 65 feet high, and 530 feet long. It has six arches, under the fifth of which alone the waters of the river usually flow. This arch has a width of 83 feet. The second bridge, consisting of eleven arches, rises to a height of 63 feet above the first, five of whose foundations serve for the support of the upper erection. Lastly, upon this second bridge stand the small arches, 35 in number, of the highest bridge, 25½ feet only above that beneath. The arches of all the tiers spring from a support in the ogee shape, having a height of 1½ ft. The two lower stories of the bridge are formed of hewn stones, placed together without the aid of cement. The quarry which furnished the stones is on the left bank of the river, a little below the bridge.

It has been already stated that all this vast edifice was constructed simply to carry a little stream of water across the ravine, through which the Gardon pours its waters, an end which would now be accomplished by a few iron pipes. The water-course is over the highest tier of arches: it is five feet high, and four wide. It remains perfect enough, after a lapse of more than eighteen centuries, to allow its being traversed from end to end. This canal is lined with a thick impenetrable coat of cement, and is covered with slabs, along which a man may walk, and survey at this altitude the rocky banks of the river. Traces of red paint are yet to be found upon the sides of the conduit, evidently placed there originally to prevent filtration. The bottom is made up of small stones, firmly embedded in a cement, formed of sand and lime, eight inches thick. The two springs, whose waters the colony at Nîmes were at so much pains to procure, were called Airan, and Eure, the former being connected with the latter by a small aqueduct, of which vestiges

are yet to be seen. After being thus made artificially confluent, the united stream was carefully conducted to the stupendous bridge built to receive it, and thence to Nîmes. Although the springs were distant from that place by the most direct road only fourteen miles, yet the necessity of a longer course, for the purpose of obtaining a uniform flow, increased that distance to twenty-one miles.

The name of the builder of the Pont du Gard, and the date of its construction, seem to be alike forgotten. The most plausible conjecture assigned it to M. Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, who is supposed to have commenced it when he was sent, B. C. 19, to regulate the affairs and appease the turbulence of the Gauls. It is known that during his residence on that occasion, Agrippa benefitted the country by four grand roads; and it is natural to suppose that he who obtained at Rome the high title of *Curator perpetuus aquarum*, (Perpetual Guardian of Waters,) would not overlook the wants, in this respect, of Nîmes, a colony founded by Augustus himself. It has been supposed that the principal cost of the edifice was defrayed by the colony itself, on account of a bas-relief of the heathen deity, Priapus, found sculptured upon one side of the bridge, that deity being the symbol of the town. "As a fine and imposing object," says Inglis, "in connexion with the surrounding scenery, the Pont du Gard is worth a pilgrimage; as a relic of other days, it is wonderful and impressive. We know not the precise era of its construction, but we know that two thousand years have nearly elapsed since the Roman workmen rested upon its summit and threw down their tools. All that these Romans attempted was commensurate with the extent and seeming stability of the empire; but they guessed not that the work of their hammer and chisel would outlive a thousand years the glory of that empire. I do not know whether the greatness of this monument is most conspicuous seen from below or from its summit. The traveller must view it from both positions. I remained long seated underneath a rock, about three hundred yards down the river: and from this spot, the union of the grand and the picturesque, of the wild and romantic features of nature, with majestic and unperishing works of art, is complete. I turned away unwillingly from this imposing monument, which I yet often see in fancy spanning the deep valley, seeming like a bridge constructed for the use of giants, rather than of men,—the work, too, of colossal hands." Towards the commencement of the seventeenth century a carriage road was attempted to be formed upon the lowest tier of arches. Some progress had been made when, in 1699, the superintendent Bâville, with a laudable zeal for the protection from injury of this antique edifice, caused it to be inspected by two skilful architects. Upon their report being made, the states general of Languedoc forbade the formation of any road-way, except one sufficient for horse and foot passengers. A carriage road of some kind was, however, much desired by the public, principally on account of the frequent overflows of the river at many periods of the year, when all crossing, even in boats, was prevented. It was then attempted to form such a road without injuring the bridge. After a careful examination, the states general of the province determined to build a separate bridge against the eastern face of the ancient one. By this means it was proposed to secure two advantages to travellers. The one, that of passing the river at all times without danger; the other, that they might be able to gratify their curiosity, and consider at leisure the beauty and magnificent proportions of this remarkable monument. The lowest tier of arches was accordingly widened, and the present roadway constructed in 1747. The modern bridge is fine and elevated, but looks insignificant beside its ancient neighbour.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. V.

WHEN we returned to the pupils' room after dinner, Lawless found, lying on the table, the note Dr. Mildman had written in such a mysterious manner before he left home in the morning, and proceeded to open it forthwith. Scarcely had he glanced his eye over it, when he was seized with so violent a fit of laughter, that I expected every moment to see him fall out of his chair. As soon as he had in some measure recovered the power of speaking, he exclaimed, "Here, listen to this, and tell me if it is not the very best thing you ever heard in your lives." He then read as follows:—

"It is not without much pain that I bring myself to write this note; but I feel that I should not be doing my duty towards your excellent father, if I were to allow such extreme misconduct on the part of his son to pass unreprieved. I know not towards what scene of vulgar dissipation you might be directing your steps, but the simple fact, (to which I myself was witness,) of your leaving my house in the low disguise of a carter's smock frock, affords in itself sufficient proof that your associates must belong to a class of persons utterly unfitted for the companionship of a gentleman. Let me hope this hint may be enough, and that conduct so thoroughly disgraceful in one brought up as you have been, may not occur again. I presume I need scarcely say, that in the event of your disregarding my wishes upon this point, the only course left open to me would be to expel you, a measure which it would deeply grieve me to be obliged to enforce."

His voice was here drowned by a chorus of laughter from all present who were aware of the true state of the case, which lasted without interruption for several minutes. At length Lawless observed, "I tell you what, it will be a death-blow to Smithson; a Macintosh made by him to be taken for a smock frock! he'll never recover it." "Mildman might well look like a thunder-cloud," said Coleman, "if that was the notion he had got in his head; what a jolly lark, to be sure!" "How do you mean to undeceive him?" inquired Cumberland. "Oh, trust me for finding a way to do that," replied Lawless; "the low disguise of a carter's smock frock, indeed! What fun it would be if he were to meet my governor in town to-day, and tell him of my evil courses! why the old boy would go into fits. I wonder what he means by his 'scenes of vulgar dissipation.' Fancy me playing all-fours with a beery coal-heaver, and kissing his sooty-faced wife; or drinking alternate goes of gin and water with a dustman, for the purpose of insinuating myself into the affections of Miss Cinderella Smut, his interesting sister. By Jove, it's as good as a play!"

More laughter followed Lawless's illustrations of Dr. Mildman's note, a subject we continued to discuss for some time. At length there was a pause, when I heard Coleman whisper to Lawless, "Thomas was pretty right in saying that new fellow knows how to make himself comfortable, at all events." "He's a great deal too free and easy to please me," muttered Lawless, in an under tone; "I shall take the liberty of seeing whether his self-possession cannot be disturbed a little. I have no notion of such airs. Here, Mullins!" And laying hold of Mullins by the arm, he pulled him into a chair by his side, and proceeded to give him some instructions in a whisper. The subject of their remarks, Harry Oaklands, who had, on re-entering the room, taken possession of the three chairs near the window, was still reclining, book in hand, in the same indolent position, apparently enjoying the beauty of the autumnal sunset, without concerning himself in the slightest degree about anything which might be going on inside the room.

Lawless, whose proceedings I was watching with an anxious eye, having evidently succeeded, by a judicious mixture of bullying and cajolery, in persuading Mullins

to assist him in whatever he was about to do, now drew a chair to the other side of the window, and seated himself exactly opposite to Oaklands. "How tired hunting makes a fellow! I declare I am regularly baked, used completely up," he observed, and then continued, glancing at Oaklands, "Not such a bad idea, that. Mullins, give us a chair; I don't see why elevating the extremities should not pay in my case, as well as in other people's." He then placed his legs across the chair which Mullins brought him, and folding his arms so as exactly to imitate the attitude of his opposite neighbour, sat for some minutes gazing out of window, with a countenance of great solemnity. Finding this did not produce any effect on Oaklands, who having slightly raised his eyes when Lawless first seated himself, immediately cast them upon the book again, Lawless stretched himself, yawned, and once more addressed Mullins. "Shocking bad sunset as ever I saw,—it's no go, staring at that. I must have a book—give me the Byron." To this Mullins replied "that he believed Mr. Oaklands was reading it." "Indeed! the book belongs to you, does it not?" Mullins replied in the affirmative. "Have you any objection to lend it to me?" Mullins would be most happy to do so. "Then ask the gentleman to give it to you,—you have a right to do what you please with your own property, I imagine!" It was very evident that this suggestion was not exactly agreeable to Mullins; but his habitual fear of Lawless was so strong as completely to overpower any dread of what might be the possible consequences of his act. Still it was not without much hesitation that he approached Oaklands, and asked him for the book, "as he wished to lend it to Lawless." On hearing this, Oaklands leisurely turned to the fly-leaf, and having apparently satisfied himself, by the perusal of the name written thereon, that it really belonged to Mullins, handed it to him without a word. I fancied, however, from the stern expression of his mouth, and a slight contraction of the brow, that he was not as insensible to their impertinence as he wished to appear.

Lawless, who had been sitting during this little scene, with his eyes closed, as if asleep, now roused himself, and saying, "Oh, you have got it at last, have you?" began turning over the pages, reading aloud a line or two here and there, while he kept up a running commentary on the text as he did so;—"Hum! ha! now let's see, here we are,—the 'G-I-A-O-U-R,' that's a nice word to talk about; what does G-I-A-O-U-R spell, Mullins? you don't know? what an ass you are, to be sure!—"

'Fair clime, whose every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles'—

blessed isles, indeed, what stuff!—

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more;

that would do for a motto for the barbers to stick on their pots of bear's grease—

'Clime of the unforgotten brave;

unforgotten, yes! I should think so; how the deuce should they be forgotten, when one is bored with them morning, noon, and night, for everlasting, by old Sam, and all the other pastors and masters in the kingdom! Hang me, if I can read this trash; the only poetry that ever was written worth reading is 'Don Juan;'—He then flung down the book, adding, "It's confoundedly cold, I think. Mullins, shut that window." This order involved more difficulties in its execution than might at first be imagined. Oaklands, after giving up the book, had slightly altered his position, by drawing rather nearer the window, and leaning his elbow on the sill, so that it was impossible to shut it without obliging him to move. Mullins saw this, and seemed for a moment inclined not to obey, but a look and a threatening gesture from Lawless again decided him; and with slow unwilling steps he approached the window, and laid his hand on it, for the purpose of shutting it. As he did



so, Oaklands raised his head, and regarded him for a moment with a glance like lightning, his large eyes glaring in the twilight like those of some wild animal while the red flush of anger rose to his brow, and we all expected to see him strike Mullins to the ground. Conquering himself, however, by a powerful effort of self-control, he folded his arms, and turning from the window, suffered Mullins to close it without interruption. —Still I could perceive, from the distended nostril and the quivering of his lip, that his forbearance was almost exhausted. "Ah, that's an improvement," said Lawless. "I was getting uncommonly chilly—by the way, what an interesting virtue patience is; it is a curious fact in Natural History, that some of the lower animals share it with us; there's nothing so patient as a jackass—" "Except a pig," put in Mullins; "they're uncommon—" "Obstinate," suggested Coleman. "Oh, ah! it's obstinate I mean," replied Mullins. "Well, you know, donkeys are obstinate, like a pig, that's what I meant." "Don't be a fool," said Lawless;—"Deuce take these chairs, I cannot make myself comfortable any how—the fact is, I must have three, that's the proper number—give me another, Mullins." "I can't find one," was the answer; "they are all in use." "Can't find one nonsense," said Lawless; "here, take one of these; the gentleman is asleep, and won't object, I dare say." When Mullins was shutting the window, his head had been so turned as to prevent his observing the symptoms of anger in Oaklands, which had convinced me that he would not bear trifling with much longer. Presuming therefore, from the success of his former attacks, that Oaklands was a person who might be insulted with impunity, and actuated by that general desire of retaliation, which is the certain effect bullying produces upon a mean disposition, Mullins proceeded, *con amore*, to fulfil Lawless's injunction. With a sudden snatch, he withdrew the centre chair on which Oaklands's legs mainly rested; so suddenly as nearly to throw them to the ground, a catastrophe which was finally consummated by Lawless giving the other chair a push with his foot, so that it was only by great exertion and quickness that Oaklands was able to save himself from falling.

This was going too far; forbearance merely human could endure no longer: Lawless had obtained his object of disturbing Harry Oaklands's self-possession, and was now to learn the consequences of his success. With a bound like that of an infuriated tiger, Oaklands leaped upon his feet, and dashing Mullins into a corner with such force that he remained lying exactly where he fell, he sprang upon Lawless, seized him by the collar of his coat, and, after a short but severe struggle, dragged him to the window, which was about eight feet from the ground, threw it open, and, taking him in his arms with as much ease as if he had been a child, flung him out. He then returned to the corner, in which, paralyzed with fear, Mullins was still crouching, drew him to the spot from whence he had removed the chair, placed him there upon his hands and knees, and saying, in a stern voice, "If you dare to move till I tell you, I'll throw you out of window too," quietly resumed his former position, with his legs resting upon Mullins's back, instead of a chair.

As soon as Coleman and I had in some degree recovered from our surprise and consternation (for the anger of Oaklands once roused was a tremendous thing to behold) we ran to the other window, just in time to see Lawless, who had regained his feet, turn round and shake his fist at Oaklands (who merely smiled), ere he rang the bell in order to gain admittance. A minute afterwards we heard him stride up stairs, enter his bedroom, and close the door with a most sonorous bang. Affairs remained in this position nearly a quarter of an hour, no one feeling inclined to be the first to speak. At length the silence was broken by Oaklands, who, addressing himself to Cumberland, said, "I am afraid this absurd piece of business has completely marred the harmony of the evening. Get up, Mr. Mullins," he

continued, removing his legs and assisting him to rise; "I hope I did not hurt you just now." In reply to this, Mullins grumbled out something intended as a negative, and shambling across the room, placed himself in a corner, as far as possible from Oaklands, where he sat rubbing his knees, the very image of sulkiness and terror. Cumberland, who had appeared during the whole course of the affair absorbed in a book, though, in fact, not a single word or look had escaped him, now came forward, and apologised in a quiet gentlemanly manner (which, when he was inclined, no one could assume with greater success) for Lawless's impertinence, which had only, he said, met with its proper reward. "You must excuse me, Mr. Cumberland, if I cannot agree with you," replied Oaklands; "since I have had time to cool a little I see the matter in quite a different light. Mr. Lawless was perfectly right; the carelessness of my manner must naturally have seemed as if I were purposely giving myself airs, but I can assure you such was not the case." Here he paused for a moment, and then continued, with a half-embarrassed smile, "The fact is, I am afraid that I have been spoiled at home: my mother died when I was a little child, and my dear father having nobody else to care about, thinks, I believe, that there is no one in the world equal to me, and that nothing is too good for me. Of course all our servants and people have taken their tone from him, so that I have never had any one to say to me, 'Nay,' and am therefore not at all used to the sort of thing. I hope I do not often lose my temper as I have done this evening, but really Mr. Lawless appears quite an adept in the art of ingeniously tormenting." "I am afraid you must have found so much exertion very fatiguing," observed Coleman, politely. "A fair hit, Mr. Coleman," replied Oaklands, laughing. "No! those are not the things that tire me, somehow; but in general I am very easily knocked up—I am indeed—most things are so much trouble, and I hate trouble; I suppose it is that I am not strong." "Wretchedly weak, I should say," rejoined Coleman—"it struck me that you were so just now, when you chucked Lawless out of the window like a cat." "Be quiet, Freddy," said Cumberland, reprovingly. "Nay, don't stop him," said Oaklands; "I delight in a joke beyond measure, when I have not the trouble of making it myself. But about this Mr. Lawless, I am exceedingly sorry that I handled him so roughly; would you mind going to tell him so, Mr. Cumberland, and explaining that I did not mean anything offensive by my manner?" "Exactly, I'll make him understand the whole affair, and bring him down with me in five minutes," said Cumberland, leaving the room as he spoke.

"What makes Cumberland so good-natured and agreeable to-night?" whispered I to Coleman. "Can't you tell?" was the reply. "Don't you see that Oaklands is a regular top-sawyer, a fish worth catching; and that by doing this, Cumberland places him under an obligation at first starting? Not a bad move to begin with, eh? besides, if a regular quarrel between Lawless and Oaklands were to ensue, Cumberland would have to take one side or the other; and it would not exactly suit him to break with Lawless, he knows too much about him; and more than that, (added he, stifling his voice,) he owes him money, more than I should like to owe any body, a precious deal. I can tell you,—now do you *twig*?" "Yes," said I, "I comprehend a little more about it, if that is what you mean by '*twigging*;' but how shocking it all is! why, Cumberland is quite a swindler,—gambling, borrowing money he can't pay, and"—"Hush," interrupted Coleman, "here they come." Coleman was not mistaken: Cumberland had been successful in his embassy, and now entered the room, accompanied by Lawless, who looked rather crest-fallen, somewhat angry, and particularly embarrassed and uncomfortable, which, as Coleman whispered to me, was not to be wondered at, considering how thoroughly he had been *put out* just before. Oaklands, however, appeared to see nothing of all this; but, rising

from his seat, as they entered, he approached Lawless, saying, "This has been a foolish piece of business, Mr. Lawless; I freely own that I am thoroughly ashamed of the part I have taken in it, and can only apologize for the intemperate manner in which I behaved." The frank courtesy with which he said this was so irresistible, that Lawless was completely overcome, and, probably for the first time in his life, felt himself thoroughly in the wrong. Seizing Oaklands's hand, therefore, and shaking it heartily, he replied, "I tell you what it is, Oaklands, (we don't Mr. each other here,) you are a right good fellow, and no mistake; and, as to your shoving me out of window, you served me quite right for my abominable impertinence. I only wonder you did not do it ten minutes sooner, that's all; but you really ought to be careful what you do with those arms of yours; I was like a child in your grasp; you are as strong as a steam engine." "I can assure you, I am not," replied Oaklands, "they never let me do anything at home, for fear I should knock myself up." "You are more likely to knock other people down, I should say," rejoined Lawless, "and, by the way, that reminds me—Mullins! come here, stupid, and beg Mr. Oaklands' pardon, and thank him for knocking you down." A sulky, half-muttered "shan't," was the only reply. "Nay, I don't want anything of that kind, I don't, indeed, Lawless, pray leave him alone," cried Oaklands, eagerly. But Lawless was not so easily quieted, and Oaklands, unwilling to risk the harmony so newly established between them, did not choose to interfere further; so Mullins was dragged across the room by the ears, and was forced by Lawless, who stood over him with the poker, (which he informed him he was destined to eat red hot if he became restive,) to make Oaklands a long and formal apology, with a short form of thanksgiving appended, for the kindness and condescension he had evinced, in knocking him down so nicely, of all of which he delivered himself with a very bad grace indeed. "And all went merry as a marriage-bell," until we were summoned to the drawing-room, where we were regaled with weak tea, thin bread and butter, and small conversation till ten o'clock, when Mrs. Mildman proceeded to read prayers, which, being a duty she was little accustomed to, and which consequently rendered her extremely nervous, she did not accomplish without having twice called King William, George, and suppressed our gracious Queen Adelaide altogether.

PIERRE PITOIS.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half-savage, half-civilized, part of Burgundy known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades never spoke of him but as "a tough customer." Always the first and the last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder, and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one fine day, our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his Colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy-eight years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman; and he pledged himself to return so soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The Colonel's reply to Pierre's application was, "that, as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained."

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; a second letter was received by the Colonel, in which

Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying, that "he could not state his reasons for this request—it was a family secret,"—but earnestly imploring his Colonel not to deny him this favour.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said, "Pierre, the Colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Ah! The regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pitois.

"For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois;—we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you?—You will be in your element, my fine fellow!"

Pierre Pitois made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought. The Captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily, said—

"Why do you not speak, man? Are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that in less than a week you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news!—Nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, Captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart for your news, which I consider very good news."

"I thought you would," said his officer.

"But, Captain, is there no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence?—the very day before taking the field!"

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are then on the point of taking the field; and at such a time, I suppose, leave is never given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked.—It would have the appearance of cowardice.—Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it."

"And you will do well," replied the Captain.

The next day, the twelfth regiment entered Germany; and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphant entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of the *gens d'armes*. A court-martial is immediately called. Pierre Pitois is accused of having deserted at the very moment when his regiment was about to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried,—

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest men in the army, you, on whose breast the star of honour yet glitters, you, who have never incurred either punishment or even censure from your officers, you could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you; for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you, which it ought not perhaps either to do or to desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."

On the other side stood the accused, who answered, "I have deserted without any reason, without any motive; I do not repent: if it were to do again, I would do it again—I deserve death . . . pass sentence."

And then came some witnesses, who deposed,— "Pierre Pitois is a deserter, we know it is a fact, but we do not believe it." And others averred, "Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman.—He must

be sentenced then, not to death, but to the Lunatic Asylum."

This last alternative had very nearly been adopted, for there was not one person in the court who did not consider the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singular occurrences beyond the range of human possibilities, which, while every one is forced to admit as a fact, no one can account for, or comprehend. The accused, however, pleaded guilty most positively, and was most pertinacious in his demand for the just penalty of the law to be inflicted upon him. He so boldly and fearlessly avowed his crime, continually repeating that he did not regret it, that at length his firmness assumed the character of bravado, and left no room for clemency. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced.

Pierre Pitois heard his sentence read with the most steady unflinching gaze. They warmly urged him to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed. He was carried back to the military prison, and it was announced to him, that, as a mark of special favour, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

In the middle of that night on which was to dawn the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping; and, after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him, said—

"The hour, then, is at last come?"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer; "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."

"And what do you want with me until then?"

"Dost thou not know me, Pierre?—No matter;—I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz, and bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival at Strasburg, I learned thy crime and thy condemnation. I have prevailed on the gaoler, who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee; and now that I have come, I would say to thee, Pierre, it is often a sad thought to a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and intrust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I would be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre, briefly and coldly.

"Why! hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweetheart, to thy sister?"

"A sweetheart?—a sister? I never had either."

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms."

"Thy mother, then?"

"My mother!"—and Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated,— "my mother!—Ah, comrade, do not utter that name; for see, how I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart without feeling melted like a child,—and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her—"

"What then?"

"The tears would come—and tears do not become a man . . . Tears!" continued he, "tears when I have but a few hours to live—ah! there would not be much courage in that!"

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people; and yet I should not be ashamed of weeping, if I were to speak of my mother."

"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand.— "You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me so much, and I, too, love her dearly."

"She loves you? and you love her?—Oh! then I may, indeed, tell you all. My heart is full; it must have vent, and, however strange my feelings may appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then, for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart to which he can pour out his own. Will you really listen to me, and not laugh at me?"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre,—a dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that, since I came into the world, I never loved but one being—that being was my mother. —But her I loved as none love—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe, I used to read her eyes, as she read mine; I guessed her thoughts, and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend: my mother was every thing to me. Well, I was summoned to take arms, and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared that they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose. 'Pierre,' said she, 'you must go—it is my wish.'—I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.'— 'Pierre,' she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country;—it calls thee,—obey! Thou art going to be a soldier; from this moment thy life is no longer thine own, it is thy country's. If its interests demand it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God that thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears, but I would say—'He gave, and He has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!' Go now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' Oh how precious those holy words! I have never forgotten them. 'Do thy duty,' she had said: now the duty of a soldier was always and in all things to obey; and in all things, and always, I obeyed. It was to go straight forward, to face danger without hesitation—without a second thought; and I went straight forward, faced danger without hesitation, without a second thought. Those who saw me thus, as it were, seek to meet the bullets, said, 'There is a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'There is a man who loves his mother!'"

"One day a letter brought the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother; I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absense; it was not granted. I remembered her last words—'If thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me: at any risk I determined to return to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more the place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, as she loves you, and as you love her, you will understand me. . . ."

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race; we have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge, that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the towns-folk call our superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, we have them, and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave-mould such a virtue, that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear! how sweet! With it death has no terrors; for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep, but calm repose after long toil. That flower—I panted to see it bud; I panted to gather it; I abandoned my post and went on my way. After ten

days of a long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh; no flower had appeared: I waited. Six weeks elapsed; and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—"Forget-me-not." As I plucked it, I shed glad tears, for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near, and under the form of that flower had given herself to my heart once more.

"There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower: what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—do thy duty! I sought out the *gens d'armes*, and I said, 'I am a deserter, arrest me.' . . . And now I am to die, and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do for me the only service I require. The flower which at the risk of my life I plucked from the grave is here, in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother, and if I thought it would be broken—Oh! I should not have the courage to die. . . . Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?"

"I promise," said the officer.

"Your hand, that I may press it to my heart; you are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted.

The next day dawned. They had arrived at the place of execution; and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmurs which ran through the ranks, suddenly changed into almost deafening shouts, "The Emperor! The Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; then with his short quick step he walked up to the condemned. "Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. "Pierre," continued the emperor; "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devote it not to me, but to France! She too is a kind and a good mother! Love her as thou didst love thy first—thine own." He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guards fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in his death pangs—

"Long live the Emperor! France for ever! My mother! My mother!"

It was Pierre Pitois!

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

May 25.—St. Urban's Day.

An old author states, that "upon St. Urban's Day all the vintners and masters of vineyards set a table either in the market-stand, or in some other open or public place, and covering it with fine drapery, and strewing upon it green leaves and sweet flowers, do place upon the table the image of that holy bishop; and then, if the day be clear or fair, they crown the image with great store of wine; but if the weather prove rugged and rainy, they cast filth, mire, and puddle water upon it; persuading themselves that, if that day be fair and calm, their grapes, which then begin to flourish, will prove good that year; but if it be stormy and tempestuous, they shall have a bad vintage." Brand says that "it is customary, in many parts of Germany, to drag the image of St. Urban to the river, if on the day of his feast it happens to be foul weather."

May 29.—Royal Oak Day.

On this day, the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II., it is still a practice, especially in the north of England, for the common people to wear in their hats the leaves of the oak, which are sometimes covered on the occasion with leaf-gold. This is done in commemoration of the marvellous escape of that monarch from those who were in pursuit of him, who passed under the very oak-tree in which he and Colonel Carlos had secreted themselves after the decisive battle of Worcester. Brand observes, "I remember the boys at Newcastle-upon-Tyne had formerly a taunting rhyme on this occasion, with which they used to insult such persons as they met on this day, who had not oak-leaves in their hats:

'Royal oak
The Whigs to provoke.'

"There was a retort courteous by others, who contemptuously wore plane-tree leaves, which is of the same homely sort of stuff:

'Plane-tree leaves;
The Church-folk are thieves.'"

It was usual, some years back, to decorate the monument of Richard Penderell (in the churchyard of St. Giles in the fields, London), with oak-branches, on the 29th of May. It was also customary on this day to ornament the statue of Charles II., in the old Royal Exchange, in a similar manner. At Tiverton, Devon, on this anniversary, a number of young men, dressed in the style of the seventeenth century, and armed with swords, parade the streets, and gather contributions from the inhabitants. At the head of the procession walks a man, called "Oliver," dressed in black, with his face and hands smeared over with soot and grease, and his body bound by a strong cord, the end of which is held by one of the men, to prevent his running too far. After these come another troop, dressed in the same style, each man bearing a large branch of oak: four others, carrying a kind of throne, made of oaken boughs, on which a child is seated, bring up the rear. A great deal of merriment is excited among the boys, at the pranks of Master "Oliver," who capers about in a most ludicrous manner. Some of them amuse themselves by casting dirt, whilst others, more mischievously inclined, throw stones at him; but woe betide the young urchin who is caught; his face assumes a most awful appearance from the soot and grease with which "Oliver" begrimes it, whilst his companions, who have been lucky enough to escape his clutches, testify their pleasure by loud shouts and acclamations. In the evening, the whole party have a feast, the expenses of which are defrayed by the collection made in the morning. A correspondent in Hone's "Year-Book" states, that at Exeter the 29th of May has acquired the cognomen of "Lawless day," a name every way appropriate to the proceedings upon its celebration in that city. Early in the morning, he says, the bells at the various churches ring merry peals, and "squads" of the mischief-loving part of the mobility, with large bludgeons, haste to different stations which they have previously selected for the scene of operations. The stations are soon, but not always peaceably, occupied; for it frequently happens that two parties have chosen the same spot, and the right of possession is decided by violent and obstinate contests. As the day advances, and these preliminaries are adjusted, by the weak giving place to the strong, the regular business commences. The stoutest and most resolute remain to guard the stations, while the rest are detached, and busily employed in collecting mud, stones, brickbats, old mats, hay, straw, and other materials suitable to the purpose of forming dams across the kennels, for stopping the water. These pools are sometimes as much as two feet deep, and are called bays. If the water does not accumulate fast enough in these bays, the deficiency is supplied by parties, who fetch it from various parts, in all kinds of vessels, and, when

they can get nothing better, in their hits. At each bay, one of the party, belonging to it is stationed to receive donations from passengers. If a gift be refused, he makes a signal, by whistling, to his companions, and they directly commence splashing and bedabbling, most lustily, and render it impossible for any one to pass by without a thorough drenching; but if a trifle, however small, is bestowed, the donor is allowed safe conduct, and three cheers for his liberality. Persons sometimes throw a few halfpence into the water, and become bystanders, to enjoy the sight of the snatching, raking, tumbling, and rolling of the poor fellows, in their endeavours to find the money, which, as fast as it is got, is mostly spent at the nearest public-house. The effect of the liquor is soon perceived in the conduct of the various parties; and it mostly happens that the interference of the headles and constables is absolutely necessary. Upon "Lawless day" the rabble frequently drag out the parish engines, and play them upon any on whom it is presumed the trick can be practised with impunity. This has been done even in the principal streets. Towards the close of the day the stations are gradually deserted, one after the other, and the groups who occupied them, and have not spent all the money they collected, go to the public-houses and drink it out. In the meantime, the vacant places in the streets are eagerly taken possession of by ragged children, who imitate the rough pastime of their elders.

May 31.—Whit Sunday, (1846.)

This festival was very early established by the Church in commemoration of the day of Pentecost. "It is called Whit Sunday," says Bishop Sparrow, "from the glorious light of Heaven which was then sent down upon the earth, from the Father of lights; as also because the new baptized, which were many at that feast, (Whit Sunday and Easter being the two solemn times of baptism,) were then clothed in white garments, as types both of that spiritual whiteness and purity of soul which they received in baptism, as also of their joy for being then made by baptism members of CHRIST, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven."

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

Fosbroke relates that, in some churches abroad, unconsecrated wafers, preceded by water, with oak leaves, burning tow or torches, were thrown down from the church roof; and small birds, with cakes tied to their legs, let loose during the celebration of Divine service on Whit Sunday. Lambarde, in a book written *circa* 1570, says, "I myself, being then a child, once saw in Paul's church, in London, a feast of Whitsuntide, where the coming down of the HOLY GHOST was set forth by a white pigeon, that was let to fly out of a hole, that yet is to be seen in the midst of the roof of the great aisle; and by a long censer, which, descending out of the same place, almost to the very ground, was swung up and down at such a length, that it reached, with the one sweep, almost to the west gate of the church, and with the other, to the quire stairs of the same, breathing out over the whole church and company a most pleasant perfume of such sweet things as burned therein." Our forefathers, on this festival, decorated the churches with garlands, &c., as at Easter,—an ancient and beautiful custom, which is still observed in many parts of England.

An idea appears formerly to have prevailed in this country, that "whatsoever one did ask of God upon Whit Sunday morning, at the instant when the sun arose, God would grant it him." It has been suggested that this notion not improbably took its rise from the doctrine of the HOLY SPIRIT'S influence to render prayer effectual.

Palm Leaves.

THE DESERT ISLAND.

A RICH charitable man, being desirous to make one of his slaves happy, bestowed upon him freedom, and also a ship freighted with all kinds of costly wares. "Go," said he, "and sail to a foreign country, where you can trade with these goods; and the profit shall be your own."

The slave set off on his voyage; but he had not been long upon the sea, when a violent storm arose, and his ship was cast against a rock and wrecked. His precious wares sank in the deep, all his companions were lost, and he alone escaped with great difficulty, and contrived to reach the shore of an island. Hungry, naked, and helpless, he wandered farther inland, and was weeping over his misfortunes, when he observed in the distance a large town, whence a number of inhabitants came towards him, and with loud shouts of joy, hailed him as their king. Then surrounding him with cries of welcome, they placed him in a splendid car, and led him to the town. Arrived at the Royal Palace, they clothed him in a purple mantle, bound a diadem on his brow, and mounted him upon a golden throne. The nobles approached, knelt before him, and swore allegiance in the name of the whole people. The new king, at first, believed all this splendour to be a wondrous dream; until the continuance of his good fortune no longer left any doubt, that these extraordinary occurrences were in truth realities. I cannot understand, said he to himself, what has bewitched the eyes of this people, and induced them to make a forlorn stranger their king. They know not who I am, they ask not whence I came, but place me at once on their throne. This must be a strange country indeed, since such a custom prevails in it.

Thus he reflected, and became so curious to know the cause of his elevation, that he determined to ask one of the nobles of his court, who appeared a clever man, to solve the riddle for him. "Tell me, vizier," said he, "why have you made me your king? How could you know of my arrival on your island; and what will be the end of all this?"

"Sire," answered the vizier, "this island is called the Island of Probation, and is inhabited by beings of a peculiar order. In times gone by, they asked the Almighty to send them every year a son of Adam to reign over them. The Almighty has accepted their prayer; and every year, at the same time, He causes a man to land upon their island. The inhabitants hasten joyfully to meet him, as you have seen, and acknowledge him for their ruler, but his government lasts only one year. When that period has elapsed, and when the appointed day comes round, he is deprived of all his authority. His royal attire is taken from him, and he again puts on his mean clothing. His servants forcibly carry him to the shore and place him in a ship, built expressly for the purpose, which bears him on to another island. This island is a desert waste: he who was some days before a mighty king, arrives there ragged and alone, and finds neither subjects nor friends. There is no one to participate in his misfortune; and if he has not turned his year to the best account, he will have to pass a sorrowful and melancholy life in this desert land. After the banishment of the old king, the people go forth to meet the new one, whom

the providence of the Almighty sends, in the usual manner, every year without exception, and they receive him with the same pleasure as the preceding ones. Such, Sire, is the immutable law of this kingdom, which no sovereign can change during his reign."

"And were all my predecessors," pursued the King, "made acquainted with the short duration of their power?"

"To none of them," answered the Vizier, "was this law of mutability unknown; but some allowed themselves to be dazzled by the brightness which surrounded their throne; they forgot their sorrowful future in the joyful present, and passed their year without acquiring wisdom. Others, intoxicated by the sweetness of their fortune, did not dare to reflect upon the end of their reign, and the ensuing abode on the desert island, lest it should have embittered their present enjoyment; and thus they staggered, like drunkards, from one pleasure to another, until their allotted time was fled, and they were cast into the vessel. When that unhappy day arrived they all began to lament and bemoan their blindness; but it was too late; they were relentlessly given over to the misery which awaited them, and from which they had not taken thought to defend themselves."

This narrative of the Vizier filled the King with alarm; he trembled at the fate of former monarchs, and earnestly wished to escape their fall. He saw with horror that some weeks of his short year were already gone, and that he must hasten to employ the remaining days better, and endeavour to atone for those already wasted. "Wise Vizier," he replied, "you have discovered to me my future lot and the short duration of my royal state. Tell me also, I pray you, what I must do to escape the misery of my predecessors?"

"Bear in mind, Sire," answered the Vizier, "that you came naked to this island, for thus you will depart from it, never more to return. There is, therefore, only one way of preventing the want with which your banishment threatens you; that is, to cultivate the island, and fill it with inhabitants. This our laws allow you to do; and your subjects are so perfectly obedient, that they will go wherever you desire. Send, therefore, a number of labourers over to the desert land, and let the waste grounds be converted into fruitful meadows; erect towns and storehouses, and provide them with all necessary means of existence. In one word—prepare for yourself a new kingdom, whose inhabitants, after your banishment, will receive you joyfully. Be vigilant, let not a moment pass unemployed; for the time is short, and the more you do towards the erection of your new dwelling, the happier will be your abode there. Constantly figure to yourself that to-morrow your year will be already passed, and take advantage of to-day's freedom, like a fugitive, who knows that chains await him on the morrow. If you despise my counsel and give way to procrastination and idleness, you are lost, and eternal misery will be your lot."

The King was a sensible man, and the speech of the minister gave wings to his decision. He at once sent off a number of his subjects, who went willingly and commenced the work with zeal. The island soon began to improve, and before six months had passed, there stood fair cities on its blooming plains. But the King was yet unsatisfied. He

sent over other inhabitants, and they were even more willing than the first, because they went to a pleasant land, inhabited by their friends and countrymen. In the meantime the year was drawing to a close. Former kings had trembled at the approach of the moment in which they were to lay aside their transient honours; but this one looked forward to it with eagerness, for he was bound to a land where, by his well-directed exertions, he had prepared an enduring habitation. The appointed day at last arrived. The King was seized in his palace, despoiled of his diadem and royal attire, and placed in the fatal vessel which was to bear him to his place of banishment. But hardly had he landed on the coast of the island than the inhabitants hastened joyfully to meet him, received him with great honour, and, instead of decking his head with a diadem, whose splendour lasted but one short year, bound a wreath of unfading flowers around his brow. The Almighty rewarded his wisdom. He gave him the immortality of his subjects, and made him their eternal King.

The rich, beneficent man is God; the slave who is sent forth by his master, is man at his birth. The island where he lands, is the world; the inhabitants who receive him gladly, are the parents who provide for the naked, weeping stranger. The Vizier, who warns him of the sorrowful fate which awaits him, is Wisdom. The year of his reign, is the course of human life; and the desert island for which he is destined, is the future world. The labourers whom he sends there, are the good works he does during his life. But the Kings who preceded him, and did not consider the misery that awaited them, are the larger portion of mankind, who are occupied only with earthly pleasures and occupations, and do not remember the life which follows after death—they were punished with want and misery, whilst the other appeared with full hands before the throne of the Almighty.

WOODSIDE CHEQUERS.¹

Nor to know "Woodside Chequers,"—its comely landlord and his pretty daughter, its magnificent old walnut-tree and velvet bowling-green, its pleasant orchard and its lawny cricket-ground,—would imply a degree of ignorance perfectly unpardonable in any inhabitant of any village lying within a reasonable distance of our own. We, too, should be wanting in our duty as faithful chroniclers of village history, were we to neglect to introduce the reader to both host and hostelry.

It was a shrewd thought of the original founder of the "Chequers," to build it on its present site,—just at the confluence of the only lanes which can aspire to something like the dignity of roads: for, in the hot and arid summer time, he must be a resolute and self-denying traveller, who can steadily pass it by, nor turn aside to rest himself and horse beneath the cool soft shadow of the branchy walnut-tree before the door: and in the cold and gusty evenings of the gloomy winter, there is a sore temptation to the numb and weary wayfarer, in the broad red glow of wavering light which streams from every lower window of the inn, and sheds a ruddy glare upon the miry road. Other, and manifold attractions are there, for those who make the "Chequers" their habitual resort; the host himself—not certainly the least—to village elders a boon companion, and to all a

(1) From "Fond Rural Records, or Glimpses of Village Life, by James Smith."

mirth-provoking humorist; while his daughter, Lucy, an arch and winning Hebe, the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," despotically sways the hearts of half the Woodside bachelors. No wonder they extol her father's "old October," and proclaim his home-grown cider to be a peerless beverage; and no wonder that she hath as many suitors as Penelope, who consume, like those at Ithaca, her father's substance; but, unlike those, perpetually enrich the exchequer of their host.

Stephen Mavis!—the very name seems most peculiarly befitting one whose ripe round voice can make the rafters ring again with echoes of old glees and catches, that have cheered the heart of many a generation gone. Stephen Mavis! that little oily obese man, whose grey eyes twinkle with the quiet humour which is perpetually working at the corners of his mouth, and dropping in quaint and sententious speeches from his tongue; the warm, kind-hearted friend of every needy man, woman, and child in the parish; whose bountiful disposition is proverbial, whose very failing is, in fact, excessive credulity in cases of simulated distress; who in a fit of forgetfulness, (such was *his* version of the story) deterred the whole array of scores from off the bar-door, one bitter winter, when work and money equally were scarce;—what a lengthened, and withal a truthful eulogy, could we not write upon the character of the blithe, child-hearted host of "Woodside Chequers."

Deserted in his infancy,—one of the waifs and strays of humanity, left to the frigid charity and precarious benevolence of the world, the child Stephen was discovered by some school-boys, during the progress of a bird's-nesting foray, wrapped in an old bag-wig, deposited on a thymy path, not many paces distant from a public path, and sleeping soundly beneath the broad blue cope of heaven. Transferred to the parish work-house, the poor foundling in due time became the pauper scapegoat: but spare diet and rough usage, hard words and blows by day, and a miserable couch by night, neither impeded his growth nor embittered his temper; and, at the age of fourteen, the merry-hearted outcast made his first plunge into active life, in the capacity of odd-boy at the Croos-Brook Farm. Thence, mounting the ladder of promotion, he was inducted to the ostlership of the "Chequers;" and some years later, a thrift, and a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, were the means of elevating him to the dignity of landlord,—the *ultimatum* of his aspirations, the crowning glory of his difficult career. Nor, as we have intimated, has prosperity blunted the fine edge of those warm, generous feelings which nature gave him in requital, as it would seem, for man's neglect. He is the father, metaphorically speaking, of every orphan child within the range of his acquaintance; and as to foundlings! discreet and learned men would most assuredly pronounce his overflowing tenderness for them, rank monomania. For our own part, we are prone to the belief, that Stephen's heart is, after all, worth half-a-dozen such discreet and learned heads.

For long after Stephen's assumption of the style and title of "mine host," common consent concurred in dooming him to an irrevocable celibate. The maiden portion of the village *noblesse* (for your patrician aristocracy hath its plebeian counterpart), turned up their noses (with some it was a work of supererogation) at the man of doubtful parentage; and humbler folks—as humbler folks are very apt to do—submissively conformed to their example. Hence was the landlord of the "Chequers" doomed to be an *enfant perdu*,—a bachelor thrust violently without the matrimonial pale,—a mateless Adam, wandering in solitary sorrow round the confines of the marital paradise. Bless you! they were never more mistaken in their lives; for Stephen suddenly astounded the prophets, and falsified their prophecies, by wooing, winning, and wedding the most arrant shrew that ever trod in Katherine of Padua's steps. Swayed by the impulse of a most prevailing pity, moved by a sentiment of deep compassion,

or perhaps half-conscious that his own benevolence of disposition, tending to excess, needed a counterpoise, a balance, and a check, Stephen Mavis wrote himself husband, and, in due time, father.

In the dramas of an old-fashioned play-wright (one Will Shakspeare by name), we find it recorded, that Petruchio's mate was most effectually subdued and tamed; but Mistress Mavis, be it remarked, was perfectly untameable. Nor was the violence of her temper modified in the least degree by matrimony. Yet Stephen bore it all, with the equanimity of a philosopher, and the resignation of a martyr. Invective only elicited some expression of his dry, quaint humour; and when the domestic atmosphere was rife with storms, and resonant with feminine thunder, Stephen would coil himself up like a tortoise with the impenetrable shell of a happy indifference, and, with an inward chuckle, frame mentally shrewd aphorisms upon the failings of his ungently helpmate. Finally, the poor shrew grew weary of this idle expenditure of breath,—then hypochondriacal,—then sickened,—and then died! And this was Stephen's first and last venture in the matrimonial lottery.

To do him justice, the landlord of the "Chequers" sorrowed earnestly for his loss; though happily the childish prattle of his only child and daughter, Lucy, mitigated his regret.

Will it not be asked, if this same Lucy, whom nineteen summers have ripened into all the grace and beauty of a fabled wood-nymph, has inherited aught of the maternal taint? In truth, we must respond in the affirmative; but then, it is the slightest tint imaginable, and, heightening, as it does, the brilliancy of her sparkling eyes, lending vivacity to her movements, and imparting a sort of piquancy to her conversation, one can scarcely wish her spirit less, or her participation in the milder attributes of her father's character greater than it really is. Rivals and gossips add, that Lucy hath a potent and invincible self-will; but so had Beatrice; and yet, what cynic thinks of blaming Benedick's "dear Lady Disdain?" Like Beatrice, too, our village beauty is a very "*À la* in good apparel" to her suitors, albeit there are two who claim an enviable pre-eminence in her affection, or, to say the least of it, esteem—John Eleigh, the handsome bailiff, at the Warren Farm; and Robert Hothaom, a thriving village tradesman, with a snug freehold of his own, and a comfortable nest-egg in the—Savings Bank. But then, her smiles and sarcasms, her gentle speeches and her biting jests, her sunny glances and her stormy frowns, are apportioned so equally between the two, that we profess we are utterly incompetent to pronounce which is indeed the favourite. Mere accident, or perhaps caprice, will, we suspect, eventually decide the choice.

We laid our pen aside, and let a fortnight pass, nor do we now regret the pause; for, on a bright June morning, in the present year, when the sky was populous with soaring birds, and jubilant with happy song, and bright with cloudless sunshine, and the air was fragrant with the dewy scent of tardy orchard-blossoms, and the green earth still glistened with the beaded lustre of the last night's shower, and the luxuriant trees spread their broad leaves, as though they wooed the sunshine, and longed to dally with the breeze, and bees were humming round the garden-flowers, and insects weaving mazy dances in the sun, and martins circling the old church-tower in rapid rings—on such a morning, we repeat, traversing the green at an early hour, we saw that busy hands were fashioning an arch round the "Chequers" door; that the old stone cross, elsewhere alluded to, was dressed with flowers; and that a flag, a new and silken flag, was fluttering from its summit. What did it all import? The wake, we knew, was past, and what could these gay decorations mean? We put the question to Tom Branchley, the hostler of the inn, and his broad unmeaning features relaxed into a grin, as he replied, "Young missus a-going to have a master, sir." And

then the man chuckled again, as though he had uttered something supremely droll.

"And who may be the happy man?"

"Master Hotham," laconically responded he of the ample mouth.

Food for conjecture this! A most provoking stimulant to curiosity. What did it all import? How had the match been brought about? What had determined Lucy in the choice? Happily our wonderment was not destined to have a wearisome duration. An old man—no other than the parish clerk, bore down upon us with an evident determination to bring both himself and us to anchor. Bursting with the secret, the venerable functionary scarcely waited to be questioned before the whole history came trickling from his tongue.

It seemed that both the suitors of our village belle had grown impatient of delay, and from besieging Lucy, had diverted their assault to Stephen, bent upon baiting him into such an exercise of his paternal influence as should compel the coquette to a final and determined choice. Our host pondering upon the matter, and secretly making his own election of a son-in-law, bent all "his corporeal agents to the feat." With an intuitive perception of the *idiosyncrasy* of his daughter's mind, he chose a favourable opportunity to enlarge upon the subject of her settlement in life, dwelt on the character and prospects of her suitors, and with bitterness and vehemence aspersed and ridiculed the pretensions of Robert Hotham. The artifice succeeded to a miracle. Lucy first palliated, then defended, then battling for the libelled man, not merely championed his suit, but hurled a scornful negative at that of John Eleigh; and when, at the secret suggestion of our host, Robert Hotham visited the wayward beauty, and stoutly urged his suit, he won from her the promise of her hand, and Stephen gained his wished-for son-in-law. And they were married; and there was open-house at "Woodside Chequers," music and merry dancing on the green, Momus holding high festival without, and old Silenus—truth must be told—heading a band of tipsy revellers within; and, in the fulness of his heart, Stephen trolled forth his choicest songs, and broached his choicest ales, and in the choicest language he could command, toasted both bride and bridegroom in a choice old beaker of his choicest wine. Rare mirth! rare festival! rare revelry! a day marked with a white stone in the village calendar by all but the rejected wooer of the bride, who purposes, it is affirmed, to seek, in change of residence, forgetfulness of the pretty bar-maid of "Woodside Chequers."

DETACHED THOUGHTS;

FROM

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Of differing themes the veering song was mixed."

A TRUE comforter must often take away from the mourner all ordinary topics of consolation, and lead him where only the highest can be of any avail.

A perpetual calm would hinder the fructification of flowers. Let this console us under suffering.

The involuntary sanctification in our minds of the dead—wherefore? whence? Not from a life-long absence merely; for then a voyage to America would produce it. It is rather the idea of the change in the departed, the putting off of his body,

his novel circumstances, his new relations, whence he looks down upon all here as earthly.

* Memory is the highest gift; we do not feel it to be so, because we only partially lose it, and generally retain it in great things; but let a man every moment forget others, and then see what he would be. We are the creatures of the past, therefore, of memory. To deprive us of memory, would be to thrust us naked, destitute, into the mere present, only the moment after to strip us of memory again.

A good action shines out upon us in the deceased—it is the precious stone which the Mexicans place amid the ashes of the dead, that it may represent the heart.

How does human love still pine after, still stretch forth its arms to clasp the fading images that still elude its grasp! It would make for itself an eternity out of the transitory and the perishing!

Were there not a lurking disbelief of immortality, there would be far more courage in death, more content in life, and less over-value for it.

There are persons who, endowed with a higher sense, but with weaker powers than active talent, receive in their soul the great world-spirit, whether in outward life, or in the inner life of fiction and of thought, who remain true and faithful to it, as the tender wife to the strong man, but who, when they would express their love, can only utter broken sounds, or speak otherwise than they wish. If the man of talent may be called the merry imitative ape of genius, these are the silent, serious, upright woodmen, to whom fate has denied the power of speech. If, as the Indians think, the animals are the dumb of the earth, these are the dumb of heaven.

The spirit is as invisible as its speech, but what does there not lie of all that is lofty, all that is life, in a single word? Is it lost when the air on which it has been wafted has passed away?

We speak of *life* being taken, when it is only *years* that are taken.

There is something so great in a single good action, that the man who, in his whole life, has performed even one, can never be wholly despicable.

It is our eyes, and not the microscope, that deceives us. It could not create or show what is not. The earth may be infinitely greater.

Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against a flatterer, there are still a few points at which he is accessible.

How many thousands of little means must a man have recourse to, before he can accomplish anything great!

We should sooner learn to know men if we did not regard every action as the result of a fixed principle. Caprice prevents their adherence to it; and, therefore, we ought not to draw any conclusion as to character from a single action.

A man, in the enjoyment of any pleasure, may have only a delight of the senses; but he who beholds that man's enjoyment with a sympathizing eye, has a heart-delight.

He who has about ten things a single original unhackneyed thought, has many such about a hundred things.

It is one of the contradictions in man's nature, his knowledge that he has these contradictions.

Fancy, or the creative power, is the world-soul of the soul, the element-spirit of the other powers. Experience, and the varied influences of the mind, tear but leaves from the book of nature. Fancy forms these parts into a whole. It brings even the absolute and the infinite nearer the reach of reason, and renders them more discernible to mortal man. It employs itself with the future and the past, because no other time can become infinite or totalised. Not from a room full of air, but from the whole height of the atmosphere, is the ethereal blue of heaven formed.

He who is not growing wiser has never been wise.

He who in his sphere, however circumscribed, perfects, as far as in him lies, all duty and all self-denial, not merely in doing, but in abstaining, needs for his growth in virtue no extraordinary circumstance, no unusual occasion; should such arrive, it finds his already grown.

He who has not courage enough to be a fool in his own way, will scarcely have sufficient to be wise in his own way.

How pensive we are made by a beautiful night—by lovely scenery—by the sound of music—by reflection on the infinite—by the shadowy-tinted cliffs of the future!

We should never mourn for one that dies at fifteen. There die the first dawns of love with the spring-flowers in its little heart. I would visit the grave of such an one in the spring, merely that I might be glad.

Spring passes away, and so must thou. Is thy cheek of roses fairer than the rose which must also fade? Thy song, other than that of the nightingale, which is also silenced? Lie down calmly in thy dust, thou human flower. That dust will yet be the pollen of a fairer one; and earth has no more that it can do to thy blossoming soul.

The greatest sorrow is the loss of the beloved by a death not preceded by illness, or, which is one and the same thing, by death taking place while at a distance from us.

In the case of illness, the gradual dying, the visible fading away of the cherished image before our eyes, slowly accustoms us to the thought of death—it is the soothing twilight preceding the night; whereas in the other case, the sun sets at once, without twilight. Yes, the greatest sorrow is the beholding the blooming countenance behind the pale ghastly face of death.

If everything here below happened as thou couldst wish, in every particular, even the most minute, and fulfilled the least, as well as the greatest of thy desires, thou wouldst gain nothing but the awakening of a greater desire, not to be gratified by anything earthly.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

DR. FOWLER, Bishop of Gloucester, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation of the bishop with Judge Powell is recorded:—

"Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you are become a convert to truth; but, do you say ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was—let me see—last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs, and stalking directly towards my room. The door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue colour, no doubt?"

"The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long loose gown; a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face; I then said, 'Whence and what art thou?'"

"What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer?"

"The following was the answer I received:—'I am watchman of the night, an't please your honour, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family of their street-door being open, and that if it was not soon shut, they would probably be robbed before morning.'"

THERE are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions, than they would be by the perfidy of others.—*Burke*.

THE works which continue to please from age to age, are written with perfect simplicity; while those which captivate the multitude, by a display of meretricious ornaments, if, by chance, they should survive the fashions to which they are accommodated, remain only to furnish a subject of ridicule to posterity.—*Stewart*.

HE censures God, who quarrels with the imperfections of man.—*Burke*.

MR. WAGHORN, in a letter just published, says—"Ere two years, I feel convinced that despatches will be in London on the 21st day from Bombay."

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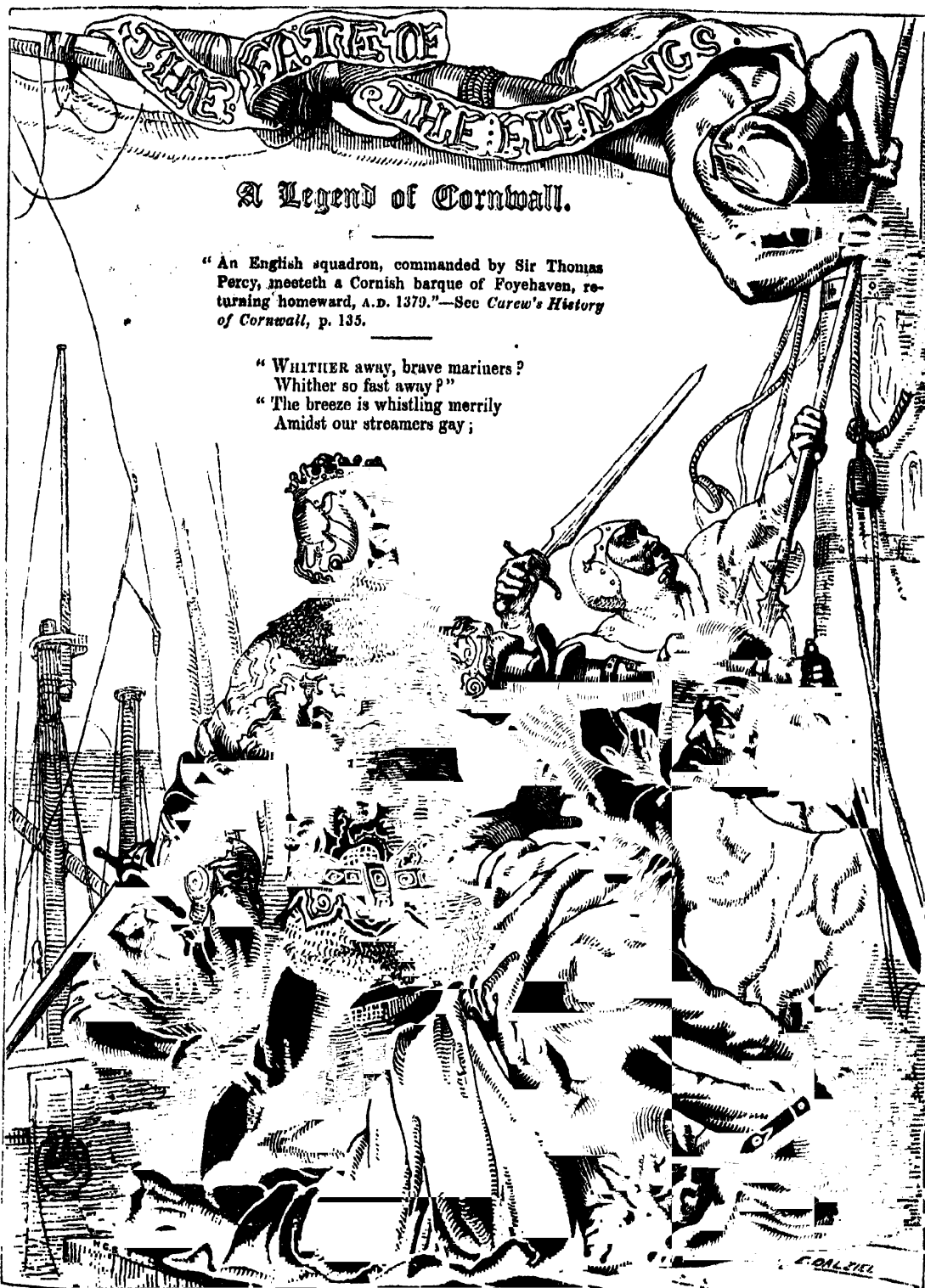
SHARPE'S London Magazine:

A JOURNAL OF ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION
FOR GENERAL READING.

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" And we have busy task to do
Old England's shores to clear
Of all the French and Flemish loons
That work our merchants fear
" The Percy is our admiral,
A seaman stout and true
The day his pennon was unfurled
The knaves shall dearly rue
Oh! weary men art we, fair sir
Oh! weary men are we
And wending home a weary way,
Over the summer sea,
" And we have toiled full many a day,
And watch'd full many a night
And strain'd our canvas in the chase,
And struggled in the fight
But glory smil' all our barque bears home
Small boot for all our pains,
Save true and loyal Cornish hearts,
Whom no dishonour stains
" Turn then with us brave mariners
Fortune will yet betide
For ye shall beir back fur renown
And gold and gear beside
" Ye speak in courteous guise fur a
But so it may not be
For aye upon our voy'ge there lingers
An evil destiny
But an by God his grace we w
To lay our living
Right duly shall our vows be
Before the holy rod
And ere this horned moon be full
If Heaven it so ordun,
With brighter fortune on our sails
We will to sea run
They parted there with promise fair
And words of kindly tone
He stately fleet like a king's
That little barque alone
A summer's day she scarce had sail'd
Upon the summer sea
When they were aware of a tall, tall ship
Just nearing on their lee
" Now Heaven us aid the captain said
Now Heaven us aid and save
An these be Flemish loons, I trow
Short shift our souls shall have
And now the pirate Flemishers
Have laid the barque on board
And fast and fell their deadly odds
Upon her deck have poured
And they have sl'n her struggling crew
Or bound them limb to limb,
And bore her sides with many a hole
That she no more may swim
And while the summer sun shone bright
And while the breeze blew free
A hundred gallant hearts went down
Into the summer sea
Blythe hearts are yours ye Flemishers
Ye share the spoil with glee —
Think ye the deep sea wave will hide
Your deed of villany?
The breeze is fair, steady and fair,
And ere the close of day
The blood-stain'd ship has gained the land
Within St Austle's bay

God's watchful eye can guilt espy,
Even on the lonely sea,
His glorious might full well requite
The deed of villany

And when the evening lights shone out
From the good town of Foye,
The chase is past, they meet them fast
With anchor and with buoy
They moor them fast in peaceful guise,
As merchants good and true
And where is he, the guilt shall see
Of that red handed crew?
Now when the red town lights grew dim
Across the midnight tide
A sailor boy leapt lightly down
From off the Fleming's side
And when he touched the salt sea wave
He settled himself to swim,
And when he gained the harbour beach,
He ran with heart and limb
Right onward through the town he sped
As fast as bolt can fly
Till he knocketh at the castle gate
Of good Sir John Trefry
" What cheer? what cheer? " the porter cried,
Who knocketh here so late?
What hasty tidings have ye brought
To my good master's gate?
" A stirring tale thou porter giv'
And a sad tale thereby,
Will bring the red blood to thy cheeks,
The tear drop to thine eye
He be false traitors in our port
He be traitors in our town
He hid the pirate's bloody kn
Beneath the merchant's gown
For our good barque the Tiger
The Flemishers have taken
And sunk her in the deep mid sea
The living with the slain
Borne back unseen amid the throng,
I gained their deck alone,
And Heaven their course hath hither led
And marked them for our own
" But they have sworn, before the moon
Fresh deeds of blood to do,
And we must up with heart and hand
Or ever their oath be true
Now by our Lady," quoth Sir John
An thou sayst truth to me
When thou art grown to man's estate
My captain shalt thou be
No beacon raised it's warning flame,
No alarm bell was rang,
Yet silent at the harbour beach
Fleete gather old and young
And silent at the harbour's mouth
They raise the ponderous chain
Ye castles! ye have crossed it once
Ye pass it not again
A hundred gallant men of Foye
Their captain good Sir John,
Straight to the treacherous merchantmen
Are stealing swiftly on
And hark! upon the night-wind borne,
A pealing shout there rose,
With all the din of mortal strife,
Wild shrieks and clanging blows
The summer sun came blithely up,
The birds their matins sung,
But cold and dead from his top mast head,
The pirate chieftain hung

THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

A PORTUGUESE CHRONICLE.

IN the early part of the fifteenth century, under the reign of Don Juan the First, the Portuguese, after having completely subdued the Moors, turned all their thoughts to voyages of discovery. There appeared almost simultaneously Gilianez, who doubled the formidable Cape Bajador; Cintra, who conquered the islands of Arguin; Juan Gonsalvo Zarco and Tristan Tessora, two courageous explorers of the African seas; Fernandez, the first who ventured to navigate the river Senegal; Megno, killed while fighting against the negroes of the Cape Verd Islands; and Gonsalvo Vello, who discovered the Azores. Never had such a number of celebrated navigators appeared at the same time in any one nation. The better to direct their maritime expeditions, the Infant Don Henry, third son of the king, had taken up his residence at the castle of Ternaubal upon the Cape Sagres, thirty-two leagues to the west of Lisbon, from which place he was able to see the Portuguese vessels sailing towards the destination which either he himself, or Don Juan his father, had marked out.

At the close of the month of January, 1421, in a miserable house in the suburbs of Sagres, three women were working in silence by the flickering light of a torch. The eldest, as she rose on hearing the neighbouring church-clock strike, said sadly,—

"It is exactly four years ago since Juan Moralez, your father, left us at this very hour to go to sea. We have long awaited his return, but his prolonged absence extinguishes all our hopes. He has doubtless perished, my children,—perished amid the waves, or on some distant shore, deprived of the consolations of his family and the rites of the church. If we have been unable to attend him in his last moments, let us pray, at least, for his eternal salvation."

The mother and daughters knelt down together, weeping bitterly, and recited the psalm, *Domine Deus, audi nunc orationem mortuorum Israel*.

Hardly had they finished the first verse, when the door was hastily thrown open, and a man advanced into the room. In spite of the white mantle, the hood of which fell over his forehead, and the untrimmed beard which concealed the lower part of his face, the three women thought they recognized Juan Moralez; but the night-wind, rushing through the door of the dwelling, extinguished the torch, and thus prevented them from more fully ascertaining the identity of the stranger.

"It is Juan's spirit come back to visit us," exclaimed the mother, seized with superstitious dread.

"No, Pepita," replied the new-comer; "I am no spirit; but your own husband, whom Providence has saved from shipwreck and captivity.—Light the torch, that I may see and embrace you all."

After the first effusion of joy, the eldest of the girls said to Juan,—

"We had lost all hope of seeing you again, dear father."

"Oh, yes!" added the second; "we wept for you as one lost to us in this world. We frequently seated ourselves on the sea-shore, as if questioning the immense ocean what had become of you, and supplicating heaven to restore you to our

prayers; and, when we returned in the evening, we returned with despair in our hearts."

"I was indeed near being taken from you, my children," replied Moralez. "I long believed that I should never be permitted to return to my family and my country. I have suffered much, but this night repays me for all."

"Where have you come from just now?" inquired Pepita.

"From the prisons of Morocco."

"You have been a prisoner, then?"

"But six days ago I was a slave to the unbelieving dogs. Weary of my wretched fate, I resolved to obtain my liberty at all hazards. Escaping by a miracle, I dared to cross the sea in a mere skiff: the hope of again seeing you redoubled my courage. Besides, I knew that you were in want of my assistance, and that, during my absence, you could scarcely have been able to earn enough for your support; and I longed to make you acquainted with a secret of which I alone am the possessor, and which cannot fail to enrich us. At this very moment, miserable and destitute as I am, I have it in my power to do inestimable service to Portugal. To-morrow I will explain to you my meaning; this evening I have need of repose, and have not strength to undertake so long a recital."

The next day Moralez related to his wife the circumstances which had so long detained him from her.

"You know," said he, "that I set sail in the spring of 1417, to pilot a merchant vessel which was returning to England. Being one day on the quay at Bristol, I was accosted by a young Englishman, who abruptly said to me,—

"Your name is Juan Moralez, and you are a pilot?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have heard a great deal of your skill and experience. Will you undertake to pilot a vessel which I have freighted to Cadiz?"

"I am at your service. When do you set out?"

"This very night."

"To-night! But the sea looks angry, and the wind is contrary."

"No matter! my affairs require me to leave England immediately. If you agree to accompany me, I will pay you royally."

"Though such great haste appeared most suspicious to me, the thought of seeing you once again, and increasing the sum I should bring you, determined me to follow the young man on board his vessel, which was lying within a mile of the coast. We set sail as soon as the boat which had brought us was hoisted up to the side of the vessel. The wind was south-south-west, and blew hard at intervals. We kept at first a direct course, but were soon obliged to lower our smack-sails, and hoist the lug and flying top-sails, and fly before the wind, without any regard to our destination. The storm lasted till the next day, and carried away our mizen-mast. For thirteen days we thus continued the sport of wind and waves,—lost in the solitude of the ocean,—when, at length, on the fourteenth day, land appeared in sight,—a beautiful and verdant land. Birds of brilliant plumage came and perched on our yards, and unknown animals came out of the woods to stare at us. It was Paradise, Pepita, with all its joys! Masham, our captain, ordered us to land, and descended the first into the boat, and with him a lady whom I had

not before seen, as she had not left her cabin during the voyage. She was weak and pale; grief and fatigue had overcome her. Poor lady! the history of her life was like that of many others: a youthful love, whose course proverbially never runs smooth—a marriage of interest—an elopement—a violation of her sworn faith. Alas! the two guilty ones have cruelly expiated their crime. They are both dead, Pepita! They escaped the tempest but to perish on the desert land. The woman, Anne Dorset, expired first; Masham followed a few days afterwards; and both are laid in that distant isle.

"After having paid them the last duties, we again set sail. A dreadful hurricane cast our vessels on the coast of Africa; half of our crew were engulfed in the waves; the rest, by clinging to the wreck, were enabled to reach the shore, where the Moors awaited us. I am the only survivor of all that had to endure the sorrows of captivity; God seems to have preserved me, lest that island, to which I only know the route, should remain uninhabited. He has chosen me to show it to my fellow-countrymen,—to enlarge, by a new conquest, the Portuguese possessions,—to increase the riches of my country,—and to ensure to myself, together with a brilliant position, an imperishable renown."

Juan Moralez pronounced these last words with such enthusiasm, that his wife caught the infection, and already saw him in command of a vessel, and discovering, like Marco Paulo, a new island of Cipango.

"I approve of your projects," said she, "though they will be the means of again separating us; they are those of a good patriot and a man of honour. But are you quite sure of the exact position of this unknown island?"

"Am I sure?" replied Moralez, drawing a roll of parchment from his portfolio. "Look, here is the plan I have drawn of it. This point is Cape Sagres, where we are at this moment; to the south are the coasts of the states of Barbary; by following them you will arrive at the mouth of a little river called Mulaya; I know it but too well, for it was there those cursed Mussulmen attacked our wrecked vessel. Well! almost opposite, to the west, observe the circle I have drawn; it is my island,—the island which we have discovered. Suppose, now, that we have set out from Sagres, by steering to the south-west we shall come directly to my dominion."

"But first," replied Pepita, "you must solicit an audience of the King, or rather of the Infant, who chiefly superintends the maritime affairs."

"I have thought of that, and I will spend this day in drawing up a petition. Quick, give me my desk; I feel quite inspired."

Moralez spent more than a week in composing and copying a detailed memorial. Then he presented himself at the gates of the Castle of Ternaubal, and demanded an audience of the Prince.

"Impossible, my good man," answered the officer of the guard. "Tormented by the number of solicitors, Don Henry has determined to refuse them all."

"May you not, at least, present him with a petition?"

"No; he has solemnly declared he will receive none. He has been confined to bed for some time. His physicians attribute his illness either to his

labours or his hard study; and the strictest repose has been ordered him."

"To whom, then, am I to apply?"

"To his Majesty, Don Juan, at his royal palace at Lisbon."

Moralez returned sorrowfully home, and communicated his disappointment to his wife.

"I would go at once to Lisbon," said he, "but it is a long way, and we have no money. I will wait, and go every day to inquire after the health of the Prince. Every moment that I am not engaged as a pilot, I will stand sentinel at the gates of the palace."

Faithful to this plan of conduct, Moralez for two months passed the greater part of the day in piloting vessels which were either coasting or entering the harbour. Every evening he went to inquire after the Infant, who was now recovering his exhausted strength. The guards and domestics of Ternaubal were become familiar with the indefatigable petitioner. Without acquainting them with his object, he spoke eagerly of the discovery of a land, whose magnificent forests he so enthusiastically described that they named him—"The Man of the Woods." (*El Nuemo de Madèra.*)

Moralez was almost beginning to despair, when, one morning on awaking, he heard his daughter say to some one at the door—

"Yes, Senor, it is here he lives; but he does not bear the title you have given him. His name is not Don Juan Moralez, but simply Juan Moralez, coasting-pilot by trade."

"Whatever his condition may be, Senora," replied the stranger, "he is a man of merit, honoured by the esteem of the Prince in whose name I present myself here."

"Welcome, Senor," cried the pilot, running to him half-dressed. "May God protect Don Henry, for having at length thought of his faithful servant! Pepita," cried he to his wife, "open a bottle of old port, and bring a feed of oats for the gentleman's horse. Well," added he, addressing the stranger, "the Prince is then restored to health, and is disposed to hear me?"

"Unfortunately, not just yet; before granting you an audience, he wishes to obtain some information as to what you require, and he has deputed me to learn the object of your petition."

"Nothing can be more easy, Senor; I will give it to you, if you will be kind enough to be the bearer of it."

"Such was the object of my visit, Senor. Give me your memorial, and it shall be laid this very day before Don Henry."

"Can it be possible?" cried the pilot.

"Nothing more certain; and, in three days, I myself will bring you the answer."

"In three days! Do you hear that, Pepita? In three days the Prince will know my project,—he will grant me a vessel for its accomplishment. I shall go out with the title of captain, take possession of the island in the name of His Majesty Don Juan the First, and on my return I shall be loaded with honours and riches. Ah! Senor, you are my good genius."

"You owe me no thanks," replied the stranger, quietly. "I am only obeying the orders of my master. Where is your petition?"

"Here it is."

"Have you carefully read it over?"

"I know it by heart."

"Have you nothing to add to it?"

"I think not; however, we can look over it together, Senor."

"That would be quite unnecessary. The Prince has charged me to receive from your own mouth some short statement; but he alone has a right to penetrate your secret, and to hear its details. He alone has a right to break the seal of your petition. Adieu, Senor Moralez, you shall see me again in three days."

The Cavalier rode rapidly away, leaving Moralez intoxicated with a joy which was shared by all his family. But, to their great surprise, the messenger of Don Henry did not appear on the third day.

"The prince has not had time to examine my scrawl," said Juan Moralez. "No matter, I am accustomed to have patience."

A week passed, and no messenger appeared.

"You must go look for him at Ternaubal," said Pepita.

"Undoubtedly," replied Moralez; "but I was so excited when he was here, that I forgot to ask his name."

"That forgetfulness is easily repaired; he must be well known; all you have to do is to describe him, and relate what has passed."

Moralez hastened to Ternaubal. On approaching, he heard the sound of bells, and the report of arquebusades, and learned that Juan the First and his royal consort the Duchess of Lancaster, were come from Lisbon to visit the Infant Don Henry, and were advancing to the castle, attended by a numerous suite, and an escort of archers. The pilot made his way through the crowd of people which were hastily ranging themselves on each side of the road through which the royal retinue were to pass, and looked about in eager search of his visitor, whom he soon perceived near the king, mounted on a magnificent palfrey.

"What is the name of that cavalier," said he to one of his neighbours, "with the cap and red plume, who is decorated with the order of Christ?"

"He is a new arrival at Court; his name is Nunez d'Alvadro; he was a lieutenant on board the vessel in the expedition to Ceuta, and appears to be in great favour for the last few days, without any one being able to tell why."

Moralez had not time to inquire more; the retinue having passed on, the order in which the two rows of spectators stood was broken, and the crowd rushed into the court of the castle. Carried along by the torrent, the pilot made his way through the guards, approached Nunez d'Alvadro, who was alighting from his horse, and seizing him by the arm, exclaimed—

"What about my petition, Senor?"

Nunez turned hastily round, and his face was covered with a deadly paleness, which the pilot attributed to anger.

"Pardon me," said he, "for thus importuning you, but you promised to come to me at the end of three days, and I have been expecting you in vain."

"Nevertheless, I have not forgotten you," replied Nunez, recovering from his consternation; "the Prince knows all about you, and I hope you will be able to speak to him before the day is over."

"How am I to accomplish that? The people, as usual, will be admitted into the royal apartments during the repast; shall I await that opportunity, or shall I follow you on the instant?"

"Come with me now," said Nunez, as if he had suddenly formed his resolution.

After having ascended some steps of the grand stair-case, they both passed through a long corridor, and entered an apartment of which Nunez had the key.

"This is the room I occupy at Ternaubal. Stay here until I call you; you will find some curious manuscripts in my library, which will while away the time."

"I am so grateful to you, Senor, for having deigned to use your influence for me."

"I have less than you think; but, as some services have procured me the esteem of the Prince, it is my duty to avail myself of my position, to encourage projects useful to the state. I must leave you, Senor Moralez; I shall not forget you. You have had a long walk; you must be hungry; would you like some refreshment?"

"I willingly accept your offer, though it is stupid enough to dine alone. In drinking to the health of Don Henry, I shall find the hours which will elapse before my interview with him less tedious."

Nunez d'Alvadro went out, and repaired to the stables of the castle, where he found his servant cleaning his horse. This servant was an African Moor, who had fallen to him as his share of the booty after the siege of Ceuta.

"Ben Hamed," said he to him, "you shall have your liberty and two hundred piastres, if you will obey my orders."

The Moor uttered a cry of joy.

"There is a man in my apartment," continued Nunez, "whose death is necessary to me."

"Master, give me your sword."

"No, his cries would be heard, and his body would bear marks of violence; his death must be attributed either to accident or suicide. You must rid me of him secretly, and without any noise. Listen to me; get him something to eat from the *maitre d'hotel*, and a flagon of wine. Before you go into the room, pour the contents of this vial into the wine; it is a powerful narcotic which he cannot resist. At the end of an hour, during which time you must let yourself be seen as much as possible, in order to avoid suspicion, you can then return to the man, who by that time will be in a deep sleep, and you can throw him out of the window into the moat of the castle."

"And you will swear to me, Senor, that I shall have my liberty?"

"I swear it on the cross of my order. To-morrow, at the break of day, the vessel of which I have obtained the command will set sail for an island off the coast of Africa. In passing, I will stop at Tunis, and will leave you there. With the sun you will have, it will be easy for you to return to your country."

"Master," said Ben Hamed, "you have always treated me honourably. You will restore me to my country, and all that you ask of me in return is to kill a Christian! I promise you that before midnight it shall be done."

"You may rely on my faith, as I rely on yours."

Nunez d'Alvadro hastened to the sea-shore, jumped into a boat, went on board the vessel, and gave the sailors orders, to be in readiness at a moment's warning. On his return to Ternaubal, a page brought him a letter from Don Henry.

"It is my commission!" exclaimed Nunez, joyfully. "Now the success of my plot is certain."

Fortune was near playing me a slippery trick, but I have retrieved all; and now it is I who will reap all the glory, which a miserable wretch would have usurped."

He returned on board to reiterate his instructions; then hastened to the banquet-hall, where the royal family were already seated. Around the table were a number of the inhabitants of Sagres and the neighbouring towns, who had been admitted to behold their Sovereigns, according to the custom observed in public banquets. The crowd becoming thinner a little before the dessert, Juan the First beckoned Nunez to approach, and congratulated him upon the discovery reserved to his courage. "My intention," added he, "is to be present at the departure of your vessel, and as, in order to do so, we must be up before day, we will now retire to our apartments."

"They are situated," said the Prince, "in the opposite wing. Permit me, my father, to show you the way."

All the guests rose, and descended the garden stair-case. Don Henry, who was first, suddenly stopped on perceiving a man asleep on the landing-place; and Nunez d'Alvadro was struck with astonishment and terror on recognising Juan Moralez. He was quietly lying at full length, like a drunkard overcome by abundant libations. He breathed heavily, but his flushed face expressed no emotion of any kind.

"Who is this man?" demanded the king.

"Undoubtedly some miserable drunkard," said Nunez. "Shall I have him carried out of the Castle?"

"No, Senor," said the Prince. "Let him be awakened, and I will question him."

Several now approached Juan Moralez, and shook him roughly by the shoulder many times, without being able to awaken him.

"Prince," said the physician, who always accompanied the king, "this man is not drunk,—he has only taken a strong dose of opium; but I have the means of rousing him from his lethargy."

"Set about it immediately," replied Don Henry.

The physician retired to prepare an antidote, the receipt of which he had obtained from the Arabs; and which simply consisted of a strong infusion of the grains of coffee.

In the meanwhile one of the attendants said to the Prince, "Prince, I know that man; his name is Juan Moralez. He is a coasting pilot, and surnamed the 'Man of Madeira.' During your illness he has continually presented himself at the gates of the castle, alleging that he had an important petition to lay before you; and that he knew the way to an unknown island, where he had landed with an Englishman named Masham."

"What does this mean?" demanded the Prince, turning to Nunez d'Alvadro.

"I do not know, my prince," stammered he; "perhaps this man was one of our crew."

During this conversation, the doctor had returned and given a draught to Juan Moralez, who was not long before he opened his eyes. The Prince began to question him, and the pilot faithfully related all that had passed.

"Whilst waiting for Don Henry," said he, in conclusion, "a Moorish servant brought me some wine and refreshments, and then left me alone. The heat of the weather making me very thirsty, I completely emptied the flagon which the Moor

had served up. In a few moments I felt the blood mounting to my temples; my face was covered with a profuse perspiration, and my sight became dim. Stunned and almost senseless, feeling the absolute necessity of movement and air, I opened the door and rushed into the passage; but my giddiness increased, my head swam round, and I fell senseless in the place you found me."

"So," said the Prince, "Nunez pretended to be my messenger."

"Yes," my Prince, "and I have given him the petition and charts, of which I have duplicates."

"Show me these documents. I see, Senor Moralez, that you have been the victim of a most odious betrayal of confidence; but ample amends shall be made you. You can sleep this night at the castle. I will send two of my guards to prevent your family from being uneasy, and to-morrow we will inquire into the affair. But where is Nunez d'Alvadro?"

Seeing his plot discovered, Nunez had taken advantage of the confusion caused by this incident to escape. Don Henry ordered that search should be made for the fugitive. The sentinel at the gates reported, that Nunez had left the castle on horseback, with his slave Ben Hamed.

"Menterez!" said the Prince to the Captain of the Guards, "go in pursuit of them, and, if the darkness hides them from you, at least take measures to find them before morning. To you, doctor, I confide Juan Moralez, and enjoin you to consider his life as precious as my own."

At these words the Prince went away, leaving the pilot as if in a dream. He had but a confused perception of the fact that had been revealed to him. His character was so opposite to anything like treachery, that he could not conceive any one capable of such a tissue of deceit. His situation presented mysteries above his comprehension. A shipwreck had opened to him the means of making his fortune. His triumph was the result of manoeuvres, the object of which was his ruin; and it was his enemy himself who had been the means of his introduction to the Prince. The course of these events seemed to him to be directed by an invisible hand, and he knelt in grateful acknowledgment of the Providential guidance of the Almighty. The same evening, he was presented by the Prince with one hundred ducats and a magnificent robe. The next day, Don Henry gave him a patent of nobility, and the *brevet* of a Captain of a vessel.

"I a Noble! I a Captain!" cried Juan. "Pepita will not believe it; nevertheless it is a fact, attested by the signature of Juan the First,—stamped with the royal seal. My Prince! I hope one day to die in your service."

"A truce to compliments, Senor," said the Prince. "Whilst you were taking repose, I examined and made enquiries about every thing that concerned you. Nunez d'Alvadro, abusing the powers that I delegated to him, set sail last night. We must not let this traitor have the glory of the discovery. Set out at once! Two vessels are anchored in the harbour of Sagres; one is to be commanded by Don Juan Gonsalvo Zarco, the other by you. I have given you, as coadjutor, this brave gentleman, because, two years ago, he discovered the island of Puerto Santo, which, as far as we have been able to ascertain, is in the neighbourhood of that which we shall call Madeira. Go, bid farewell

to your family, and be ready to go on board in three hours. Go! I have ordered a horse to be at your disposal."

Three hours after, the wife and children of Moralez were gazing earnestly after the vessel which was bearing him to an unknown country.

The two ships arrived at Puerto Santo, where they found some Portuguese whom Juan Gonsalvo Zarco had left there in his preceding voyage. Moralez consulted his charts, and saw that the island of Madeira ought to be to the south-west; no land appeared in that direction, but they perceived thick clouds rising out of the sea.

"Madeira is there," said the old Pilot to Juan Gonsalvo. "Those clouds are only the exhalations of its immense woods."

The two adventurers courageously set sail, and overcoming the fears of the sailors, they landed at Madeira, of which they took possession on the eighth of July, 1421, in the name of King Juan the First, and of the Prince Don Henry, Knight and Grand-master of the Order of Christ. They disembarked on a slip of land, and their first act was to visit the tomb of Masham and Anne Dorset.

Five days after the arrival of the Portuguese, the weather, which had been favourable during their voyage, suddenly changed. The sea became mountains high, and beat furiously on the rocks of the coast, and thunder clouds covered the heavens like a thick veil.

"Our vessels are in a safe bay," said Moralez, "but woe to any ship at sea in this dreadful weather! We have landed here the first; the vessel of Nunez d'Alvadro must be still on the way, and, in spite of his villainy, I cannot help pitying him and praying for him."

At this moment, the watchers stationed on the top-masts gave notice that there was a vessel in sight. The two commanders left the cabin for the deck, and distinguished, at a little distance, a vessel beaten about by the hurricane.

"That must be the vessel of Nunez," cried Zarco.

"Let us try to help him," said Moralez.

"It would be impossible," replied Zarco, "we could not put out our boats without exposing the lives of our men. Besides, the ship is already on the rocks, and the crew are clinging to the masts and broken pieces of the wreck."

"Perhaps we might be able to save some of them," said Moralez. "To the boats! my men. Bring ropes, boards, and empty casks!" Then, throwing himself into the boat with several sailors, he steered to the place where the struggling crew, and pieces of the vessel, were driven by the waves. But his efforts were unavailing; the sea engulfed all, and the only corpse which he succeeded in extricating from the waves, was that of Nunez d'Alvadro.

"Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short." *Job* xx. 4, 5.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. VI.

THE moment Dr. Mildman arrived at home the next day, Lawless watched him into his study, and, as soon as he was safely lodged therein, proceeded, by the aid of sundry nails and loops previously placed there for the purpose, to hang his macintosh right across the passage, so that no one could leave the study without running against it. He then ambushed himself near the open door of the pupil's room, where, unseen himself, he could observe the effect of his arrangements. Coleman and I, also taking a lively interest in the event, ensconced ourselves in a favourable position for seeing and hearing. After waiting till our small stock of patience was nearly exhausted, we were rewarded by hearing the study-door slowly opened, followed by the tread of a well-known footstep in the passage. The next sound that reached our ears was a quick shuffling of feet upon the oil-cloth, as if the person advancing had "slyed" at some unexpected object; then came the muttered exclamation, "Bless my heart, what's this?" And immediately afterwards, Dr. Mildman's face, wearing an expression of the most thorough perplexity and bewilderment, appeared cautiously peeping from behind the macintosh. Having apparently satisfied himself that, no enemy being concealed there, he had nothing further to fear, but that the whole plot was centered as it were in the mysterious garment before him, he set himself seriously to work to examine it. First he pulled out his eye-glass, and stepping back a pace or two, took a general survey of the whole; he then approached it again, and taking hold of it in different places with his hand, examined it in detail so closely that it seemed as if he were trying to count the number of threads. Being apparently unwilling in so difficult an investigation to trust to the evidence of any one sense, he replaced his eye-glass in his waistcoat-pocket, and began rubbing a portion of the skirt between his hands; the sense of touch failing, however, to throw any new light upon the subject, as a sort of forlorn hope he applied his nose to it. The result of this was an indescribable exclamation, expressive of intense disgust, followed immediately by a violent sneeze; then came a long pause, as though he were considering of what possible use such a garment could be. At length a ray of light seemed to break in upon the darkness, and once more laying hands on the macintosh, he proceeded, after unhooking it from the nails on which it hung, slowly and deliberately to put it on, with the back part foremost, somewhat after the fashion of a child's pinafore. Having at length accomplished this difficult operation, he walked, or rather shuffled, (for his petticoats interfered greatly with the free use of his limbs,) up and down the hall, with a grave, not to say solemn expression of countenance. Appearing perfectly satisfied after one or two turns that he had at last solved the enigma, he divested himself of the perplexing garment, hung it on a peg appropriated to great-coats, and approached the door of the pupil's room.

By the time he entered, Lawless was seated at his desk studying Herodotus, while Coleman and I were deeply immersed in our respective Euclids.

After shaking hands with Oaklands, and addressing some good-natured remarks to each of us in turn, he went up to Lawless, and, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said, with a half smile—"I am afraid I have made rather an absurd mistake about that strange garment of yours, Lawless; I suppose it is some new kind of great coat, is it not?" "Yes, sir, it is a sort of water-proof cloth, made with Indian rubber." "Indian rubber is it? Well, I fancied so; it has not the nicest smell in the world. I certainly thought it was a smock-frock, though, when I saw you go out in it. Is not it rather

awkward to walk in? I found it so when I tried it on just now, and buttoning behind does not seem to me at all a good plan." "No, sir, but it is meant to button in front; perhaps you put it on the back part foremost." "Hem!" said Dr. Mildman, trying to look as if he thought such a thing impossible, and failing—"it is a very singular article of dress altogether, but I am glad it was not a smock-frock you went out in. I hope," (continued he, turning to Oaklands, with an evident wish to change the conversation) "I hope they took good care of you when you arrived last night?"

This was turning the tables with a vengeance! Lawless became suddenly immersed in Herodotus again. "Oh! the greatest," was the reply; "I had so much attention paid me, that I was almost upset by it. I was not quite overcome, though," he continued, with a sly glance towards Lawless, "and Mrs. Mildman gave us some very nice tea, which quite revived me." "Well, I'm glad they managed to make you comfortable among them," observed Dr. Mildman, turning over his papers and books, preparatory to beginning the morning's study. "Haden't you better ask him when he expects the sofa will be down?" suggested Coleman to Oaklands in a whisper. "No, you jackanapes," was the reply, "and don't you make me laugh when that old gentleman is in the room, for there's nothing more fatiguing than the attempt to smother a laugh." Coleman's only answer to this, if answer it could be called, was a grimace, which had the desired effect of throwing Oaklands into a fit of laughter, which he found it very hard labour indeed to stifle; nor had his countenance quite recovered from the effects of his exertions, when he was summoned to the Doctor's table to undergo an examination similar to that which had appeared so formidable to me a few days before; and thus terminated the notable adventure of the carter's frock, though I observed that after a week or two had elapsed, the macintosh was handed over to Thomas, and Smithson was called upon to tax his inventive powers to furnish Lawless with a less questionably shaped garment of the same material.

A few days after this, as I was walking with Coleman, he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, of all the antediluvian affairs I ever beheld, the old fellow now coming towards us is the queerest: he looks like a fossil edition of Methuselah, dug up, and modernized some hundred years ago at the very least. Holloa! he's going mad I believe; I hope he does not bite." The subject of these somewhat uncomplimentary remarks, was a little old gentleman in a broad-brimmed white hat, turned up with green, and a black cloth spenser, (an article much like a boy's jacket exaggerated,) from beneath which protruded the very broad tails of a blue coat, with rather more than their proper complement of bright brass buttons, while drab gaiters and shorts completed the costume.

The moment, however, I beheld the countenance of the individual in question, I recognised the never-to-be-mistaken mole at the tip of the nose of my late coach companion to London. The recognition seemed mutual, for no sooner did he perceive me than he stopped short, and pointed straight at me with a stout silver-mounted bamboo which he held in his hand, uttering a sonorous "Umph!" as he did so, to which somewhat unusual mode of salutation may be attributed Coleman's doubts as to his sanity. "Who'd ever have thought of meeting you at Helmstone, I should like to know!" exclaimed he in a tone of astonishment. "I was going to say the same thing to you, Sir," replied I: "I came down here the very day on which we travelled together." "Umph! I came the next: well, and what are you doing now you are here? Schoolmaster lives here, I suppose—Tutor, you call him, though, don't you?" I informed him of my Tutor's name and residence, when he continued, "Umph! I know him; very good man, too good to be plagued by a set of tiresome boys—men, though, you call yourselves, don't you? Umph! Is he a man, too?" he enquired, pointing to Coleman. "I've been a man these seventeen years, Sir," replied Coleman. "Umph,

a man seventeen years ago! a baby, more likely: what does he mean? what does he mean?" I explained that he probably intended a pun upon his name, which was Coleman. "A pun, umph? he makes puns, does he? funny boy, funny boy, I dare say. How does the Doctor like that, though? Make puns to him, he'd punish you, umph? Stupid things puns—made one myself then, though—just like me. Well, give the Doctor my compliments,—Mr. Frampton's—I live at No. 10, Castle-street,—he knows me, and ask him to let you come and dine with me next week: bring unny boy too, if he likes to come," and away he posted, muttering "Umph! plaguing myself about a pack of boys, when I might be quiet—just like me!" We did not fail to deliver Mr. Frampton's message to Dr. Mildman on our return home, who willingly gave us the required permission, saying that he knew but little of the old gentleman personally, though he had resided for several years at Helmstone, but that he was universally respected, in spite of his eccentricities, and was reported to have spent great part of his life abroad. The next time I met my new friend, he repeated his invitation to Coleman and myself, and, on the day appointed, gave us an excellent dinner, with quite as much wine as we knew what to do with; amused and interested us with sundry well-told anecdotes of adventures he had met with during his residence in foreign lands, and dismissed us at nine o'clock with a tip of a guinea each, and an injunction to come and see him again whenever we pleased.

For many succeeding weeks nothing of any particular moment occurred to interrupt the even tenour of the new course of life I had entered upon. The liking which Oaklands seemed to have taken to me at first sight soon ripened into a warm friendship, which continued daily to increase on my part, as the many noble and lovable qualities of his disposition appeared, one by one, from behind the veil of indolence which, till one knew him well, effectually concealed them. Coleman, though too volatile to make a real friend of, was a very agreeable companion, and (if it were ever possible to get him to be serious for a minute) showed that, beneath the frivolity of his manner, lay a basis of clear good sense and right feeling, which only required calling forth to render him a much higher character than he appeared at present. For the rest, I was alternately bullied and patronised by Lawless, (though he never ventured on the former line of conduct when Oaklands was present,) while Cumberland, although outwardly professing great regard for me, never let slip an opportunity of doing me an ill-natured turn, when he could contrive to do so without committing himself openly.

A more intimate acquaintance with Mullins only served to place beyond a doubt the fact of his being a most unmitigated, and not over amiable, fool. The word is a strong one, but I much fear that, if I were to use a milder, it would be at the expense of truth.

For my Tutor I soon began to conceive the warmest feelings of regard and esteem; in fact, it was impossible to know him well, and not to love him. Simple as a child in every thing relating to worldly matters, he united the deepest learning to the most elevated piety, while the thoroughly practical character of his religion, carried, as it was, into all the minor details of every-day life, imparted a gentleness and benignity to his manner which seemed to elevate him above the level of ordinary mortals. If he had a fault (I suppose, merely for the sake of proving him mortal, I must allow him one) it was a want of moral courage, which made it so disagreeable to him to find fault with any one, that he would now and then allow evils to exist, which a little more firmness and decision might have prevented; but, had it not been for this, he would have been quite perfect, and perfection is a thing not to be met with in this life.

Cumberland, after the eventful evening on which he acted as peace-maker between Lawless and Oaklands, had persevered steadily in his endeavour to ingratiate

himself with the latter; and, by taking advantage of his weak point, his indolence and dislike of trouble, had, at length, succeeded in making Oaklands believe him essential to his comfort. Thus, though there was not the smallest sympathy between them, a sort of alliance was established, which gave Cumberland exactly the opportunities he required for putting into execution certain schemes which he had formed. Of what these schemes consisted, and how far they succeeded, will immediately appear.

The winter months, after favouring us with rather more than our due allowance of frost and snow, had at length passed away, and March, having come in like a lion, appeared determined, after the fashion of Bottom the weaver, "to roar that it would do any man's heart good to hear him," and to kick up a thorough dust ere he would condescend to go out like a lamb, albeit, in the latter state he might have made a shilling per pound of himself at any market, had he felt suicidally inclined.

"This will never do," said Oaklands to me, as, for the third time, we were obliged to turn round, and cover our eyes, to prevent being blinded by the cloud of dust which a strong east wind was driving directly in our faces; "there is nothing in the world tires one like walking against a high wind. A quarter to three," added he, taking out his watch. "I have an appointment at three o'clock. Will you walk with me? I must turn up here." I assented; and, turning a corner, we proceeded up a narrow street, where the houses, in a great measure, protected us from the wind. After walking some little distance in silence, Oaklands again addressed me—"Frank, did you ever play at billiards?" I replied in the negative. "It's a game I've rather a liking for," continued he; "we have a table at Heathfield, and my father and I often played when the weather was too bad to get out: I used to beat the old gentleman easily though at last, till I found out one day he did not half like it, so then I was obliged to make shocking mistakes, every now and then, to give him a chance of winning; anybody else would have found me out in a minute, for I am the worst hand in the world at playing the hypocrite, but my father is the most unsuspecting creature breathing. Oh! he is such a dear old man. You must come and stay with us, Frank, and learn to know him and love him—he'd delight in you—you are just the sort of fellow he likes." "There's nothing I should like better," answered I, "if I can get leave from head quarters; but why did you want to know if I played at billiards?" "Oh! why, I have been playing a good deal, lately, with Cumberland, who seems very fond of the game, and I'm going to meet him at the rooms in F—Street to-day; so I thought, if you knew anything of the game, you might like to come with me." "Cumberland is a first-rate player, isn't he?" asked I. "No, I do not think so; we play very evenly, I should say; but we are to have a regular match to-day, to decide which is the best player." "Do you play for money?" "Just a trifle to give an interest to the game, nothing more," replied Oaklands; "our match to-day is for a five-pound note." I must confess that I could not help feeling extremely uneasy at the information Oaklands had just given me. The recollection of what Coleman had said concerning some gaming affair in which Cumberland was supposed to have behaved dishonourably, combined with a sort of general notion, which seemed to prevail, that he was not exactly a safe person to have much to do with, might in some degree account for this; still I always felt a kind of instinctive dislike and mistrust of Cumberland, which led me to avoid him as much as possible on my own account. In the present instance, when the danger seemed to threaten my friend, this feeling assumed a vague character of fear; "and yet," reasoned I with myself, "what is there to dread? Oaklands has plenty of money at his command; besides, he says they play pretty evenly, so that he must win nearly as often as Cumberland; then, he is older than I am, and, of course, must be better

able to judge what is right or wrong for him to do." However, remembering the old adage that "lookers on see most of the game," I determined, for once, to accompany him; I therefore told him that, though I could not play myself, it would be an amusement to me to watch them, so that, if he had no objection, I would go with him, to which proposition he willingly agreed. As we turned into F—Street, we were joined by Cumberland, who, as I fancied, did not seem best pleased at seeing me, nor did the scowl which passed across his brow, on hearing I was to accompany them, tend to lessen this impression. He did not, however, attempt to make any opposition to the plan, merely remarking that, as I did not play myself, he thought I should find it rather dull. After proceeding about half way down the street, Cumberland stopped in front of a small cigar-shop, and, turning towards a private door, on which was a brass plate with the word "Billiards" engraved on it, knocked, and was admitted. Leading the way up a dark, narrow staircase, he opened a green baize door at the top, and ushered us into a tolerably large room, lighted by a sky-light, immediately under which stood the billiard-table. On one side was placed a rack, containing a formidable arrangement of cues, maces, &c., while at the farther end two small dials, with a brass hand in the centre for the purpose of marking the scores of the different players, were fixed against the wall. As we entered, two persons who were apparently performing certain intricate manoeuvres with the balls by way of practice, immediately left off playing, and came towards us. One of these, a little man, with small keen grey eyes, and a quick restless manner, which involuntarily reminded one of a hungry rat, rejoiced in the name of "Slipsey," and proved to be the billiard-marker; his companion was a tall stout person, with a very red face, rather handsome features, large white teeth, and a profusion of bushy whiskers, moustaches, and imperial of a dark brown colour. His dress consisted of a blue military frock coat, which he wore open, to display a crimson plush waistcoat, and thick gold watch-chain, while his costume was completed by a pair of black and white plaid trowsers, made in the extreme of the fashion, with a broad stripe down the outside of the leg. This personage swaggered up to Cumberland, and, with a manner composed of impertinent familiarity and awkwardness, addressed him as follows:—"How d'ye do, Mr. Cumberland? hope I see you well, Sir. Terrible bad day, gentlemen, don't you think? dusty enough to pepper the devil, as we used to say in Spain, hey? Going to have a touch at the rolley-polleys, I suppose?"

"We shall be disturbing you, Captain Spicer," said Cumberland, who, I thought, had tact enough to perceive that his friend's free and easy manner was the reverse of acceptable to Oaklands. "Not at all, not at all," was the reply; "it was so terrible unpleasant out of doors, that, as I happened to be going by, I thought I'd look in, to see if there was anything up; and as the table was lying idle, I got knocking the balls about with little Slipsey here, just to keep one's hand in, you know." "Well, then, we had better begin at once," said Cumberland, to which Oaklands assented rather coldly. As he was pulling off his great coat, he whispered to me, "If that man stays here long, I shall never be able to stand it: his familiarity is unbearable; there is nothing tires me so much as having to be civil to those kind of people." "How is it to be?" said Cumberland, "whoever wins four games out of seven is the conqueror, wasn't that it?" "Yes, I believe so," was Oaklands' reply. "A very sporting match, 'pon my life," observed the Captain; "are the stakes high?" "Oh no! a mere nothing: five, or ten pounds, did we say?" enquired Cumberland. "Just as you like," replied Oaklands, carelessly. "Ten pounds, by all means, I should say; five pounds is so shocking small, don't you think? not worth playing for!" said the Captain. "Ten let it be then," said Cumberland; and after a few preliminaries they began playing.

I did not understand the game sufficiently to be able to give a detailed account of the various chances of the match, nor would it probably greatly interest the reader were I to do so. Suffice it, then, to state, that, as far as I could judge, Oaklands, disgusted by the vulgar impertinence of the Captain, (if Captain he was,) thought the whole thing a bore, and played carelessly. The consequence was that Cumberland won the two first games. This put Oaklands upon his mettle, and he won the third and fourth; the fifth was hardly contested, Oaklands, evidently, playing as well as he was able, Cumberland, also, taking pains; but it struck me as singular that, in each game, his play seemed to depend upon that of his adversary. When Oaklands first began, Cumberland certainly beat him, but not by many; and, as he became interested, and his play improved, so in the same ratio did Cumberland's keep pace with it. Still, there might be nothing in this; the same causes that affected the one might influence the other; but the idea having once occurred to me, I determined to watch the proceedings still more closely, in order, if possible, to make up my mind on the point. After a very close contest Oaklands also won the fifth game; in the sixth he missed a difficult stroke, after which he played carelessly, apparently intending to reserve his strength for the final struggle, so that Cumberland won it easily. Each had now won three games, and on the event of the seventh depended the match. Again did Oaklands, who was evidently deeply interested, use his utmost skill, and his play, which certainly was very good, called forth frequent eulogiums from the captain, who offered to bet unheard-of sums on the certainty of his winning, (which, as there was no one in the room in the least likely to accept his offer, was at all events a very safe and innocent amusement,) and again, *pari passu*, did Cumberland's play keep pace with his. After keeping neck and neck, till nearly the end of the game, Cumberland gained a slight advantage, which produced the following state of affairs:—It was Oaklands' turn to play, and the balls were placed in such a position that by a brilliant stroke he might win the game, but it required great skill to do so. If he failed, the chances were so much in Cumberland's favour as to render his success almost a certainty. It was an anxious moment: for my own part, I felt as if I scarcely dared breathe, and could distinctly hear the throbbing of my own heart, while the captain, after having most liberally offered to bet five hundred pounds to five pence (and no takers) that he did it, remained silent and motionless as a statue, watching the proceedings, with his eye-glass screwed after some mysterious fashion into the corner of his eye. And now, carefully and deliberately, Oaklands has pointed his cue,—his elbow is drawn back for the stroke,—for the last time his eye appears to measure and calculate the precise spot he must strike to produce the desired effect,—when suddenly, and at the exact moment in which the cue struck the ball, a sonorous sneeze from the rat-like billiard-marker resounded through the room, as a necessary consequence of which, "Oaklands gave a slight start and missed his stroke. The confusion that ensued can "better be imagined than described," as the newspapers always say about the return from Epsom. With an exclamation of anger and disappointment Oaklands turned away from the table, while the captain began storming at Slipsey, whom he declared himself ready to kick till all was blue, for the trifling remuneration of half a farthing. The marker himself apologised, with great contrition, for his delinquency, which he declared was quite involuntary, at the same time asserting that, to the best of his belief, the gentleman had made his stroke before he sneezed; this Oaklands denied, and appealed to Cumberland for his opinion. After trying in various ways to avoid giving a direct answer, and appealing, in his turn, to Captain Spicer, (who was so intensely positive that the sneeze had preceded the stroke, that he was willing to back his opinion to any amount,) Cumberland very reluctantly owned that, if he was forced to say

what he thought, he believed Oaklands had made his stroke before the sneeze caused him to start, but that it was a near thing, and he might very possibly be mistaken. This was quite enough for Oaklands, who declared that he was perfectly satisfied, and begged Cumberland to play, which, with some apparent reluctance, he did, and as was almost a matter of certainty, proved the conqueror. "Pon my life, in all my experience, I never knew a gentleman lose a match in such a tremendously unfortunate way," observed the captain. "I am certain that if you had not been flurried, Mr. Oaklands, Sir, you could have done the trick as clean as a whistle. Allow me to place the balls as they were then—I know how they stood to a nicety—there, that's it to a demi-semi fraction; oblige me, Sir, just as a personal favour, by trying the stroke once more." Thus invoked, Oaklands approached the table, and, without a moment's deliberation, struck the ball, and succeeded in doing with perfect ease the very thing which a minute before would have won him ten pounds. "There! I was super-certain you could do it; the match was yours, Sir, as safe as the bank, if that wretched little abortion there hadn't made that disgusting noise. Play him again, Sir; play him again: Mr. Cumberland's a pretty player, a very pretty player; but you're too strong for him, Mr. Oaklands; it's my firm conviction, you're too strong for him." "What do you say to giving me my revenge, Cumberland?" asked Oaklands. "Oh! I can have no possible objection," replied Cumberland, with the slightest imaginable assumption of superiority in his tone, which annoyed my ear, and which I felt sure would produce the same effect upon Oaklands. The next game Oaklands won; and they continued to play the rest of the afternoon with various success, and for what appeared to me very high stakes. I calculated that, by the time they left off, Oaklands must have lost more than thirty pounds; and yet, in spite of this, to a superficial observer he appeared to be the better player of the two, he certainly made the most brilliant strokes, but he also made blunders, and failed now and then; while Cumberland's score mounted up without one's exactly knowing how; he never seemed to be playing particularly well, and yet there was always something easy for him to do; while when Oaklands had to play, the balls got into such awkward positions that it appeared as if they were leagued against him.

Besides this, many things concurred to strengthen me in my preconceived idea, that Cumberland was accommodating his play to that of Oaklands, whom, I felt certain, he could have beaten easily, if he had been so inclined. If this were really the case, the only conclusion one could come to was, that the whole thing was a regularly arranged plot: the object of which was to win as much as he could of Oaklands' money. The marker's sneeze too occurring so very opportunely for Cumberland's interest; and the presence of the Captain, who, by his eulogiums on Oaklands' skill, had excited him to continue playing, while by his observations and advice, he had endeavoured (whenever it was possible,) to raise the amount of the stakes; all this favoured my view of the case. Still these were but suspicions, for I was utterly without proof: and could I on mere suspicion tell Oaklands that he was a dupe, and Cumberland a knave? No, this would never do; so I determined, as people generally do when they are at their wits' end, and can hit on nothing better, to wait and see what time would bring forth, and act according to circumstances.

Should any of my readers think such penetration unnatural in a boy of my age, brought up in a quiet country parsonage, let them remember, that, though utterly ignorant of the ways of the world, I was what is called a quick sharp boy; that I had been informed that Cumberland was not a person to be trusted, nay, that he was known to have cheated some young man before; and that, moreover, my very unworldliness and ignorance increased my suspicions, inasmuch as it seemed to me, that playing billiards, at a public table, for what I con-

sidered large sums of money, was neither more nor less than gambling; and gambling I viewed in the light of a patent twenty-devil-power man-trap, fresh baited, (in the present case with a billiard cue, and balls,) by the claws of the Old One himself; consequently, I was prepared to view every thing that passed with the greatest mistrust; and, in such a frame of mind, I must have been blind, not to have seen something of what was going on.

TWO DAYS IN THE TYROL.

READER, did you ever hear of such a place as Ischl?—Unless you have been in Germany, I would bet ten to one you never did; and yet it is a place known to, and frequented by, Counts and Dukes small and great, Kings, aye, and Emperors and Empresses. It is a little town in the Carinthian Tyrol, and the most fashionable of the Austrian watering-places. What makes it so I cannot tell; for, though the medicinal waters there are especially disagreeable, yet even the height of nastiness in this respect will scarcely make a place fashionable without other adjuncts, and there are none of these at Ischl; the theatre is small and miserable, the balls few and far between, the cafés wretched, and, above all, there is no gaming table. The only possible attraction is the beauty of the scenery; but, however strong an inducement this might be in England, it can, I should think, have little effect in Austria, whose people have as small an organ of the picturesque as any on the face of the globe. However, there is one class to whom the presence of the great ones of the earth would make Ischl a place of undying interest;—I mean those respectable personages, who are always running after a title—who gaze at a Royal Highness as connoisseurs do at a Raphael or a Rubens. But this is a kind of taste with which I never could get myself inoculated, and, as there was nothing else to be seen at Ischl, I and my companions found that a summer afternoon had exhausted the lions of the little place. We had seen the bath house, something like a pastrycook's Grecian temple, only made of painted wood instead of sugar; the manufactory of salt, which forcibly reminded me of an English gas works; and eaten a very bad and dear dinner. All this done, we called a council of war, and, smoking the pipe of consideration, began to weigh our future course. We were three in number, all young and blessed with good legs, and, having a day to spare, we resolved to devote it to visiting the Lake of Hallstadt, which lies about ten miles south of Ischl, and which every body, including that universal referee in matters of the picturesque, Murray's Guide Book, advised us to see. I cannot help thinking that the organ of punctuality is one of which the German organization is perfectly devoid—judging, that is to say, from experience. You shall give orders when you go to bed that you are to be called at six precisely—you are assured that you will be so called—the waiter or the boots or chambermaid will swear it fervently—you go to bed with a light heart, and are called, indeed, most carefully, but—at eight o'clock, and if you are a heavy sleeper you may be thankful if you are not left snoring on till nine. This provoking irregularity has been experienced by me fifty times, and we had a specimen of it at Ischl. Instead of being called at five, it was seven ere the rousing knock came—then, of course, all was hurry—breakfast was swallowed—the waiters scolded for their negligence, and we sallied lustily forth, enraged at our unintentional lateness.

We were not a bit too late, however; had we been sooner the mist would have totally prevented anything like a view. When we first rose it filled the whole valley with its silvery obscurity, so that we were in the condition of that people described by Herodotus as not being able to see a yard before their noses. Soon, however, the sun poured a rich red glory through the haze, and by the time we started the whole was rolling rapidly up with an effect as if a mighty panorama had been gradually expanded before our eyes. The little town where we had passed the night lies in a deep hollow, surrounded by lofty mountains, seemingly so close to each other that one almost wonders there can be room for anything but a footpath between them, and yet there is a beautiful valley stretching for many miles, and covered with woods that reach far up the hill sides. As you leave the wood you come on a broad extent of green pasture land, studded here and there with the pretty little Tyrolese farm houses, and gay with a luxuriance of wild flowers, which contrast strongly with the grey rugged rocks so near at hand. In the freshness of the morning air all these beauties were increased ten-fold. The rays of the sun glittered in the dew-drops hanging on every leaf, and tinged with red the lingering masses of mist that yet clung here and there to some hollow in the mountain side. It was one of those mornings which rouse up every kindly and every active feeling,—when you are irresistibly desirous of shaking hands with every man, and patting on the head every child you meet,—when it is infinitely more easy to run than to walk,—and it is quite impossible to avoid bursting out every now and then into loud shouts of laughter—not that there is anything to laugh at, but just for the fun of the thing, and because you can't help it. In this state of mind, when we came upon a man driving two horses in an open carriage, who asked if we would not take a lift, we were almost inclined to decline his offer; but we had a long way to go, and the morning was far advanced—so a bargain was easily struck, and in we jumped. Our friend was one of those hackney coachmen on a large scale, common on the continent, called *Vetturini* in Italy, and *Lohnkutscher* in Germany, who engage to take one with their own horses any distance—to the world's end if you choose—for so much a day. It is not a very rapid, but a pleasant and cheap method of conveyance, and still cheaper if you can manage to get a coach returning to its head quarters. This *Lohnkutscher* was returning to Golling, whence he had come the night before, and, as he must necessarily pass the foot of the Lake of Hallstadt, agreed to set us down there for a very small sum. I don't know any more agreeable travelling than this quiet jogging through the Tyrol—the valley always so lovely and green, and the mountains so grand—and then every now and then you come upon a clump of apple trees overshadowing two or three odd little cottages built of wood, with huge gables turned to the road, and open galleries running round the second story, and either a rude painting or some quaint motto inscribed outside, as, "God guard us from fire," or, "God bless all who dwell here," and so forth—or, if the resident there be a skilful marksman, there are two or three targets, pierced through with rifle balls, hung up as trophies. Then the passing by even of a single carriage is a matter of such moment, and the children all come running out to have a stare at the "*Englische Herren*"—(they know in an instant if they are English,) as if the inhabitants of our island were ogres instead of men, or displayed (as the South Americans, during the revolutionary war, were led by their priests to believe) the original appendage of which *Monboddó* was so fond.

Trundling on in this way, we at length became aware (as the romancers phrase it) of a range of hills, which ran at right angles to our path, and seemed to block up all further progress; and, indeed, the appearance was not deceptive, for on approaching these rocks we found ourselves at the foot of the lake, which stretched away

to the left along the base of the hills. Here our coach left us, and we proceeded to apply at a little public house situated here for a boat. A couple of rowers were soon furnished, and we embarked and commenced our voyage. Our vessel resembled rather a large box without a lid, and somewhat narrowed at the ends, than a boat. It was formed of straight unpainted planks, two or three of which formed the bottom, some more the sides, and some shorter ones, laid at an obtuse angle, the prow and stern—there was no keel and no bend in the whole affair, which was propelled by two paddles worked by the men standing upright with their faces to the prow—nevertheless, startling as such an equipage might appear to a Thames wherry-man, it united the three requisites of safety, speed, and comfort, in the highest degree—and, had it possessed none of these qualities, the scene around was sufficient to justify our forgetting them all.

There was not a cloud in the sky; and the bright blue water lay so clear and so still, that we could see many many feet down into its placid depths. On our left, a high unbroken ridge of hill rose sheer up from the water's edge. On our right was that same mountainous line of which I have spoken, running close by the lake, and yet leaving space for a small grove of dark trees, whose shadows were reflected in the calm water. Above them the rocks rose grey, black, and green—here a patch of lichen, there some more sheltered spot where grass yet grew, and again a mass of bare rugged stone. About halfway up the lake, the hills were interrupted by a valley which came down to the water-side, leaving a small open ground between the mountain and the lake, which was occupied by sheds for wood, and ran out in a promontory, so that we were obliged to steer round, in order to avoid being grounded. When we had passed this point we found ourselves in view of the head of the lake. It is called a lake, but is, in fact, a mere gigantic water-pool in the living rock. On every side the cliffs reached down to the very water-edge, rising in precipices many hundred feet in height. The road has turned off up the valley; there is not even a footpath along the water-side, and yet high up there is something running along the face of the precipice which looks like a road. Ah! that is no path for man—it is the wooden duct which conveys the salt brine from the mine at Hallstadt to the works many miles off. There you see it runs along the rocks; it crosses the valley in that immensely high aqueduct which stares above the trees, and, joining the hills again, pursues its venturous path, carrying pickle enough to serve for curing all the pork in Austria. However, we have now reached the village,—there it is on the right-hand—that extraordinary-looking collection of grotesque cottages, built on the hill-side, and that hill-side so steep that at a little distance they seem piled on each other like the stories of a card-house, and in truth, they look little less strange when you come near. The lowest houses have all a water-entry, and the best looking one, which is the principal inn, has quite a little haven, running out in an attempt at a garden, and in this haven lie two or three boats. We steer into it, and so are landed.

We were welcomed by mine host himself, a fat man—a gross fat man, without either waistcoat or neck-cloth—the sort of man who always reminds you of a larded capon roasting before a large fire; but with a merry countenance withal, as if he rejoiced in the glorious dish he was about to form, and a deep chuckling voice. There was his wife, too, who had been handsome some ten years ago, and still preserved a good figure and an unexceptionable ankle, which her short petticoats displayed to the fullest advantage. She was evidently the active partner in the concern; her husband's duties being apparently limited to chatting with the guests, and receiving orders for eatables. He served us in both ways; giving us to understand, that the only lion to be seen was a waterfall about

two miles up the glen, and that we could have dinner immediately. We accordingly ordered the latter, and determined to discuss it before setting off to see the former.

Meantime let us smoke a pipe and take a glass of beer, just to give us an appetite. I can tell you it is no bad thing, that mild bitter beer, on a hot day, and mingles most deliciously with the balmy taste of the fragrant canaster. The window of the principal room on the first floor opened on a large railed balcony, which formed the porch of the house; here we sat in all the luxury of perfect idleness, now watching the smoke as it curled languidly up in the air, and now gazing upon the scene around. The lake at this end widened, or rather bent away before us, into a hollow of the mountain, which rose high, bare, and precipitous,—as wild and impassable a corrie as might be. At the bottom, it was a mere mass of huge rocks flung about and piled together, as if by the action of a mighty whirlpool, and looking as if it had at sometime been indeed the cauldron of some such fearful plaything of Nature. On the right stretched a vast mountain, bare, too, and rocky, but dotted here and there with a few scanty straggling trees, which cast their dark wavering shadows on the arid stone. About us, behind, and on either side was the village, nestling in a hollow of the hill, amongst verdure and trees, which looked all the greener and brighter for the sterility beyond. Some of the houses were of white stone, the new ones; and they mingled oddly enough with the grotesque cottages of older date; these latter looked even more quaint and odd than most of the Tyrol houses, built of wood, with huge eaves and galleries, and painted red, or sometimes black, as if made of old coffins. On a prominent shelf of rock, high up, was the pretty little gothic church; and above all, again, at the very summit of this hill, half hidden in the trees, stood the old tower, built ages ago to defend the salt-works. All was still and changeless, save when the song came slowly and softly from one of the boats plying down the water, for a small cloud shifted leisurely over from one side of the lake to the other, moving with it its dark shadow over the face of the green glossy water. But now for the dinner: he had no great variety, the landlord said, but whatever there was, was good; and he was right. First of all, soup—of course: the most imaginative German that exists, and they are allowed to be a very imaginative people, could never dream of such a thing as dinner without soup—it would be absolutely impossible—you might as well talk of dinner without anything to eat. Often have I said, "I don't want any soup; I don't care about it; I won't eat it;" all in vain—there it is brought up, hot and greasy, and you can't get anything else till that is finished,—they know what is right, if you don't. The soup on this occasion, however, was excellent. Then there was the beef which it had been made from; somewhat tough and stringy, and perhaps a little too tasteless for an epicure; but still an excellent thing for stuffing up a cavity. And then eggs—hard-boiled eggs. That was our dinner, and we felt all the better for it; which is more than can always be said of more sumptuous repasts. Meantime we had been discussing our future route. We wished very much to pass the night at the village of Gossau, which lies some ten miles to the back of Hallstadt, up the glen which we had passed in coming up the lake. The landlord was accordingly interrogated. He informed us that there was a sort of road from Hallstadt through the mountains to Gossau, and that he would try and procure us a horse and carriage to take us there. The one horse which was available belonged, we found on further enquiry, to a peasant who lived some way off. A boy was despatched to him, and we meanwhile started to see the waterfall.

First of all, however, we scrambled up to the church, and now obtained full experience of the eccentricities of this village. It resembles nothing I have ever seen or

heard of, except the houses dug in the rocks of Idumea. If you can imagine a village built on the slope of a gravel pit, you will have some idea of the relative positions of the houses of Hallstadt:—one row is so placed above another, that you can almost step from the roof of one, to the doorstep of another. Streets there are none; in place of them they have flights of steps, and the road up to the church is a capital specimen; it is neither more nor less than a covered staircase, something like the common stairs of Edinburgh and the continental towns, only that, instead of opening on different flats or stories, it opens, from the nature of the ground, on separate houses. The church is built on a small terrace of rock, with a minute terraced churchyard, the view of the lake from which is even finer than from the balcony of the inn; but our pleasure was quite destroyed by the presence of three or four miserable idiots, with large goitres, who crowded round, uttering incoherent and hideous cries for money; we were glad to escape from them, and, making our way down the staircase, again climbed to the principal place, which is adorned with a magnificent pump, and is remarkable as the most level part of the village, the fall in the ground not being much more than one foot in three. From this we proceeded through some scattered houses into the valley which runs back from the town, and at the head of which, we were told, we should find our waterfall.

The walk up this vale is magnificent; the lower part is broad, and divided into meadows for pasturage. As you get higher up, however, the hills contract, the valley becomes clothed with wood, and a little stream runs pleasantly along, singing, as if it liked playing at leap-frog over the stones; but the fact is, it is rejoicing at the dangers it has past. You see little falls of eight or ten feet over moss-grown rocks; the path becomes steep and slippery; and the massive mountains, covered even up to their round tops with dark fir wood, come nearer and nearer, till they almost seem to overhang you; you come upon a wooden bridge spanning the stream, and from it look up to the water, boiling and foaming over a precipice of some twenty feet, partly natural, and partly a dam formed to keep in the water, so as to allow of the sluice being opened, in order to float down wood. But you have farther still to go up your scramble, over broken stones, and half worn corduroy steps, till you come upon the head of the glen, a deep gloomy corrie, many hundred feet in height. On all sides is one unbroken precipice; but never mind, there is a little straggling path, up which we scramble, and stand almost *inside* the cascade; roaring and shrieking, foaming, hissing and screaming, down it comes, a torrent of water jumping two hundred and forty feet at once; behind us rose the wall of bare brown rock, in front the same, crowned with dark over-hanging fir trees, and at our feet, far below, the boiling pool, raging again over another precipice. The spray dashed over us, scattering far and wide. From the cauldron beneath rose a white watery mist of foam, and the sun, bursting out at this moment, lighted up a glorious rainbow between us and the opposite rock. Bah—this is all very poetical, but if we stand here many minutes, we shall be wet to the skin; so we scramble down again, not altogether without danger, I can tell you, for the rocks are wet and slippery enough, and a loss of hold would send one down some fifty feet into the pool below. However, we attain again our first point of sight, a pleasant enough place, railed in for fear of falling over, and a modern seat, most agreeable for genteel ladies, and sentimental gentlemen-tourists; but there is a path to the lowest point of the fall, so we trundle down, and here we are, looking up at the pool into which the first fall empties, some twenty or thirty feet above us, while close beside lie the huge stones over which the still excessively angry water dashes, scolds, and tumbles. This is the finest point of all, and you may stay here as long as you like. For my part, I stayed a very short time, for, though the sun was broiling hot above, here it was miserably cold, and I felt as if stand-

ing at the bottom of a well on one side, while somebody was pouring buckets full of water down the other. So then we had seen the waterfall of Hallstadt, and a very fine one it is, too, for those who are fond of such things, as the lady said when she kissed her pet-toad; for my part, I am fond of them—I mean waterfalls, not toads—and I don't quite enter into the feelings of the gentleman who was so disappointed at Niagara, and said it was nothing but some water poured over a few stones,—they might be large or small, he didn't see the difference. And now, there is no time to spare; we must get back as fast as we can, or we shan't be in time to push on to Gossau; but going home is always a much quicker affair than going out, especially down hill; and so by the time we reach Hallstadt again we have had a most delightful walk. Delightful? yes, but for one circumstance—the terrible number of those poor mountain idiots which one meets with in every direction. It is a fearful penalty to pay for living in a beautiful mountain land. At Hallstadt it is exacted to the fullest—the worst parts of Switzerland are not worse in this respect than this lovely little village—and yet in the surrounding country the people are by no means very much afflicted with the curse of the mountains. But here, as we walked up the glen, the road positively swarmed with the most wretched Cretins—miserable stunted creatures, deformed in body as in mind, without any power of speech, and caring but for one thing—money; to obtain this they ran after us, uttering their fearful inarticulate howls, till sick and almost terrified, we absolutely took to our heels, and fairly ran for it.

The goitre, too, that less fearful form of the same calamity, is still more prevalent—the exception here is not to have it, but to be without it; and I verily believe there is not one in ten of the inhabitants of Hallstadt without this disgusting deformity—whether they have got to the point of considering it a beauty, I do not know.

On reaching the inn, we found our little messenger returned with the news that we could not have a horse to go to Gossau, as the peasant to whom it belonged was employed in carrying in his hay, and could not put off that important operation: so here was an end to our further progress, and all we could do was to get into the boat again and return to Ischl. We embarked, accordingly, with heavy hearts, and began our voyage down the lake; but it was a hard matter to give up all attempts to see Gossau, of which we had heard so much. It was a lovely evening, and, as we repassed the valley crossed by the salt aqueduct which runs up to it, we faltered, consulted, and determined on making Gossau. I shall never forget the blank look of astonishment with which our boatmen heard the order to land us at once—they could not conceive what we would be at—we had hired them to go to the bottom of the lake, and they could not land us half way—finally, which was most important, they must, at any rate, receive full fare; however, a few words eased their scruples on this head, the boat turned swiftly to one side, a stroke or two brought us to shore, and we sprang on land, leaving our boatmen in a paroxysm of wonder.

Meantime we were hurrying up the road, above which the aqueduct crosses the valley; it is, indeed, a stupendous work, considering its situation and object; its arches, springing from the very bottom of the ravine, span the valley from side to side at a height of 160 feet, and, gigantic as are the objects of nature around, this light and airy fabric of man's workmanship, so far from looking mean and puerile, harmonizes and seems quite in accordance with them. But we have no time for stopping—on we go. The road hewn out of the rock runs some fifty feet above the bottom of the glen, along which rushes a foaming stream, which you rather hear than see, so densely are its precipitous banks clothed with birch and fir trees. Above you rises the rock, many hundred feet high, in one unbroken precipice, clothed also with fir-trees that nod and whistle in the evening

breeze. But, by degrees, the path descends till it almost reaches the level of the stream, and then we cross by a wooden-bridge, and look back down the valley; a mighty tunnel, as it were, of gigantic hills standing lonely, unclimbable, and unbroken; and, at the end, stopping up the entrance, is a huge straight-backed hill, like a wall of granite. That is the hill on the farther side of the Lake of Hallstadt, four or five miles from the mouth of the glen, but from this it looks as if it touched it, closing us up in a perfect Russell's valley, without entrance or approach. As we proceed farther, the scene increases in wild sublimity—the hills, still perpendicular as ever, become almost bare, with here and there a few firs in the fissures of the rock—the valley grows narrower, and more narrow, till at length there is only room for the bed of the stream, and the road running beside it. On one hand rises a huge amphitheatre of naked, broken, sandy rock, that looks as if the half of the mountain had been torn away by some tremendous volcanic force. On the other, a mighty wall of black rock springs up sheer perpendicular, without a crag or even a fissure, many hundred feet high. Around it are trees innumerable; but this rises bare and sterile, scarce a moss or a lichen on its blasted surface. And here, in this scene of inconceivable wildness and sublimity, the sublimity of gigantic, unrestrained, and almost untrodden Nature, hangs, by the road side, a memorial well fitting the scene. It is a rude board, with a cross painted on it, and this inscription—

MARIA GAGER,

66 years old;

Perished on the Cliff over against the Reader,

On the 27th September.

Found on 5th October, 1834.

The poor old woman had been gathering wood, and fell down the precipice amongst the trees, so that her body was not found without a long and painful search.

Beneath the sign of the cross are a few of those rude but plaintive lines which one continually meets with on such mementos in Germany, and which speak powerfully the poetic temperament of the people.

They run something to this effect:—

"While God me leadeth, keep I true,
In faith and hope my suffering heart;
Whilst his great powers my sin subdue,
What shall me from him part?
In patience I my soul maintain.
What God gives me of woe and pain,
Is ever granted for my gain."

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

June.

JUNE was named by Romulus either from the Pagan goddess Juno, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated in this month, or out of compliment to the junior or inferior branch of the Roman senate. Mercury was regarded by the old Romans as the deity who presided over June. The Saxons called it *weyd-monat*, because the beasts did then weyd, or go to feed in the meadows, *wold* or weed-month, and *seve-monat*, or dry-month. It was represented by the ancients as a young man clothed in a mantle of dark grass-green colour, having his head ornamented with a coronet of *bents*, *king-cobs*, and *maiden-hair*, bearing on his arm a basket of summer fruits; and holding in his left-hand an eagle. In his right he held the sign *Cancer*, the *Crab*, "which," says Brady, the sun entering on the 22d, makes the summer solstice; and that orb, being then apparently stationary, but about to recede, is aptly typified by a crab, whose motions are either sideways or retrograde; and, in that eccentricity of motion differs from all other animals."

Summer begins in June; which is really in this climate what the poets represent May to be—the most lovely month in the year. "The hopes of Spring," observes a writer on the Seasons, "are realized, yet the

enjoyment is but commenced; we have all Summer before us; the cuckoo's two notes are now at what may be called their ripest,—deep and loud; so is the hum of the bee; little clouds lie in lumps of silver about the sky, and sometimes fall to complete the growth of the herbage; yet we may now lie down on the grass, or the flowering banks, to read or write. . . . At night, the moon looks silveriest; the sky at once darkest and clearest, and you may hear the undried brooks of the spring running and panting through their leafy channels."

Towards the end of this month, the birds are busily occupied finding food for their young, and become almost silent. The cuckoo's note ceases; and the lark, blackbird, stone-curlew, and golden-crested wren are only occasionally heard. Swallows are only absent from their nests for half a minute at a time, and yet return loaded with insects, of which great numbers are now on the wing. The barn-owl may be seen in the mild evenings gliding along hedge-rows; and now and then pouncing upon a mouse. The bat and owl also venture forth, flitting through the glimmering quiet. Grasshoppers click in the warming verdure. Butterflies, beetles, flies, and fern-chaffers abound. The anglers' May-fly, which only lives five or six hours, appears for about a fortnight at the beginning of June; and wasps make their nests in this month. The trees are now in their fullest garniture, and the fields in hedges in full blossom with the clover, the still more exquisite bean, the blue and yellow nightshade, the fox-glove, the mallow, poppy, corn-cockle, water-iris, catch-fly, bind-weed, ragged-robin, thyme, white briony, wild honeysuckle, and the flower of the hip or wild rose, which blushes through all the gradations of delicate white and red. The leaves of the hip, especially the young ones, are as beautiful as those of any garden rose. In addition to the flowers of May, the parterre beams with the jasmine, golden-rod, larkspur, sunflowers, amarynths, lupins, carnations, Chinese-pinks, hollyhocks, ladies'-slippers, campanulas or little bells, maragons, periwinkles, lilies, sweet-williams, poppies, roses, snapdragons, nasturtiums, chrysanthemums, convolvuluses, &c. The farmer is now fully employed. Turnips are to be sown, old pastures to be cleared, and young corn to be weeded. But the rural business of this month chiefly consists of two occupations, as beautiful to behold as they are useful,—sheep-shearing and hay-making. Something like a holiday is still made of the former, and in the south-west of England the custom, we believe, is still observed, of throwing flowers into the streams,—an evident relic of paganism. The season for sheep-shearing begins as soon as the warm weather is so far settled, that the sheep may without danger lay aside a great part of their clothing. The latter part of June is the commencement of hay-harvest for the southern and middle parts of the kingdom. This is one of the busiest and most agreeable of rustic employments. Both sexes and all ages are engaged in it. The sweetness of the new-mown grass, the gaiety of all surrounding objects, and the genial heat of the temperature, all combine to render it a period of delight. There is not much work for the gardener in June, beyond weeding, watering plants, and removing insects. Fruits are ripening, and young potatoes fit for the table.

Romulus assigned to this month thirty days, though in the old Latin, or Alban kalendar, it consisted of twenty-six only. Numa deprived it of one day, which was restored by Julius Cæsar; since whose reign it has remained undisturbed.

June 1 & 2.—~~Whitsunday~~ Monday and Tuesday, (1846.)

These holidays have been kept from a remote period; and, as before the Reformation, are solemnly observed by the Church of England. In very laborious trades, the ancient law of France required the workmen to rest during twelve days after Christmas, twelve days after Easter, and twelve days after Whitsuntide. And now,

for this third great festival of Christendom, were the gates of each castle hall, and of each royal palace, thrown open to every visitant; and again might every one, however high, or however low, partake the profuse though rude hospitality of the "*Cour plénière*." The feast of Whitsuntide was always celebrated by the Conqueror and his immediate descendants at Westminster; and though held for a shorter time, yet it seems to have fully equalled the Christmas feast, both in splendour and importance. In earlier days, tournaments, as at Easter, were the favourite amusements of the period; but, from the close of the thirteenth century, a new, and, to our wondering forefathers, a most fascinating species of entertainment almost superseded them: these were the MIRACLE PLAYS, or MYSTERIES. The origin of these earliest modern attempts at dramatic composition is involved in obscurity. They seem not to have been known in England until the time of Edward I., and one bearing that date is extant among the Harleian MSS. The date of the Chester plays has been found to be about 1328, and the Coventry plays are supposed to be about the same period. The English Miracle plays appear to have been the result of the laudable endeavour of some of the ecclesiastics, at the time when the English language had completed its transition from the Saxon, to render the great mass of the people acquainted with the general outline and most interesting events of Scripture history.

After holding their high station in popular estimation for nearly four centuries, the miracle plays, from the period of the Reformation, rapidly declined. They, however, did not fall finally into disuse until the commencement of the seventeenth century.

At this season the CHURCH or WHITSUN ALES were formerly celebrated. These were derived from the *Agapæ*, or love-feasts of the early Christians; and were so called from the churchwardens buying, and laying in from presents also, a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into beer and sold out in the Church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those derived from the games, &c., (there being then no poor-rates), were in part given in charity, "according to the Christian rule, that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms;" and in part devoted to defray the repairs and decorations of the Church, and the expenses attendant upon the celebration of divine service. Aubrey thus describes a Whitsun Ale: "In every parish is (or was) a Church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there, too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on. All things were civil and without scandal." "It seems also," says Hone, "that a tree was erected by the Church door, where a banner was placed, and maidens stood gathering contributions. An arbour, called Robin Hood's bower, was likewise put up in the church-yard." According to Douce, the modern Whitsun Ale consists of "a lord and lady of the ale, a steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, mace-bearer, with their several badges, or ensigns of office; train-bearer, or page: fool, dressed in a party-coloured jacket; and pipe and tabor man, with a company of youths and maidens, who dance in a barn."

The Whitsun Ales have been, in many places, superseded by the love-feasts of the Friendly Societies. Both men and women belong to these clubs, in which every member pays a certain weekly or monthly sum, and on occasions of sickness or misfortune, claims a weekly stipend, or a sum of money to bury their dead. They were, and are, often the poor man's sole resource and refuge against the horror of falling on the parish, and have helped him through his time of affliction without burthening his mind with a sense of shame and dependence. An eye-witness has given a pleasing description of the rural festival of these societies. On Whit-Monday, he remarks, the sun-shiny morning has broke

over the villages of England with its most holiday smile. All work has ceased; groups of men have met here and there in the streets in quiet talk: the children have begun to play, and make their shrill voices heard through the hamlets. There have been stalls of sweetmeats and toys set out in the little market-place, on the green, by the shady-walk, or under the well-known tree. Suddenly the bells have struck up a joyous peal, and a spirit of delight is diffused all over the rustic place, ay, all over every rustic place in merry England. Forth comes streaming from their club-room, at the village ale-house, the procession of hardy men, or comely women, all arrayed in their best, gay with scarfs and ribands. In front of them marches one bearing the great banner, emblazoned with some fitting scene and motto. There it floats its length of blue and yellow, and on its top nods the large poey of peonies, laburnum flower, and lilacs. Then comes sounding the band of drums, bassoons, hautboys, flutes, and clarionets. Then the honorary members—the frecholders of the place—the apothecary, and the priest—and the simple sons of the hamlet walking as stately and as gravely as they can for the nods and smiles of all their neighbours, who do not join in the procession, but are all at door and window to see them pass by. There they go, passing down the shady lane, with all the village children at their heels, to the next hamlet half a mile off, which furnishes members to the club, and must, therefore, witness their glory. Now the banner and the gilded tops of their wands are seen glancing between the hedge-row trees; their music comes merrily up the hill, and as it dies away at the next turn, the drumming of distant villages becomes audible in half a dozen different quarters. Then come one after another the clubs of the neighbouring hamlets, "sounding through the town." The women's clubs, in some places, parade on the same day with those of the men, but more commonly on Whit-Tuesday. In some places they are graced with the presence of some of the ladies of the neighbourhood, who are honorary members. Their light dresses, their gay ribands and bonnets, their happy, and often very handsome, faces, cannot be seen without feeling with Wordsworth, that—"their beauty makes you glad." "In all the pageants and processions," writes Mr. Howitt, "that were ever seen, there is nothing more beautiful than those light wands with which they walk, each crowned with a nosegay of fresh flowers. As I have met these Whitsuntide processions in the retired villages of Staffordshire, or, as I saw them in the summer of 1835, at Warsop, in Nottinghamshire, I would wish to see them as many years hence as I may live. If we are to retain any rustic festival at all, we cannot, I think, have a more picturesque one, or at a pleasanter time." The Whitsuntide holidays are kept by Londoners as generally, and in the same manner, as those at Easter. At Lichfield, on Whit-Monday, an annual fair for the exhibition of shows is held, at which it is the custom for a procession, (accompanied with musicians and flags) to be formed, composed of part of the Corporation, with its inferior officers, &c., who are joined by several of the best mechanics of the place, each of whom carries a representation, in miniature, of his separate workshop, and mode of trade, the figures being so formed as to be put in motion by machinery, and worked by a single wheel. The procession walks from the Guildhall to an eminence in the vicinity of the city, called Greenhill, where a temporary booth is previously erected, and decorated with flowers, and a small space of ground enclosed at the front with boards. On the arrival of the procession at this spot, the gates of the enclosure are opened, it enters, and the little machines are placed around it, and set in motion by their respective owners, in the presence of the higher portion of the Corporation, by whom prizes are given to the most ingenious. This takes place about the middle of the day; the exhibition of the miniature representations

continues till the evening. The booth is filled with refreshments; care is taken to preserve order; and cakes are distributed among the spectators at the expense of the Corporation. Till within the last century, an old usage prevailed in the parish of Ensham, Oxfordshire, by which the town's people were allowed on Whit-Monday to cut down and carry away as much timber as could be drawn by men's hands into the abbey-yard, the Churchwardens previously marking out such timbers by giving the first chop; so much as they could carry out again, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants of the abbey to prevent it, they were to keep for the reparation of the Church. By this service they held their right of commonage at Lammas and Michaelmas. On Whit-Tuesday the "Montem" is triennially held at Eton; but as this celebration formerly took place in December, and appears to be a corruption of the puerile solemnities anciently observed on St. Nicholas' day, we shall describe it in our notice of that festival.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

ORIGIN OF FRANKING LETTERS.

In the 23rd volume of the Parliamentary History, is the following very curious anecdote concerning this privilege. It occurred in the debate on the Post-office Bill, in the year 1660. "Colonel Titus reported the Bill for the settlement of the Post Office, with the amendments. Sir Walter Earle delivered a proviso for the letters of all Members of Parliament to go free, *during their sittings*. Sir Heneage Finch said 'It was a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honor of the house.' Mr. Prynne spoke also against the proviso; Mr. Bunckley, Mr. Boscawen, Sir George Downing, and Serjeant Charlton, for it; the latter saying, 'The Council's letters went free.' The question being called for, the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, was unwilling to put it; saying he was ashamed of it; nevertheless, the proviso was carried, and made part of the Bill which was ordered to be engrossed.

"The Lords subsequently disagreed to this proviso, and it was ultimately thrown out. At a subsequent period, however, both houses did not feel it below their honour, to secure for themselves this exemption from postage."

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERESS.

In the autumn of 1818 her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she purposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, then the estate of a rich widow, belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and a message returned that she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion, whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called King by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the quaker would at least say, "*Thy Majesty*," "*Thy Highness*" or "*Madam*." The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park punctually at the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made; no hostess, nor domestics, stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on; and unbendingly ac-

costed the lord in waiting with, "What's thy will friend?" This was almost unanswerable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her Majesty—Go to your mistress, and say the Queen is here." "No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady; but friend Rachel Mills expecteth *thine*. Walk in!"

The Queen and the Princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a curtsy, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee, and thy daughter. I wish thee well! Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I shew thee my grounds."

What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her Majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the Society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yea, thou art right there. The Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like by thee, friend Charlotte! Moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers." (She alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay respectfully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guest through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in the hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of these rare fowls; imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the quakeress merely remarked, with characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but, if any are to be purchased in this land or in other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease."

Her royal highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. "I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills. "Perhaps you will *give* me a pair," persevered the princess, with a conciliating smile. "Nay, verily," replied Rachel, "I have refused many friends; and that which I denied to mine own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our house; and I can make no exception in thy favour."

This is a fact.

"I ALWAYS take it for granted," says Archbishop Tillotson, "that no one is ever angry with his adversary but for want of a better argument to support his cause."

Narrowness of mind is frequently the cause of obstinacy; we do not easily believe beyond what we see.—*Rochefoucault*.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.—*Lavater*.

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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PASS OF LLANBERRIS.

SNOWDONIA.

THE county of Caernarvon, from Bardsey Island, in a north-easterly direction to the promontory of Penmaenbach in Conway bay, is occupied by an immense group of mountains, amongst which are some of the highest summits in Wales. The hills rise gradually from both extremities of the range to the centre, where the monarch Snowdon sits enthroned, surrounded by his subject heights. This district comprises some of the grandest scenery in Britain, combined with some of the loveliest. "Nature," says old Camden, "has here reared huge groups of mountains, as if she intended to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, so many wooded valleys rendered impassable by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for, besides that they are the highest in the whole island, they are like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one which, towering in the centre far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily as if it meant not only to threaten but to thrust it into the sky." The historian has made one incorrect assertion here, for there are at least eight Scottish mountains higher than Snowdon. The beauties of nature in North Wales are so numerous, and so widely

known, that a large tide of tourists arrives with the fine weather of each year to ramble amongst its vales, and climb its hills. The district of Snowdonia is eminently attractive, and the ascent of the Nivose mountain is one of those feats that yield a large amount of present and retrospective pleasure to the Rambler.

For the present, however, we forbear saying anything about the ascent, or the view from the summit. An inspection of the map will show that there are two roads which leave Caernarvon, and proceed inland, on opposite sides of Snowdon. One of them crosses the pass of Llanberris to Capel Curig, and the other goes through Bettws and Beddgelert to Tremadoc. A third road, passing underneath the eastern side of Snowdon, effects the junction of the other two. Thus the stranger has an opportunity of viewing the loftiest mountain in Wales on all sides, before making its more intimate acquaintance by visiting its summit. The route is about thirty-six miles in length, and, as it lies through scenery of the highest interest, we propose to conduct our readers along it. Starting then from the ancient town of Caernarvon, we reach, in a short time, the extremity of the longest of the Llanberris lakes. This sheet of water is not more than a mile and a half in length, being fed by a stream called the Rythel issuing from the upper lake. The upper sheet of water is scarcely a mile long; but it is said to be of the extraordinary depth of 140 yards.

If this be so, the bottom must be some fathoms below the level of the sea. It is seldom known to be entirely frozen over, owing, probably, to its great depth in proportion to its extent of surface—the whole mass of water not being reduced through the winter to that degree of temperature which allows the formation of ice on the surface. On an eminence between the two lakes, but close upon the lower one, are the remains of Dôlbadarn Castle, the date of whose erection is lost in the mist of ages, for it is uncertain whether it was before or after the Norman conquest. The name signifies Padarn's meadow, it being supposed that a British saint, called Padarn, is referred to. Each of the five narrow passes conducting from the interior to the coast were guarded in ancient times by a castle, and this fortress stood in the central pass. A defence of this kind was then of great importance, since it was impossible for an enemy to pass over the chain of hills which fortify Caernarvonshire and Anglesey. The only remains of the original edifice consist of the foundations of the exterior buildings, and the greater part of the citadel, or keep: this is a circular structure, thirty feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet high. Its shape reminds the Rhine tourist of the Castle of Godesberg, whose cylindrical Donjon Tower, perched upon the top of a pointed rock, commands one of the finest views on that majestic river. It contains four apartments, one over the other, the dungeon being the lowest: they are connected by a spiral staircase. This appears to have formed the chief portion of the entire fortress; but, though of small extent, it was a strong place; a dozen men would almost have sufficed to stock it; and altogether it was scarcely larger than one of the bastions of Caernarvon castle. This smallness of size, combined with the rudeness of the architecture, has led most people to conclude that it was a British fortalice much more ancient than the first William's visit to this country. It has been in a state of decay for several centuries. So far back as Henry the Eighth's time, Leland described it as a decayed tower. Here Owen Gôch languished a prisoner for twenty years, as a punishment for having joined in a conspiracy to dethrone his brother, Llewellyn ap Gruffydd, the last native Prince of Wales. The views from this place are strikingly beautiful. The two lakes are seen in their full extent, surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of mountains. Nor can there, we think, be anything more impressive than a mouldering tower by the side of a crystal lake. In the first place, there is something eminently stimulative to the imagination in the sight of any great work of man, having its origin in some remote region of time, and now fast hastening to decay. Then how fondly do we seem to perceive a sympathy on the part of Nature with us and ours, in taking back to her bosom some object of our creation! And when we behold her unobtrusive wishes and silent operations, do we not look upon her beauties with a warmer admiration through the colouring of a human intellect? Another chord of feeling is touched by the contrast between man's frail workmanship, having in it from the beginning the seeds of decay, and Nature's unfading perennial freshness. The castled crag of Dôlbadarn with its tottering tower may, it is true, arouse in us only sentiments similar to those excited by a thousand ruins in this island or on the continent; yet time, place, and circumstance vary and distinguish every one of them; nor shall any frequency of such scenes induce us to think lightly of those combined feelings of awe, reverence, and sadness, with which we ought ever to behold the sanctifying agencies of Time and Nature.

On the declivity of a mountain called Allt Ddô, or the Dark Cliff, immediately facing the castle, are considerable quarries of purple slate, the property of Lord Penrhyn. The excavated material is conveyed from the quarry by a railroad formed for the purpose, to Port Penrhyn, near Bangor. In the same neighbourhood there is a valuable copper mine. Half a mile south of the castle, at the termination of a deep glen,

a tremendous cataract, called Caunant Mawr, thunders over a ledge of rock sixty feet in height. The name signifies the waterfall of the great chasm: the waters are those of the mountain torrent from Cwm Brwynog: they are first seen to rush through a cleft in the rock above, and, after coming straight forward for a short distance, make a sudden bend, and then fall in a slanting direction into the black pool below. There is a want of wood about the spot, but it deserves the visit of every Rambler. Six miles from Caernarvon, and not far from Dôlbadarn Tower, is the Victoria Inn, a large and commodious establishment of recent erection. It forms a most convenient station for visiting the adjacent scenery; and the ascent of Snowdon is frequently commenced here. At the village of Llanberris, we enter the wild and desolate vale of Nantperis, pent in by lofty rocks, at the base of which stones of every size and shape are scattered. Then pushing upwards, "doubling and doubling by laborious walk," we attain the summit of the pass; and, as we rest after the exertion, we may call to mind, in connexion with the name of the spot (Gor-phwysfa, or, *the resting-place*), the admonition carved on a stone at the top of a wild pass in Scotland (Glen-croë). "Rest, and be thankful," says the inscription; and

"Who that has gained at length the wished-for height,
The brief, the simple way-side call can slight
And rest not thankful?"

Proceeding, the tourist passes another fall of water called Ffynnon Lâs, made by a stream that runs from an upland lake of the same name: the words, being interpreted, mean *The Green Well*. Soon afterwards, the road enters the one from Beddgelert to Capel Curig (pronounced Cerrig). The latter little town is situated near the point where a stream flows into the Llugwy. A fine cascade called Rhaeadr-y-Wenol (the Swallow's Waterfall),

"With woods o'erhung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,"

is in the vicinity. The water comes to the edge of the precipice in one sheet; but jutting rocks and fretting stones soon break it into many streams that dash impetuously downwards through a chasm which, at the widest part has a breadth of sixty feet. There is great luxuriance of vegetation around this cascade; and the noble forms of rock on either side contribute to make this one of the finest scenes of the kind in Wales. By a change of position the visitor may obtain many pleasing variations of prospect; and we may notice, that, from the upper part of the wood, near the head of the cascade, there is a good view of the descending waters. Any one who has seen Lowdore, in Cumberland, will be reminded of that famed waterfall by Rhaeadr-y-Wenol. Having gazed our fill at this beautiful spectacle, we may turn back and proceed to Beddgelert, but it may be proper to add that the deviation to Capel Curig has added six miles to the distance we before gave. The next valley we enter is Nant Gwynant, (the vale of waters,) so called, like Lanterbrunn in the Bernese Oberland, from the number of streams in it. On the right hand, near the head of the vale, is another waterfall (for hereabouts the cascades are nearly as plentiful as blackberries) called Rhaeadr-cwm-dyli, and a little further down the valley are two huge fragments of rock, which attract attention by their hugeness; one of them, resembling in shape the gable end of a house, far exceeds in size the celebrated Bowder Stone in Borrowdale. The tourist next perceives that this romantic valley is enriched by two lakes. The upper one, Llyn Gwynant, three quarters of a mile in length, occupies all the level area of the vale, except what suffices for the road. The scenery around its shores is very grand. Y Aran towers conspicuously on the right, and close by is a hollow of graceful outline, denominated Cwm Llan, which extends towards Snowdon. The summit of that mountain is here finely visible between the intervening

hills. At the foot of the Lake (or Tarn,¹ as it would be called in the north of England) the mountains converge, and the traveller is admitted through a narrow opening into the next chamber of the valley in which the second lake, Llyn-y-Dinas, is placed. In the vicinity a lofty rock is pointed out, to which Vortigern is said to have retreated from the persecution of his subjects, and the remains of a building on the summit is referred to in confirmation of the statement. The village of Bedd-gelert is most romantically seated on a beautiful tract of meadow ground near the conflux of the Colwyn and the Glas Llyn. Three vales diverge from this place, through one of which lies the road to Tremadoc. If you inquire the meaning of the name of the village, the following tradition, which has been versified more than once, is related. Prince Llewellyn, (whose reign began in 1194,) had a hunting seat at this place. On returning one day from a hunting excursion, Llewellyn was met at the door of his house by his favourite dog, Gelert, who had been unaccountably absent from the chase, in which his fleetness and sagacity had been much missed. The dog was stained with blood and gore; and upon seeing his master, began his usual caresses. The Prince, however, was alarmed at the sight on account of his infant, and heedless of the dog's behaviour, he rushed into the room where the child slept. The bed-clothes were tossed about and bloody, but the child was not visible. In an agony of sorrow and passion, Llewellyn drew his words and plunged it through the hound, supposing the animal had killed his son. The dying yelp of the dog

awoke the infant, who had been concealed under the clothes; and these being removed, not only was the blooming child discovered safe and sound, but the dead body of a gaunt wolf torn with wounds inflicted by the fangs of the faithful Gelert was there also. Stung with remorse, the Prince erected a tomb over the animal, which he named Bedd-Gelert—Gelert's Grave. He also founded a monastery for the good of his own soul, and as a grateful offering to Providence for the preservation of his child. Quitting Beddgelert for Caernarvon, we enter a pleasing valley, which gradually expands as we advance. It is watered by the Colwyn, a stream which has its origin in a lake called Llyn-y-Cader. Upon the right, nearly opposite this lake, the ascent of Snowdon is usually commenced from this side, the distance from the road to the top being about four miles. The road then passes along the shore of a lovely little sheet of water, called Llyn Cwellyn, lying at the foot of a crescent-shaped precipice, part of which, called the Wolf's Castle, seems to overhang its base, and forms a very striking feature in the landscape. On the banks of this lake the guide to Snowdon resides in a small public-house, where he keeps ponies and all things necessary for making the ascent. A narrow valley strikes off to the left, containing two small lakes, in one of which there is a floating island, and hence called the Lake of the Sod. If the tourist has time, we recommend him by all means to pay these lakes a visit, as they are surrounded by very fine scenery. Proceeding, however, directly to Caernarvon, he will see a cascade formed by the Fai Issa, the stream which issues from Llyn Cwellyn. The vale has now broadened into meadows, and hereabouts is Nant Mill, a picturesque spot, which has irresistibly drawn out many a sketcher's portfolio and pencil. We soon afterwards reach the village of Bettws. The country through which the road now proceeds forms a succession of rises and dips; the soil is rocky, but not unproductive. The high grounds in Anglesey begin to appear, and from one of the elevations in the road the whole island is seen spread out like a map before the eye. Immediately afterwards we re-enter Caernarvon, from which we started in the morning, a little jaded and worn, but highly delighted, as every one must be, with the magnificent scenery through which we have toiled.

(1) Having spoken of lakes, (says Mr. Wordsworth, in his delightful Essay on the Lake Scenery), I must not omit to mention, as a kindred feature of this country, those bodies of still water called *tarns*. They are found in some of the vales, and are numerous upon the mountains. A tarn in a *vale* implies, for the most part, that the bed of the vale is not happily formed; that the water of the brooks can neither wholly escape, nor diffuse itself over a large area; accordingly, in such situations, tarns are often surrounded by an unsightly tract of boggy ground; but this is not always the case, and in the cultivated parts of the country, when the shores of the tarn are determined, it differs only from the lake in being smaller, and in belonging mostly to a smaller valley or circular recess.



SNOWDON.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE THREE KINGS DURING THE RIFLE-MEETING AT BASLE.

INTRODUCTION.

AND whilst the weathercocks are creaking, and the evening wind blustering over the little inn in the Black Forest, the three guests, assembled in the landlord's room, call to mind their departed friend and boon companion.

"On this very day twelvemonth," said the chaplain, "I buried him."

"On the very day of his burial," said the doctor, "I took up my quarters here."

"Twelve months to-day," said the shopkeeper, "as soon as the funeral was over, I set off for Geneva; a great chance it is if ever I go there again."

"Ah, dear Switzerland!" said the churchman, with a sigh, "how dearly have I ever longed to see it! and yet, something has always thwarted my purpose. The beautiful student and holiday time is gone for ever; and I have never yet set foot beyond Appenzell."

"Of all the towns in the Swiss league, I never yet saw any but Basle," returned the doctor; "I was there at the great rifle muster."

"How strange!" cried Matzendorf, "I was there at the very same time. What a pity we were not acquainted then, dear doctor! those were happy days. The remembrance of them still flits before me, like some grand and chequered creation of the painter's pencil. To be sure, I had like to have made a sorry piece of business of it at the time, but fortune stood true to me and protected me."

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"It is a tale of adventure," replied the dealer, "and, if you like, I will relate it. It is not so very long, though it might sound somewhat better in a romance."

"Out with it!" eagerly cried the doctor and the chaplain. The woodcutter, who had seated himself as a privileged listener near the stove, crossed his legs delightedly, and, taking a copious pinch from his wooden snuff-box, "his life upon it, the woodcutter is fond of stories," cried he: and the tradesman began the history of his

ADVENTURE IN THE THREE KINGS DURING THE RIFLE-MEETING AT BASLE.

I arrived in Basle about a week before the commencement of the grand general rifle-meeting of the Swiss Confederacy, having to transact important business, that admitted of no delay, and yet made a great demand on my time. I put up at the sign of "The Three Kings." In the other inns, "The Wild Man," or "The Stork," where tradespeople usually chose their quarters, there was not a room to be had.

Whilst sitting one afternoon in a coffee-house, with the friend with whom I had business, he informed me that the Prefecture of Police in Paris had despatched a notice to the Police of Basle, which, waiving the official style of the original, might run as follows:—

"Beloved Cousin,—The particular kindness which we feel for our friends in Switzerland prompts us to tender you information of a scheme concerted by some of our most dextrous scamps and cut-purses; to wit, of availing themselves of the grand rifle-muster among you for the purpose of stealing whatever they can lay hands on. The *élite* of the aforesaid guild will arrive at Basle a few days before the opening of the fête, and, as we are led to believe, in the most varied disguises. Some will drive in, post, in their carriages and six, but a far greater number will come by rail and omnibus. A certain Claude Barrault is reported to be the soul of the plot; though it is very improbable he will present himself under this name.

We enclose his *hue* and *token*; and hereby, beloved cousin, we deem ourselves to have given you sufficient warning, and remain

"Your devoted kinsman and well-wisher,

"PREFECTURA."

Its little cousin of Basle lent good heed to this information, but within the first eight-and-forty hours the mass of people that thronged to the fête increased to such an extent, that there was no longer any possible chance of keeping close watch over the strangers. The poor police-force had to be everywhere, without making any great manifestation of itself anywhere. If the former task proved too much for it, it succeeded to a miracle with the latter; and considerable thefts were effected in one place or other before the fête had begun. The officers had enough to do to find accommodation for the throng of marksmen and other visitors. On the very first evening there were thousands of the former without shelter of any sort, who at last had to turn right and left, and put their heads into the best hole they could. Many a stranger had to pay five francs for his bed in the close and ill-appointed domicile of some needy townsman; and then, far from having it to himself, he would perhaps have to share it with one, and not unfrequently two companions, of whom all that he knew was that they paid as much as himself. Little did I think that a similar fate awaited me in the large new hotel of "The Three Kings;" and that there I should have to sleep under the same roof, and in the same room, with a most ferocious-looking stranger. However, such was my lot. For, lo and behold! on the very first evening, after many people had turned into their quarters by the flare of torches, and beat of drum, the waiter of the story I slept upon thrust a *gent* into my chamber, who carried a short gun and a small travelling-bag, and, hastily throwing up a camp-bedstead opposite mine,

"Only for to-night, sir," added he, in a cool yet civil tone. "To-morrow we will mend the matter."

A stranger, with gun and knapsack! And there I lay, unarmed, and, as a matter of course, completely undressed; with my travelling chest under my bed full of gold and silver watches from Geneva and Neuchâtel; my own repeater hanging over my pillow; look, my friends, here it is, going *tick, tick*, indifferently as it then did to my heart's disquieted throbbing; while on the table at my bed-side lay my purse and pocket-book, neither of which were empty!! The tradesman that travels every year to fairs and the like meetings, learns prudence as well as mistrust on his way.

Whilst the bed was being put up, the servants running this way and that, and the stranger impatiently striding up and down the room, I managed to spirit away the repeater, the pocket-book, and the purse into bed with me, and became somewhat more composed. My chest, as I said before, was out of sight. The waiter and his train had scarcely finished their business and retired, when the stranger took his stand beside my bed, and, making me a low bow, expressed to me in French how sorry he was to be thus obliged to disturb me; nay, that he himself was quite on the brink of despair about it. I am little skilled in French, and but very poorly understood what he said, and so, when he came to a pause, I merely made answer by a nod of the head and a scanty "*Oui, oui*." But the Frenchman's politeness pleased me; and, upon the whole, it is quite true, that the "*Qu'est-ce que-dits*" give one the full idea of politeness when they are not absolutely inclined or obliged to be rude. This afforded me an opportunity of taking an exact survey of my fellow-lodger. He was a man of comely growth, and of the ordinary stature; he had long brown hair, wore both a moustache and beard, had a soft white face, and hands that were still whiter; while his pallid complexion lent a darker lustre to his eyes. On his head was a little grey rifle-cap; his body was enveloped in a common loose frock, made of light summer material; while his feet were sheathed in brown gaiters, with little mother-of-pearl buttons.

As the stranger saw that I got on but very indifferently with French, he tried his luck with German. He spoke the language badly and ludicrously enough, yet much better than I did his own.

"You will perhaps allow me," said he, "to smoke a cigar?"

"With pleasure," I replied.

When he had furnished himself with a light, "Now I will tell you who I am," he resumed, "that you may know who it is you have so suddenly fallen in with. I am a tradesman from St. Marie-aux-Mines, and my name is Claude Barrault. May I now make free to ask the favour of your name?"

I might as lief have told him I was Matz of Tripstrille, or the Little Dog of Bretten, for that matter, so staggered was I by the name he had given me. You will all remember the notice sent by the police-office in Paris. I was struck all of a heap, as it were; with difficulty I stammered out my own worthy name to the edification of the suspicious-looking interrogator, and sought to excuse this stammering as well as I could, by simulating an extraordinary fit of drowsiness. Hereupon my companion gave a polite "*Bon soir et bonne nuit, monsieur*," and withdrew to the neighbourhood of his bed.

But poor I! How was I to sleep? The ill-omened name of my fellow-sleeper set my brain in one continual whirl. I turned my face towards the wall, the better to compose myself and collect my thoughts. It would not do; for at that very moment the stranger stole towards my bed, like the pole-cat sneaking along to the hen-roost.

"Who's there?" cried I, pretending to start suddenly from sleep, and fixing on the fellow a chilling look of horror.

"Pardon me," said he, in a hurried voice, "I am only looking for a boot-jack;" and so saying, he stooped down, with the light in his hand, and plied his search underneath my bed much longer, I thought, than was necessary to find the implement in question.

Aha! thought I to myself, now he has seen your chest of watches; you are a marked man, sure enough: for who in the world, with gaiters on, would trouble his head about a boot-jack, if he were not an arrant rogue at heart?

But the truth of the matter was, that the fellow really had boots on; the gaiters over them were merely an idle make-believe, of which there are no lack now-a-days. But this was not the only interesting point about my gentleman.

What served in some measure to quiet my fears was, that he deposited a well-laden purse in the drawer of the night-table. It seemed to be full of gold; my ear is pretty well tuned to the sound of that metal. "Ah!" said I to myself, with some feeling of satisfaction, "he has money with him, and a good lot of it too! what gentleman on the high-road he has relieved of it I know not; however, it is a well-known fact that the glutton lion goes his way in peace. And it will be just the same, I guess, with knaves of his guild, for no man is spiteful by nature. Necessity, rather than opportunity, is the mother of theft."

Resigning myself to this sort of philosophy, I was really on the point of closing my weary eye-lids, after having commended myself to God and his protecting angels, when, poor fellow that I was, fated, as it seemed, to be cheated of repose, I heard a rustling and crackling near me; and half-opening my eyes, like some wily fox when the sun inconveniences him, I beheld, by dint of this crafty and involuntary peep, Claude Barrault standing at my bed-side, and scrutinizing my features. At that moment he turned away, mumbling contentedly to himself, "*Il dort*," which was good French, I take it, for the simpleton sleeps; whereupon he stole back on tip-toe to his couch, and—could I believe my eyes?—with one bold grasp tore all his beautiful long hair from his head. There he stood with a close-clipped woolly frizzly pole, round which he wound a silk handker-

chief, after the manner of his countrymen, and hid his wig.

"Ho! ho!" thought I, "I shall very much like to see what else is coming." And now for manipulation the second. He applied water lightly beneath his nose and on his chin, and lo, and behold! the mustachio and beard came clean off in a bunch, leaving nothing behind them but what is commonly called the *collier*. Now just imagine to yourselves, my friends, what this pattern of a man looked like: he had made himself quite a new face, without a single trace of his former physiognomy. 'A thorough scapegrace visage,' thought I; 'and yet in the spring of life withal.' The long hair had made him look at least ten, if not fifteen, years older. "So young, and yet so corrupt," said I, heaving a sigh from the bottom of my soul. Then he laid himself upon his bed, sighed once or twice himself, and uttering the name of Rosalie, not once or twice, but at least a dozen times;—whisk!—the light was out, and I saw nothing further.

The miscreant soon appeared to be asleep: for so young a man he had a considerable talent for snoring, which was in some measure an invitation to me to follow his example. I was grievously tired. The whole day long, from morning to evening, I had been hurrying about the town and the rifle-ground, and sleep would have been dearly welcome to me: despite of this, the most I could do was to get a little dose, and every moment I would wake up again, lying sentinel, so to speak, till dawn of day, when I said to myself, "Up now, and let the morning shine upon you; it will cheer your spirits, and your ill neighbourhood will be all the sooner renounced and got rid of."

No sooner said than done. I rose softly, and slipped on my clothes in silence. The Frenchman was still sleeping like a top, with his face turned towards me. All at once, in the midst of my hurry and skurry, my clasp-knife fell from its case; I caught at it and missed it, and it dropped on the ground. The iron made a jarring noise. My neighbour of the evil conscience awoke at the sound, shouting in my face, "*Qui va là?*" I had just answered "a friend," though in a tone of ill-humour, for I felt sorely concerned about my watches, and knew how foolish it would be to leave the thievish Frenchman alone with the case—when Monsieur collected his scattered senses, looked in the glass that hung opposite to him, and at once remembered to his dismay that he had peeled off his hair and beard. He struck his hands on his forehead, ejaculating "*Mon Dieu*" with a thrice-repeated sigh, and most assuredly felt in far less merry cue, than when invoking his Rosalie on the previous evening. Then poising himself on his elbow he turned towards me, and addressed me with the utmost possible show of frankness: "My dear sir," said he "I had reckoned upon awaking and finishing my toilet earlier than you, or you would not have surprised me in this singular transformation. You will be astonished, no doubt, and very rightly too, to see me looking just at this moment so very like a shaven monkey, but I was obliged to spare my peruke, and the beard that I had glued on my face kept my skin in intolerable tension. Weariness brought me too liberally the blessings of slumber; otherwise I should have been slow to give you such an opportunity, as you now have, of forming a curious conception of my person, my doings, and my dealings."

In order to increase his embarrassment, I replied dryly enough, that it was daylight now, and that there was nothing for him to fear for the present; besides, I had seen enough in the night.

He shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and went on as follows: "As you are now privy to a part of my secret, I will give you another little bit of it gratis, that you may make no mistake, or form a false opinion of me: I am here for the purpose of observing the movements of a certain lady, who is to visit the rifle-shooting with a family who are friends of hers, attended moreover by a certain gentleman. The said lady would

be my greatest blessing, and the said gentleman is my greatest bore, for he has a mind to marry her; and this I want to do myself. Do you understand me?"

I nodded, and smiled with an air of cunning, the better to show him that I did not believe a single word he said. However he continued his tale: "In my mask," said he, "I can follow the lady and her companions wherever they go, without the least fear of being recognised, and, in the chance of Rosalie proving true to me, I can calm my jealous heart, without either compromising my own dignity, or raising any delicate scruples in her mind. I entreat you not to spoil my pleasure, nor breathe a word of the matter to anybody. What can I be to you? Here we have met for the first time in our lives, and, when these festivities are over, we shall probably never meet again. Pray, do not betray me. Men like to do each other a kindness now and then, and you do not exactly look as if the fair sex were altogether hateful to you either."

I made no definite reply to his entreaties; neither with *Yes*, or *No*. I contented myself with saying: "Take care what you are after. There are sharp eyes enough in Basle; for my part, I will not give you any trouble. Allow me to ring and have my luggage removed; I will see if I can find another room."

He stared, and seemed to pout, I thought. "*Faites comme il vous plaira*," said he briskly, closing the curtains of his bed.

I rang the bell, and sent for Martin my coachman, the very same who is still in my service. I ordered him, above all things, to have the case of watches removed to my correspondent's house, with the request that it should be safely stowed. I would soon follow, I added, myself. After this I finished dressing, and, with my portmanteau in my hand, I went down stairs in search of the landlord. "You must be so good as to show me into another room," said I to him; "I cannot share my quarters with a second party, and besides you have put me too high up, and in an altogether inconvenient situation." With a host of apologies the civil landlord acceded to my request, unlocked the door of a chamber in the second floor, which had just fallen vacant, and assured me I should be subject to no further annoyance.

"The fact is," said he, "I would much rather give you the choice of this more comfortable apartment than offer it to the gentleman, (almost a perfect stranger to me,) whom I was thinking of putting into it to-day."

"You don't know who the gentleman is?" said I, unresolved whether or no I should out with my tale or not. On the one hand, I felt in duty bound to do so; but then, again, I am somewhat diffident by nature, and am slow to trust either my eyes or ears when any disagreeable affair is to be exposed; besides, I was not at all inclined to be thought a coward by the landlord, and to be laughed at for my good intentions. Just as he was answering, "I only know that he is a manufacturer from Markirch,"—the chance of the moment brings a crowd of Englishmen upon us, who gather like a cloud around our host, and threaten to pester him to death with their importunate jargon. Seeking refuge from this foreign multitude, I fly to the visitors' register:—the name of my last night's companion had not been entered. Well, being satisfied with the full assurance that my watches were safe, I issue forth from the hotel, and, following the general current, I arrive at the scene of festivity. It rained a little to be sure, but curiosity cares little about a wet jacket. I knocked at my friend's door on my way thither. The case had been duly delivered, and placed in safe keeping; my friend was not at home, having gone, like all the world, to the rifle meet.

It is altogether impossible, my friends, to give you a description of the scene of merriment. But stop—I remember you were there yourself, doctor, and recollect

as well as I do all the splendid things that surrounded us; the pagoda of the prizes, the tower of flags, the refreshment booths, the coffee-houses, the multitude of targets, the thousands of people,—some armed and some not, some wearing cockades, and some without them,—Frenchmen, Germans, Italians and Englishmen, in one immense and promiscuous medley. The report of the rifles and mortars, the smart stroke of the balls, nimble markers, incessant music, bright wine glistening in many hundred cups and flagons, festal speeches and clamorous kettle-drums, made one glad scene of noisy mirth. Every eye was lit up with delight: only two things were wanting to make the gala really beautiful; namely, fine weather and unanimity.

I just came up in time to see the brawl with the marksmen of the Valais, who had repaired to the rendezvous with the greatest confidence, but had met with a most unfriendly reception, for the unruly Swiss had even agreed in good earnest to storm the tower of flags, and tear down the Valaisan colours, the which outrage was only prevented by the intrepidity of the master of the gala, and other coercive means of every possible kind. But the most effectual remedy of all was that provided by the insidious strangers themselves, inasmuch as on the following day, without either shout or song, they withdrew from the scene of action with their rescued but ill-fated colours.

In the general hubbub and confusion I of course sought in vain for my friend. I however fell in with several of my acquaintance, and they gave me news of him. He had met a tradesman from Bellinzona, they told me, who had made him some proposals of business. Now, we all know very well, what tradesmen are. Talk to them of business, and they will listen to you even in church; and thus it was, that my friend and the dealer of Bellinzona had joined company, and retraced their steps towards the town. I diverted myself with the varied spectacle before me, and was even tempted to try a few shots, which I must confess, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, did not so much as hit the target.

"Shlood and thunder!" cries a man close at my side, "some knave of a fellow has stolen my pocket-book."

"And my snuff-box and handkerchief!" ejaculated an old tanner from Basle.

"Some scamp!" cried a third, "has torn my wife's shawl off her back and taken her gold chain along with it. But if I am not mistaken, there runs the thief. After him! after him! that man there in the light-coloured paletot!"

"What's the matter?" cried the gathering group of bystanders, and then, as they rushed in a body after the Buonaparte paletot, a thought comes like lightning across me, "Zounds, that is my last night's companion!" And true enough, there was his very hat and frock, and flowing peruke. Unfortunately they could not catch him, for he scampered off as fast as he could into the crowd that were levelling their abuse at the Valaisans, who stood their ground manfully, and would gladly have fallen foul upon the Tower of Flags. A detachment of troops, and a body of land-patrole and police were awaiting further orders, and it was feared that things would come to blows. Such, however, was happily not the case; but in the meanwhile the miscreant Barrault escaped.

As I too had my pocket-book with me, I made my way as quickly as I could out of the crowd, and returned to my hotel. The table was crowded, although on the rifle-ground itself the booths were all alive like an ants' nest. On my left sat an Englishwoman, of some forty years of age, with flaxen hair and a white waxen complexion. She might once have been a pretty creature, but her campaign was over, and yet she would have been glad enough to have seen me pay my court to her. I was pleased to find that my right-hand neighbour was a good sort of tractable and talkative Frenchman, who continually catered to my diversion, and

(1) A book in which the names, &c. of the visitors to the hotel are carefully entered, and submitted to the inspection of the Police.

amused me with all kinds of pretty stories. The theme of our conversation of course was the shooting-gala, and the crowds it brought together; and at last we came to talk of the number of thefts committed. Monsieur maintained there must be some hundreds of Parisian thieves on the spot, mentioning one or other of that respectable crew by name. I was astonished to find him so much at home on the subject. "No wonder," said he, (and he spoke German fluently,) "I myself hold an appointment under the Prefecture of Police in Paris, and the list of professional scamps is open to my free inspection. Moreover I know many of these fellows by sight, and, between ourselves, I am sent hither for the express purpose of keeping an eye on our Parisian off-scourings, and lending the guardians of the public safety a helping hand."

"Ah, is it possible!" cried I, quite delighted to hear such welcome intelligence.

"Hiat!" said the Parisian softly, giving me a friendly sign to be silent. "Am I not talking to you quite between ourselves? Pray, restrain your feelings. To be sure they know me very well at the Police Office, but in the town itself I wish to maintain my incognito. This aids my plan. Besides, even if fortune should nowhere prove favourable to me, yet, as true as I am Durand, the Secretary of the Prefecture of Police in Paris, I will venture my head upon it, that in this house at least the field shall remain clear, and not a single guest be robbed. I have taken measures accordingly."

"Excellent Monsieur Durand!" cried I, and a proud feeling of security stole over me, coupled with a strong inclination to bring a choice head of game—viz. M. Claude Barrault, to the roast of the Parisian official. But just as always happens with bashful, simple-minded fellows—at the very moment that I am opening my lips for the purpose, I look obliquely down the table, and, at the distance of about a half dozen covers from me, whom should my eye light upon but Barrault himself, with his mustachio and peruke on, and a coat of a darker hue in place of the whitish yellow paletot: he looked askance at me with a glance of terror, as though begging and entreating for mercy, and seemed dreadfully disquieted to find himself so near me. So then and there I feel sorry for the fellow, and cannot make up my mind to betray him; "let some one else do it," thought I, in German goodness of soul, when, patsch! and such a blow descended on my shoulder as threatened to shake my arm clean off. Turning round I beheld my friend and correspondent, who had stolen behind my chair to play off some of his Swiss jokes upon me. I rubbed my shoulder and gave him my hand. "Pardon me," said he to me, "for not being at home when you called to-day, but you know, a good tradesman never runs away from a little chance piece of luck, and to-day I have done business to the amount of eight hundred doubloons; wish me joy of it, and come along with me to the coffee-house! My time is short, and I should be very glad of a little chat with you, as you are to be off again to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. VII.

As we were preparing to take our departure, I observed the Captain exchange glances with Cumberland, who turned to Oaklands, saying, "Don't wait for me; I have one or two places to call at in my way back, and I shall only make you late;—when you get home, give Thomas a hint to keep back dinner five minutes or so,—old Mildman won't say anything about it, if he fancies it's the servant's fault."—To this Oaklands replied, "that it was rather a shame, but he'd see what he could do for once;" and, with a very distant bow to the Captain, we

left the room. As soon as we were in the street, Oaklands accosted me with, "Well, Frank, what do you think of billiards?" "Why," replied I, after a moment's thought, "as to the game itself, it's a very pretty game, and when one can play well, I have no doubt a very interesting one, too much so, perhaps." "Too interesting! why, that's the beauty of it; almost every other game is a bore, and tires one, because one does not get sufficiently interested to forget the trouble of it; what can you mean, by too interesting?" "You won't be angry at what I am going to say, will you?" said I, looking up in his face. "Angry with you, my dear boy? no fear of that; always say just what you think to me, and if it happens to be disagreeable, why it can't be helped; I would rather hear a disagreeable truth from a friend, any day, than have it left for an ill-natured person to bring out, when he wants to annoy me." "All I meant to say was this," I replied; "it seems to me that you get so much excited by the game, that you go on playing longer, and for higher stakes, than you intended to do when you began,—surely," continued I, "it cannot be right to lose such sums of money merely for amusement; is it not gambling?"

"I believe you are right, Frank," replied Oaklands, after a short pause, during which he had apparently been thinking the matter over; "when one comes to think seriously about it, it is a most unprofitable way of getting rid of one's money; you will scarcely credit it," continued he, half smiling, "but I declare to you I have been playing almost every day for the last two months." "So long as that?" interrupted I. "There or thereabouts," said Oaklands, laughing at the tone of horror in which I had spoken; "but I was going to say," he continued, "that till this moment, (looking upon it merely as an amusement, something to keep one from going to sleep over a newspaper in that vile reading-room, I have never taken the trouble to consider whether there was any right or wrong in the matter. I am very much obliged to you for the hint, Frank; I'll think it all over to-night, and see how much I owe Master Cumberland, and I'll tell you to-morrow what conclusion I have come to. I hate to do any thing in a hurry—even to think; one must take time even to do that well."

By this time we had reached home, and mindful of his promise, Oaklands begged Thomas to use his interest with the cook, for the purpose of postponing dinner for a few minutes, in order to give Cumberland a chance of being ready—to which Thomas replied, "Very well, sir, any thing to oblige you;" Mr. Oaklands muttering to himself as he went off, "wonder what that chap Cumberland is up to now: no good, I'll be bound." In another minute we heard his voice in the lower regions, exclaiming, "I say, Cook, mustn't dish up for the next ten minutes; Master ain't quite finished his next Sunday's sermon—he's got hitched just at thirdly and lastly, and mustn't be disturbed on no account;"—which produced from that functionary the following pathetic rejoinder:—"There, it's all up with the pigeon pie, for it will be burnt as black as my shoe by that time!"

As I was going down stairs, ready to go out, the next day, Oaklands called me into his room, and closing the door, said, "Well, Fairleigh, I have thought over all you said yesterday,—made up my mind—and acted upon it."—"Bravo!" replied I, "I am so glad, for, whenever you will but rouse yourself, you are sure to act more rightly and sensibly than anybody else; but what have you done now? Let me hear all about it." "Oh, nothing very wonderful," answered Oaklands; "when I came to look at my pocket-book, I found I had lost, from first to last, above 150*l*." "Good gracious!" cried I, aghast at the magnitude of the sum; "what will you do?" Oaklands smiled at my look of horror, and continued, "About 100*l* of this I still owe Cumberland, for, after my ready money was gone, I merely set down on paper all I won or lost, as he said I could pay him at any time, just as it suited me best; and I thought I would wait till I got my next quarter's allowance, pay him out of that, and

be very economical ever after.—Well, when I saw what the sums amounted to, I found this plan would never answer, and that I was getting into a mess; so I made up my mind to put an end to the thing at once,—and sat down and wrote to my father, telling him, that I had been playing billiards every day for some time past, with a friend, (of course I did not mention who,) and that without being at all aware of it, my losses had mounted up, till I owed him 100*l*. I mentioned at the same time that I had a pretty long bill at Smithson's, and then went on to say, that I saw the folly, if not worse than folly, of what I had been doing; and that I applied to him, as the best friend I had in the world, (and I am sure he is too, Frank,) to save me from the consequences of my own imprudence." "I am very glad you did that; it was much the best thing," interrupted I. "As soon as I had written my letter," continued Oaklands, "I went to Cumberland, and told him that I found I had been going on too fast,—that I owned he was too good a player for me,—and that I therefore did not mean to play any more—and would pay him as soon as I received my father's answer." "And what did he say to that?" inquired I. "Why, he seemed surprised and a little annoyed, I fancied. He denied being the best player, and begged I would not think of paying him yet, saying that I had been unlucky of late, but that, if I would go on boldly, luck was sure to change, and that I should most likely win it all back again." "And you?" "Oh! I told him that was the true spirit of gambling; that I did not choose to owe so much to any man, as I owed him, and that that pay him I would. Well then, he said, that if I did not like to trouble my father about such a trifle, and yet was determined to pay him, it could be very easily managed. I asked, how? He hummed and ha'd, and at last said, that Smithson would advance me the money in a minute—that I should only have to sign a receipt for it, and need not pay him for years—not till I was of age, and not then if I did not like—that no one would be any the wiser—and he was going on with more in the same style, when I stopped him, by answering very abruptly, that such an arrangement was not to my taste, and that I was not yet reduced to borrowing money of my tailor." "Quite right, I am so glad you told him that," interposed I; "what *did* he say then?" "Something about not meaning to offend me, and its being a thing done every day." "By him perhaps," said I, recollecting the scene I had witnessed soon after my arrival. "Why! what do you mean?" said Oaklands. "I'll tell you when you have done," replied I; "but I want to know how all this ended." "There was not much more. He tried to persuade me to go again to-day, and play another match. I told him I was engaged to ride with you. Then he looked as if he was going to be angry. I waited to see, and he wasn't, and so we parted. "And what think you of Cumberland now?" inquired I. "I can't say I altogether like the way in which he has behaved about this," replied Oaklands; "it certainly looks as if he would have had no objection to win as much as he could from me, for he must have known all along that he was the best player. It strikes me that I am well out of the mess, and I have to thank you for being so, too, old fellow." "Nay, you have to thank your own energy and decision; I did nothing towards helping you out of your difficulties." "Indeed! if a man is walking over a precipice with his eyes shut, is it nothing to cause him to open them, in order that he may see the dangers into which the path he is following will lead him?" "Ah! Harry, if you would but exert yourself, so as to keep your own eyes open"—"What a wide-awake fellow you would be," interposed Coleman, who, after having tapped twice, without succeeding in making himself heard, (so engrossed were we by the conversation in which we were engaged,) had in despair opened the door in time to overhear my last remark:—"I say, Gents, as Thomas calls us," continued he, "what have you been doing to Cumberland, to put him into such a charming temper?" "Is he out of humour then?" inquired Oak-

lands. "I should say, *rather*," replied Coleman, winking ironically; "he came into our room just now, looking as black as thunder, and, as I know he hates to be spoken to when he is in the sulks, I asked him if you were going to play billiards with him to-day." Harry and I exchanged glances, and Coleman continued: "He fixed his eyes upon me, and stared as if he would have been greatly relieved by cutting my throat, and at last growled out, 'No; that you were going to ride with Fairleigh;' to which I replied, 'that it was quite delightful to see what great friends you had become;' whereupon he ground his teeth with rage, and told me, 'to go to the Devil for a prating fool;' so I answered, that I was not in want of such an article just at present, and had not time to go so far to-day, and then I came here instead.—Oh, he's in no end of a rage, I know."—"And your remarks would not tend to soothe him much either," said I. "Oaklands has just been telling him, he does not mean to play billiards again." "Phew!" whistled Coleman, "that was a lucky shot of mine; I fancied it must have been something about Oaklands and billiards that had gone wrong, when I saw how savage it made him. I like to *rile* Cumberland sometimes, because he's always so soft and silky; he seems afraid of getting into a good honest rage, lest he should let out something he does not want one to know. I hate such extreme caution; it always makes me think there must be something very wrong to be concealed, when people are so mighty particular."—"You are not quite a fool after all, Freddy," said Oaklands, encouragingly. "Thank ye for nothing, Harry Longlegs," replied Coleman, skipping beyond the reach of Oaklands' arm.

A few mornings after this conversation took place. Oaklands, who was sitting in the recess of the window, (from which he had ejected Lawless on the memorable evening of his arrival,) called me to him, and asked in a low tone of voice, whether I should mind calling at the billiard-rooms when I went out, and paying a month's subscription which he owed there. He added, that he did not like going himself, for fear of meeting Cumberland or the Captain, as, if they pressed him to play, and he refused, (which he certainly should do,) something disagreeable might occur, which it was quite as well to avoid. In this I quite agreed, and willingly undertook the commission. While we were talking, Thomas came into the room with a couple of letters, one of which he gave to Oaklands, saying, it had just come by the post, while he handed the other to Cumberland, informing him that the gentleman who brought it was waiting for an answer. I fancied that Cumberland changed colour slightly, when his eye fell upon the writing. After rapidly perusing the note, he flung it into the fire, saying, "My compliments to the gentleman, and I'll be with him at the time he mentions."—"Well, this is kind of my father," exclaimed Oaklands, looking up with a face beaming with pleasure; "after writing me the warmest and most affectionate letter possible, he sends me a cheque for 300*l*. upon his banker, telling me always to apply to him when I want money, or get into difficulties of any kind; and that if I will promise him that this shall be the case, I need never be afraid of asking for too much, as he should be really annoyed were I to stint myself." "What a pattern for fathers!" exclaimed Coleman, rubbing his hands. "I only wish my old dad would test my obedience in that sort of way;—I'd take care I would not annoy him by asking for too little; he need not fret himself on that account. Ugh," continued he, with a look of intense disgust, "it's quite dreadful to think what perverted ideas he has on the subject; he actually fancies it his business to *spend* his money as well as to make it; and as for sons, the less they have the better, lest they should get into extravagant habits, forsooth! I declare it's quite aggravating to think of the difference between people: a cheque for 300*l*. from a father, who'll be annoyed if one does not always apply to him for money enough! Open the window there! I'm getting faint!"

"Don't you think there's a little difference between

sons as well as fathers, Master Fred, eh?" inquired Lawless. "I should say some sons might be safely trusted with 300*l.* cheques; while others are certain to waste two shillings, and misapply sixpence, out of every half-crown they may get hold of."—"Sir, I scorn your insinuations; sir, you're no gentleman," was the reply, which produced (as was probably intended,) an attack from Lawless, which Coleman avoided for some time, by dodging round chairs and under tables. After the chase had lasted for several minutes, Coleman, when on the point of being captured, contrived by a master stroke of policy, to substitute Mullins in his place, and the affair ended by that worthy being knocked down by Lawless, "for always choosing to interfere with everything," and being kicked up again by Coleman, "for having prevented him from properly vindicating his wounded honour."

"Who's going near the Post Office, and will put a letter in for me?" asked Oaklands. "I am," replied Cumberland; "I've got one of my own to put in also." "Don't forget it or lose it, for it's rather important," added Oaklands; "but I need not caution you, you are not one of the harebrained sort; if it had been my friend Freddy now"—"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Oaklands," said Coleman, putting on an air of offended dignity, in which, though very much exaggerated, there was at the bottom the smallest possible spice of reality,—a thing, by the way, one may often observe in people who have a very strong appreciation of the ridiculous, and who, however fond they may be of doing absurd things for the sake of being laughed at, do not approve of their buffooneries being taken for granted.—"I'll tell you what it is, sir,—you have formed a most mistaken estimate of my character; I beg to say, that any affair I undertake is certain to be conducted in a very sedate and business-like manner. My prudence I consider unimpeachable; and as to steadiness, I flatter myself I go considerably ahead of the Archbishop of Canterbury in that article. If I hear you repeat such offensive remarks, I shall be under the painful necessity of elongating your already sufficiently prolonged proboscis." "Come and try," said Oaklands, folding his arms with an air of defiance. Coleman, reckoning on his dislike of exertion, and trusting to his own extreme quickness and activity to effect his escape scot-free, made a feint of turning away as if to avoid the contest, and then, with a sudden spring, leap'd upon Oaklands, and succeeded in just touching his nose. The latter was however upon his guard, and, while by seizing his outstretched arm with one hand, he prevented him from attaining his object, he caught him by the coat-collar with the other, and detained him prisoner. "I've got you this time, at all events, Master Freddy; now what shall I do with you, to pay you off for all your impertinence?" said Oaklands, looking round the room in search of something suitable to his purpose. "I have it," continued he, as his eyes encountered the bookcase, which was one of those large square-topped, old-fashioned affairs, standing about eight feet high, and the upper part forming a sort of glass-fronted closet, in which the books were arranged on shelves. "Great men like you, who go ahead of Archbishops and so on, should be seated in high places." So saying, he lifted Coleman in his arms, with as much ease as if he had been a kitten; and stepping up on a chair which stood near, seated him on the top of the bookcase, with his head touching the ceiling, and his feet dangling above six feet from the ground. "What a horrid shame," said Coleman; "come help me down again, Harry, there's a good fellow."—"I help you down!" rejoined Oaklands. "I've had trouble enough in putting you up I think; I'm a great deal too much tired to help you down again." "Well, if you won't, there's nobody else can," said Coleman, "unless they get a ladder or a fire-escape,—don't call me proud, gentlemen, if I look down upon you all, for I assure you, it's quite involuntary on my part." "A decided case of *top aloft*!" he looks quite the cherub, does he not?" said Lawless. "They are making game of you, Coleman," cried Mullins, grinning. "I hope not," was

the reply, "for in that case I should be much too *high* to be pleasant." "They ought to keep you there for an hour longer for that vile pun," said Cumberland. "Is your letter ready, Oaklands, for I must be going?"—"It is up stairs, I'll fetch it," replied Oaklands, leaving the room. "Well, as it seems I am here for life, I may as well make myself comfortable," said Coleman, and suiting the action to the word, he crossed his legs under him like a tailor, and folding his arms, he leaned his back against the wall, the picture of ease.

At this moment there was a gentle tap at the door; some one said, "Come in," and, without a word of preparation, Dr. Mildman entered the apartment. Our surprise and consternation at this apparition may easily be imagined. Cumberland and Lawless tried to carry it off by assuming an easy, unembarrassed air, as if nothing particular was going on. I felt strongly disposed to laugh; while Mullins looked much more inclined to cry; but the expression of Coleman's face, affording a regular series of "dissolving views," of varied emotions, was the "gem" of the whole affair. The unconscious cause of all this excitement, whose back was turned towards the bookcase, walked quietly up to his usual seat, saying as he did so, "Don't let me disturb you,—I only came to look for my eye-glass, which I think I must have dropped."—"I see it, sir," said I, springing forward, and picking it up; "how lucky none of us happened to tread on it and break it!"—"Thank you, Fairleigh, it is an old friend, and I should have been sorry to have any harm happen to it," replied he, as he turned to leave the room, without having once raised his eyes from the ground. Coleman, who up to this moment had considered a discovery inevitable, gave me a sign to open the door, and, believing the danger over, was proceeding to relieve his feelings by making a hideous face at his retiring tutor, when the bookcase, affected no doubt by the additional weight placed upon it, suddenly gave a loud crack. "Bless my heart," said Dr. Mildman, looking up in alarm, "what's that! (gracious me!)" continued he, starting back as his eyes encountered Coleman, "there's something alive up there! why it's—eh!" continued he, levelling his newly-restored eye-glass at the object of his alarm; "yes, it certainly *is* Coleman; pray, sir, is it usually your 'custom of an afternoon,' as Shakespeare has it, to sit perched up there cross-legged, like a Chinese mandarin: it's a very singular taste."—"Why, sir," replied Coleman, for once completely taken aback, "you see I didn't—that is, I wasn't—I mean, if I had—I shouldn't."—"Hum," resumed Dr. Mildman, with whom he was rather a favourite, and who, now that he had satisfied himself it was not some wild animal he had to deal with, was evidently amused by Coleman's embarrassment, "that sentence of yours is not particularly clear or explanatory; but," continued he, as a new idea occurred to him, "how in the world did you get up there? you must have flown." "I didn't get up, I was—that is he—" stammered Coleman, remembering just in time that he could not explain without involving Oaklands. "And how are you ever to get down again?" said Dr. Mildman.

"Has the pretty bird flown yet?" cried Oaklands, hastily entering the room; when, observing the addition the party had received during his absence, he started back, murmuring in an under tone "the old gentleman, by Jove!" Quickly recovering himself, however, he sprang upon a chair, and seizing Coleman in his arms, whisked him down with more haste than ceremony; and going up to Dr. Mildman, said respectfully, "that was a bit of folly of mine, sir; I put him up there; I merely did it for a joke, and I hadn't an idea you would come in and find him."

"Never mind," replied Dr. Mildman, good-naturedly, "as you have contrived to get him down again safely, there is no harm done." Adding as he left the room, "that young man is as strong as Hercules. I hope he'll never take it into his head to pop me up any where, for I am sure he could do it if he chose."

In the course of my walk that afternoon, I called at the billiard rooms in F— Street, in order to pay Oaklands' subscription. On inquiring for Mr. Johnson, the proprietor, I was told that he was engaged at present, but that if I did not mind waiting for a few minutes, he would be able to attend to me. To this I agreed, and was shown into a small room down stairs, which, from its sanded floor, and a strong odour of stale tobacco which pervaded it, was apparently used as a smoking-room. It opened into what seemed to be a rather spacious apartment, from which it was divided by a glass half-door, across the lower panes of which hung a green blind: this door, on my entrance, was standing slightly ajar. The day being cold, there was a bright fire burning on the hearth; near this I seated myself, and, seduced by its drowsy influence, fell into a kind of trance, in which, between sleeping and waking, my mind wandered away to a far different scene, among well-known forms and familiar faces, that had been strangers to me now for many a long day. From this day-dream I was aroused by sounds proceeding from the adjoining apartment; which, as I became more thoroughly awake, resolved themselves into the voices of two persons apparently engaged in angry colloquy. "I tell you," said a gruff voice, which somehow seemed familiar to me, "I tell you it is the only chance for you; you must contrive to bring him here again, and that without loss of time." "Must I again repeat that the thing is impossible?" was the reply, in tones I knew but too well; "utterly impossible; when once his mind is made up, and he takes the trouble to exert himself, he is immovable; nothing can shake his determination." "And is this your boasted skill and management?" rejoined the first speaker; "how comes it, pray, that this over-grown child, who seemed the other day to be held as nicely in leading-strings as need be,—this raw boy, whose hot-headedness, simplicity, and indolence rendered him as easy a pigeon to pluck as one could desire;—how comes it, I say, that he has taken alarm in this sudden manner, so as to refuse to come here any more? you've bungled this most shamefully, sir, and must take the consequences." "That's just the point I cannot make out," replied the second speaker, who, as the reader has probably discovered, was no other than Cumberland; "it's easy enough for you to lay it all to my mismanagement, Captain Spicer, but I tell you it is no such thing; did not I accommodate my play to his, always appearing to win by some accident, so that the fool actually believed he was the best player, while he was losing from 20*l.* to 30*l.* a day? Didn't I excite him, and lead him on by a mixture of flattery and defiance, so that he often fancied he was persuading me to play against my will, and was so ready to bet that I might have won three times what I have of him, if you had not advised me to go on quietly, and by degrees? Did not you refuse when I wished you to take him in hand yourself, because you said I understood him best, and managed him admirably? No, I believe that detestable young Fairleigh is at the bottom of it: I observed him watching me with that calm, steadfast glance of his, that I hated him from the first moment I saw him, and I felt certain some mischief would arise from it." "Yes!" replied Spicer, "that was your fault too, why did you let the other bring him? every fool knows that lookers-on see most of the game." "I was afraid to say much against it, lest Oaklands should suspect anything," rejoined Cumberland, "but I wish to Heaven I had now; I might have been sure no good would come of it—that boy is my evil genius." "I have no time for talking about geniuses, and such confounded stuff," observed Spicer, angrily, "so now to business, Mr. Cumberland: you are aware you owe me 200*l.* I presume?" Cumberland grumbled out an unwilling assent, to which he appended a muttered remark not exactly calculated to enhance the Captain's future comfort. "Like a good-natured fool," continued Spicer, "I agreed to wait for my money till you had done what you could with this Mr. Oaklands." "For which for-

bearance you were to receive 50*l.* extra, besides anything you could make out of him by private bets," put in Cumberland. "Of course I was not going to wait all that time for my money for nothing," was the reply; "you have only as yet paid me 50*l.* You tell me you can't persuade Oaklands to play again, so there's nothing more to be got from that quarter, consequently nothing more to wait for; I must trouble you, therefore, to pay me the 200*l.* at once—for, to be plain with you, it won't do for me to remain here any longer,—the air does not agree with me." "And where on earth am I to get 200*l.* at a minute's notice?" said Cumberland: "you are as well aware the thing is impossible as I am." "I am aware of this, sir," replied the Captain, with an oath, "that I'll have my money; aye, and this very day too, or I'll expose you,—curse me if I don't. I know your uncle's address: yes! you may well turn pale, and gnaw your lip—other people can plot and scheme as well as yourself: if I'm not paid before I leave this place, and that will be by to-night's mail, your uncle shall be told that his nephew is an insolvent gambler; and the old tutor, the Rev. Dr. Mildman, shall have a hint that his head pupil is little better than a blackleg." "Now listen to me, Spicer," said Cumberland quietly, "I know you might do what you have threatened, and that to me it would be neither more nor less than ruin, but—and this is the real question, pray what possible advantage (save calling people's attention to the share, a pretty large one, you have had in making me what I am) would it be to you?" "To me, sir! Eh! why, what do you mean, sir? your uncle is a man of honour, and of course as such would pay his nephew's debts for him,—more particularly when he knows that if he refuses to do so, that nephew will be sent to jail; yes, to jail, sir." "There; blustering is of no use with me, so you may save yourself that trouble, Captain," replied Cumberland; "as to sending me to jail, that is absurd; you can't arrest a minor for debt, and I shall not be of age these two years. My uncle is, as you say, what is called a man of honour, but he is not one of those over-scrupulous fools who will pay any demand, however dishonest and unreasonable, rather than tarnish the family honour, forsooth! No! he will pay what the law compels him, and not a farthing more. I leave you to decide whether the law is likely to be of much use to you in the present case. Now listen to me; though you cannot obtain the money by the means you proposed, you can, as I said before, do me serious injury; therefore, if for no other reason but to stop your mouth, I would pay you the whole if I could, but I have not the power of doing so at present. What I propose then, is this—Oaklands will pay me in a day or two 100*l.*; this I will hand over to you at once, and will give you a written promise to pay you the rest in the course of the next six months; for, before that time I must raise money somehow, even if I have to sell every farthing I expect to come into, to the Jews, in order to do it." "Won't do," was the reply; "the ready isn't enough; I must leave this country in a day or two, and I must have money to take with me; come, 150*l.* down, and I'll let you off the other 50*l.*" "It's impossible, I can get no other money yet, excepting the sum Oaklands is to pay me." "Yes! and how the Devil am I to be sure he will pay you directly; I'm pretty certain the fool's hard up himself; he hasn't paid cash for a month past." "If that's all you are afraid of, I can soon convince you to the contrary; here's a letter to his father's banker, which I am going to put into the post directly, with a cheque for 300*l.* in it; there, hold it up to the light, and you will see the figures yourself." "By Jove! so it is," exclaimed Spicer. "I say, Cumberland," he continued, and then the voices sunk almost into a whisper, so that I could not catch more than a word here and there, but by the tone I judged that the Captain was making some proposition, which Cumberland refused to agree to. At length I heard the former say "50*l.* down, and a receipt in full"—Cumberland's reply was inaudible, but when the Captain spoke again, I

caught the following words—"not the slightest risk, only you do as I say, and"—At this moment the outer door of the room in which I was sitting opened, while the one communicating with the other apartment was violently slammed to, from the farther side, and I heard no more.

The new comer was a little slipshod girl in dirty curl-papers, who informed me that her master was sorry he could not see me that day as he was particularly engaged, but if I would do him the favour of calling to-morrow, at the same hour, he should be at leisure, &c.—To this I answered something, I scarcely knew what, and seizing my hat, rushed out at the front-door, to the great astonishment of the curl-papered damsel, who cast an anxious glance at the pegs in the hall, ere she could convince herself that I had not departed with more hats and coats than legitimately belonged to me.

DANGERS OF THE POLAR SEAS.

ON a dark stormy night in the month of August, 1837, a ship was sailing heavily through the troubled waters of the Atlantic. The clanging of the pumps was heard on board, and both men and officers seemed exhausted with fatigue. They were, indeed, pumping for their lives, and with all their exertions it seemed impossible to keep the ship afloat: the water was pouring in in cascades; the gale was gradually increasing in fury, strengthened by squalls, which raised a long breaking sea, in which the ship plunged heavily. She was hourly getting more water-logged; the straining and creaking of her whole frame—her prolonged dull roll to windward—everything seemed to show that the ship must be lost. Shortly after midnight, the first lieutenant entered the captain's cabin with the fearful intelligence that the ship was sinking, the crew being no longer able to keep under the leaks. The boats were ordered out, but the men resolved to make another trial, and, exhausted as they were, the pumps were worked with fresh vigour. The ship still struggled on, crazy and water-logged, but the gale abated, and the wind was favourable. Crowding every stitch of canvass, the joyful cry of "Land" was, at length, heard from the mast-head. It was late at night before they reached it; rockets and guns were fired for the purpose of obtaining a pilot, but no one came; therefore, trusting to the soundings, they glided silently on, and at midnight anchored safely in Lough Swilly.

Fifteen long months had elapsed since the pleasing sound of a falling anchor had greeted the ears of that crew, and, in reflecting on all that had passed in the interval, they could not but feel devoutly grateful for the mercy which had been vouchsafed them; and how much was that feeling increased when the wind suddenly changed, and blew a gale off shore, which, but a few hours earlier, must have driven them back to sea, and terminated their labours in a watery grave.

As the ship was gradually sinking, it was run ashore on a small sandy beach. It was found, at low water, that upwards of twenty feet of the keel, together with ten feet of the stern-post, were driven over more than three and a half feet on one side, leaving a frightful opening astern for the free ingress of the water. When the generally shattered state of the ship was seen, every one on board expressed astonishment that she had ever floated across the Atlantic.

The numerous and extensive injuries which this ship had received were not from the shot of an enemy, for she was engaged on one of those services which are far more honourable, glorious, and beneficial to man than war: she had been sent to explore the shores of the Arctic sea, and to connect the discoveries of those distinguished arctic explorers, Parry, Franklin, Back, and others; but while yet out in the open sea, she was arrested in her course by a premature winter, wedged up by massive ice for nine whole months, subjected to the repeated battering assaults of solid waves of ice; and when, at length, her icy chains dissolved, she was found to be in the battered condition already described, and forced to return without having accomplished the objects of her expedition. And yet the captain and his brave associates achieved what none perhaps but British seamen could have done: they succeeded, under the Divine protection and blessing, in saving the ship and their own lives, which, with less faith, less courage and determined resolution, could never have been done.

In the year 1836, the Royal Geographical Society recommended this voyage of discovery to the Colonial Secretary, and the Admiralty supplied a ship, the *Terror*, under the command of CAPTAIN BACK, with instructions to proceed to Wager River or Repulse Bay, where, leaving the ship under the care of an officer, he was to proceed with a large party across the intervening land to the eastern shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, sending one party to the north as far as the Fury and Hecla strait, and the other to pursue the continental coast line to the mouth or estuary of Back's River, and its continuation as far as the point Turnagain of Franklin. In the instructions it was stated to be their Lordships' full belief that all the service detailed might be fully and faithfully performed in the course of one season, and "that this Arctic expedition may be distinguished from all others by the promptitude of its execution, and by escaping from the gloomy and unprofitable waste of eight months' detention: it is therefore our distinct orders that every effort shall be made to return to England in the fall of this year." It will be seen in the course of the following details how true is the old proverb—"Man proposes, God disposes."

On the 14th June, 1836, the *Terror* left Chatham, and on the 28th July crossed Davies' Strait. Having passed Resolution Island, with its dense fogs and its whirlpools, tossing about masses of ice, sweeping the ship among them, and rendering her unmanageable, they came to the Savage Islands, and here their difficulties may be said fairly to have commenced. The navigation of Hudson's Strait was difficult on account of contrary winds and ice: the drift ice was very heavy, and difficult to steer clear of; and often, in spite of all their care, the ship would drive on the immense masses with a concussion that made all the bells ring, and almost threw those below from their chairs.

On the 14th August they arrived close upon Salisbury Island, the place where Back's instructions pointed out the two routes for his choice; and he decided upon that which led in a north-west direction through the Frozen Strait. On the 18th the ice became so close that there was no room to work the ship. Some experienced seamen, who had been in the Greenland trade, declared they had never beheld such heavy ice. It seemed to consist of numerous floes wedged together, the whole surface

so ragged and piled up, that the height of the ridges frequently exceeded fifteen feet; and no human being could have travelled far over it. To those unaccustomed to polar navigation, the prospect was most discouraging, all progress in this direction being apparently stopped; but the more experienced looked forward to a change of wind, tide, or current, or some of those unaccountable circumstances which in a few hours, even of entire calm, create so sudden and marvellous a change in an icy sea. Accordingly, about midnight, some large pieces of ice were observed to be drifting away, and in the course of a few hours a path was opened through what seemed to be an impenetrable barrier. They made, however, but slow progress, constantly struggling with the ice, tacking continually to weather, or to avoid, the floes, and longing for a favourable breeze. The land shone blue from the distance, and beautifully soft, as contrasted with the white cold glare of the intermediate ice around, reflecting, by the setting sun, the tints of the intervening masses thrown into the most picturesque groups and forms; spires, turrets, and pyramids, many in deep shape, presented, altogether, a scene sufficient for a time to cheat the imagination, and withdraw the mind from the cheerless reality of the actual situation.

The ship lay becalmed during several days, but, at length, a wind arose which broke up the cemented masses of ice, and disentangled the ship. It now became evident that the great body of ice of the previous winter had not been broken up, and that season with the accumulations of the following having been detached from its bonds by the storms of spring, it had been driven, probably, by the combined action of wind and current, from the bays and harbours of the north, to the place where the ship was so impeded by it. On the evening of the 13th September the Cape Comfort of Baffin was seen. The next day the wind came, but it was from the adverse quarter, and had a direful effect on the shore ice, in which the ship was imbedded, the force being so great that what was not crushed was raised up to various heights; one ponderous mass, with several peaks, being lifted upwards of twenty feet. The ship, severely nipped, went on drifting with the ice to the shore, the soft blue tint of which had now exchanged, on a near approach, to black frowning masses of inaccessible rock. "At this time," says Captain Back, "we appeared to be not more than four miles from the land, which was broken into exposed bays, utterly without shelter from the north, and blocked up with close packed ice. Not a pool of water was visible in any direction: to the mercy of Providence alone could we look for rescue from our perilous situation. None but those who have experienced it can judge of the weariness of heart, the blank of feeling, the feverish sickliness of taste, which gets the better of the whole man under circumstances such as these. Not an incident occurred to relieve, for a moment, the dull monotony of our unprofitable detention."

Thus delayed almost within sight of port, the season for active operations slipping away, the ship was held still within sight of the same land, "as if it were in the grasp of a giant;" and thus it was destined to be held from this time for eight or ten months to come. Well might Back speak of the name of this Cape as being "most inappropriate;" for, instead of "Comfort," it inspired daily, nay hourly, dread that the ship would be forced ashore.

During the whole of September the ship was whirled about, backwards and forwards, as the wind, or the current, or the tide directed, all command over her being lost. Under these circumstances, it was the opinion of all the officers that any attempt to reach Repulse Bay would be hopeless, and they suggested certain precautions, in the event of the ship breaking up under the enormous pressure to which she was subjected. Some idea of this pressure may be formed from the fact, that in the walls of ice on either side of her, her mould was stamped as perfectly as in a die.

As there was now no chance of escape for eight or nine months to come, it was determined to cut a dock in a large floe of ice, so that the ship might be protected by it, as long as the floe held together. Just as this plan was about to be carried into execution, a commotion took place which separated the whole body of ice into single masses, tossed into heaps, or ground to powder, whatever interrupted its course, and finally drove the whole up the Frozen Strait. Other masses, however, succeeded, which hemmed the ship in, and thus both she and they drifted about, often with secure bays and harbours apparently within reach, and still obliged to be prepared for being wrecked. Of course, every attempt to cut a channel through the ice into some bay or harbour would have been vain, on account of the ice not presenting a flat surface, but heaped masses, which filled up every opening as fast as it was made. To add to the discomfort of their situation, the warming apparatus, which ought to have raised the interior of the ship to a comfortable temperature, miserably failed, so that they were reduced to two or three common fires.

The ice continued to be in motion up to the 20th November, but the floe, into which the ship was frozen, remained tolerably secure. Snow walls and galleries were built in different directions from the ship, which, being destined for the comfort of all, were cheerfully undertaken.

On the 22d December a furious storm arose, such that no man could face it. Several, who endeavoured to perform some duty outside the ship, were instantly frost bitten and obliged to return. The officer of the watch in merely going from the housing to the taffrail to register the thermometers, had the whole of his face frozen. Not that the temperature was so low as it had been a few days before, for it was then 53° below zero, and on this occasion only 30° below zero, but the wind extracted the heat with a rapidity beyond endurance, so that a short exposure to it would have been fatal to the hardiest. The storm raged like a hurricane, and covered the ship with snow-drift. The topmasts shook like wands, and the lee rigging was forced out like a bow. As the wind blew directly off shore there was great cause for apprehension as to the holding together of the floe. On the 24th the storm abated, and they then discovered that they had actually been driven out towards Frozen Strait, twelve or fourteen miles to the east of Cape Comfort.

As the sailors had abundance of spare time on their hands, an evening school was instituted under the superintendence of Lieut. Smyth, and occasionally visited by Capt. Back. The example of Parry was also not forgotten in contriving amusements for the men; plays were occasionally acted by the officers; foot-ball was played upon the level surface of the floe when the weather permitted; and a swing was hung from the bowsprit. The festivities

of Christmas-day were not forgotten; and New-year's-day was duly ushered in by sound of bell. Still, however, the situation of the ship caused much anxiety, and anxiety fosters disease. The scurvy made its appearance, and this was thought to be aggravated by the fetid and impure atmosphere that lurked in the lower parts of the deck; and the difference of temperature, which frequently amounted to 110°, between the outside and the inside of the ship.

The floe, which had hitherto served to give some security to the ship, as well as a place of exercise for the men, at length began to crack and to open rents, thereby giving freedom to large masses of ice, yellow and brown with age, which darted to the surface, looking like unsightly blotches on the pale features of the general scene. On the 17th February, an alarm was given that the floe was breaking up alongside, and, in fact, a rent opened from the stern of the ship to the edge of the floe, and another from the bow to the east brink. Gaping rents were made in the snow walls about the ship; a crashing, grinding, and rushing noise was heard beneath, as well as at the borders of the floe, and fresh cracks opened in it. The ship creaked in her beams and timbers, and at day-light, to the dismay of all, an advancing rampart of ice, about thirty feet in height, of a semicircular form, was seen rolling to seaward, in one vast body. All around, enormous calves of ice escaped from confinement, and, being tossed up in irregular positions, looked like so many engines of destruction. But, just when the danger seemed greatest, the tumult suddenly ceased; and it was fortunate that it did so, for the ice was so splintered and jagged, that to put a boat upon it was out of the question; nor could it be made, even for an hour, a depository of provisions, full as it was of cracks and small holes opening every instant: nothing could have been conveyed to land, now about seven miles distant, and no one, probably, could have reached it, even without incumbrance.

The broken arches of the snow galleries, the shattered snow walls, the cracks in the floe, and the vast mounds of ice and snow, called to mind the scene which must follow upon an earthquake; and when the ice actually separated, some of the galleries floating in the water looked like tunnels. To be at freedom to move would, two months later, have been the summit of their wishes, but it now only mocked them with hopes that could not be realized, while it involved immediate peril. The ice returned with accumulated force, making the ship crack fore and aft, with a hideous noise. Capt. Back says that his cabin-door could not be forced open without difficulty, and was split in the pressure. The people, in alarm, crowded upon deck, and even the poor sick came tottering aft, in an agony of terror. Providentially the ship, instead of yielding to the pressure and cracking like a walnut, was forced up, so that the opposing ice either passed under her, or was wedged against the large masses at either extremity. Capt. Back remarks that, though he had seen vast bodies of ice from Spitzbergen, to 150° W. lon., under various aspects, some beautiful, and all more or less awe-imposing, he had never witnessed, nor even imagined, anything so fearfully magnificent as the moving towers and ramparts that now frowned on every side. The innermost fragments of the floe, every now and then, closed upon the defenceless vessel with a force that made every

plank complain. The night was fine, but the vapour which arose from the numerous cracks, quickly became converted into small spiculæ of snow, rendering the cold intolerably keen to those who had to face the wind.

Under these trying circumstances, the crew were exhorted to implicit obedience to orders, as well as kind and compassionate help to the sick. Fresh articles of warm clothing were distributed, and, as the moment of the destruction of the ship was uncertain, the bags in which those articles were contained were placed on deck with the provisions, to be ready on the instant. Bales of blankets, bearskins, and pyroligenous ether for fuel, were got out, together with whatever might be necessary if the ship should suddenly break up.

The ship thus continued to be assailed by ponderous waves of ice, and the intervals of repose were but short. At ten o'clock P.M. on the 1st March, several sudden jerks were heard, and an hour after a general rumbling, after which all became still. The conflict was apparently ended, when, suddenly, the vast bodies in contact with, and immediately surrounding, the ship, became fearfully agitated, rising up in grinding conflict, piece thrown over piece, until the ponderous walls tumbled over with a hideous compound of such sounds as are expressed by the words screeching, howling, and whining. Such was the violence of the pressure that the ship was lifted up abaft, and both hull and rigging trembled violently. Another pause ensued; the mist cleared away and revealed the magnificence of a polar sky; a faint gleam of aurora was playing near the zenith, and so beautiful and hushed was everything, that nature seemed, as it were, in a trance. But scarcely had the idea flitted across the mind when the war burst out again with redoubled fury, and huge fragments and masses seemed to be rolling down upon the ship with an impetuosity that threatened immediate destruction. Repose was impossible; many started from their beds, preferring to see, as well as hear, the danger. The current rushed irresistibly to the stern, and, taking the hull fore and aft, forced a complete stream of ice under the bottom, lifting the after part still higher up than before. At length, the ship became so completely hampered by ice underneath, that the remainder of the floe, on either side, moved about eight or ten feet a-head, leaving the ship fixed in the midst, and wedged up in every direction. As day-light broke, the havoc was more clearly perceived, and a wild scene of confusion it was. The men were employed in making small sledges, and arrangements were made for whatever might happen.

These attacks were now continued almost every night. On the 7th of March there commenced a series of strange and unaccountable convulsions, which must have proved fatal to any less strongly fortified ship. The northerly breezes which had brought the ice down for more than 360 miles, had fallen calm: a light westerly wind now prevailed, but some ominous rushing sounds were heard which gradually drew nearer as the flood made its way, either under the compact bodies that withstood the shock, or along the cracks and openings, where it gained a furious velocity, to which every thing seemed to yield. It happened that there were several of these around the ship, and, when they opened on it like so many conduits pouring their contents to a common centre, the concussion was absolutely appalling, rending the lining and bulk-heads in every

part, loosening some wooden props so that the slightest effort would have thrown them down, and compressing others with such force as to make the turpentine ooze out of them. At the same time the pressure was going on from the larboard side, where the three heaviest parts of the ruin of the floe remained, and after much splitting and cracking, accompanied by sounds like the explosion of cannon, the ship rose fore and aft, and heeled over about 10° to starboard, partly drawing the ship's bolts, and loosening the trenails.

So repeated were these assaults, that on examining the ship, considerable doubt existed whether she would be sea-worthy when the ice should slacken off to let her down to her bearings. The carpenter did what he could in stopping leaks, and otherwise repairing and strengthening the ship; and the officers agreed that, in the event of a wreck, a light boat with provisions should be landed to serve as a last resource, to communicate with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The advancing season, however, was beginning to work a favourable change; many of the huge hummocks which had kept company with the ship during the whole of the winter, and had weathered out every gale, had floated away, taking with them large portions of the surrounding ice. Birds began to be seen about the ship, and, on the 1st of April, it was gratifying to observe such decided symptoms of returning warmth as were afforded by water dripping and running along the decks.

Still, however, the ship was subject to the heavy and repeated assaults of the ice, one of the most fearful of which occurred on the 10th of April. At seven o'clock P.M. a noise was heard along the ice, about a mile to the west of the ship, and soon the breeze brought down the whole western body with irresistible force, suddenly assailing the floe pieces, grinding and ploughing up the edges. There were frequent pauses, not unlike the silence which succeeds a heavy crash of thunder; but, suddenly, on it came again, with a deafening roar, destroying every thing in its furious course.

"Wherever our eyes were turned, they were met by rising waves of ice rolling their burdens towards the ship. One in particular not more than thirty paces away had reared itself at least thirty feet on our inner floe-piece, which, strong as it was, gave way under the accumulated weight, and a mass of several tons being thus upturned, and added to the original bulk, the whole bore down slowly upon our quarter. The ship herself was high out of the water on the ice, but this overtopped her like a tower." The ship, unable to right herself, began to complain, and the scene became every moment more dark and threatening. Again preparations were made for a wreck, but circumstances were now even more discouraging than on former occasions. The large pieces of ice around, any one of which would have held the boats, provisions, &c., now no longer remained; the ship was surrounded by crushed and broken ice, presenting a multitude of angular and irregular surfaces, but none fit to trust a boat on, still less a human being: at the same time, every piece being in motion, it would have been impossible to have reached the land. "Knowing this, and feeling acutely for the many beings entrusted to my charge, it may be conceived with what intense anxiety I listened to the crashing and grinding around. The strength of the ship, tried and shaken as it had already been, could hardly be

expected to withstand the overwhelming power opposed to it, and what the result of that night might have been it is impossible to say, and painful to contemplate, had not an overruling Providence mercifully averted the crisis, by suddenly, and at the moment of greatest peril, arresting the tumult. In less time than it could be spoken, there was the stillness of death, and we were saved. The watch was called, the crew dismissed; and I trust that none that night laid his head on his pillow without offering up a devout thanksgiving for the mercy which had been vouchsafed him."

This was, happily, the last attack of this kind: the months of May and June rolled away with tedious uniformity, and still the ship was unable to move. Ice-saws had hitherto been useless on account of the thickness of the masses they had to contend with, varying often from thirty to fifty feet: but in July an attempt was made to cut away the remaining portion of the floe by joining two ice-saws so as to make one of the length of thirty feet. The work was continued with vigour during several days, when, on the 11th, a loud rumbling sound announced that the ship had broken her icy bonds, and was sliding gently down into her own element. "I ran instantly on deck, and joined in the cheers of the officers and men, who dispersed on different pieces of ice took this significant mode of expressing their feelings. It was a sight not to be forgotten. Standing on the taffrail, I saw the dark bubbling water below, and enormous masses of ice gently vibrating, and springing to the surface; the first lieutenant was just climbing over the stern, while other groups were standing apart, separated by this new gulf, and the spars, together with the working implements, were resting half in the water, half in the ice, whilst the saw, the instrument whereby this sudden effect had been produced, was bent double, and in that position forcibly detained by the body it had severed."

But the poor *Terror* was not yet free: her keel and the lower parts of the hull were still firmly imbedded in solid ice on both sides, though chiefly on the starboard, where a heavy fragment of the old floe still adhered. By means of ice anchors and the capstan the mass was splintered and separated into three pieces, two of which fell away, when, to the astonishment of all, the ship turned over on her side: "Then it was we beheld the strange and appalling spectacle of what may be fitly termed a submerged berg fixed low down, with one end to the ship's side, while the other, with the purchase of a long lever advantageously placed at a right angle with the keel, was slowly rising towards the surface. Meanwhile, those who happened to be below, finding everything falling, rushed or clambered on deck, where they saw the ship on her beam ends, with the lee boats touching the water, and felt that a few moments only trembled between them and eternity." Yet, in that awful crisis, there was no confusion, "the sails were clewed up and lowered; fresh men from former crews were stationed in the boats which again were rather unhooked than lowered; and with a promptitude and presence of mind which I shall ever remember with admiration, the whole were provisioned and filled with arms, ammunition, and clothing, and veered astern clear of all danger. The pumps were never quit, and though expecting that the ship might capsize, yet the question of, 'Does the leak gain on us?' was asked, and when answered in the nega-

tive, there was still a manifestation of hope. Our fate, however, yet hung in suspense, for not in the smallest degree did the ship right; happily for us there was a dead calm, which permitted us to examine the berg." This proved to be four fathoms thick in the part where it could be got at, and along this it was determined to cut, if, providentially, time should be spared for the operation. The men, assisted by the officers, worked night and day, with such success, that at length the ponderous mass broke off, and the good ship was once more in her own element, and subject to the will of man.

"Having unloaded and hoisted up the boats, the termination, as we hoped, of our weary anxieties was celebrated by the distribution of a little grog to the crew, who, after three cheers, which they requested permission to give to myself and the officers, the fine fellows were sent to their hammocks."

Captain Back still hoped to be able to attain the objects of the expedition, but the enfeebled health of the crew, and the crazy, broken, and leaky condition of the ship, left him no choice; therefore, after consulting the officers, he assembled the crew on the quarter deck, and told them they were about to proceed home. "It may well be pardoned, then, that their countenances brightened at the intelligence, and their feelings were manifested by three hearty cheers."

The ship continued to sail slowly among loose masses of ice, and did not escape them till the beginning of August. The change was marked by a peculiar gloom of a leaden grey tinge, the effect of a dark sky on open water, which seemed unusually dull and heavy to eyes inured to a twelve months' glare of Polar ice. "But it had not power to damp the joy that beamed on every countenance at the long wished for liberation that now quickly broke upon us. Our invalids became animated; and even the few who were seriously affected, and had long worn the sallow livery of disease, raised their feeble frames from their beds, and, with a smile, once more thought of home."

All honour to Captain Back and his brave associates! Their conduct was worthy of British seamen: they saved their ship, and earned the admiration and gratitude of their country. Captain Back received the honour of knighthood, and several of his officers were promoted.

The good ship *Terror* has also survived all her troubles. She has made a three or four years' acquaintance with the ice of the Antarctic ocean, and is now with Sir John Franklin once more in the Polar Seas.

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

June 7.—Trinity Sunday. (1846.)

This festival is observed by the Anglican and Roman churches, on the Sunday next following Pentecost, or Whitsuntide. It was not established at Rome nor in France till the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

OLD CUSTOM.

In a letter to Mr. Aubrey, dated Ascension Day, 1682, and published in *Curl's Miscellanies*, 1714, is an account of the following ceremonies performed at Newton, North Wiltshire, to perpetuate the memory of the donation of a common to that place, by King Athelstan, and of a house for the hayward, i. e. the person who looked after the beasts that fed upon this common. Upon every Trinity Sunday, the parishioners being

come to the door of the hayward's house, the door was struck thrice, in honour of the Holy Trinity. They then entered, and the bell was rung, after which, silence being ordered, certain prayers were offered. Then was a garland of flowers "made upon an hoop," brought forth by a maiden of the town upon her neck, and a young man, a bachelor, of another parish, saluted her thrice, "in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father." Then she placed the garland upon his neck, and kissed him three times "in honour of the Trinity, particularly God the Son." He next replaced the garland on her neck, and repeated the triple salutation, "in respect of the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost." Then he took the garland from her neck, and gave her a penny at least. "The method of giving the garland was from house to house annually, till it came round; in the evening every commoner sent his supper to this house, which is called the Bale-house and having before laid in there equally a stock of malt, they supped together, and what was left was given to the poor."

June 8.—We learn from Blount's "Jocular Tenures," that it is customary at Kidlington, Oxfordshire, on Monday after Whitsun week, (which in the current year falls on the above day of June,) to provide a fat live lamb, "and the maids of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, run after it, and she that with her mouth takes and holds the lamb is declared *Lady of the lamb*, which being dressed, with the skin hanging on, is carried on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music and a moresco dance of men, and another of women, where the rest of the day is spent in dancing, mirth and merry glee. The next day the lamb is part baked, boiled, or roast, for the lady's feast, where she sits majestically at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her, with music and other attendants, which ends the solemnity."

June 14.—Corpus Christi Day. (1846.)

The institution of the Holy Eucharist was formerly celebrated with solemn thanksgiving to the Divine goodness on Maunday Thursday, in Holy Week; but that season being mostly occupied in commemorating the sufferings of Christ, a proper festival was appointed in honour of this great mystery. Pope Urban IV., in 1264, fixed it on the Thursday after the octave of Whit-Sunday, commanding it to be observed over the whole Church with a solemnity equal to the four great festivals of the year. In Roman Catholic countries the Host is on this day carried on under a splendid canopy in grand procession. The streets of populous cities are made fragrant with odoriferous shrubs, while the eye is refreshed with leaves and garlands, and mingled rain of herbs and flowers; and every domestic heir-loom of rare and costly device is brought forth to hall the passage of the blessed Sacrament.

The author of the "Popish Kingdom" gives the following account of the ceremonies of this day, in England, prior to the Reformation.

"Then doth ensue the solemn feast of Corpus Christi Day, Who, then, can shew their wicked use, and fond and foolish play? The hallowed bread, with worship great, in silver pix they bear About the church, or in the city passing here and there; His arms that bears the same two of the wealthiest men do hold, And over him a canopy of silk or cloth of gold Four others used to bear aloft, lest that some filthly thing Should fall from high, or some mad bird her dung thereon should fling.

CHRIST's Passion here derided is with sumptuous masks and plays, Fair Ursley, with her maidens all, doth pass amid the ways; And valiant George, with spear thou killest the dreadful dragon here; The devil's house is drawn about, wherein there doth appear A wondrous sort of damned sprites, with foul and fearful look; Great Christopher doth wade and pass with CHRIST amid the brook:

Sebastian, full of feathered shafts, the dint of dart doth feel,
There walketh Kathren, with her sword in hand and cruel wheel;
The chalice and the singing cake with Barbara is led,
And sundry other pageants played in worship of this Bread,
That please the foolish people well: what should I stand upon
Their banners, crosses, candlesticks, and relics many, on
Their cups and carved images, that priests with count'nance high,
Or rude or common people, bear about full solemnly?
Saint John before the Bread doth go, and pointing towards him,
Doth show the Lamb to be the same that takes away our sin:
On whom two clad in angels' shape do sundry flowers fling;
A number great with sacring bells with pleasant sound do ring;
The common ways with boughs are strewn, and every street
beside,
And to the walls and windows all are boughs and branches tied.

In villages the husbandmen about their corn do ride,
With many crosses, banners, and Sir John, their priest, beside;
Who in a bag about his neck doth bear the blessed Bread,
And oftentimes he down alights, and Gospel loud doth read."

The religious plays alluded to in the foregoing lines have been already referred to. Corpus CHRISTI Day is still celebrated in London, by the Worshipful Company of Skinners, who (attended by a number of boys, which they have in CHRIST'S Hospital School, and girls strewing herbs before them) walk in procession on the morning of this festival from their hall on Dowgate-hill, to the Church of St. Antholin's, in Watling-street, to hear service. This custom has been observed time out of mind.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

LINES ON A RUINED CHURCH.

W. T. V.

WHAT though no voice disturbs this roofless aisle,
Nor human footsteps mark the mouldering pile,
Its wasted shafts and columns worn and rent
Shall of oblivion be a fading monument.
Creeps now grey moss where gilded cornice shone;
And where the hymn, with circling incense, rose,
Croaks the dull raven to the winds' low moan,
Through leaves that fold this wreck in their repose.
Yet to the musing mourner thou shalt be
A mourner too, of glory gone, while he
Leans on thy shattered walls, and drops a tear
O'er the lost hopes of many a happy year,
Till loitering long, he treads his tear-wet way,
Nor sees the twilight come though daylight fades away.

"THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR."

"My charger stands saddled—my comrades are gone—
They call me to follow where glory is won;
'Tis mine to be foremost in danger's career,
So give me thy blessing, and spare me that tear."

"My son, though this heart is now widowed and old,
'Tis thy country that summons, I will not withhold;
My blessing thou hast—mid the strife of the field
Be the GOD of our fathers thy guardian and shield!"

"Then fare thee well, mother, and banish thy fears,
I'll play a man's part, though a stripling in years;
My armour, now burnish'd and silvery bright,
In the blood of the foe shall be gilded ere night."

He springs on his charger, his spurs in his side—
He's off in the strength of his manhood and pride—
From the causeway the hoofs of his war-steed strike fire,
And hope in his bosom burns higher and higher.

The battle is over, and hushed is the strife,
But where's he who entered it buoyant with life?
'Mid yon heap of carnage that festers the skies,
Go seek him—a prey to the raven he lies!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION ON THE PHYSICAL FRAME.

MANY years ago, a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effects of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his propositions. To this end, he begged the Minister of Justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our *savant* sought the culprit, and thus addressed him:—"Sir, several persons who are interested in your family, have prevailed on the judge not to require of you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has therefore commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being bled to death within the precincts of your prison; your dissolution will be gradual, and free from pain."

The criminal submitted to his fate; thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favour not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged; he was strapped to a table; and, at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pen. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water, so contrived, as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient believing that it was his blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak; and the conversation of the doctors in an undertone, confirmed him in this opinion.

"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time."

"Hush!" said the other: then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "How many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"

"Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state."

The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was also gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died without having lost a drop of blood.

To die both young and good are Nature's curses,
As the world says; ask Truth, they are bounteous blessings;
For then we reach at heaven in our full virtues,
And fix ourselves new stars, crown'd with our goodness.
Fletcher.

** The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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See page 127.

THE PICTURE OF A PERIOD.

FREQUENTLY, about the commencement of the present century, the reports of the French having invaded, or being on the eve of invading, the country, resounded through the land, and agitated the people in an unprecedented degree. Not only did these alarms reach persons at the head of affairs, or who possessed the best means of ascertaining their truth and the magnitude of the threatened danger, but, wherever newspapers sped, or hearsay could be wafted, whatever was most dreadful or conjecturable was sure to penetrate, and was transmitted with a strength and terror that increased and accumulated at a rate proportioned to the dis-

stance at which the parties were placed in relation to the fountain of information.

In 1805, twelve summers had shone upon me, and therefore it may be fairly presumed that I retain a lively recollection of the state of feeling, and the style of conduct, that pervaded the immediate neighbourhood of my home at that remarkable epoch; for, although the place forms but a narrow section of our loyal and chivalrous territory, it may yet be taken as having formed a specimen that was illustrative of the entire empire. That home was situated in a sequestered corner of the Western Lowlands of Scotland, within a few miles of the expanded Clyde, but before it can rightfully

be designated the Ocean. Now the rumours of French invasion, like every other piece of news, never reached us until they were charged with all the accessories which it was possible to imagine; not only because the tidings were highly susceptible of the colourings which uncertainty allowed the ardent minds of a simple and intelligent peasantry to bestow on them, but because we dwelt upon a coast, and almost upon the margin of a magnificent crescent-bay, where a fleet of a thousand sail might ride at anchor, and where an immense army might be landed with all safety and expedition. A short description of our parish, and also of the precise situation of my father's house, may serve to lend effect to some of the succeeding details.

The parish of ———, occupies two extensive ridges, which, in a tamer country, would obtain the name of lofty hills. These, with their intervening and adjacent valleys, on the Water of ———, form what may be termed the ground-plan of the whole. The stream may be said, indeed, to divide, by an impartial and equal process, this specified section of land. It runs from east to west; and though, at the higher boundary of the parish, it consists of a series of waterfalls, occasioned by the rugged uplands which interrupt the view of all who, from the lower district, turn their eyes towards the interior, its channel, ever after, till losing itself in the sea, maintains the moderate and measured course of descent which the character of a gentler scenery and gradual declivity allows. It also happens that the lateral ridges spread and decline as they approach the coast, till they terminate at the lower extremity in a number of lessening eminences, into which the long and majestic sweep of the hills divides at last.

Now, the inhabitants of this picturesque parish—whether they dwell in the peaceful and neat village that is chiefly pitched upon a bank of land within the embrace of a very large curvature of the stream, which, from its peculiar shape, is called the *Crook*, or upon the tops and sides of the lateral ridges, or in the adjacent and intervening valleys, can, with scarcely a single exception, behold the far-rolling Clyde, without stepping many yards' length from their thresholds. Imagine, then, what sort of alarms and speculations were likely to agitate the bosoms of a home-loving people, when two or three of them might meet together and comment on the fresh tidings which had, perhaps, but a few hours before, reached them from afar, from London, through some of the domestics of Captain D——, the only inhabitant of the parish who treated himself to a metropolitan newspaper! These speculations generally consisted of improvements upon the exaggerations just promulgated, and were most effectively transmitted from one to another of the church-goers on Sunday, during the interval between the morning and afternoon services. The knots of whispering politicians that might be seen studding the churchyard in those days, had an appearance not more perfectly rustic than eager for information, while every member of each group was sure to carry to his own fireside all that he had heard, there to be farther re-enlarged. The Sabbath, indeed, and the spot, as well as the parties that were connected or identified with rumours that were sometimes direful and sometimes the theme of triumph, tended to give emphasis and importance to the conceptions of a people so single-hearted, imaginative, and ardent as the well-educated pea-

santry of Scotland are allowed to be. Then, think again, what must have been their comments and conjectures, when, on an unrestricted evening, they met in little groups on the hill-sides or in the vales, and speculated, while casting their eyes westward, where, before the sun should once more rise, a mighty flotilla might be spread!

Nay, like wildfire, more than once the rumour ran at midnight, that the enemy were in the bay, and putting on shore myriads of troops, nothing short of indiscriminate massacre and insatiable rapine being the woes instantly looked for. And though, on an occasion of the sort, the only cause of alarm had been taken from a moonlight glimpse of a few straggling craft from the Islands, that had stealthily stood in for the bay to discharge a quantity of illicitly-distilled whisky, yet nothing less than the morning sun could dissipate the illusion.

It was in 1805, I believe, that some of the most active preparations were made, or were reported to be made, by the French, for the avowed purpose of invading Great Britain. The flotilla at Boulogne was said to be vastly increased, and an army of 100,000 well-disciplined troops, put under the command of a renowned general, together with all the proper appurtenances for such an enterprise, it was added, were kept in constant readiness to be wafted, in a marvellously short space of time, to our peaceful shores. But such was the dread lest our country, which had been so long unprofaned by foreign foes, should be thus visited, and such the patriotism and the spirit of resistance which animated the nation, that the number of volunteers trained to military service speedily amounted to 300,000. My native parish, of course, furnished its quota; nor was my father's house behind in the expression of ardour, or the extent of sacrifices.

For two centuries my predecessors had been farmers, and during the greater and latter portion of that time they had rented the same lands which my father occupied, with credit to themselves, and benefit to the community. Indeed, the result of their continuous industry was the purchase, by my grandfather, of the farm so long held in lease by the family. This lay on the slope looking southward of one of the lateral ridges already mentioned as guarding the intersecting stream. Here my father was born, and here he died. Here it was that, out of five sons, four at one time belonged to the parish volunteers, each of them entering the service with alacrity and zeal, though the years of the youngest of the four, at the time he donned the red coat, scarcely enabled him to shoulder his musket.

Well do I remember the day, or rather the affecting evening hour, when, in family conclave, my eldest brother devoted himself, and was consecrated by his parents, to the office of defending his native land. It was immediately after Government had called for a prompt enlargement of the volunteer force, and when the threatened danger was considered to be the most imminent. The solemnity of which I speak took place on a Sabbath eve, just after the whole family had gathered and composed themselves around the cheerful kitchen hearth, as was our wont on the sacred evenings; but never more sedately and thoughtfully than on the occasion mentioned; for none of us had ever known or heard of a season of such unusual excitement and momentous forelooking in the annals of our parish. Even in his afternoon discourse of that same day,

our venerable pastor had addressed himself explicitly and wholly to the signs and exigencies of the time, and, with more than his wonted fervour, pathos, and eloquence, he had striven to spirit on his flock to active and immediate measures. He spoke, at the close, to this effect:—

"Waste not your hours, my dear children and brethren, in vain laments and speculation, but rather, in the scourge that menaces us, recognise the teachings of a Father, who wills that we should be tried, in order that those who are at ease, and falsely secure in Zion, may be aroused, and that the pious may be invigorated in their pilgrimage to another and a better world. This is not the period when glad tidings from earthly potentates are proclaimed. We must reverse the language of the prophet, and turn our ploughshares into swords, and our pruning-hooks into spears. The Corsican threatens: he may be within our gates ere another moon lightens our land. Were I of the young and the robust, I would respond to my beloved Sovereign's call, and buckle on the weapons of war without a day's delay. I would come, if the danger required it, to this watch-tower, for heaven's King, wearing the insignia and accoutrements for mortal conflict, believing that he well serves God, who faithfully loves and strenuously defends his neighbour and country. But, though stricken in years, I will not, if life and health be vouchsafed to me, be a mere looker-on. Let my equals in age, the elders of the congregation, assemble with me in this sacred house to-morrow and take counsel together. It is not property, nor limb, nor name, nor nation, that are alone in jeopardy, but our religion."

In this strain did the holy and zealous man address his flock,—indignant, tender, and magnanimous by turns,—arousing all who listened to him to an unwonted pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. On the preceding day, Captain D——, who was the principal resident proprietor in the parish, had convoked a meeting of the able-bodied inhabitants, and appealed to them in a different though harmonious tone, as indeed became an old military officer. But the veteran's address required to be backed by our revered pastor, as was most effectually done; for, before a fortnight had elapsed, many in the parish were, not only in principle, but practice, in heart, and habit, volunteer-recruits.

But, to return to my father's fireside:—

"Robert," said he, to the eldest of his children, "what think you of it?" alluding thus indefinitely in point of terms to that which each one present felt to be too well understood to require a fuller enunciation.

My mother spoke first, and interposed something like a doubt respecting the suitableness of the discussion for the Sabbath, though, perhaps, her main idea was, to evade its probable termination. But she was instantly silenced by my father's announcement, that the Sabbath would not protect us against the invasion of the usurper and infidel.

"Will you, Robert," continued he, "fight for our kindred and country, our religion and heritage?"

"I shall be a volunteer," was the firm and prompt reply.

"And I,"—"and I,"—"and I," were the rapid sequences of the three immediately junior brothers, who were divided from the eldest by slight and gradual stages in the matter of years. But the strongest emotion attended our father's deliberate

and resolute declaration, when he added, "I also shall be of the armed host;" for she, whom it most concerned, arose to withdraw, only able to articulate, "And I am to be a widow and childless!"

"No, Marion," my father replied, "you and our youngest will tend our flocks, and keep a home for the survivors when they return from battle."

Thus ended that evening's colloquy, on which the simple but overcharged hearts of a united family, who spoke under the influence of solemnized and exaggerating fancies, mingled their yearning and patriotic emotions, in a manner not more alien to their ordinary intercourse and style of speech, than illustrative of the spirit that pervaded the "period."

If I remember rightly, in the self-same week that thus opened, about fifty of the likeliest men and youths of our parish enrolled themselves as volunteers. Only two of my brothers, however, at this early date, joined the corps; more matured reflection, and my mother's sway, rendering a larger sacrifice at the time unadvisable, at least as regarded the most efficient of the armed volunteer associations of that precise time; for I must not forget to do my father's courage and consistency justice, and to state that he was as good as his first declaration promised, becoming a strenuous supporter of our reverend and venerable pastor, at the Monday meeting named from the pulpit. Nor were there fewer than thirty grey-headed men in this association of *ancients*, some of whom, though hale and vigorous, could number threescore and ten winters. This corps took to themselves the imposing title of "The Army of Reserve;" but the wags of the parish dubbed them "The Hams," in allusion to the sort of domestic *onslaught*, or guardianship rather, which they were the most likely to perform. Their armour consisted of spears or pikes, of formidable length. Nor did these bands exhaust the whole of our pugnacious volunteers; for a goodly number of boys, of an age like my own, incontinently took to imitating their elders in everything that their rivalry and ingenuity could reach; and, indeed, they played at *soldiers* with marvellous dexterity, especially in wheeling, marching, and counter-marching; their wooden muskets and tin bayonets being, as in the case of other pretenders, more formidable to the eye than effective if put to action. These were not yet all the associations which banded in my native parish at the "period."

There was, at the time I speak of—the time of the intensest alarm—an association of an anomalous kind, and which might appropriately be denominated, "The Army of Totals." This force consisted of old and young, grandfathers and grandchildren—embracing men, women, and children; in short, it partook of all those who were capable of any exertion or sort of service, and who had not enrolled themselves among the fighting volunteers. This heterogeneous army was constituted in the following manner, and for the following purposes:—

As it was deemed possible that an invading army might land on the adjacent coast, the most influential men of the district went from house to house, and put it to men and women how and what they were likely or willing to act in the case of such a dire emergency. It was at the same time explained that to cut off all the means of supply which the enemy might calculate upon would become an imperative duty; and that, therefore, all the grain and provisions which could not be conveyed to the interior, would have to be destroyed by the inhabitants

and owners themselves, while the cattle and flocks would have to be driven towards the moors and other inaccessible parts of the country. "Whether will you be a burner, a pioneer, a carrier, or a driver?" were questions which were propounded to every one who was unable or unwilling to carry arms; and the answers were regularly taken down, that it might be known who and what were to be calculated upon. Was that, then, not a strange "period," when such a rural and peaceful population thus distributed and organized themselves? And may we not demand of the scoffer at our national valour, or of him who ridicules the ardour of an untrained and inexperienced peasantry, how was such a people to be vanquished and altogether crushed?

Such were the associations that instantly started into activity in our sequestered, and once so tranquil, parish. In truth, a strange transition suddenly took place, yet one which it is impossible for a native of these kingdoms to regard with other than high emotions of gratulation and pride. How changed was the aspect which it gave, even to every-day life, compared to a period of profound repose and consciousness of security! At first, from Monday to Saturday, whatever might be the usual pursuits of the parties, or the state of the weather, there might be seen, during some portion of almost every day, squads of athletic or promising young men, parading and manœuvring away at the command of a driller. "The Army of Reserve" was for a season equally on the alert with their juniors; nor were the signs of the times less characteristically manifested by the youngsters who played the part of imitators; the various associations finding ample and well-sheltered scope for their various evolutions within the pleasure-grounds of Captain D—; and while he commanded the most efficient corps, and his son was at the head of the juveniles, the Rev. Dr. B—, with unsurpassed zeal, figured as the leader of "The Hams."

Rapid was the progress which all who were skilled in military affairs allowed that these different bodies made in the art of war. To be sure, the juveniles were chiefly remarkable for their buoyancy of spirit, and the longing to be men; and truly some of them, a few years later, bled in the battle-fields of foreign lands, where the great conflict was maintained. "The Army of Reserve" was, considering all circumstances, worthy of admiration; for, although the light-headed might laugh at them, there was a view in which their zeal was magnanimous and affecting. Was it not touching as well as curious to see those *ancients*, many of whom had never beheld a whole regiment in their lives, all at once assume a dress which bore a military sign, and submit to be paraded and exercised like ordinary recruits for the regular and standing army? although it was not very easy to set in proper array, and reduce to military uniformity, a band of men, where the stooping and the stiff-jointed had to *fall in* with the spindle-shanked and the pot-bellied. But, to confine myself to the efficient corps that was generally understood in the district by the term "Volunteer" at the "Period."

The patriotic feelings, the apprehension of danger, and the sense of duty, which at first induced many a young man to offer himself as a military defender of his home, his neighbourhood, and his country, happily, when the excitement that origi-

nally stimulated him had subsided, acquired other adjuncts which lent zest, support, and favour to the volunteer establishment. It was indeed impossible for a number of persons, who all belonged to a limited or definite circle, and whose grade in life and habits of thinking were much akin, to associate frequently upon the same concern, without originating new ideas and sentiments, more enlarged ties, and more emulating suggestions. The very exercises necessary to be studied and oft-repeated, to go no further than the uses of a manly pastime, had their peculiar and salutary results. The gait, bearing, and manners which were hence begotten amongst a body of rustics, were indications of more extensive and permanent benefits than at first were contemplated. How often have I seen my four brothers, with some of their fellow volunteers, assemble in my father's barn, and disport, as well as improve themselves according to military rule, to the entertainment, aye, and the instruction, of the old and the young who looked on. Be assured, the practice which these homely drillings imposed upon each in his turn, merely in the matter of giving the words of command, was not fruitless of proper things. The loud laugh, the expression of approval, the lesson that was bestowed according to the accuracy and style of the parties,—say of the temporary officer,—whether it regarded the precision of his eye, the modulation of his voice, or the smart sententiousness of his words, did not go for nothing. There was, however, one special collateral benefit which attended the "Period," but which was nowhere developed in a more pleasing and appreciable manner than in the parish of my birth; and to this I would particularly refer.

We had, in like manner with every other considerable section of society, several young men of sprightly spirit, of ingenious talent, of eager emulation, who were sure to take the lead in any new enterprise, where honour and improvement were to be earned. Of all the acquirements, however, of which we could boast, that in the department of vocal music was the most remarkable, as compared with the neighbouring rural districts. Towards this eminence our worthy pastor had been a great contributor, as he was not only skilled in the art, frequently solacing himself by discoursing with his violin, but had been at pains, winter after winter, to invite a teacher of some note to assist and guide all who desired to take lessons, whether in singing, or in the use of certain delightful instruments. Indeed, the band which conducted the psalmody in our parish church, had become so excellent as to breed a sort of schism amongst us; some of the most old-fashioned and uncompromising adherents of the Covenant denouncing the innovation as a remnant of Popery,—so that they either absented themselves from the house of God altogether on this account, or kept their lips sealed during the psalm-singing,—afraid of joining in a profanation. But who could have conjectured that these prejudices were utterly to be put to flight by the spirit and incidents of the "Period?" Yet it was so, and thus it was:—

No sooner was the corps of our stalwart volunteers organized, than our gifted and gallant lads bethought them of an instrumental band, for the performance of martial music and spirit-stirring marches, to grace and exalt the character of their order. And now the enlightened interpreters of

the purposes and beauties of church melody and harmony, feeling the value of the accident, promptly and munificently seconded the fitting enterprise; thus carrying off the laurels on a contested subject that had occasioned a split amongst the zealous; for it was now conceded that that which refined and sublimated the hearts of the people in the cause of an earthly prince's soldiery, could not be unbecoming, as a handmaiden of devotion, in the good fight of faith. In these circumstances funds were not wanting to procure competent teachers, and the necessary instruments; and the rapid advancement made by our ardent lads was such, as soon to command the universal admiration and delight even of the dullest amongst us.

What a drumming and fifeing, bugling and braying, were there sent forth over hill and dale by those performers in the course of their practisings, evening after evening! Crowds or groups of the people might be seen here and there, at such stirring or touching hours, listening with aroused delight, or melted as by a mysterious power. Without exaggeration I can attest, that never did the power of music, where I might judge, work more signal results. On no other occasions, at least, has my own bosom experienced such tumultuous emotions at one time, as well as subdued and purified sentiments at another, as in those seasons of my young romance, when of a summer's eve our sprightly youths, stationed in the embowered privacy of their captain's pleasure-grounds, drew from their instruments notes which spoke to every faculty of the soul, carrying one beyond himself into spheres dreamt not of in ordinary hours, when there is nothing to inspire and sustain the careering imagination. I know that the mystic power failed not to sweep with swelling or fitful cadence,—echoed through the quiescent air, or borne upon the fitful blast,—over the uplands, and athwart the hill's side, where stood my father's house, there to touch some bosoms within the precincts of that sanctuary of love and virtue, with many an undefinable but ennobling impulse. The resoundings through the woods, and the echoings from rock to rock, or valley to valley, that I have listened to in those days, and in that peaceful haven, often in my latter history, when I was alone, or among strangers, or care-worn, or discomfited in spirit, have seemed to speed over the interval, and to thrill within the secret chambers of my nature some sentiment long unstrung, making me to partake of the pristine enjoyment—the conscious assurance of the identity affording a satisfaction not less gratifying, perhaps, than the recollected pleasure was itself.

It was not to be expected that any very considerable length of time should elapse, before some one of our volunteers should be called away from this scene of anxiety and exertion. For the first twelve months, however, after they had been embodied, not a single gap was made by the stroke of death. But when the earliest breach took place, the parish was extraordinarily moved.

James Moreton was the eldest son of one of the Captain's tenantry, and died of a lingering decline. For months, however, after this insidious disease had fastened upon him, he continued to attend every drill. He had been a strong young man, and was one of the most enthusiastic of our volunteers; and he seemed to refuse to own submission to the fell enemy. It was distressing to see how he strove to go through the necessary manœuvres, when he had

not the strength to handle his arms with certitude, so eager was he to keep up with his comrades. At length, it being summer, he was only able to march with them to the exercise-ground, and then, leaving the ranks, he would recline himself till the drum beat for their return to the village to be dismissed. And neither few nor vague were the inquiries and the attentions to which he was, in the honest sympathy of the old and young onlookers, subjected. The Captain's device of making his men perform their most interesting evolutions within the close inspection of the invalid, was one of the most delicate expressions of kindness.

That, however, which I have chiefly upon my heart, with respect to the first-departed of the corps, is to speak of his funeral. As already indicated, the people had been much transformed by means of the volunteer institution; and one of the most striking proofs of this fact occurred, when it was proposed by the Captain that the burial should be conducted according to military form and fashion, for the idea was eagerly adopted and cordially approved of. Was it not strange that such an innovation should be tolerated among the primitive, and, in solemn matters, austere Presbyterian community? But it was the "Period,"—the epoch when the sympathies of all, whether of a gladsome, or magnanimous, or distressful kind, were in unison or borne along with the ideas of the country's defence and renown.

That the bereaved father, who was a very plain, staid man, should have acceded to the extraordinary proposal, afforded the most striking instance of how speedily and wholly the soldier-system might be engrafted, when alarms arise, upon the most retired and unpretending peasantry. Here was the last duty that falls to the lot of man to perform to man, which, even among Scotland's severe simplicities, is one of the simplest, about to be distinguished by many formalities and much parade, in a corner of the land where no such thing had ever been witnessed, at least for generations, merely because the entire population had put on, if not the soldier's garb, the feelings and associations of the soldier's life.

The funeral of James Moreton, which in usual circumstances would have been as noiseless and unostentatious as is possible, where a number of mourners congregate to give to the churchyard a new tenant, was to form an era in our parochial registry. The senseless clay was to be borne shoulder high,—the great body of the funeral train were to wear a martial uniform, carrying the weapons of earthly conflict, and marching to the roll of the muffled drum. But most arresting of all was the moment when the musketry announced that the grave had received its new charge,—that the funeral obsequies were completed. What a course mantled the gravestones and walls of our decent churchyard on that astounding occasion! The people were greatly moved while only anticipating the ceremony; how much more when immediate witnesses of its celebration! Eyes that swam in tears sparkled and became dilated as if sudden inspiration had entered their souls. Their irrepressible emotions might be construed from the ejaculations which escaped some of them. I overheard an old man say, when the volleys rent the air,—“The day of battle is surely near at hand;” and a female, equally sententious and prophetic, improved upon this, and said,—“Jamie Moreton hears not

this; nor will he awake when the fight may be over his ashes; but when the last trump sounds, Jamie shall come forth from that grave, to join, I doubt not, the army of the saints."

Not a little talk has in 1845 been expended about the preparedness of Great Britain to resist an invasion by a foreign foe. I have only to say, in concluding a "Picture" drawn according to facts, of a past "Period," that I firmly believe and trust that patriotism and effort, that sacrifices and scenes, meriting far higher colouring than I can bestow, would be furnished in the parish where I first saw the light, and in every part of the land, to the utter dismay and discomfiture of the enemy.

TWO DAYS IN THE TYROL.

(SECOND PAPER.)¹

THIS, as it is the finest part, is the end of the glen—and, indeed, it seems as if, at one time, there had been no opening here, till somebody cut a slice out of the hill in order to make a passage—so instantaneously does the whole aspect of nature change. The stream, which, but a moment before, foamed so turbulently over the black rocks, now murmurs smoothly along, a placid brook, over a bed of level sand; the gloomy gorge opens out into a wide valley, the undulating green slopes of which are studded with the neat little cottages of the village of Gosau. But look there—beyond the valley, and the dark fir-trees which clothe its extremity—there, far in the distance to the left; look at those magnificent mountain peaks springing to heaven—they are many in number, though all belonging to one mountain, and far higher than any we have seen. But we walk on a little further, and further yet,—and, at every step, from behind the shoulder of the puny envious hill beside us, appears another and another peak, each higher, more pointed, and more sublime than its brethren; at length we see the last and the noblest—full ten thousand feet in height; and there is the Dachstein, the glorious corner-stone of Austria. No common hill is that with rounded top, a mere heap of earth—but a vast mass of wild serrated rocky needles—sharp, jagged, and broken, and deserving, indeed, the name of mountain. But yet, though one could rather believe them the rocky clouds of a summer sunset than *bona fide* stone, those peaks stand out clear and distinct from the blue sky, their proud mantle of snow glittering white and glorious, till the rays of the setting sun, seen no where else, fall on them, and reddening gradually the whole snow-clad cluster, become of a lovely rosy hue. Verily it is no wonder that, in the olden time, men went up to the tops of the highest hills to pray, for who that saw those roseate spires but might fancy that they formed a staircase up to heaven, and that the immortals descended to that gorgeous throne to view the doings of earth? It was, indeed, a magnificent scene—that green valley, and the stupendous mountain beyond, and none of us could repress a cry of delight at its beauty; besides, we were very hungry, and knew our supper must be at hand.

It was not a very difficult business, the discovery of

the inn; for there is only one, and that, luckily, at the nearest end of the village. We were met at the door by the landlord, a steady respectable looking man, who said we could have anything or everything for supper. The everything resolved itself into eggs and "kalbschnittel." What this last was we none of us exactly knew; but, being aware that it must be something having affinity to veal, we ordered it. Whilst dinner was preparing, our host advised us to amuse ourselves by looking at the prospect from the "lusthaus" outside. We repaired thither, and found the "lusthaus" a perfect fac-simile of what the fair daughters of London, who frequent the tea-gardens, would call a "lovely harbour." It was constructed of willows, joining overhead; a wooden seat ran round the bower, and in the middle stood a table, which was figured, or disfigured, by the stains of beer. To complete the illusion, there was a skittle-ground beside it, and we had the pleasure of seeing a game of skittles played in a manner which would not have done discredit to Old England's peasantry. The string of affecting recollections which these objects aroused was broken by the call to dinner. We found the "kalbschnittel" neither more nor less than veal cutlets, served up in a very seducing under-current of garlic, potatoes, &c. Our room was small, and coarsely furnished, but clean and neat; there was but one other occupant, whom we at once knew, by that indescribable something which always points out an Englishman, to be a countryman, and over our pipes an acquaintance was soon made. He was one of that class whom one is always proud to see abroad—a thorough specimen of an English gentleman—young, high bred, well educated, and opulent, yet without the slightest tinge of pretension. He had been travelling on foot for the last three or four months through Switzerland and the Tyrol, knapsack on his back, and staff in hand, and, though evidently accustomed to the best society, cared nothing for all those nameless little inconveniences which one suffers in travelling through uncultivated regions. This is a class of men whom foreigners cannot understand; they can comprehend and envy the *magnifico* style of travelling adopted by some of our countrymen, with more money than brains; they can comprehend, too, that a person should travel *à la pedestrian* who cannot afford to do otherwise; but it puzzles them altogether to understand why a person should submit to such hardships who can afford to do otherwise.

The evening finished with a long chat, in which our plan of operations for the morrow was settled. We found that it was impossible, in our limited time, to get upon the glacier, which we had hoped to accomplish; all that could be done was to obtain a near view of it from the borders of a small mountain lake about twelve miles off; nearer than this, however, was another lake, described as extremely beautiful, and which we determined, at any rate, to see. These matters determined, we marched off to bed—no easy matter either—the road being up a dark staircase, and along a darker passage, both so low and narrow, that it was a perfect miracle how any one ever made the journey without breaking one of, or all, his limbs. However, the beds were excellent and clean, and what more does one want for a good night's rest, except, as old Franklin says, "a good conscience?" and this adjunct we luckily possessed also.

The next morning we were called, as usual, about two hours later than the time requested; but, on looking out of window, we soon discovered that the host had

(1) Continued from page 84.

had good reason for his dilatoriness—a drizzling wetting rain was pouring down, and the whole valley was shrouded in vapour. However, ere breakfast was over the rain had nearly ceased, the sky was almost clear, and, though the whole of the mountains were invisible, things looked so well that we started, carrying with us, as provision, six hard-boiled eggs apiece, bread, and a bottle of slibowitz. By the bye, this slibowitz is a liquor which should be known to every one travelling in this country; it is a kind of whisky, made from wheat, I believe. It is a little coarse, but makes by no means a bad dram, especially when one can't get brandy. We tried it also as toddy, and, considering the water was only lukewarm, and strongly impregnated with the combined flavour of garlic and tallow, it manufactured a very fair tippie. Slibowitz, too, shares in this convenient peculiarity of whisky, that you generally get it best in the most out-of-the-way places; in the great towns it is mostly miserable stuff, but in the little country inns we almost always found it excellent.

This village of Gosau forms a perfect contrast to that of Hallstadt; the houses, instead of being piled on one another in a heap, are scattered in ones and twos all about the valley, just as if an enormous giant had pulled some four or five score cottages from his pocket, and amused himself by scattering them about in all directions. The consequence is, that one has to walk two or three miles in passing through a small village. The people seem flourishing, however. The valley is portioned out into meadows and arable fields, and there are two churches, one Catholic, the other Protestant. We were, however, happy to learn that the people did not consider it necessary to revile and hate each other on account of the difference in creeds, but, on the contrary, were wise enough to live in charity and good-fellowship.

Twice, in passing along the valley, were we tempted to turn back; but we persevered, and were rewarded; for, on entering the fir-wood at the end of the open ground, the rain ceased, and though there was no prospect of a fine day, we hoped, at any rate, not to get wet through. The road is hideously bad; some parts are, as the Americans say, corduroyed; but it is difficult to decide which is worst walking, the thick slushy mud, or the slippery trunks of the small fir-trees, which pretend to afford a temporary protection. However, the scenery repaid us for our fatigue; the glen gradually widens, and through the interstices of the trees you perceive the tremendous precipices of black rock which border it on either side. This valley is, I understand, much prized by geologists as exhibiting some very curious phenomena in stratification. None of us were learned enough to appreciate these beauties; but even the most ignorant cannot but be struck by the spectacle displayed by the rocks at the upper end, where on one side the strata run perpendicularly, and on the other the same stone lies horizontally. How this is explained, or attempted to be explained, I know not; but it is a sight to excite the astonishment of every one. At length we emerged from the wood, and, scrambling up a deep gully, or ravine, came upon the first lake, or Vorder See, a fine sheet of water, surrounded to the edge by trees, and backed by splendid crags; but, alas! of these we could barely see the base. Here there is a small wooden boat-house, in which a consultation was held as to the propriety of going further. No one was willing to return; and, accordingly, after a first taste of the

slibowitz, we proceeded, skirting the right hand of the lake, until we reached its furthest point.

And now then for a pull indeed, and no mistake! The path becomes steeper and steeper at every step—the wet leaves, rotten and slippery, give way as you tread, and you sink into a mass of oozing mud—every now and then you have to cross a little stream, and take care that in jumping across you do not, after landing in the mire on the opposite side, tumble over on the rock beyond—the wet branches rustle as you pass by, and discharge a whole shower of rain-drops on your devoted head. And now comes the toughest of the whole—path there is none; and that which looks like one is only a road which some stream has made for itself amongst the huge stones. Your only method of proceeding, if you wish to avoid being choked in the slime of its bed, is to jump from one rock to another; and take care you don't break your leg, for who is to carry you home? "These are the delights," you grumble, "of coming a-pleasuring in the Tyrol." Never mind; look at the scene around—that is to say, looking where you step at the same time—the whole glen is rich with foliage and flowers, bending, no doubt, with the weight of the moisture, but lovely still. On your left hand, you can, even on such a day, admire the gigantic masses of rock, almost tumbling over you; and on your right, down fifty yards—take care, you are within a step, and don't see it—raves and gallops a stream which has its birth in the glacier of the Dachstein. And now the clouds are clearing away—the mist is rising, and there, there actually comes a sunbeam, dancing on the glistening boughs, as if welcoming them after their bath—and the fog gradually sways up and down, backwards and forwards, disclosing here a huge boulder, there an unfathomable fissure, and again, a magnificent pinnacle of rock. Hurrah! we shall see the old Dachstein yet—the lazy old fellow is taking off his nightcap, and rousing from his nap. And so, one more pull—scramble over that big rock, which has stuck itself right in the road—and now, here we are.

It was a magnificent, and at the same time extraordinary scene. We stood on the edge of a deep basin, surrounded by the rocks forming the base of the Dachstein. At our feet lay the lake, about a mile in circumference, and almost round in shape. The water was unlike any we had seen; it was, in colour, of a deep blue. All the other mountain lakes were green, but this looked like a huge wash-tub, in which a more than usual quantity of that which washer-women call *par excellence* "blue" had been steeped. On the other side the lake was a small patch of green, with a few stunted trees running up the hill-side; and close to the shore was a small cottage. A wilder place for habitation I cannot imagine; it looked as if shut in from all the world. Path on the left side of the lake to it there could be none, for the cliffs rose precipitously many hundred feet from the water. And even on the right there was dimly traceable only a sort of goat's track leading over rocks, apparently passable by that interesting quadruped alone. At the back rose the Dachstein in all its majesty—unappreciable in size, stupendous in grandeur. Almost all the peaks were now visible in the dull wet atmosphere; but so high and so distant, as to look as if they belonged to a separate world. Below those pinnacles, but still at a vast height, lay the huge glacier; a mighty field of green ice with deep yawning fissures. It seemed

almost as if the whole hillside were about to slide down and bury lake and all beneath. But we are in luck, for a moment the sun bursts out, lighting up the scene with a dim brilliancy, rendering the utter desolation still more striking. It is but for a moment; those gleams which contrasted so strangely with the gloom around vanish, the mist, rolling down in huge billows thickens gradually around, and you can see nothing a hundred yards higher than the water. The old Dachsenstein has been but scratching his pate after all; he has put on his night-cap again, and turned to slumber. And so now we begin to think whether we cannot reach the house yonder, and beg some milk to wash down our eggs. We resolved to try the before-mentioned path, and succeeded in getting round to the green plat on which the cottage stands; but such a scramble! how we got over it with unbroken necks I have never rightly understood. However, there is a proverb about inability to drown, which I suppose applies to dangers by land as well as by water.

We found the door of the cottage locked, and no one within. In despair we wandered along the margin of the lake, and came upon a small boat or canoe, and at the same time a boy made his appearance, as if by magic, a little way off. He approached when we beckoned, but seemed afraid of coming too near, and hovered about like a savage on a newly-discovered island. We spoke to him in the best German we could muster, requesting, first some milk, and, secondly, the loan of the boat, to carry us across the lake, for both which services we offered a *zwanziger* (about twenty-pence) in payment. He stared at us without answering, and we began to doubt whether he might not be a second edition of Peter the wild boy, and incapable of speech, when a voice shouted to him, and, looking in its direction, we perceived an old woman amongst the trees on the hillside, gathering sticks. Our young friend immediately hastened to her, and returning, spoke at length, and said, in scarcely intelligible language, that we could not have the boat. We were dumb with amazement, for we knew that our offer was a handsome one, and could not conceive how any one should be so foolish as to refuse so easy a service when payment was offered. Our gentleman took advantage of this astonishment to seize and retire with the only oar within our reach, thus rendering it impossible to make off with the boat on our own account.

We now held a short consultation as to whether, in case of an action for assault, we should not, under the circumstances, be held justified in seizing and forcibly taking from him the oar. But, in the meantime, the woman again called; the boy ran off to her, shouldering the oar as he went; and, on his return the whole mystery was explained. He stated, that if we would pay two *zwanzigers*, we might have the boat. Shocked at such an instance of depravity, we at once replied roundly in the negative, and proceeded to unpack our provisions. This steady behaviour had its effect; in a short time the woman appeared with a huge bowl of milk, and stated that we might have the boat for one *zwanziger*. Our lunch was accordingly discussed; the eggs and milk were excellent, and the *slibowitz* superb. But now the problem was to get our boat across the lake, for young hopeful offered no assistance. We had one oar indeed, but that of the kind used here; namely, a pole with a board at the end, intended, as I have before described, to be used by a person standing up, with his face to the bow. We all of us understood pulling a

little, but for this species of rowing we were quite incompetent: however, I seized it and shoved off; there was a baling dish and a couple of boards in the boat, and these were taken by the others to paddle with. Thus we got along, some how or other, the whole affair reminding us strongly of Robinson Crusoe, and the shipwreck of the *Medusa*, on a reduced scale, the boat, to add to the resemblance, being very leaky, and scarcely calculated to hold more than two. The labour, besides, was no joke, especially as we were the whole time roaring with laughter at our absurd turn out, and there really was some danger. However, we reached our destination at length, and started down the valley, again leaving our hearty malediction on the lady, and also the young gentleman of the lake. I may mention in passing, that this is the only instance of boorish incivility I ever met with in Germany.

Our walk home was of course a merry one—the *slibowitz* guaranteed that—but it was also rapid—for being all a steep descent and our method of locomotion a jump from stone to stone, it was best to do this as soon as possible, so as not to give oneself time for tumbling. Rapidly then we paced along the course of the little river, which we now knew to be merely a leakage from the great washing tub above, and reached the *Vorder See*—skirted its pleasant bank once more, and then plunged into the fir-trees of the lower glen. Here we had an opportunity of estimating the steepness of its sides. High up, almost at the top of the cliff, were some men rolling down the fir-wood, which had been cut for firing. The trees are divided into pieces of about ten feet long, and these are floated down the stream to the nearest town. So steep was the rock down which these logs were pushed by the wood-cutters above, that they rolled clattering and splintering, jumping and twisting, now knocking against each other, and now bumping over a projection, many hundred feet, into the very bottom of the valley, whilst the whole glen resounded with the noise of their descent.

So then we came again upon the green valley of Gosau, and passed through its long village, now seeming longer then ever—but we were to be rewarded: a smoking dish of *Kalbschnittel* awaited us, and over it we forgot our toils.

Meantime a most primitive vehicle was prepared for transporting us to Ischl again. It was a sort of four-wheeled cabriolet, with a hood, and a very small seat at our feet for the driver. It was furnished with a pole, but only one horse was put in. This method of harnessing is common in Germany, and the consequence is that one side of the carriage always seems to go faster than the other—another inconvenience is, that, as no allowance is made for the pole in guiding the horse it frequently knocks up against all sorts of things it is never intended to meet. Thus, I remember once in Cologne seeing the pole of a one-horsed carriage of this kind, on the horse being suddenly turned, run right up against the stern of a fat old woman, who was walking quietly along the street. It lifted her completely off the pavement, and I expected some serious damage would have been done—but no—she had been assaulted in her least vulnerable part, and on reaching the ground again walked quietly on without even turning round. They don't mind these things in Germany.

And now our dinner was finished; we shook hands with our countryman, paid our bill, and stepping into the carriage soon lost sight of Gosau. The little coach ran smartly along with us down the valley which we had come up the day before; we once more saw the lake of Hallstadt, and, passing rapidly by its lower extremity, tumbled along, in a half sleep, till the lights of Ischl once more glanced upon us.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

June 23.—Midsummer Eve.

THE observances connected with the nativity of St. John the Baptist commenced, says a recent journalist, on the previous evening, called, as usual, The Eve, or Vigil of the Festival, or Midsummer Eve. On that evening the people were accustomed to go into the woods, and break down branches of trees, which they brought to their homes, and planted over their doors, amidst great demonstrations of joy, to make good the Scripture prophecy respecting the Baptist, that many should rejoice in his birth. This custom was universal in England till the recent change in manners. "On the vigil of St. John Baptist," writes Stow in his Survey of London, "and on SS. Peter and Paul the Apostles, every man's door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's-wort, orpin, white lilies, and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all the night: some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once." This custom was designed to signify that St. John "was to be lantern of light to all people." Honest Master Stow also tells us that, upon Midsummer Eve, and the other "vigils of festival days," in June and July, "after the sunsetting, there were usually made bonfires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour towards them. The wealthier sort also before their doors, near to the said bonfires, would set out tables on the vigils, furnished with sweet bread, and good drink, and on the festival days with meats and drinks plentifully, whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit, and be merry with them, in great familiarity, praising God for his benefits bestowed on them." These "bonfires" appear to have been so named, because they were composed of contributions collected as *boons*, or gifts of social and charitable feeling. The custom of making them on Midsummer Eve has been practised in many nations, and is of remote antiquity. In mediæval times it was designed to commemorate (as Durandus says) St. John the Precursor, who was a burning and shining light, and also to drive away dragons and evil spirits. Some writers have ascribed to it a Pagan origin. A learned Frenchman affirms that the "St. John's fire" was a *Feu de Joie*, "kindled the very moment the year began, for the first of all years, and the most ancient that we know of, began at this month of June. These *Feux de Joie*," he adds, "were accompanied at the same time with vows and sacrifices for the prosperity of the people, and the fruits of the earth. They danced also round this fire, for what feast is there without a dance—and the most active leaped over it. Each, on departing, took away a firebrand, great or small, and the remains were scattered to the wind, which, at the same time that it dispersed the ashes, was thought to expel every evil. When, after a long train of years, the year ceased to commence at this solstice, still the custom of making these fires was continued by force of habit, and of those superstitious ideas that are annexed to it. Thus has the custom been continued and handed down to us." We have read how it was formerly observed by the Londoners. Barnabe Googe thus describes the manner of its general celebration in this country:—

... "Bonfires great, with lofty flame, in every town do burn,
And young men round about with maids do dance in every street,
With garlands wrought of motherwort, or else with vervain
sweet,
And many other flowers fair, with violets in their hands,
Whereas they all do fondly think, that whosoever stands,
And through the flowers beholds the flame, his eyes shall feel no
pain.
When thus till night they danced have, they through the fire
again,

With striving minds do run, and all their herbs they cast therein;
And then with words devout and prayers they solemnly begin,
Desiring God that all their ills may here consumed be;
Whereby they think through all that year from agues to be
free."

It has been affirmed that the leaping through or over the bonfires, alluded to in the above extract, is the oldest of all "known superstitions, and is identical with that followed by Manassah." We learn that, till a late period, the practice was retained in Ireland. Borlase states that in Cornwall bonfires are kindled on the Eve of St. John Baptist and St. Peter's Day; and Midsummer is thence, in the Cornish tongue, called "Goluan," which signifies both light and rejoicing. At these fires the Cornish attend with lighted torches, tarred and pitched at the end, and make their perambulations round their fires, and go from village to village, carrying their torches before them. Brand relates that there was formerly a great bonfire on Midsummer Eve, on St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, in the above county. A large summer pole was fixed in the centre, round which the fuel was heaped up. It had a large bush on the top of it. Round this parties of wrestlers contended for small prizes. "An honest countryman," says our author, "who had often been present at these merriments, informed me that at one of them an evil spirit had appeared in the shape of a black dog, since which none could wrestle, even in jest, without receiving hurt, in consequence of which the wrestling was, in a great measure, laid aside. The rustics there believe that giants are buried in these tumuli, and nothing would tempt them to be so sacrilegious as to disturb their bones." Sir Henry Piers, in 1682, observes that in Ireland, on the Eves of St. John Baptist and St. Peter, they always have in every town a bonfire, late in the evenings, and carry about bundles of reeds fast tied and fired. These, being dry, will last long, and flame better than a torch, and be a "pleasing, divertive prospect to the distant beholder; a stranger would go near to imagine the whole country was on fire." Another writer on the "Emerald Isle" remarks, "On Midsummer's Eve every eminence near which is a habitation blazes with bonfires, and round these they carry numerous torches, shouting and dancing." The *Times* newspaper of June 29, 1833, gives an account of a riot at Cork in consequence of some soldiers refusing to subscribe money towards the fires which were to be lighted on the vigil of St. John. It appears from Brand's collections that the Eton scholars formerly had bonfires on St. John's Day, and that such were recently, or still continue to be, made on Midsummer Eve in several villages of Gloucester and Devonshire, in the northern parts of England, and in Wales.

"It was customary in towns," says a journalist before cited, "to keep a watch walking about during the Midsummer night, although no such practice might prevail at the place from motives of precaution. This was done at Nottingham till the reign of Charles I." Every citizen either went himself or sent a substitute, and an oath for the preservation of peace was duly administered to the company at their first meeting at sunset. They paraded the town in parties during the night, every person wearing upon his head "a garland, made in the fashion of a crown imperial, bedecked with flowers of various kinds, some natural, some artificial, bought and kept for that purpose, as also ribands and jewels." At Chester also the annual "setting of the watch" (as it was called) on St. John's Eve was an affair of great moment, and continued for many years after the Great Rebellion. Part of the pageant on this occasion consisted of four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one dragon, and six hobby-horses, with other figures. In London, during the middle ages, the marching "watch," comprising not less than two thousand men, all in bright armour, paraded both on this night and on the eve of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. This must certainly have been a splendid sight.

In the procession were standard and ensign-bearers, sword-players, trumpeters on horseback, archers in coats of white fustian. Their bows bent in their hands, with sheafs of arrows by their sides; pikemen in bright corselets, the *waites* of the city, and morris dancers, the lord mayor, and sheriffs, "pageants," giants, and coustables, each of whom wore a chain of gold, "his henchman following him, his minstrels before him, and his cresset light passing by him." These cressets, or torches, carried in barred pots on the tops of long poles, added to the bonfires in the streets, must have given the town a remarkable appearance in an age when there was no regular street-lighting. A London poet in 1616, looking back from that period, thus alludes to the spectacle:—

"The goodly buildings that till then did hide
Their rich array, open'd their windows wide,
Where kings, great peers, and many noble dame,
Whose bright pearl-glittering robes did mock the flame
Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
How every senator in his degree,
Adorn'd with shining gold and purple weeds,
And stately mounted on rich trapped steeds,
Their guard attending, through the streets did ride,
Before their footbands, graced with glittering pride
Of rich-gilt arms, whose glory did present
A sunshine to the eve, as if it meant,
Among the cresset lights shot up on high,
To chase dark night for ever from the sky.
While in the streets the sticklers to and fro,
To keep decorum, still did come and go,
Where tables set were plentifully spread,
And at each door neighbour with neighbour fed,
Where modest mirth, attendant on the feast,
With plenty, gave content to every guest."

The civic custom mentioned in the last two of the above stanzas has been already described. Henry VIII., in 1510, went "into Cheape" disguised as a yeoman of the guard, to behold the marching watch on St John's Eve, and was so well pleased with the ceremonial, that he came with Queen Catharine, and a noble retinue, to attend openly that on St. Peter's Vigil, a few nights after. This king, however, in the 31st year of his reign, prohibited this gorgeous pageant, probably from a dread of so great an array of armed citizens. It was revived in 1548 (for that year only) by Sir Thomas Gresham, lord mayor.

This Eve seems to have been consecrated from the highest antiquity to the performance of mystic rites, and some of the superstitions connected with it are of a highly fanciful nature. The Irish, we are told, believe that the souls of all persons on this night leave their bodies, and wander to the place, by sea or land, where death shall finally separate them from their earthly tabernacles. It is not improbable that this notion, and the opinion that to sleep on this vigil would ensure a wandering of the spirit, was originally universal, and was the cause of the wide-spread custom of watching or keeping awake on St. John's Eve; for we may well believe, observes a late writer, that there would be a general wish to prevent the soul from going upon that somewhat dismal ramble. In England, and perhaps in other countries also, it was believed that, if any one sat up fasting all this night in the church porch, he would see the spirits of those who were to die in the parish during the ensuing twelve months come to knock at the church door, in the order and succession in which they were to die. We can easily perceive a possible connexion between this dreary persuasion and that of the soul's midnight excursion. Grose relates that amongst a party who once sat up as above described, one fell into so sound a sleep that he could not be waked, and that whilst he was in this condition, his ghost, or spirit, was seen by his companions knocking at the sacred portal. The same antiquary states that it was supposed that if an unmarried woman, fasting on Midsummer Eve, laid a cloth at midnight with bread and cheese, and sat down as if to eat, leaving the street-door

open, the person whom she was to marry would come into the room, and drink to her by bowing, after which, setting down the glass, with another bow, he would retire. It was usual on this vigil to gather certain plants which were supposed to have a supernatural character. Fern is one of those herbs which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Our ancestors, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, concluded "that they who possessed the secret of wearing this seed about them would become invisible." Young men would go out at midnight on St. John's Eve, and endeavour to catch some in a plate, but without touching the plant, an attempt which was often unsuccessful. Samuel Bamford, in his recently-published "Passages in the Life of a Radical," relates the following remarkable anecdote in relation to this practice, and states that he was told it by an actor in the events it records. A youth, named Bangle, of Old Birkley, was deeply enamoured of a young beauty, the daughter of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and had been told by one Limping Billy, a noted seer residing at Radcliffe Bridge, that he had no chance of gaining power over the damsel unless he could take "St. John's fern seed," and, if he secured three grains of that, he might "bring to him whatever he wished that walked, flew, or swam." He agreed with two other persons, called Plant (Bamford's informant) and Chirrup, to gather the seed on Midsummer Eve; and accordingly, on the vigil in question, a little before midnight, the parties assembled in a deep valley, near the road to Manchester, ascending from Blackley, "greenswarded" and embowered in woods and plantations. The first word spoken was, "What hast thou?" "Mine is breawn an' roof," said Plant, in the Lancashire dialect, exhibiting a brown earthenware dish. "What hast thou?" he then asked. "Mine is breet enough," said Chirrup, showing a pewter platter, and adding, "What hast thou?"

"Teed wi' web an' woof
Mine is deep enough,"

said Bangle, displaying a musty dun skull, with the cap sawn off above the eyes, and left flapping like a lid by a piece of tanned scalp, which still adhered. The interior cavities had also been stuffed with moss, and lined with clay kneaded with human blood, and the youth had secured the skull to his shoulders by a twine of three strands—of unbleached flax—of undyed wool,—and of woman's hair, from which also depended a raven black tress, which a wily crone had procured from the maid he sought to obtain.

"That will do," said a voice in a half whisper, from one of the low bushes they were passing.

Plant and Chirrup paused; but Bangle said, "Forward, if we turn now a spirit has spoken we are lost, we are lost—come on," and they went forward. A silence like that of death was around them. Nothing moved either in tree or brake. Through a space in the foliage the stars were seen pale in heaven, and "a crooked moon hung in a bit of blue, amid motionless clouds." All was still and breathless, as if earth, heaven, and the elements were aghast. Gasping, and with cold sweat oozing on his brow, Plant recollected that they were to shake the fern with a forked rod of witch hazel (this, and the other parts of this strange observance had been prescribed beforehand by Limping Billy), and by no means must touch it with their fingers; and he asked in a whisper, if the others had brought one. On learning to the contrary, he soon procured what was wanted. The fern, "standing stiff and erect in a gleamy light," was now approached.

"Is it deep neet" (night)? said Bangle.

"It is," answered Plant,—

"The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold,"

and they drew near. All was still and motionless. Plant knelt on one knee, and held his dish under the

fern. Chirrup held his broad plate next below, and Bangle knelt and rested the skull directly under both, on the green sod, the lid being up. Plant said,—

"Good St. John, this seed we crave,
We have dared; shall we have?"

A voice responded—

"Now the moon is downward starting,
Moon and stars are all departing;
Quick, quick; shake, shake;
He whose heart shall soonest break,
Let him take."

They looked, and perceived by a glance that a venerable form, in a loose robe, was near them. Darkness came down "like a swoop." The fern was shaken; the upper dish flew to pieces; the pewter one melted; the skull emitted a cry, and eyes glared in its sockets; light broke; beautiful children were seen walking in their holiday clothes, and graceful female forms sang mournful and enchanting airs. The men stood terrified and fascinated; and Bangle gazing, bade "God bless 'em." A crash followed; strange and horrid forms appeared from the thickets; the men ran "as if sped on the wind"—they separated and lost each other. Plant, leaping a brook, cast a glance behind him, and saw terrific shapes, some beastly, some part human, and some hellish, gnashing their teeth and howling, and uttering the most fearful and mournful tones, as if wishing to follow him, but unable to do so. In an agony of terror he arrived at home, not knowing how he got there. For several days he was in a state bordering on unconsciousness; and when he recovered, he learned that Chirrup was found on a neighbouring swamp, called the White Moss, raving mad, and chasing the wild birds. Bangle found his way to his abode over hedge and ditch; running with supernatural and fearful speed,—the skull's eyes glaring at his back, and the nether jaw grinning and jabbering frightful and unintelligible sounds. He had preserved the seed, however, and having removed it from the skull, he buried the latter at the cross-road from whence he had taken it. He then carried the spell out, and his proud love stood one night by his bed-side, in tears. But he had done too much for human nature; in three months after, she followed his corpse, a real mourner, to the grave.

In addition to the awful St. John's fern, persons formerly gathered on this night the rose, St. John's-wort, vervain, trefoil, and rue, all of which were thought to have magical properties. They placed the orpine in pots and shells upon timber, slates, or trenchers, daubed with clay, in their houses, calling it a *Midsummer man*. As the leaves were found next morning to bend to the right or left, the anxious maiden "knew whether her lover would prove true to her or not." Young women also sought for what they called pieces of coal, but, in reality, certain hard, black, dead roots, often found under the living mugwort, with the intention of placing these under their pillows, that they might dream of their lovers. Some of these divinations are mentioned in the "Connoisseur," a periodical paper of the middle of the last century:—"I and my two sisters tried the dumb cake together. You must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows (but you must not speak a word all the time), and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hempseed in our back yard, and said to myself,—'Hempseed I sow, hempseed I hoe, and he that is my love come after me and mow! Will you believe me? I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him. After that, I took a clean shift and wetted it, and turned it wrong-side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again (for I heard his step), but I was frightened and could not help speaking, which broke the

charm. I likewise stuck up two *Midsummer men*, one for myself and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together; but I assure you his bowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." Gay, in one of his Pastorals, says—

"At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought.
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times, in a trembling accent, cried :—
'This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow.'
I straight looked back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth."

A poem, published in 1786, notices the gathering of the rose, and wearing it on Midsummer Eve, as one of the modes in which a girl seeks to ascertain the sincerity of her lover's vows :—

"The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
(Ere eve its dusky curtain drew.)
Was freshly gather'd from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem;
And, guarded from the piercing air,
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
Await the new-year's frolic wake,
When, faded in its alter'd hue,
She reads—the rustic is untrue!
But, if it leaves the crimson paint,
Her sickening hopes no longer faint;
The rose upon her bosom worn,
She meets him at the peep of morn,
And lo! her lips with kisses prest,
He plucks it from her panting breast."

Our space will only allow us to allude to three or four other customs connected with Midsummer Eve. In Northumberland it is usual to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers. A layer of clay is placed on the stool, and therein is stuck, with great regularity, an arrangement of all kinds of flowers, so close as to form a beautiful cushion. These are exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at the ends of streets and cross-ways of larger towns, where the attendants beg money from passengers, to enable them to have an evening feast and dancing. At Ripon, in Yorkshire, every house-keeper who, in the course of the year, has changed his residence into a new neighbourhood, spreads a table before his door with bread, cheese, and ale, for those who choose to resort to it. The guests, after staying awhile, if the master can afford it, are invited to supper, and the evening is concluded with mirth and good humour. The origin of this practice is unknown; but it probably was instituted for the purpose of introducing new comers to an early acquaintance with their neighbours. It closely resembles the ancient civic hospitalities of this season.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. VIII.

It was not until I had proceeded the length of two or three streets, that I could collect my ideas sufficiently to form anything like a just estimate of the extraordinary revelations to which I had so unexpectedly become a party—and no sooner had I in some measure succeeded in so doing, than the puzzling question presented itself to me, what line of conduct it would be advisable to adopt, in consequence of what I had heard.

I asked myself, too, to begin with, what right had I to make any use of a private conversation, with which accident alone had caused me to become acquainted? Would not people say I had behaved dishonourably in having listened to it at all? But then again, by preserving Cumberland's secret, and concealing his real character from Oaklands, should not I, as it were, become a party to any nefarious schemes he might contemplate for the future? Having failed in one instance in his attempt on Oaklands' purse, would he not (having, as I was now fully aware, such a strong necessity for money,) devise some fresh plan, which might succeed in its object, were Oaklands still ignorant of the real character of the person he had to deal with? And in such case should not I be answerable for any mischief which might ensue? Nay, for aught I knew, some fresh villainy might be afloat even now; what plan could Spicer have been urging, which Cumberland seemed unwilling to adopt, if not something of this nature, which might be prevented were Oaklands made aware of all the circumstances?

This last idea settled the business. I determined to reveal every thing to Oaklands in confidence, and to be guided in my subsequent conduct by his opinion. Having once arrived at this conclusion, the next thing was to carry my intentions into effect with as little loss of time as possible. I consequently started off in a homeward direction as fast as my legs could carry me, and succeeded in reaching my destination in rather less than ten minutes, having, at various times in the course of my route, run against and knocked over no less than six little children, to the manifest discomposure and indignation of as many nursery-maids, who evidently regarded me as a commissioned agent of some modern Herod, performing my master's work zealously.

On arriving at home my impatience was doomed to be disappointed, for Oaklands, who had gone out soon after I did, was not yet returned. This delay, in the feverish state of anxiety and excitement in which I was, appeared to me intolerable; and, unable to sit still, I kept striding up and down the room, clenching my fists, and uttering exclamations of impatience and vexation; which unusual conduct on my part so astonished and alarmed the worthy Thomas, that, after remaining in the room till he had exhausted every conceivable pretext for so doing, he boldly inquired whether "I did not feel myself ill, no how?" adding his hope that "I had not been a-exhaling laughing gas, or any sich rum-bustical wegitable?" after which, he favoured me with an anecdote of "a young man as he know'd, as had done so, wot conducted hisself more like a mad fool than a Christian, ever after." Perceiving at length that his attentions were rapidly reducing me to the same state of mind as that of his friend, he very considerably left me.

After half an hour of anxious expectation, in the course of which I must have walked some mile or two over Dr. Mildman's parlour carpet, Oaklands and Lawless returned together. I instantly called the former aside, and told him I wished to speak to him alone, as I had something of importance to communicate to him. To this he replied that it was very near dinner-time, but that, if I would come up to his room, I could talk to him while he dressed. As soon as we were safely closeted together, I began my relation, but scarcely had I got beyond "You asked me to go to the billiard rooms, you know"—when a hasty footstep was heard upon the stairs, some one knocked at the door, and immediately a voice, which I knew to be that of Cumberland, asked to be let in, "as he had something particular to say."

"The plot thickens," said Oaklands, as, without rising from his seat, he stretched out an immense length of arm, and opened the door. "Hear what I have to say first," cried I—but it was too late, and Cumberland entered, breathless, and with his usually sallow complexion flushed with exercise and excitement. "The most unfortunate thing"—he began, and stopping to draw breath, he added, "I have run all the way from the

post office, as hard as my legs would carry me—but I was going to tell you,—as I went down, I met Curtis of the —th, who told me their band was going to play in Park Square, and asked me to go with him to hear it, and I'm afraid that, as I stood in the crowd, my pocket must have been picked, for when I got to the post, I found that my letter, my pocket handkerchief, and I am sorry to say, your letter also had disappeared—so, remembering you had told me your letter was of importance, I thought the best thing I could do was to come home as fast as I could, and tell you." "By Jove," exclaimed Oaklands, "that's rather a bore though; there was my father's cheque for 300*l.* in it; I suppose something ought to be done about it directly." "Write a note to stop the payment; and—let me see—as it is too late for the post now, if you will make a parcel of it, I'll run down and give it to the guard of the mail, begging him to deliver it himself as soon as he gets to town,—the cheque can't be presented till to-morrow morning, so that will be all right." "What a head you have for business, to be sure!" said Oaklands; "but why should you have the trouble of taking it? I dare say Thomas will go with it, when we have done dinner, or I can take it myself." "Nay," replied Cumberland, "as I have contrived to lose your letter, the least I can do is to take the parcel; besides, I should like to speak to the guard myself, so as to be sure there's no mistake."

While this was going on, it may be imagined that my thoughts were not idle. When Cumberland mentioned the loss of the letter, my suspicions that some nefarious scheme might be on foot began for the first time to resolve themselves into a tangible form, but, when I perceived his anxiety to have the parcel entrusted to him, which was to prevent the payment of the cheque, the whole scheme, or something nearly approaching to it, flashed across me at once, and without reflecting for a moment on what might be the consequences of so doing, I said, "If Oaklands will take my advice, he will not entrust you with any thing else, till you can prove that you have really lost the letter, as you say you have done." Had a thunder-bolt fallen in the midst of us, it could scarcely have produced greater confusion than did this speech of mine. Oaklands sprang upon his feet, regarding me with the greatest surprise, as he asked, "If I knew what I was saying?" while Cumberland, in a voice hoarse from passion, inquired, "what the devil I meant by my insolence? what I dared to insinuate he had done with the letter, if he had not lost it?" "I insinuate nothing," was my reply; "but I tell you plainly that I believe, and have good reason for believing, that you have not lost the letter, but given it to your gambling friend and accomplice, Captain Spicer, who, in return for it, is to give you a receipt in full for the 200*l.* you owe him, and 50*l.* down." On hearing this, Cumberland turned as pale as ashes, and leaned on the back of a chair for support, while I continued, "You look surprised, Oaklands, as well you may, but, when you hear what I have to tell, you will see that I do not make this accusation without having good grounds to go upon." "I shall not stay here," said Cumberland, making an effort to recover himself, and turning towards the door, "I shall not remain here, to be any further insulted; I wish you good evening, Mr. Oaklands." "Not so fast," said Oaklands, springing to the door, and locking it; "if all this be true, and Fairleigh would not have said so much, unless he had strong facts to produce, you and I shall have an account to settle together, Mr. Cumberland; you will not leave this room, till I know the rights of the affair—now, Frank, let us hear how you learned all this." "Strangely enough," replied I; and I then gave him an exact account of all that had passed at the billiard-rooms, repeating the conversation, word for word, as nearly as I could remember it, leaving Oaklands to draw his own inferences therefrom. During the whole of my recital, Cumberland sat with his elbow resting on the table, and his face buried in his hands, without offering the slightest interruption, scarcely indeed

appearing aware of what was going on, save once, when I mentioned the fact of the door between the two rooms being slightly open, when he muttered something about "what cursed folly!" When I had finished my account, Oaklands turned towards Cumberland, and asked, in a stern voice, "What he had to say to this statement?" Receiving no answer, he continued—"But it is useless, sir, to ask you: the truth of what Fairleigh has said is self-evident—the next question is, What's to be done about it?" He paused for a moment as if in thought, and then resumed—"In the position in which I now stand, forming one of Dr. Mildman's household, and placed by my father under his control, I scarcely consider myself a free agent. It seems to me, therefore, that my course is clear; it is evidently my duty to inform him of the whole affair, and afterwards to act as he may advise. Do you agree with me, Frank?" "It is exactly what I should have proposed, had you not mentioned it first," was my answer. "For God's sake, Oaklands, don't," exclaimed Cumberland, raising himself suddenly; "he will write to my uncle,—I shall be expelled,—it will be utter ruin;—have pity upon me,—I will get you back your money, I will indeed, only don't tell Mildman." "I have treated you up to the present time as a gentleman and a friend," replied Oaklands; "you have proved yourself unworthy of either title, and deserve nothing at my hands but the strictest justice; no one could blame me were I to allow the law to take its course with you, as with any other swindler, but this I shall be most unwilling to do; nothing short of Dr. Mildman's declaring it to be my positive duty will prevail upon me. But our tutor ought to be informed of it, and shall: he is a good, kind hearted man, and if his judgment should err at all, you may feel sure it will be on the side of mercy. Fairleigh, will you go down and ask Dr. Mildman if I can speak to him, on a matter of importance, now, at once? you will find him in his study. Let me know when he is ready, and we will come down; for," added he, turning to Cumberland, "I do not lose sight of you till this business is settled one way or other."

When I had told my errand, Dr. Mildman, who looked a good deal surprised, and a little frightened, desired me (on receiving my assurance that the business would not do as well after dinner,) to tell Oaklands to come to him immediately. To this Oaklands replied by desiring me to hold myself in readiness for a summons, as he should want me presently. Then, linking his arm within that of Cumberland, he half-led, half forced him out of the room. In another minute I heard the study-door close behind them.

"Now, Fairleigh," said Dr. Mildman, when, in about a quarter of an hour's time, I had been sent for, "I wish you to repeat to me the conversation you overheard at the billiard-room, as nearly word for word as you can remember it." This I hastened to do, the Doctor listening with the most profound attention, and asking one or two questions on any point which did not at first appear quite clear to him. When I had concluded, he resumed his inquiries, by asking whether I had seen the parties who were speaking. To this I answered in the negative. "But you imagined you recognised the voices?" "Yes, sir." "Whose did you take them to be?" "One I believed to be Cumberland's, the other that of a Captain Spicer, whom I had seen when I was there before." "How often have you been there?" "Twice, sir; once about a week ago, and again to-day." "And have you the slightest moral doubt as to the fact of the persons you heard speaking being Cumberland and this Captain Spicer?" "Not the slightest; I feel quite certain of it." "That is all clear and straightforward enough," observed Dr. Mildman, turning to the culprit; "I am afraid the case is only too fully proved against you; have you anything to say which can at all establish your innocence?" "It would be of no use if I were to do so," said Cumberland, in a sullen manner; "it is all a matter of assertion; you choose to believe what they say,

and, if I were to deny it, you would not believe me without proof, and how can I prove a negative?" "But do you deny it?" inquired Dr. Mildman, regarding him with a clear, scrutinizing look. Cumberland attempted to speak, but, meeting Dr. Mildman's eye, was unable to get out a word, and turned away, concealing his face in his handkerchief. "This is a sad piece of business," said Dr. Mildman; "I suppose you mean to prosecute, Oaklands!" "I shall be most unwilling to do so," was the reply; "nor will I, sir, unless you consider it my positive duty. I would rather lose the money ten times over than bring such a disgrace upon Cumberland." "You are a kind-hearted fellow," replied the Doctor; "it really is a very difficult case in which to know how to act. As a general principle, I am most averse to anything like hushing up evil." "For Heaven's sake have pity upon me, Dr. Mildman," cried Cumberland, throwing himself on his knees before him; "I confess it all. I did allow Spicer to keep the cheque; he threatened to expose me, and I did it to escape detection; but promise you will not prosecute me, and I will tell you where he may be found, so that something may be done about it yet. I will pay anything you please. I shall come into money when I am of age, and I can make some arrangement. I don't care what I sacrifice, if I have to dig to earn my bread, only do not disgrace me publicly. Remember, I am very young, and oh! if you knew what it is to be tempted as I have been! Oaklands, Fairleigh, intercede for me; think how you should feel, either of you, if you were placed in my situation!"—"Get up, Mr. Cumberland," observed Dr. Mildman, in a grave impressive manner, "it is equally needless and unbecoming to kneel to man for forgiveness—learn to consider that position as a thing set apart and sacred to the service of One greater than the sons of men. One, whom you have indeed grievously offended, and to whom, in the solitude of your chamber, you will do well to kneel, and pray that He who died to save sinners from their sin, may in the fulness of His mercy, pardon you also"—he paused, and then resumed—"we must decide what steps had better be taken to recover your cheque, Oaklands; it is true we can send and stop the payment of it—but if you determine not to prosecute, for Cumberland's sake, you must let off this man Spicer also, in which case it would be advisable to prevent his presenting the cheque at all, as that might lead to inquiries which it would be difficult to evade. You said just now, you knew where this bad man was to be found, Mr. Cumberland?" "Yes, sir, if he is not at the billiard-rooms in F— Street, his lodgings are at No. 14, Richmond Buildings," said Cumberland. "Aye, exactly," replied Dr. Mildman; and resting his head upon his hand, he remained for some minutes buried in thought. Having at length apparently made up his mind, he turned to Cumberland, and said, "Considering all the circumstances of the case, Mr. Cumberland, although I most strongly reprobate your conduct, which has grieved and surprised me more than I can express, I am unwilling to urge Oaklands to put the law in force against you, for more reasons than one. In the first place, I wish to spare your uncle the pain, which such an exposure must occasion him; and secondly, I cannot but hope that at your age, so severe a lesson as this may work a permanent change in you, and that at some future period you may regain that standing among honourable men, which you have now so justly forfeited, and I am anxious that this should not be prevented by the stigma which a public examination must attach to your name for ever. I will therefore at once go with you to the abode of this man Spicer, calling on my way at the house of a legal friend of mine, whom I shall try to get to accompany us. I presume we shall have no great difficulty in procuring restitution of the stolen letter, when the culprit perceives that his schemes are found out, and that it is consequently valueless to him. Having succeeded in this, we shall endeavour to come to some equitable

arrangement of his claims on you—do you agree to this?" Cumberland bowed his head in token of assent, and Dr. Mildman continued—"And you, Oaklands, do you approve of this plan?" "It is like yourself, Doctor, the perfection of justice and kindness," replied Oaklands, warmly. "That is well," resumed Dr. Mildman; "I have one more painful duty to perform, which may as well be done at once—you are aware, Mr. Cumberland, that I must expel you?" "Will you not look over my fault this once?" entreated Cumberland; "believe me, I will never give you cause for complaint again." "No, sir," was the reply; "in justice to your companions I cannot longer allow you to remain under the same roof with them: it is my duty to see that they associate only with persons fitted for the society of gentlemen, amongst whom, I am sorry to say, I can no longer class you. I shall myself accompany you to town to-morrow, and, if possible, see your uncle, to inform him of this unhappy affair. And now, sir, prepare to go with me to this Captain Spicer:—on our return you will oblige me by remaining in your room during the evening. Oaklands, will you ask Lawless to take my place at the dinner table, and inform your companions that Cumberland has been engaged in an affair, of which I so strongly disapprove, that I have determined on expelling him, but that you are not at liberty to disclose the particulars. I need not repeat this caution to you, Fairleigh; you have shown so much good sense and right feeling throughout the whole business, that I am certain you will respect my wishes on this head."

I murmured some words in assent, and so ended one of the most painful and distressing scenes it has ever been my fate to witness.

The dinner passed off heavily; every attempt to keep up a continued conversation failed entirely; and a general feeling of relief was experienced when the time arrived for us to retire to the Pupils' room. Even here, however, the state of things was not much better. Lawless and the others, having in vain attempted to learn more of the affair from Oaklands and myself than we felt at liberty to tell them, lounged over a book, or dozed by the fire; whilst we, unable to converse on the subject which alone engrossed our thoughts, and disinclined to do so upon any other, were fain to follow their example. About half-past eight, Dr. Mildman and Cumberland returned, and, after dinner, which was served to them in the Doctor's study, Cumberland retired to his room, where he remained during the rest of the evening. Oaklands then received a summons from the Doctor, and, on his return, informed us that (as we had already heard) Cumberland was to be expelled. He added that Dr. Mildman intended to take him to town himself the next morning, as he was anxious to see Cumberland's uncle, who was also his guardian: he would probably, therefore, not return till the following day, in consequence of which we should have a whole holyday, and he trusted to us to spend it in a proper manner, which, as Coleman remarked, proved that he was of a very confiding disposition indeed, and no mistake.

When we went up to bed, Oaklands beckoned me into his room, and, as soon as he had closed the door, gave me an account (having obtained Dr. Mildman's permission to do so) of the interview with Spicer. They found him, it seemed, at his lodgings, preparing for his departure. At first he took a very high tone, denied the whole thing, and was extremely blustering and impertinent; but on being confronted with Cumberland, and threatened by Dr. Mildman's legal friend with the terrors of the law, he became thoroughly crest-fallen, restored the 300*l.* cheque, and consented, on the payment of 50*l.* in addition to the 50*l.* he had already received, to give up all claims upon Cumberland, whereupon they paid him the money down, made him sign a paper to the above effect, and left him.

"And so, my dear Frank," said Oaklands, "there is an end of that affair, and, if it only produces as much

effect upon Cumberland as it has produced upon me; it will read him a lesson he will not forget for many a long day. I blame myself excessively," he continued, "for my own share in this matter; if it had not been for my easy, careless way of going on, this scheme would never have been thought of—nay, I might, perhaps, have been able to have rescued Cumberland from the hands of this sharper; but in this manner we neglect the opportunities afforded us of doing good; and Frank," he continued, with a sudden burst of energy, "I will cure myself of this abominable indolence:"—he paused for some minutes in thought, and then added, "Well, I must not stand here raving at you any longer; it is getting very late: good night, old fellow! I shall be glad enough to tumble into bed, for I'm as tired as a dog: it really is astonishing how easily I am knocked up." The absurdity of this remark, so immediately following the resolution he had expressed with so much energy but a minute before, struck us both at the same moment, and occasioned a fit of laughter, which we did not check till we recollected with what dissonance any approach to mirth must strike the ear of the prisoner (for such he was in fact, if not in name), in the adjoining apartment.

"Now, sir! come, Mr. Fairleigh, you'll be late for breakfast," were the first sounds that reached my understanding on the following morning:—I say, understanding, as I had heard, mixed up with my dream, sundry noises produced by unclosing shutters, arranging water jugs, &c. which appeared to my sleep-bewildered senses to have been going on for at least half an hour. My faculties not being sufficiently aroused to enable me to speak, Thomas continued, "You'll be late, Mr. Fairleigh;" then came an aside, "My wig, how he does sleep! I hope he ain't been taking laudelum, or morpheus, or any thing of a somnambulous natur'. I wouldn't be master, always to have six boys a weighing on my mind, for all the wealth of the Ingies.—Mr. Fairleigh, I say!" "There don't make such a row," replied I, jumping out of bed; "is it late?" "Jest nine o'clock, sir; Master and Mr. Cumberland's been gone these two hours. Shocking affair, that, sir; it always gives me quite a turn when any of our gents is expelled; it's like being thrown out of place at a minute's warning, as I said to Cook only this morning. 'Cook,' said I, 'life's a curious thing; there's —' "the breakfast bell ringing, by all that's unlucky," exclaimed I; and down stairs I ran, with one arm in, and one out of my jacket, leaving Thomas to conclude his speculations on the mutability of human affairs as he best might, *solus*.

"How are we going to kill time to-day?" inquired Oaklands, as soon as we had done breakfast. "We mustn't do any thing to outrage the proprieties," said Coleman; "remember we are on *parole d'honneur*." "On a fiddlestick," interrupted Lawless; "let's all ride over to the Duke of York, at Bradford, shoot some pigeons, have a champagne breakfast, and be home again in time for the old woman's feed at five o'clock. I dare say I can pick up one or two fellows to go with us." "No," said Oaklands, "that sort of thing won't do to-day. I quite agree with Freddy, we ought not to do any thing to annoy the Doctor upon this occasion; come, Lawless, I am sure you'll say so too, if you give it a moment's thought." "Well, he's a good old fellow in his way, I know, but what are we to do then? something I must do, if it's only to keep me out of mischief." "It's a lovely day; let us hire a boat, and have a row," suggested Coleman. "That's not against the laws, is it?" asked Oaklands. "Not a bit," replied Coleman; "we used to go pulling about like bricks last summer, and Mildman rather approved of it than otherwise, and said it was a very healthy exercise." "Yes, that will do," said Lawless; "I feel savage this morning, and a good pull will take it out of me as well as anything. Now, don't go wasting time; let's get ready, and be off;" and accordingly in less than half an hour we were prepared and on our way to the beach. "How are we

going to do it?" inquired Lawless; "you'll take an oar Oaklands?" Oaklands replied in the affirmative. "Can you row, Fairlegh?" I answered that I could a little. "That will do famously, then," said Lawless; "we'll have a four-oar; Wilson has a capital little boat that will be just the thing; Freddy can steer, he's a very fair hand at it, and we four fellows will pull, so that we need not be bothered with a boatman: I do abominate those chaps, they are such a set of humbugs." No objection was made to this plan; Lawless succeeded in getting the boat he wished for; it was launched without any misadventure, and we took our places, and began pulling away merrily, with the wind (what little there was,) and tide both in our favour.

Palm Leaves.

THE PIOUS DERVISH.

A DERVISH, who was well known for his holy manner of life, went one day into a confectioner's shop. The owner hastened to serve the holy man in the best manner, and placed before him a vessel full of honey. Scarcely was it uncovered when a swarm of flies settled upon it, and the confectioner seized a brush to chase them away. The flies which had rested on the edge of the vessel easily saved themselves; but the greater number, whose curiosity had enticed them to venture inside, became entangled in the honey, and so fell a prey to the confectioner's besom.

The Dervish observed this scene with attentive looks, and, after some reflection, thus commented upon it:—"This vessel is the earth; the flies are its inhabitants. Those who remained on the edge are the wise, who know how to place a boundary to their enjoyments; the mass, who flew into the honey, are those unwise ones, who give the rein to their inclinations, and follow after pleasure without reserve. When the sudden wing of the angel of death passes over the earth, the men who stood as it were on the edge of the vessel, immediately disentangle themselves, and take their ready flight to heaven; but the slaves of excess and self-indulgence sink deeper into the mire of their sins, and become an easy prey to the evil one."

THE WATER OF LIFE.

THE prophet Solomon once complained of the shortness of human life. "Of what use to me is my great wisdom," said he, "if I am not permitted to reap the fruit of it? The greater part of my life was gone before I attained it, and now that I begin to use my experience, I find myself on the borders of the grave. What is human wisdom but a transitory flower? Many days and weeks pass by before the bud unfolds itself: no sooner is the blossom expanded than it fades away; it is not given it to see the fruit of its existence."

So spoke the Prophet, sorrowing; then lifting up his eyes, he saw an angel from heaven, bearing a vessel made of sapphire in his hand. "Solomon," said the messenger from above, "I come from the throne of the Eternal. He has heard thy complaint, and lo, I am sent to bring thee the Water of Life; by it thou may'st become immortal and enjoy eternal youth, but, if thou refuse to drink it, then, when thy time is come, thou wilt go the way of all flesh. The Eternal has placed the choice before thee: do that which seemeth best in thine

eyes." The angel placed the vessel at the feet of the Prophet and disappeared. Solomon was undecided what to do, so he assembled his viziers and took counsel with them. They advised him, with one accord, to become immortal, but, because Butimar, the wisest of his viziers was absent, the Prophet desired him to be called, and laid the question before him.

"Great king," answered Butimar, "is this water of life given to thee alone, or may others partake of it with thee?"

"The Most High has granted this favour to me alone."

"Then," returned the vizier, "will thy wives, thy children, and thy friends, one after another die away from thee. Like a tree which is every year despoiled of its fairest fruit, thou wilt, every year, every week of thy life, have to lament the death of a beloved one. What charm can there be in an immortality which brings with it unceasing sorrow? If everything thou lovest is not to endure as well as thyself, then would an immortal life become an everlasting misery."

"Thus also do I think," said the Prophet; "this earth is not made to bear immortal children, else would the sun remain immovable in the midst of heaven. My lamentation was unreasonable. A wise man dwelling for ever in this valley of fools, and bearing for ever the chain of earthly desires, without seeing the end of such a winding passage; that man would be the most unhappy creature found beneath the sun."

When the Prophet returned, the water in the vessel was dried up. He knelt down and said, "Lord, forgive Thy servant if he blamed Thy works; with Thee alone there is wisdom and understanding. Through them thou hast ordered all things; what can the son of the dust do but praise Thy works?"

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

ARION:

MRS. TOOGOOD.

COME listen, ladies! listen, knights!
Ye men of arms and glory!
Ye who have done right noble deeds,
Aye love the poet's story,
As minstrels love the warriors bold,
And joyfully sing their fame,
O'er warriors' hearts the poet's tale
Shall peaceful triumphs claim.

From distant lands Arion came,
From wandering far and long,
With gifts and gold,—for princely hearts
Denied no gift to song.
The song that cheered the saddest woe,
The tale that sings of youth,
Flowing sweetly, flowing on,
Thro' labyrinth of truth.

Rich tributes had been poured on him,
Arion far renowned,
And fair and gentle loved the rule,
Of one by nature crowned.

(1) See Illustration, p. 113.

But what can gifts and what can gold,
Or Fame's loud peal avail,
Wandering from his childhood's home,
His own Corinthian vale?

O Corinth, let me hear thy seas,
Thy home-borne tones once more,
And bless thy gods, and once again
Kneel thankful on thy shore:—
Yet cheer those eyes that weep alone,
The heart that loves me well;
What has the dim world's wealth for me,
Far from that sunny dell?

Corinthian shall my sailors be,
Then safe my hoarded store;
For generous and bold and true
The sons fair Corinth bore.
They shall repeat thy cherished name,
Recall the joys gone by,
The smiling scene of hope's young life,
To ravish'd memory.

And gaily blew the joyous wind,
And sung among the sails,
The breeze came by as breath of life,
In those home-bounding gales.
He, lost in thought, hangs o'er the prow,
The past with him alone,
And murmuring childhood's melody,
To the singer's soothing tone.

Meanwhile they eye his gems askance,
Askance they eye his gold,
Dark glance interpreted dark glance,
And bloody thoughts unfold.
They will seize their prey—their tiger hearts
Thirst for the poet's store;
Unburied cast him to the wave,
That yields her dead no more.¹

"Ah—spare my life," Arion cried,
"Corinthians, hear my prayer!"
But iron resolve had sealed his heart,
Nor wealth nor life to spare.
"I will sing a song, and a last long song,
And ye shall hear my lay;
I will deck me in the princely robe,
Won on a festal day."

He robed him in his broidered robe,
His brow a garland bound,
Like bright Apollo, wondrous fair,
When gods stand listening round.
He woke his harp—forth streamed the notes,
And echo softly gave
A cry of joy, and music floats,
Rejoicing o'er the wave.

Down dash'd he to his faithful sea,
Immortal guardians near,—
And swift an encircling host surround
One to the gods most dear.
A dolphin gleamed in golden scales,
Among the frothy foam,
And bore him glorying on her way,
Safe to his long-loved home.

A lovelier sight was ne'er beheld
Upon the grass-green sea,
Than when o'er billows and their spume
They bounded fearlessly.
The Ocean's king Arion rode,
Leading a Nereid train,
Calm in his godlike graceful pride,
Upon his wild domain.

(1) "To die destitute of burial" was considered one of the greatest misfortunes by the Greeks; and, of all forms of death, shipwreck, in which the body was swallowed up by the deep, was thought the most terrible. They were possessed with the opinion, that their souls could not be admitted into the Elysian shades till the body was committed to the earth; and that, if they never obtained burial, the time of their exclusion from the receptacle of ghosts was no less than a hundred years.

Now sculpture hastes with eager hand
Her magic art to ply,
Recording with a sister's love
This deed of poesy.
At Tanarus the Dolphin stands
With fair Arion's form;
His magic harp in his bending hand,
Amid the battling storm.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

DISCOVERY OF WINE.

DR. HENDERSON, in his "History of Ancient and Modern Wines," gives the following account of the discovery of wine, on the authority of a Persian MS. The Persian emperor who founded Persepolis, being extremely fond of grapes, put some into a jar to preserve them; tasting them while they were fermenting, he found them so bad that he put them back, and marked *poison* on the jar. His favourite mistress, from some cause weary of life, drank the liquor, which, the fermentation being at an end, was so pleasant as to reconcile her to life, instead of poisoning her. The king found out what had taken place, and thus wine was discovered.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "QUIZ."

VERY few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings as this monosyllable; and, however strange the word, it is still more strange that not one of our lexicographers, from Bayley to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious; it is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known, from the Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken all through the principal streets of Dublin by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language; wagers were laid, and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word, "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and shop-window in town. Shops being shut all next day, every body going to and coming from their different places of worship saw the word; and every body repeated it, so that "Quiz" was heard all through Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window, caused much surprise; and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression, "You are quizzing me."

. The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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The Elopement.

(See page 136.)

REMARKABLE VOLCANIC PHENOMENA.

THE SANTORINI ISLES AND THE PEAK OF JEYDA.

THE combustile matter which causes eruptions does not appear to be universally diffused throughout the earth, but is collected in particular spots, districts, or regions, and disposed in beds or veins of smaller or greater dimensions, since volcanoes appear either in groups, or in lengthened ranges, or extended lines. Thus, Iceland and its neighbourhood present one group, whilst the Andes of America form a lengthened range of volcanic action. Although the subterranean con-

nexion of the several members of any group is sufficiently evident, it does not follow that ignition should take place in all at once; on the contrary, eruption probably takes place only in that part of the vein or bed which undergoes chemical decomposition, consequently one volcanic crater of a group or line will be in a state of activity, whilst the others lie dormant or have become entirely extinct.

Extinct volcanoes are generally found at a considerable distance from the sea, whilst those that are most active are in its immediate vicinity; and many of them

are actually *submarine*, or situated in the very bed of the ocean. When a volcano bursts beneath the waters of the sea, the substances thrown up often rise above the surface, forming rocks and islands; such has been the case throughout every ocean on the globe. This interesting phenomenon took place in the Santorini Islands, in the Grecian Archipelago. It has been handed down by the ancients, that all these islands sprang from the bosom of the ocean, and this opinion is rendered probable by occurrences of different epochs of modern date. New islands were produced by the action of subterranean fires, appearing, intersecting, separating the old ones; sometimes coming close to them, and at times actually united with them, till some violent convulsions, similar to that which had first expelled them from the depths of the sea and thrown them up to the surface, again swallowed them up, and made them wholly to disappear.

The eruption, with the effects of which we are best acquainted, is that which occurred, to the consternation of the inhabitants of those islands, in 1797. On the 23rd of March of that year, the commencement of the new island was visible from the whole coast of Santorino. The first persons who perceived it imagined that it was the wreck of some vessel, and hastened to the shore to plunder; but what was their astonishment to find a mass of rocks rising from the watery depths and spreading over the surface! This phenomenon had been preceded by an earthquake, which, indeed, was the only alarming sign that heralded it. This, however, sufficed to diffuse amongst the inhabitants a consternation, that the current traditions of former disastrous consequences seemed to justify.

Fear soon gave place to curiosity; some Greeks were bold enough to land upon this new shore. They found its surface to be of a very white and very soft stone; but what is still more remarkable, they saw a quantity of fresh oysters, which are scarcely ever known at Santorino. They were busily engaged gathering them up, when they felt the ground move and rise under their feet, carrying them with it. Terrified, they leaped into their boat; and a very few days after, the new island had increased twenty feet in height, and to nearly double its first breadth. It continued for two months receiving fresh additions, which it frequently lost suddenly. Enormous rocks borne on the surface of the waves, showed themselves, disappeared, and then again appeared to swell its size; but a new and still more curious and terrible phenomenon was preparing.

In the month of July there suddenly appeared, about sixty paces from the White Island already thrown up, a chain of black and calcined rocks, which were soon followed by a torrent of thick and whitish smoke. This smoke spread a fearful infection, and, wherever it penetrated, the silver and copper were blackened, and the inhabitants immediately suffered from violent headaches, accompanied by vomitings. Some days afterwards, the neighbouring waters became hot, then boiling, and a great quantity of dead fish were found upon the shore. A dreadful noise was heard in the bowels of the earth, lengthened flashes of fire proceeded from the sea, and the rocks vomited forth by these fires formed into accumulated masses, and joined themselves to the first island, which, however, still preserved, for some time, its white colour. From that moment the mouth of the volcano was continually casting forth torrents of fire and burning rocks, a shower of pumice-stones covered the sea, and all the neighbouring islands. The inhabitants of Santorino were obliged to seek shelter in dens and caves.

The dreadful roar and redoubled peals of subterranean thunder, enormous rocks thrown upwards even to the skies, sulphureous torrents dyeing the waters, and fiery waves extending over the surface of a boiling sea,—all united to form a picture at once sublime and fearful. It continued for nearly a whole year; at length the fire abated, and there remained only a thick smoke.

The 13th of July, 1708, some persons had the courage to venture upon an examination of the scene of so many phenomena. The following is the account given by one of them of their adventurous enterprise:—"Having taken care to provide ourselves with a caic (kind of long boat), well caulked, and every crevice fully stopped up and secured; and having determined upon landing, if it were possible, we made direct to the island at the side where the sea was not boiling, but where it was smoking very densely. Hardly had we entered into the smoke than we felt an almost stifling heat. We put our hands into the water and found it burning, though we were still five hundred paces from our destination. There being no likelihood of our being able to advance further on that side, we turned towards the most distant point of the large crater, and at which the island had always increased in length. The fires which were visible there, and the sea which was casting out large fire-flakes, obliged us to take a great circuit; and yet we felt the heat very much. On my way I had leisure to observe the space which the new island occupied; its greatest height, seemed to be two hundred feet, its breadth about one mile, and its circumference five miles.

"After having passed more than an hour in this survey, we now felt a wish to approach the island, and once more to attempt a landing at the place which I mentioned before, as having been, for a long time, called the White Island. For several months this part had ceased to grow, and never had there been either fire or smoke perceptible. We re-embarked and rowed to that side. We were nearly two hundred paces from it, when, putting our hands into the water, we felt that the nearer we approached the hotter it became. We now sounded, and the whole line, 570 feet long, was thrown out without reaching the bottom. While deliberating whether we should proceed any further, the large mouth emitted columns of fire, with as much violence and as much noise as usual, and, to complete our ill fortune, the breeze, which was somewhat fresh, brought down upon us the cloud of ashes and smoke emitted by it; happy, however, was it for us that it brought nothing else. Ludicrous figures were we, thus covered by this shower of cinders, but none of us had much inclination to laugh; we thought only of getting away as quickly as we could; and in good time we did so, for scarcely had we got a mile and half from the island, when the bellowing and thundering began again, and a quantity of red-hot stones fell upon the very spot we had just occupied. When we landed at Santorino, our boatmen made us observe, that the great heat of the water had taken almost the whole of the pitch off our caic, which was beginning to open in every part."

During the ten succeeding years there were several eruptions of this volcano; it is now in a state of inactivity, but this pause in its energies may be only a preparation for still greater convulsions. The water is no longer hot in any part, and no exhalation is visible; but a great quantity of sulphur and bitumen is occasionally emitted from the sides, which floats upon the waters without mingling with it, and colours them differently, according to the nature and quality of the bituminous particles they carry away with them.

Similar furnaces exist in many archipelagoes. The last day of the year 1720, a new island was suddenly formed in the Strait between the island of St. Michael (the most volcanic of the Azores) and Jestrara. It was about a league in circumference; and as it were bristling with immense rocks resembling pumice-stone. Every night globes of fire and streams of fiery matter shot up like sky-rockets, to a height of three or four thousand feet. The water was very hot all around; and the sea was boiling to such a distance, that it would have been dangerous to approach the island, which rose to such a height that it was visible eight or ten leagues off. Some short time after it gave way and totally disappeared.

The island of St. Michael contains a volcanic moun-

tain, an eruption of which took place, in 1628, and produced, near the shore, in a place where there were over a hundred feet of water, a volcanic rock, a league and a half in length, which rose 360 feet above the level of the ocean; and, at the same time, it was observed with terror, that, in proportion as the new island was projected above the ocean, the summit of the volcano St. George, in the Pico or Peak-island, sank down, though there was an intervening space of more than thirty leagues between the two theatres of the explosion. This last fact would seem to confirm the conjectures of some naturalists, that there exists a sub-marine communication between volcanoes, as well in those which throw out fiery matter, as in those whence water and fire alternately issue. The explosion of these columns of water is attributed to the fall of subterranean springs upon the burning bitumen. Near Guatemala, in America, are two mountains, one of which is called a fire-volcano, and the other a water-volcano, on account of its casting up a quantity of streams. It is said of the former, that, by the light of its flames, a letter may be read at night at the distance of three miles.

These phenomena are so astonishing, that many a mind, instead of submitting its imaginations to the laws of a sound philosophy, has suffered it to wander into superstitious fancies, and little is it to be wondered at that the ignorant and the credulous should regard these appearances with superstitious terror. The Guanches, the indigenous inhabitants of Teneriffe, believed the Peak of Jeyda to be the mouth of Tartarus, and the vulgar amongst its present colonists look upon it as the entrance to hell. This celebrated Peak cannot be approached without danger. The English philosopher, Edens, who visited it in 1715, beheld running down its black sides, numerous streams of sulphureous fire, forming a thousand winding paths; in other places the soil itself is burning, or slightly covering immense abysses, which, at every moment, threaten the adventurous traveller with the fate of Empedocles. From the height of its crater are visible the twenty thousand rocks forming the structure of the island, ancient pyramids of God's own construction, resembling from afar the ruins of a Palmyra or a Persepolis. From this crater issues, almost continually, either smoke or fire, the characteristic and fearful token of former and dreadful explosions.

Two celebrated travellers of modern times, Humboldt and Bonpland, visited this Peak of Jeyda, the highest volcanic mountain on the globe, rising, as it does, eleven thousand four hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea. In the account of their expedition Humboldt tells us—"Though in the middle of summer, and under African skies, we suffered much from cold during the night. Not being provided with either tent or cloaks, we stretched ourselves upon a ledge of rocks, where we were greatly incommoded with the flame and smoke which the wind was incessantly driving towards us. We had endeavoured to make some kind of screen from the wind by sheets tied together; but they took fire, a circumstance which we did not perceive until the most part of it had been consumed by the flames. We had never before passed a night at so great an elevation; and little did I then imagine that, at the back of the Cordilleras, we should one day inhabit cities, the site of which is higher than the top of the volcano which we hoped to reach the next day. The more the temperature lowered the more the clouds gathered round the Peak; the north wind again scattering them, and the moon-beams penetrating through them, its disk appearing at times in brighter lustre from the deep, dark-blue of those, its back-ground. The appearance of the volcano gave a sublime character to this nocturnal scene. Sometimes the Peak was entirely concealed from us by the fog, sometimes it appeared in terrifying nearness, and, like an enormous pyramid, projected its shadow over the clouds beneath us."

In the morning Humboldt and Bonpland set out on

their way to the top of the Peak. What was their admiring wonder, when, seated on the brink of the volcano, they contemplated the spectacle which surrounded them! A bright clear sky over their head, —beneath them masses of vapours, perpetually driven by the wind, were rolling like the waves of the sea, till some current of air suddenly parting them, forests, villages, the port of Orotava, with its ships lying at anchor, the vines, the gardens with which the city is surrounded, appeared, as if by some magic, through the wide chasms, and spread out before them into the far distance, so that from the top of these desert regions our two travellers might gaze upon the inhabited world, and expatiate in thought over the wide field of science, or soar from the sublime contemplation, of nature to the still more sublime conception of which man alone has been made capable—the adoring contemplation of the God of nature.

Though the Peak of Jeyda gives such perpetual indication of being a burning mountain, there has been no actual eruption since 1304, at which period the fine port of Ganachica, overwhelmed by burning lava, was utterly destroyed.

Temporary volcanic eruptions take place from time to time in different countries of the globe. In 1584, about half a league from the town of Aigle, in the Canton of Berne, a vast mass of earth issued suddenly from between two rocks, thrown out by pent-up exhalations which were struggling to escape. This phenomenon had been preceded by a great earthquake, lasting from ten to twelve minutes, and repeated for three days consecutively. This mass of earth was precipitated in a few moments over the subjacent valleys and neighbouring country. A whole hamlet was first swallowed up, with the exception of only one house; and the earth increasing as it rolled along like a snow-ball, buried, in a village below the hamlet which has just been mentioned, sixty-nine houses, one hundred and six barns, more than one hundred persons, and a quantity of cattle. This explosion of earth, accompanied by a shower of stones, and by a cloud mixed with sparks and smoke, with the disengagement of sulphurous vapours, occupied about a league in length, and in breadth about twelve acres. It was doubtless to the effort to find vent of the volcanic fire, that the earthquake which took place the few previous days is attributable.

These convulsions of nature present sometimes strange phenomena. In 1660, an earthquake was felt at Bordeaux and Narbonne, in which a mountain at Bigorre disappeared, and a lake was found in its place. An occurrence of a similar nature took place in France in 1821. On the 15th of June, about ten o'clock in the morning, a dreadful noise was heard for more than five or six minutes, in the environs of Aubenas, and was audible at more than six leagues round. They know not how to account for it, when at the same instant a very high mountain called "Gerbier de Jone," at the foot of which the Loire takes its rise, gradually sank, disappeared, and in its room was a lake. This mountain was so high, that the ascent was most difficult to the top, which terminated in a point, and at the extremity of which was a fountain. The convulsion was so great that its shock was felt five leagues round.

As remarkable a fact is told of the time of Pliny. "The last year of the reign of Nero, in the territory of Marus," says the learned naturalist, "a plantation of olives belonging to Vectius Marcellus, the Roman knight, was transported to the opposite side of the public road."

In 1665, after dreadful shocks in Canada, an extent of rocks of a hundred leagues was levelled, presenting to the eye only a flat plain.

The raging sea has also been known to burst with irresistible force its bounds, and to hurl vessels into the very midst of the forests. This has happened several times, particularly in earthquakes taking place in Mexico. In a hurricane at Guadaloupe, on the ninth of September, 1738, a ship, of eight thousand quintals

burden, anchored in a road, was carried more than five thousand feet inland.

Professor Jameson gives the following distribution of one hundred and ninety-three volcanoes in a state of activity :—

Continent of Europe	1
European Islands	12
Continent of Asia	8
Asiatic Isles	58
African Isles	8
Continent of America	87
American Isles	19

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To these we may add the

Crater of Kiranea, in Hawarah, one of the Sandwich Isles.

Volcano of Joribora, island of Sumbawa.

" Joffa, Friendly Isles.

" Barren Island, one of the Andamans, in Bay of Bengal,

and the submarine volcanoes Nyc, off the coast of Iceland; Sabrena, off St. Michael's, and Graham's Island, not far from the east coast of Sicily.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. IX.

THE morning was beautiful; it was one of those enjoyable days, which sometimes occur in early spring, and in which nature, seeming to overleap at a bound the barrier between winter and summer, gives us a delightful foretaste of the good things she has in store for us. The clear bright sea, its surface just ruffled by a slight breeze from the south-west, sparkled in the sunshine, and fell in diamond showers from our oars, as we raised them out of the water, while the calm serenity of the deep blue sky above us, appeared indeed a fitting emblem of that heaven, in which "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The peaceful beauty of the scene seemed to impress even the restless spirits of which our little party was composed, and, by common consent, we ceased rowing, and suffered the boat to drift with the tide, merely pulling a stroke now and then to keep her head in the right direction. After floating for some twenty minutes or so in the manner I have described, Lawless, who never could remain quiet long, dropped the blade of his oar into the water with a splash that made us all start, exclaiming as he did so, "Well, this may be very sentimental and romantic, and all that sort of thing, but it doesn't strike me as particularly entertaining. Why, you fellows were all asleep, I believe." "Heigho!" exclaimed Oaklands, rousing himself, with a deep sigh, "I was in such a delicious reverie; what a barbarian you are, Lawless; you seem utterly ignorant of the pleasures of the *dolce-far-niente*." "*Dolce-far-devilskin*!" was the reply, in tones of the greatest contempt. "I would not be as lazy as you are, Oaklands, for any money. You are fitter to lounge about in some old woman's drawing-room, than to handle an oar." "Well, I don't know," answered Oaklands, quietly, "but I think I can row as long as you can." "You do, do you?" rejoined Lawless, "it will be odd to me, if you can. I don't think I was stroke-oar in the crack boat at Eton for a year, without knowing how to row a little; what do you say to having a try at once?" "With all my heart," replied Oaklands, divesting himself of his waistcoat, braces, and neckcloth, —which latter article he braced tightly round his waist —an example speedily followed by Lawless. "Now,

you young shavers, pull in your oars, and we'll give you a ride, all free, gratis, for nothing." Mullens and I hastened to comply with Lawless's directions, placing the oars and seating ourselves so as not to interfere with the trim of the boat; while he and Oaklands, each taking a firm grasp of his oar, commenced pulling away in real earnest. They were more evenly matched than may be at first imagined, for Lawless, though much shorter than Oaklands, was very square built, and broad about the shoulders, and his arms, which were unusually long in proportion to his height, presented a remarkable development of muscle, while it was evident from the manner in which he handled his oar, that he was the more practised rower of the two. The boat, urged by their powerful strokes, appeared to fly through the water, while cliff and headland (we were rowing along shore about half a mile from the beach) came in view and disappeared again like scenes in some moving panorama. We must now have proceeded some miles, yet still the rival champions continued their exertions with unabated energy, and a degree of strength that seemed inexhaustible. Greatly interested in the event, I had at first watched the contending parties with anxious attention, but, perceiving that the efforts they were making did not produce any visible effects upon them, and that the struggle was likely to be a protracted one, I took advantage of the opportunity to open a letter from my sister, which I had received just as I was leaving the house. I was sorry to find, on perusing it, that my father had been suffering from an inflammatory attack, brought on by a cold which he had caught in returning from a visit to a sick parishioner, through a pouring rain. A postscript from my mother, however, added, that I need not make myself in the least uneasy, as the apothecary assured her that my father was going on as well as possible, and would probably be quite restored in the course of a week or so. On observing the date of the letter, I found I ought to have received it the day before. Arguing from this (on the "no-news being good-news" system) that I should have heard again if anything had gone wrong, I dismissed the subject from my mind, and was reading Fanny's account of a juvenile party she had been at in the neighbourhood, when my attention was roused by Coleman, who laying his hand on my shoulder said—"Look out, Frank, it won't be long now before we shall see who's best man; the work's beginning to tell." Thus invoked, I raised my eyes, and perceived that a change had come over the aspect of affairs, while I had been engaged with my letter. Oaklands and Lawless were still rowing with the greatest perseverance, but it appeared to me that their strokes were drawn with less and less vigour each succeeding time, while their flushed faces, and heavy breathing, proved that the severe labour they had undergone had not been without its effect. The only visible difference between them was that Lawless, from his superior training, had not, as a jockey would say, "turned a hair," while the perspiration hung in big drops upon the brow of Oaklands, and the knotted, swollen veins of his hands stood out like tightly strained cordage. "Hold hard," shouted Lawless. "I say, Harry," he continued, as soon as they had left off rowing, "how are you getting on?" "I have been cooler in my life," replied Oaklands, wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Well, I think it's about a drawn battle," said Lawless, "though I am free to confess, that if you were in proper training, I should be no match for you, even with the oar." "What made you stop, just then?" inquired Oaklands, "I'm sure I could have kept on for a quarter of an hour longer, if not more." "So could I," replied Lawless, "ay, or for half an hour, if I had been put to it; but I felt the work was beginning to tell, I saw you were getting used up, and I recollected that we should have to row back with the wind against us, which, as the breeze is freshening, will be no such easy matter; so I thought if we went on, till we were both done up, we should be in a regular fix." "It's lucky you remem-

bered it," said Oaklands; "I was so excited, I should have gone on pulling as long as I could have held an oar; we must be some distance from Helmstone by this time. Have you any idea whereabouts we are?" "Let's have a look," rejoined Lawless. "Yes, that tall cliff you see there is the Nag's Head, and in the little bay beyond stands the village of Fisherton. I vote we go ashore there, have some bread and cheese, and a draught of porter at the inn, and then we shall be able to pull back again twice as well."

This proposal seemed to afford general satisfaction; Mullins and I resumed our oars, and, in less than half an hour, we were safely ensconced in the sanded parlour of the "Dolphin," while the pretty bar-maid, upon whom also devolved the duties of waitress, hastened to place before us a smoking dish of eggs and bacon, which we had chosen in preference to red herrings,—the only other dainty the Dolphin had to offer us,—Coleman observing, that "a hard roe" was the only part of a herring worth eating, and we had had that already, as we came along. "I say, my love, have you got any bottled porter?" enquired Lawless. "Yes, sir, and very good it is," replied the smiling damsel. "That's a blessing," observed Coleman, piously. "Bring us up a lot of it, there's a dear," resumed Lawless; "and some pewter pots—porter's twice as good out of its own native pewter." Thus exhorted, the blooming waitress tripped off, and soon returned with a basket containing six bottles of porter. "That's the time of day," said Lawless; "now for a cork-screw, pretty one; here you are, Oaklands." "I must own that is capital, after such hard work as we have been doing," observed Oaklands, as he emptied the pewter pot at a draught. "I say, Mary," asked Coleman, "what's gone of that young man, that used to keep company along with you,—that nice young chap, that had such insinivatin ways with him?" "I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about, sir; I've nothink to say to no young man whatsumever," replied the damsel addressed, shaking her curls coquettishly. "Ah!" sighed Coleman, "if I were but single now." "Why, you never mean to say you've got a wife already, such a very young gentleman as you are?" "Not only that, but three little pledges of connubial felicity, and a fourth expected next week, if it isn't twins," continued Coleman, pathetically. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the bar-maid, surprised, for once, out of her company manners; then, observing a smile, at her expense, going the round of the party, she added, "I see how it is; you are making fun of me, sir; oh, fye, you're a wicked young gentleman, I know you are." "Never mind him, my dear," said Lawless, "but give me another bottle of porter." In converse such as this, the meal, and the half dozen of porter were finished; in addition to which, Lawless chose to have a glass of brandy-and-water and a cigar. Having been rendered unusually hungry by the sea air and the unaccustomed exercise of rowing, I had both eaten and drunk more than I was in the habit of doing, to which cause may be attributed my falling into a doze; an example which, I have every reason to believe, was followed by most of the others. I know not how long my nap had lasted, when I was aroused by hearing Coleman exclaim, "Why, I think it rains! Lawless, wake up! I don't much like the look of the weather." "What's the row?" enquired Lawless, leisurely removing his legs from the table on which they had been resting, and walking to the window, a feat, by the way, he did not perform quite as steadily as usual. "By Jove!" he continued, "the wind's blowing great guns; we must look sharp, and be off—we shall have the sea getting up." Accordingly, the bill was rung for, and paid; Mary received half-a-crown and a kiss, and down we ran to the beach, where difficulties we were little prepared for awaited us.

The wind, which we had observed was rising when we landed, had increased during our stay at the inn, and was now blowing almost a gale from the south-west; whilst the sea, which we had left smooth as a lake, was rolling in, and breaking on the beach, in somewhat

formidable waves. "I tell you what," said Coleman, as soon as he had observed the state of affairs, "I won't attempt to steer in such a sea as that; it requires great skill and judgment, besides a stronger hand than mine, to keep the boat's head right; if I were to let her turn her broadside to one of those waves, it would be a case of 'Found drowned,' with some of us, before long." "What's to be done, then?" enquired Oaklands. "I am sure I can't do it, it's a thing I'm quite ignorant of; all my boating having been on the river." "Let's hire one of those amphibious beggars out there, to steer for us," proposed Lawless, pointing to a group of fishermen who were lounging round an old boat, not far from where we stood, "they're up to all the right dodges, you may depend. Here, my men! which of you will earn half-a-guinea, by steering our boat for us to Helmstone?" "I wouldn't, master, for ten times the money," replied an old weather-beaten boatman, in a tarpaulin hat; "and if you'll take an old man's advice, gentlemen, you'll none of you venture out in that cockle-shell this afternoon; the wind's getting up every minute, and we shall have a rough night of it." "Nonsense," replied Lawless; "I've often been out in worse weather than this. Are you, all of you, frightened by that old woman's croaking?" continued he, turning to the group of men. "He's no old woman," replied a sturdy fellow, in a rough pea-jacket; "he's been a better sailor than ever you'll be, and he's right now too," he added. "It's as much as a man's life is worth to go to sea in that bit of a thing, with the waves running in as they do now,—and with such a set of landlubbers as them for a crew," he muttered, turning away. "Suppose we try and get something to take us home by land," suggested Oaklands; "and leave the boat for some of these good fellows to bring home, as soon as the weather will allow." "You'll have to walk, sir," replied one of them, civilly; "I don't believe there's a cart or horse in the place; they all went inland this morning, with fish, and won't return till to-morrow." "There, you hear that," said Lawless, who had just drunk enough to render him captious and obstinate. "I'm not going to walk to please anybody's fancy; I see how it is,—I did not bid high enough. A couple of guineas for any one who will come with us," added he. "A couple of guineas is not to be got every day," observed a disagreeable looking man, who had not yet spoken; "and it is not much odds to me, whether I sink or swim now; those custom-house sharks," added he, with an oath, "look so close after one, that one can't do a stroke of work that will pay a fellow now-a-days. Money down, and I'm your man, sir," he added, turning to Lawless. "That's the ticket," said Lawless, handing him the money. "I'm glad to see one of you, at least, has got a little pluck about him. Come along." I could see that Oaklands did not at all approve of the plan, evidently considering we were running a foolish risk; but, as nothing short of a direct quarrel with Lawless could have prevented it, his habitual indolence and easy temper prevailed, and he remained silent. I felt much inclined to object, in which case, I had little doubt the majority of the party would have supported me; but a boyish dread, lest my refusal should be attributed to cowardice, prevented my doing so. With the assistance of the bystanders, we contrived to launch our little bark, without further misadventure than a rather heavier sprinkling of salt-water than was agreeable. Rowing in such a sea, however, proved much harder work than I, for one, had any idea of; we made scarcely any way against the waves, and I soon felt sure that it would be utterly impossible for us to reach Helmstone by any exertions we were capable of making. The weather too was getting worse every minute; it rained heavily, and it was with the greatest difficulty we were able to prevent the crests of some of the larger waves from dashing into our boat; in fact, as it was, she was already half full of water, which poured in faster than Coleman (who was the only person not otherwise engaged) could bale it out. "Upon my word, Lawless, it's madness to attempt to go on,"

exclaimed Oaklands; "we are throwing away our lives for nothing." "It certainly looks rather queerish," replied Lawless. "What do you say about it, my man?" he asked of the person whom he had engaged to steer us. "I say," replied the fellow, in a surly tone, "that our only chance is to make for the beach at once, and we shall have better luck than we deserve, if we reach it alive." As he spoke, a larger wave than usual broke against the bow of the boat, flinging in such a body of water, that we felt her stagger under it, and I believed, for a moment, that we were about to sink. This decided the question; the boat's head was put about, with some difficulty, and we were soon straining every nerve to reach the shore. As we neared the beach, we perceived that, even during the short time which had elapsed since we quitted it, the sea had become considerably rougher, and the line of surf now presented anything but an encouraging appearance. As we approached the breakers, the steersman desired us to back with our oars, till he saw a favourable opportunity; and the moment he gave us the signal, to pull in as hard as we were able. After a short pause the signal was given, and we attempted to pull in as he had directed; but, in doing this, we did not act exactly in concert—Lawless taking his stroke too soon, while Mullins did not make his soon enough; consequently we missed the precise moment, the boat turned broadside to the beach, a wave poured over us, and in another instant we were struggling in the water. For my own part, I succeeded in gaining my legs, only to be thrown off them again by the next wave, which hurried me along with it, and flung me on the shingle, when one of the group of fishermen who had witnessed the catastrophe, ran in, and seizing me by the arm, in time to prevent my being washed back again by the under-tow, dragged me out of the reach of the waves.

On recovering my feet, my first impulse was to look round for my companions; I at once perceived Lawless, Mullins, and Oaklands, who were apparently uninjured, though the latter held his hand pressed against his forehead, as if in pain; but Coleman was nowhere to be seen. "Where is Coleman?" exclaimed I. "There is some one clinging to the boat, still," observed a bystander. I looked anxiously in the direction indicated, and perceived the boat floating bottom upwards, just beyond the line of breakers; while, clinging to the keel, was a figure which I instantly recognised to be that of Coleman. "Oh, save him, save him, he will be drowned," cried I, in an agony of fear. "Ten guineas for any one who will get him out," shouted Lawless; but nobody seemed inclined to stir. "Give me a rope," cried I, seizing the end of a coil which one of the boatmen had over his shoulder, and tying it round my waist. "What are you going to do?" asked Lawless. While he spoke a large wave separated Coleman from the boat, and as it poured its huge volume upon the beach, bore him along with it. With the swiftness of thought I sprang forward, and succeeded in throwing my arms round him, ere the next advancing wave dashed over us. And now my foresight in fastening the rope around me, proved, under Providence, the means of saving both our lives. Though thrown to the ground by the force of the water, I contrived to retain my grasp of Coleman, and we were hauled up, and conveyed beyond the reach of the surf, by the strong arms of those on shore, ere another wave could approach to claim its victims.

On recovering my consciousness, (I had been partially stunned by the violence of my last fall,) I found myself lying on the beach, with my head resting on the breast of Oaklands. "My dear, dear Frank, thank God that you are safe!" exclaimed he, pressing me more closely to him. "What of Coleman?" asked I, endeavouring to raise myself. "They are taking him to the inn," was the reply; "I will go and see if I can be of any use, now I know you are unhurt; but I could not leave you till I felt sure of that." "I fancied you seemed in pain just now," said I. "I struck my head against some part of the boat when she capsized," returned Oaklands, "and

the blow stunned me for a minute or two, so that I knew nothing of what was going on till I saw you rush into the water to save Coleman; that roused me effectually, and I helped them to pull you both out. Frank, you have saved his life." "If it is saved," rejoined I; "let us go and see how he is getting on; I think I can walk now, if you will let me lean upon your arm." With the assistance of Oaklands, I contrived to reach the inn without difficulty; indeed, by the time I got there (the walk having served in great measure to restore my circulation), I scarcely felt any ill effects from my late exertions. The inn presented a rare scene of confusion; people were hurrying in and out, the messenger sent for the doctor had just returned, breathless, to say he was not to be found,—the fat landlady, in a state of the greatest excitement, was going about making impracticable suggestions, to which no one paid the slightest attention, while Coleman, still insensible, was lying wrapped in blankets before a blazing fire in the parlour, with the pretty bar-maid sobbing piteously on her knees beside him, as she chafed his temples with some strong essence. "That's the time of day!" exclaimed Lawless, as his eye fell upon a printed card which the landlady had just thrust into his hand, headed, "The directions of the Humane Society for the restoration of persons apparently drowned." "We shall have it now, all right," added he, and then read as follows:—"The first observation we must make, which is most important, is, that rolling the body on a tub"—"Bring a tub," cried the landlady, eagerly, and off started several of the bystanders to follow her injunctions—"is most injurious," continued Lawless, "but holding up by the legs with the head downwards"—(a party of volunteers, commanded by the landlady, rushed forward to obtain possession of Coleman's legs) "is certain death," shouted Lawless, concluding the sentence. While this was going on, I had been rubbing Coleman's hands between my own, in the hope of restoring circulation; and now, to my extreme delight, I perceived a slight pulsation at the wrist; next came a deep sigh, followed by a tremulous motion of the limbs; and, before five minutes were over, he was sufficiently restored to sit up, and recognise those about him. After this his recovery progressed with such rapidity, that ere half an hour had elapsed, he was able to listen with interest to Oaklands's account of the circumstances attending his rescue, when Lawless, hastily entering the room, exclaimed—"Here's a piece of good luck, at all events; there's a post-chaise just stopped, returning to Helmstone, and the boy agrees to take us all for a shilling a head, as soon as he has done watering his horses; how is Freddy getting on?—will he be able to go?" "All right, old fellow," replied Coleman. "Thanks to Fairleigh in the first instance, and a stiff glass of brandy and water in the second, Richard's himself again!" "Well, you've had a near shave for it, this time, however," said Lawless; "there is more truth than I was aware of in the old proverb, 'If you are born to be hanged, you will never be drowned;' though, if it had not been for Frank Fairleigh, you would not have lived to fulfil your destiny." In another ten minutes we were all packed in and about the post-chaise; Coleman, Oaklands, and myself occupying the interior, while Lawless and Mullins rode outside. The promise of an extra half-crown induced the driver to use his best speed. At a quarter before five we were within a stone's throw of home, and if that day at dinner Mrs. Mildman observed the pale looks and jaded appearance of some of the party, I have every reason to believe she has remained up to the present hour in total ignorance as to their cause.

As I was undressing that night, Coleman came into my room, and grasping my hand with his own, shook it warmly, saying, "I could not go to sleep, Frank, without coming to thank you for the noble way in which you risked your own life to save mine to-day. I laughed it off before Lawless and the rest of the fellows, for when I feel deeply, I hate to show it; but indeed,

(and the tears stood in his eyes while he spoke,) indeed I am not ungrateful." "My dear Freddy," returned I, "do not suppose I thought you so for a moment; there, say no more about it; you would have done the same thing for me that I did for you, had our positions been reversed." "I am not so sure of that," was his reply, "I should have wished to do so; but it is not every one who can act with such promptitude and decision in moments of danger." "There is one request I should like to make," said I. "What is it?" replied he, quickly. "Do not forget to thank Him, whose instrument I was, for having so mercifully preserved your life." A silent pressure of the hand was the only answer, and we parted for the night.

Owing, probably, to over-fatigue, it was some little time before I went to sleep. As I lay courting the fickle goddess (or god as the case may be, for mythologically speaking, I believe Somnus was a *he*), I could not help contrasting my present feelings with those which I experienced on the first night of my arrival. Then, overcome by the novelty of my situation, filled with a lively dread of my tutor, bullied and despised by my companions, and separated for what I deemed an interminable period from all who were dear to me, my position was far from an enviable one. Now, how different was the aspect of affairs! With my tutor, who, from an object of dread, had become one of esteem and affection, I had every reason to believe myself a favourite; I was on terms of the closest friendship with those of my companions whose intimacy was best worth cultivating; while with the others I had gained a standing which would effectually prevent their ever venturing seriously to annoy me; and, above all, I had acquired that degree of self-confidence, without which one is alike impotent to choose the good or to refuse the evil. And it was with an honest pride that I reflected, that this improvement in my position was mainly owing to a steady adherence to those principles, which it had been the constant aim of my dear parents to instill into me from my childhood. I fell asleep at last, endeavouring to picture to myself the delights of relating my adventures on my return home, how my mother and sister would shudder over the dangers I had escaped, while my father would applaud the spirit which had carried me through them. The vision was a bright and happy one; would it ever be realized?

To our surprise, we learned the next morning, that Dr. Mildman had arrived by the last coach the previous evening, having fortunately met with Cumberland's uncle at his house of business in town, and delivered his nephew into his safe custody without further loss of time. The breakfast passed over without the doctor making any inquiry how we had amused ourselves during his absence, nor, as may easily be believed, did we volunteer any information on the subject. On returning to the pupils' room, I found a letter, in my sister's hand-writing, lying on the table. With a feeling of dread, for which I could not account, I hastened to peruse it. Alas! the contents only served to realize my worst apprehensions. My father's illness had suddenly assumed a most alarming character, inflammation having attacked the lungs with so much violence, that the most active measures had failed to subdue it, and the physician, whom my mother had summoned on the first appearance of danger, scarcely held out the slightest hope of his recovery. My mother wished me to return home without any loss of time, as my father, before he became delirious, had desired that I might be sent for, expressing himself most anxious to see me; and the letter concluded with a line in my mother's hand-writing, exhorting me to make every exertion to reach home without delay, if I wished to see him alive. For a minute or two, I sat with the letter still open in my hand, as if stunned by the intelligence I had received; then, recollecting that every minute was of importance, I sprang up, saying, "Where's Dr. Mildman? I must see him directly." "My dear

Frank, is anything the matter? you are not ill?" inquired Oaklands, anxiously. "You have received some bad news, I am afraid," said Coleman.

"My father is very ill, dying perhaps," replied I, while the tears which I in vain endeavoured to restrain, trickled down my cheeks. After giving way to my feelings for a minute or two, the necessity for action again flashed across me. "What time is it now?" inquired I, drying my eyes. "Just ten," replied Oaklands, looking at his watch. "There is a coach which starts at the half hour, is there not?" "Yes, the Highflyer, the best drag on the road," returned Lawless; "takes you to town in five hours, and does the thing well, too."—"I must go by that, then," replied I. "What can I do to help you?" asked Coleman. "If you would put a few things into my bag for me, while I speak to the Doctor," rejoined I. "I will go and get a fly for you," said Lawless, "and then I can pick out a nag that will move his pins a bit; that will save you ten minutes, and you have no time to lose." On acquainting Dr. Mildman with the sad intelligence I had received, and the necessity which existed for me to depart immediately, he at once gave me his permission to do so; and, after speaking kindly to me, and showing the deepest sympathy for my distress, he said he would not detain me longer, as I must have preparations to make, but should like to see me the last thing before I started, and wish me good bye.

I found, on reaching my own room, that all was quite ready: Coleman and Thomas (whose honest face wore an expression of genuine commiseration) having exerted themselves to save me all trouble on that head. Nothing, therefore, remained for me to do, but to take leave of my fellow-pupils and Dr. Mildman. After shaking hands with Lawless and Mullins, (the former assuring me, as he did so, that I was certain not to be late, for he had succeeded in securing a trap, with a very spicy little nag in it, which would have me there in no time,) I hastened to take leave of my tutor. After inquiring whether I had sufficient money for my journey, and begging me to write him word how I got home, he shook me kindly by the hand, saying, as he did so, "God bless you, my boy! I trust you may find your father better; but if this should not be the case, remember whose hand it is inflicts the blow, and strive to say, 'Thy will be done.' We shall have you among us again soon, I hope; but should any thing prevent your return, I wish you to know, that I am perfectly satisfied with the progress you have made in your studies; and, in other respects, you have never given me a moment's uneasiness since you first entered my house. Once more, good bye; and remember, if ever you should want a friend, you will find one in Samuel Mildman."

The fly-horse proved itself deserving of Lawless's panegyric, and I arrived at the coach-office in time to secure a comfortable seat outside the Highflyer. After taking an affectionate leave of Oaklands and Coleman, who had accompanied me, I ascended to my place; the coachman mounted his box exactly as the clock chimed the half-hour, the horses sprang forward with a bound, and ere ten minutes had elapsed, Helmstonc lay at least a couple of miles behind us.

I accomplished my journey more quickly than I had deemed possible, and had the melancholy satisfaction of reaching home in time to receive my father's blessing. The powerful remedies to which they had been obliged to have recourse, had produced their effect; the inflammation was subdued; but the struggle had been protracted too long, and his constitution, already enfeebled by a life of constant labour and self-devotion, was unable to rally. Having given me a solemn charge to cherish and protect my mother and sister, he commended us all to the care of Him, who is so emphatically termed "the God of the fatherless and widow;" and then, his only earthly care being ended, he prepared to meet Death, as those alone can do to whom "to die is gain." When the

last beam of the setting sun threw a golden tint around the spire of the little village church, those lips which had so often breathed the words of prayer and praise within its sacred walls were mute for ever, and the gentle spirit which animated them had returned to God who gave it!

But little more remains to be told. My father's income being chiefly derived from his church preferment, and his charities having been conducted upon too liberal a scale to allow of his laying by money, the funds which remained at my mother's disposal after winding up his affairs, though enough to secure us from actual poverty, were not sufficient to allow of my continuing an inmate of an establishment so expensive as that of Dr. Mildman. On being informed of this change of circumstances, the Doctor wrote to my mother, in the kindest manner; speaking of me in terms of praise which I will not repeat, and inquiring what were her future views in regard to me; expressing his earnest desire to assist them to the utmost of his ability. At the same time I received letters from Oaklands and Coleman, full of lamentations that I was not likely to return; and promising, in the warmth of their hearts, that their fathers should assist me in all ways, possible and impossible. Mr. Coleman, senior, in particular, was to do most unheard-of things for me; indeed, Freddy more than hinted, that through his agency, I might consider myself secure of the Attorney Generalship, with the speedy prospect of becoming Chancellor. I also found enclosed a very characteristic note from Lawless; wherein he stated, that if I really was likely to be obliged to earn my own living, he could put me up to a dodge, by which all the disagreeables of having so to do might be avoided. This infallible recipe proved to be a scheme for my turning stage coachman! After citing numerous examples of gentlemen who had done so, (amongst whom the name of a certain baronet stood forth in high pre-eminence,) he wound up by desiring me to give the scheme my serious attention, and, if I agreed to it, to come and spend a month with him when he returned home at Midsummer; by the end of which time he would engage to turn me out as finished a "Waggoner" as ever handled the ribbons. To these letters I despatched suitable replies; thanking the writers for their kindness, but refusing to avail myself of their offers, at all events for the present; and I finished by expressing a hope, that be my fate in life what it might, I should still preserve the regard and esteem of the friends whose affection I prized so highly.

Reader, the "Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil" are ended. To the writer of these recollections of his boyhood—that happy time in which sorrows and annoyances, however sharply they may be felt for the moment, are as quickly forgotten, while pleasure is enjoyed with a zest our manhood seeks in vain—when life and hope are strong within us, and, as yet untaught by sad experience, we love with full and trusting hearts,—the task of recording these various scenes has been a pleasant one.

Whether the reader will regard his share of the trouble in the same favourable light remains to be proved. It remains for him also to determine, whether the "Private Pupil" has excited his interest sufficiently to make him desirous of learning aught of the after life and adventures of "Frank Fairleigh."

THE ELOPEMENT.¹

(From the German of Musæus.)

ON the small piece of water, named Luckwitz, in Vogtland, which lies on the borders of Thuringia, is situated the Castle of Lauenstein, which was formerly an abode of nuns, who were dispersed in the wars against the Hussites. The domains were in the

course of time given over to a lay possessor as a forfeited fief, and were let by the Count of Orlamund, the proprietor of the land, to a tenant, who built himself a castle from the ruins of the cloister, and either gave his name to, or received it from, the well-earned possessions, and was called the Squire of Hallermund. But he soon learnt that ecclesiastical wealth does not prosper in the hands of the laity; and that even a peaceable robbery of the church will be revenged in one way or another. The bones of the holy nuns, which had already reposed in perfect peace for centuries in the dark vaults of the grave, could not with indifference submit to the desecration of their sanctuary. Once in every seven years did some one of them, rising from her tomb, march around the court-yard, parade through the chambers, open and shut doors, and create a fearful noise and clashing in the church porch, which still remained uninjured. In time the inhabitants became accustomed to the appearance of the ghost, and when the period came for the apparition, the domestics avoided entering the church porch, or quitting their chambers by night.

At the decease of the first possessor, the estate fell to his descendants by lawful wedlock; and there never was a male heir wanting till the time of the Thirty Years' War, at which time bloomed the last shoot of the race of Lauenstein. Squire Sigismund was, for the time in which he lived, a very excellent man, who lived on his lands with a good reputation, did not squander the inheritance which he derived from his frugal fathers, but enjoyed by its aid the pleasures of life. He had (as soon as his predecessor vacated his place for him, and left him the possession of Lauenstein) married according to the custom of his race, and became the happy parent of a fine girl.

Mademoiselle Emily, amid the multiplicity of domestic affairs, was in a great measure left to the cares of trusty mother Nature, and did not lose by this. The invisible artist, who does not willingly endanger her reputation, and usually atones by some *chef d'œuvre* for any mistake which may be attributable to her, had granted to the daughter a more liberal proportion of intellect and of personal charms than to the father; she was pretty, and had good sense. In time, when the charms of the young lady began to bloom, her mother's views were directed to elevating high, through her, the splendour of the nearly extinct family. The lady possessed a secret pride, which did not evince itself in the common affairs of life, unless in her value for their genealogic tree, which she considered as the most honourable decoration of the house. In the whole extent of Vogtland, with the exception of the Russian nobles, she saw no family so rich and noble as that she should desire to see the last blossom of the root of Lauenstein transplanted into it; and, however anxious the young lords in the neighbourhood might be to obtain the lovely prize, the mother had sufficient art to frustrate their designs. She watched the heart of the maiden as carefully as the toll-gatherer watches the turnpike gate, that no contraband goods may pass through; rejected all the well-intentioned speculations of cousins and aunts, who were intent on match-making, and, with mademoiselle, her daughter, carried herself so high that no youth ventured to approach. As long as the heart of a maiden is yet to be moulded, it resembles a boat on a mirrored lake, which readily obeys the steersman, but when the wind rises, and the waves rock, the light skiff is no longer

(1) See Engraving, page 129.

obedient to the helm, but yields to the guidance of winds and waves. The tractable Emily willingly allowed her mother to conduct her in leading-strings on the path of pride; her yet untouched heart was capable of any impression. She awaited some prince or count to worship her charms; and rejected with cold reserve all less high-born paladins who made their court to her. Meanwhile, ere a suitable worshipper presented himself before the Grace of Lauenberg, a circumstance happened, which decidedly frustrated her mother's plans of marriage, and through which all princes and counts of the Roman-catholic German nation would have come too late to strive for the heart of the maiden.

In the troubles of the thirty years' war the army of the brave Wallenstein took up its winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Vogtland. Squire Sigismund received many unbidden guests, who created more confusion in the castle than the ghostly wanderers had formerly done. Although they, indeed, asserted not the rights of possession, like their predecessors, yet they were not to be driven away by any exorcists. The lord of the manor was compelled to play this losing game cheerfully; and, in order to preserve the domineering gentlemen in good humour, and keep them in good order, they were entertained most sumptuously. Banquets and balls succeeded each other without intermission: at the former the lady of the house presided, at the latter mademoiselle. This splendid manner of exercising the rights of hospitality rendered the rude warriors quite complaisant; they honoured the house where they were so well fed; and landlord and guests were mutually content. Among these heroes were many who might have won the heart of the goddess of beauty herself; but one surpassed all others. A young officer, named the handsome Fritz, had the appearance of an armed Cupid, he united with a handsome form a very pleasing deportment, was mild, modest, and agreeable, besides possessing much intellect, and being a very nimble dancer. No man had hitherto made an impression on the heart of Emily; but this youth roused in her maidenly bosom an unknown feeling, which filled her soul with an indescribable emotion. The only thing which surprised her was that the charming Adonis was not called the handsome prince or the handsome count, but merely the handsome Fritz. She occasionally inquired of one or other of his companions in war, on their more intimate acquaintance, the family name of the young man, and his descent; but nobody could enlighten her on the subject. All praised the beautiful Fritz as a brave man, who understood the service, and possessed the most amiable character. However, it did not appear that his genealogy was very clearly to be traced; there were as many versions of it as of the descent and the true position in society of the well-known, and yet mysterious, Count Cagliostro, who was sometimes reputed the offspring of a grand master of Malta, being also his nephew, on the mother's side; sometimes the son of a Neapolitan coachman; sometimes the brother of Zannovich, the pretended prince of Albania; and sometimes had assigned to him, as a calling, the office of perriwig-maker. However, all the conjectures were unanimous in asserting that the handsome Fritz had risen from the ranks to be a captain of horse; and that if fortune yet favoured him, he would advance with hasty steps to the most distinguished posts in the army.

The secret inquiries of the curious Emily were not concealed from him; his friends imagined that they should flatter him with this news, and accompanied it with much pleasing encouragement. He modestly interpreted their surmises as raillery and jest; but in his heart he was glad to learn that the young lady had sought information respecting him, for even the first glance at her had filled him with the ardour which is usually the precursor of love. No language possesses such energy, or is so easily understood, as the feeling of sweet sympathy, by aid of which the progress from first

acquaintance to love usually proceeds, more quickly than from the ranks to command as captain. They did not, it is true, so soon make an open declaration; but both parties knew how to impart their feelings to the other, and they mutually understood each other, their glances met half way, and told what coy love ventures to disclose. The negligent mamma had just, at a wrong time, in consequence of the prevailing confusion, withdrawn the guard from the portals of her daughter's heart; and as soon as this important post was unguarded, the cunning smuggler, Cupid, watched his opportunity to steal in thither unobserved, by twilight. When once he had charge of the affair he gave to the maiden very different counsels from her mamma. He, an acknowledged enemy to all ceremony, from the first robbed the young lady of the prejudice, that birth and rank must be considered in the sweetest of passions, and that lovers must be of corresponding antiquity of birth; thus classing themselves, like the beetles and reptiles in a collection of dead insects. The freezing pride of ancestry melted in her heart, like the fantastical flower-patterns on a frosty pane of glass, when the beams of the delightful sun warmed the atmosphere. Emily abandoned her beloved ancestral-tree, and letters of nobility; and carried her heretical opinion so far, that she nourished the belief that the privileges of birth were, as regards love, the most intolerable yoke which the freedom of man had ever submitted to.

The handsome Fritz adored the maiden; and as he discovered from every incident that fortune favoured him as much in love as in war, he delayed not, on the first opportunity that presented itself, to open to her, without reserve, the state of his heart. She received the avowal of his love with blushes, but not the less with inward pleasure; and their confiding hearts united themselves in the mutual vows of inviolable constancy. They were now happy for the present, and looked not forward to the future. The return of spring recalled the troops to their tents; the army assembled; and the sad moment when the lovers must be parted, now approached. Now they consulted earnestly how they might legally be united in the bonds of love, so that nothing but death could part them. The maiden had disclosed to her lover the opinions of her mother respecting marriage; and it was not to be anticipated that the proud lady would retract a hair's breadth of her beloved system, to favour a match of affection. A hundred plans were formed for overcoming this obstacle, and all were rejected; in each appeared some insurmountable obstacle which caused them to doubt its success. Meanwhile, since the young warrior found that his beloved was resolved to seize any plan which might lead to the fulfilment of her wishes, he proposed to her an elopement; the safest measure which love has ever contrived, by which he has countless times succeeded, and will still succeed, in frustrating the plans of parents, and overcoming their obstinate pride. The maiden considered for a time, and then agreed to it. Now, only one thing was to be considered, how she should escape from the well-walled and well-defended castle, to throw herself into the arms of her anxious lover; for she well knew that the watchfulness of her mother, as soon as Wallenstein's garrison had marched away, would again return to its former occupation—would watch her every step, and not let her escape from her sight. But ingenious love triumphs over every difficulty: the maiden knew that on the day of All Saints, in the following autumn, the time would come, according to tradition, for the return to the castle of the apparition of the ghost of the nun, after an interval of seven years. The fear that all the inhabitants of the castle had of this apparition was also known to her; therefore she conceived the bold idea of undertaking for this time the part of the spirit, causing a nun's habit to be secretly prepared, and escaping in this incognito. The handsome Fritz was delighted at this well-contrived plan, and clapped his hands for joy. Although, at the time

of the Thirty Years' War, it was too early in the day for disbelieving, yet the young hero was a sufficient philosopher to doubt the existence of spirits, or at least to assign to them their proper place without further speculation. After all was arranged, he leapt into his saddle, recommended himself to the protection of love, and set forth at the head of his squadron. The campaign passed favourably for him, although he exposed himself to every danger; it appeared as though Love had listened to his prayers, and taken him under his protection.

Meanwhile Mademoiselle Emily lived between hope and fear; she trembled for the life of her faithful Amadis, and industriously sought news of how it happened in the field with their winter's guests. Every report of a skirmish plunged her in grief and horror, which her mother interpreted as a proof of her kindness of heart, without nourishing the least suspicion. The warrior did not fail from time to time to send news of himself to his beloved, in secret letters, which reached her by the hand of a trusty chambermaid, and also received intelligence from her by the same medium. As soon as the campaign was ended he put everything in readiness for the approaching secret expedition, provided himself with a trusty steed, and looked eagerly in the almanack for the appointed day, when he was to repair to the trysting-place in a pleasure-grove of Lauenstein Castle, in order not to break his engagement.

On All Saints day the maiden, with the assistance of the faithful chambermaid, prepared for the execution of her design, pretended a slight indisposition, betook herself in good time to her chamber, and there transformed herself into the loveliest hobgoblin that ever appeared on earth. The tardy hours of evening lengthened themselves, according to her reckoning, beyond their proper limits, and every instant increased her desire to attempt the adventure. Meanwhile the silent friend of lovers, the pale moon, lighted with her silvery beams the Castle of Lauenberg, in which all the bustle of busy day was now hushed in a solemn stillness. No one was now awake in the castle except the housekeeper, who, yet in the late hour of night, was calculating in difficult figures the kitchen expenses; the chicken-plucker, who had to pick thirty larks for the squire's breakfast; the doorkeeper, who at the same time performed the office of watchman, and cried the hours; and Hector, the faithful watch-dog, who greeted the rising moon with a continued barking.

As the midnight hour sounded, the daring Emily went forth; she had contrived to obtain a master-key which opened all the doors, slipped lightly down the stairs, and through the porch, where she perceived a light from the kitchen. For this reason she jingled a bunch of keys with all her might, slammed the chimney-boards noisily to, and opened the house door and the wicket without resistance; for as soon as the four watchful inmates perceived the unwonted bustle, they imagined it was the arrival of the boisterous nun. The chicken-plucker crept for fear into the kitchen cupboard; the housekeeper into her bed; the watch-dog into his kennel; and the doorkeeper into the straw, where his wife already lay. The maiden reached the open space, and hastened to the little wood, where she fancied she already saw, in the distance, the carriage, with swift horses attached to it, awaiting her. But when she approached nearer it was only a deceitful shadow of a tree. She imagined that, misled by this illusion, she had mistaken the place of rendezvous, and traversed, from end to end, all the paths of the wood; but her knight, and his equipage, were nowhere to be found. Disturbed at this position of things, she knew not what to think. Not to appear at an appointed rendezvous is a bitterly-to-be-atoned crime among lovers; but to remain absent under present circumstances was more than high treason in love. She could not in any way comprehend it. After she had waited in vain for a whole hour, and her heart beat high with anxiety and

cold, she began to weep and lament bitterly. Ah, the faithless man pursues a cruel sport with me! he is in the arms of a rival from whom he cannot tear himself away, and has forgotten my faithful affection! These thoughts suddenly recalled to her recollection her long-forgotten genealogical tree; and she was ashamed of having condescended so far as to love a man without name and without noble sentiments. At the instant that the excess of passion quitted her, reason came to her aid to counsel her how to atone for her error; and this faithful adviser told her to return to the castle, and forget the plight-breaker. She accomplished the first without delay, and arrived safe and sound in her chamber, to the great astonishment of her faithful attendant, to whom she disclosed everything; the second she proposed to accomplish more at leisure, and after further reflection. However, the nameless man was not so guilty as the wrathful Emily imagined. He had not failed in punctually keeping his appointment. His heart was full of transport, and he waited with great impatience to seize the charming prey of love. At the approach of the midnight hour he glided near the castle, and watched for the opening of the wicket. Earlier than he expected, the beloved nun's figure stepped forth. He flew to her from his hiding-place, seized her eagerly in his arms, and said— "I have thee, I hold thee, never will I leave thee; sweet love, thou art mine; sweet love, I am thine; thou mine, I thine, with body and soul." Joyfully did he carry the lovely burden to where his horse stood waiting, and place her beside him on the saddle. No sooner were they seated, than the horse reared and snorted, shook his mane, became restive, and at last galloped furiously over the plain, until a severe shock hurried the rider from his seat, and horse and man rolled over a steep precipice into the abyss below. The tender hero knew not what happened to him, his body was bruised, his skull was fractured, and he lost all consciousness, from the hard fall. When he came to himself, he missed his beloved travelling companion. He passed the remainder of the night in this helpless condition, and was carried in the morning, by some peasants who found him, into the nearest village. His steed had broken his neck, but this troubled him but little. He was in the greatest uneasiness concerning the fate of the lovely Emily; sent people to seek news of her in all highways, but nothing could be learned respecting her. The hour of midnight first dissipated his embarrassment. As the clock struck twelve, the door opened, his lost travelling companion entered, not in the shape of the beautiful Emily, but of the ghostly nun, a frightful wife! The handsome Fritz perceived, with horror, that he had made a great mistake, he felt the sweat of death on his brow, began to sign and bless himself, and to repeat all the pious ejaculations which occurred to him in his fright. The nun was not repelled by these, but advanced to the bed, stroked his glowing cheek with her dry icy hand, and said— "Peace, peace, be at rest, I am thine, and thou art mine, with body and soul." She tormented him thus by her presence for a whole hour by the clock, after which she disappeared. This platonic love-sport was carried on by her every night, and she even followed him to Eichsfeld, where his quarters were.

Here, also, he had no rest nor repose from his ghostly love; he pined and grieved, and quite lost his spirits; so that both men and officers in his regiment perceived his melancholy, and all the honest warriors felt great compassion for him. But the trouble of their brave companion was a riddle to all, for he avoided the disclosure of his unlucky secret. But the handsome Fritz had one confidant among his comrades, an old horse-serjeant, who was reputed an adept in all arts of bleeding; he also possessed, according to report, the lost secret of a charmed life, could summon spirits, and had every day a charmed shot. This skilful warrior besought his friend, with loving importunity, to disclose to him the secret grief which oppressed him. The tortured

martyr to love, who was tired and wearied of life, could not resist, at length, under the seal of secrecy, confessing all. "Brother, is it nothing more than that?" said the ghost-layer, smiling, "thou shalt soon be freed from this torture; follow me to my quarters." Many secret preparations were made, many circles and characters were described on the wall, and, at the command of the master, appeared the midnight ghost, this time at the hour of noon, in a darkened chamber, lighted only by the mournful glimmering of a magic lamp. It was severely punished for its past disorderly conduct and was banished to a hollow willow tree in a solitary valley, with a warning to remain in this lonely Patmos from that hour.

The ghost disappeared; but, at that very moment, there arose a storm and whirlwind which disturbed the whole town. However, there exists an old and pious custom, that when a violent storm of wind arises, twelve deputed citizens mount and ride immediately through the streets in a solemn procession, singing a penitential song to calm the wind.⁽¹⁾ As soon as these booted and well equipped exorcisers were sent out to still the hurricane, her howling voice was silenced, and the ghost was never seen again.

The brave warrior easily perceived that this mummery had been intended as a snare for his poor soul, and was heartily glad that the troublesome spirit had quitted him. He again took the field bravely with the dreaded Wallensteins, and entered Pomerania, where he made three campaigns without news of the charming Emily, and conducted himself so well, that on his return to Bohemia he headed a regiment. He took his way through Vogtland, and when he perceived the castle of Lauenberg in the distance, his heart beat with uneasiness and anxiety respecting the fidelity of his beloved.

He announced himself as a very old friend of the family, without mentioning his name, and gate and door were quickly opened to him, according to the rights of hospitality.

Ah! how horrified was Emily, when he whom she believed unfaithful, the handsome Fritz, entered the apartment. Joy and anger contended for the possession of her gentle soul; she could not resolve to vouchsafe him a friendly glance, and yet this compact with her eyes cost her great resolution. She had been counselling with herself for three years and more, whether she should or should not forget her nameless lover, whom she considered faithless; and in this manner she had not forgotten him for a single moment. His image continually hovered around her, besides which, the god of dreams appeared to patronize him greatly, for all the countless dreams which, since his absence, the maiden had had about him, appeared to be sent on purpose to excuse or defend him. The stately colonel, whose noble salary somewhat abated the careful watchfulness of the mamma, soon found an opportunity to put the apparent coldness of his beloved Emily to the proof. He disclosed to her the frightful adventure of the elopement, and she frankly avowed her sad suspicion that he had broken the vow of fidelity. Both lovers agreed to extend the knowledge of their secret a little farther, and to take mamma into the narrow bounds of their confidence. The good lady was quite as much astonished at the disclosure of the secret attachment of the lovely Emily, as at the account of the "*species facti*" of the elopement. She thought it reasonable that love should repay so severe a trial, but still she found an obstacle, in the nameless man. But when the maiden assured her that it was quite as reasonable to marry a man without a name, as to marry a name without a man, she could not contradict this argument. She, therefore, as there was no count in reserve, and as the secret contract appeared to be mature, granted her parental consent. The handsome Fritz embraced his

charming bride, and the nuptials were happily and peacefully concluded, without interruption from the ghostly nun.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE THREE KINGS DURING THE RIFLE MEETING AT BASLE.

(Concluded.)

My friend had a passion for the coffee-house. He had acquired it in Italy and France. I therefore took leave of my loquacious neighbour, and went out with my correspondent. He treated me in glorious style, and talked about what little business we had to settle.

"*A-propos*," said he at length, "your watches are quite safe with me. But what could have induced you to lose sight of them yourself; or rather, why did not you entrust them to the landlord's keeping? in which case he would have been responsible."

"Why," replied I, "there are a very odd sort of people in our hotel just now; and, if the landlord and his worthy visitors escape unscathed, it will be nothing short of a miracle."

Hercupon I told him the whole affair about Claude Barrault. He shook his head, and thought I ought to inform against the fellow. I was just about laying some of my scruples before him, and clearing my throat to begin, when I noticed my former companion of the table d'hôte, Durand, the Secretary of Police, at my side, who had come quietly in and taken his place close to where we were sitting. He had evidently listened to my tale, for his dark glaring eyes seemed to speak daggers to me, and wholly to deprive me of the power of utterance. In the meanwhile, a boisterous mortal swaggers awkwardly in, bawling out his salutation of "*caro amico, rivedere*," and the like of it. It was the man of Bellinzona. He made a dead set at my friend, and poured into his ears all sorts of little things that he had forgotten to say to him in the morning, over their bargain about the eight hundred dubloons. My friend, too, was "hail fellow well met" with him; for he gave him his arm at once, and walked about with him, talking of this and that, till, holla! and before I can stop them, they are off and away, without either "good-bye," or "God bless you."

Somewhat chagrined at this,—and, true enough, in such a motley whirl of mortals, our heads go round till our best friends are for the moment disregarded by us—I rose from my seat with the intention of leaving the coffee-house; when who should you suppose followed me? the Parisian; and secretly whispered in my ear, "What is all that about Barrault, my good sir?" As I had so far forgotten myself, I told him briefly what I knew; to which he shrewdly replied, "I should make a pretty something, no doubt, if I could lay hold of this atrocious delinquent; but, for the present, I advise you to give no information to the resident police. They have enough to do just now with the Italians, and those mischievous Radicals, and, in such a confused hubbub, they scarcely know which way to turn. However, I will be on the look-out for the rogue. I know him well by sight, and I'll answer for it he shall not escape me."

We were just entering our hotel, when Martin comes up to me, and asks me what I mean to do about leaving. I order him to be ready for the next day, and give him my card, which he is to present to my correspondent in the morning, and fetch away my case of watches. "Quite right, sir," said he, "and do you want nothing more of me to-day? The horses have eaten their corn, the carriage is in order, well washed, and under cover, and the wheels have been greased."

I was trying to recollect whether I had no further orders for my man, when Monsieur Durand begins again.

"You have a carriage of your own?" said he.

I reply in the affirmative.

(1) This Wind procession is observed in the above-mentioned town to this day.

"Oh, let me see your horses; I am a great lover of horses," he continued.

"With pleasure," replied I, in a well-satisfied tone, for I am fond of showing my turn-out, as it happens to be a good one, and my horses no less so. As we were passing the coach-house, I called M. Durand's attention to the carriage. He praised it. "It must have come from Vienna," said he, in a moment.

"You have hit it; you know all about it," said I: "the carriage really was built in Vienna, and it has scarcely its equal for comfort. The nobleman who sold it to me, would gladly have kept it for himself; but his purse was too light. He came fresh from the gambling-tables at Baden:—we know what the world is."

"Gambling, like stealing, is a vice," returned Monsieur Durand. "But your horses, good sir, where are they? I am astonishingly fond of horses, and, moreover, am a member of the Jockey Club in Paris."

Martin opened the stable, where, easily distinguishable from the other horses, stood my gallant greys, slender, yet in good condition; with short, firm pasterns, head and tail both carried high: in fact, real clever Arabs from the breeding-stud of the King of Wurtemberg. To this day, there is neither flaw nor fault in them, except that they neither speak, read, nor write. A pair of out-and-outers they are.

Monsieur clapped his hands in sheer astonishment and ecstasy. He was an extraordinary connoisseur in horses, and praised mine, till Martin, who is like a father to the animals, felt his eyes water again. And, in truth, it did me good to hear him. A man, whose heart is in the right place, cannot endure either his wife, children, horses, or dogs to be slighted. It was not long before Monsieur resumed. "I have long since," said he, "been wishing for such an equipage as this for myself. Our carriages are not substantial, and our horses are good for nothing, and I am not rich enough to send for a coach and horses from England. I am not going by the Strasbourg railway, but am returning to France by way of Lausanne and Neuchâtel, and should be very well pleased to take with me a carriage and horses of my own. Are you not inclined to part with yours, my good sir?"

Good heavens! what will not a tradesman part with if he can get rid of it with profit? At Stettin, at the winter fair, I remember selling my hat off my head, because some one chanced to take a fancy to it. So I said to the Parisian, "For such and such a figure of Napoleons the whole turn-out is at your service." Monsieur Durand considered matters; and, in the meantime, Martin looked at me, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and squinted most expressively; I knew very well what he meant; the fool would have liked to live and die with the animals. I paid no heed to his grimaces, and as the Parisian had just made me a much lower offer, I cried out in express defiance of Martin, "I will make an abatement of six Napoleons, and not a single sou further. If this will suit you, well and good." Monsieur Durand again fell to deliberating; and I had my fun in seeing Martin pulling his faces, till the latter stepped up to me,—"What can you be thinking of, master," whispered he in my ear, "to be bargaining away Tartar and Lucy? The Frenchman is unworthy of the beautiful creatures!" Whereupon I gave worthy Martin a fillip.—"What does it matter to you, you booby?" said I. "Are there not plenty of other horses in the world? Or are you inclined to enter into French service with Tartar and Lucy, and see if the gentleman will make you his coachman?—He may, for all I care."

The poor fellow's face glowed like a fire-brand. He hung his head. "That will be my fate, at last," said he, sorrowfully; "I shall be turned off, too! No; I'd rather cart dung my whole life long, or turn coachman with the oxen at the plough!" I was pleased with the fellow, and would gladly have given him my hand, but a master must never show anything like soft-heartedness before his servants, but just act as if everything

was a matter of course, or his underlings will at once have him by the nose. Well, at last, Monsieur Durand made up his mind. "As far as I care," said he, "it shall be a bargain. From this very moment, I make both coach and horses mine, at the price stated. You, coachman and boots, are witnesses."

We shook hands, and I only just settled, as quickly as I could, about a small something for Martin, that the poor sinner might not go away quite empty-handed. After receiving his couple of dollars, which Monsieur Durand produced at once, he stole into a dark corner, and I'll be bound he began to bellow where he stood, and had some little trouble to conceal his tribulation. However, the silly rogues soon forget their sorrows. After Martin, as he afterwards confessed to me, had once more embraced Tartar and Lucy, he came running along after me, while I was on my way with the Parisian to receive my money, and stopping me just at the foot of the stairs—"As both chaise and horses are sold," said he, "I should very much like, if you can spare me, to beg leave to go home and see my mother." (The fellow comes from Grenzach.) The sport hereabouts gives me no pleasure now, and I could not bear to look on while the horses were being taken away."

I at once gave him leave to go; accompanying it with an order that he should be back again by three o'clock the next day, at the very latest, for fear of missing the train. I wanted to go as far as Mühlhauser, and by Schalampi, over the Rhine. He promised faithfully to be to his time, and set off at once. I let him have his way; for his mother is an old woman, and may die any night she takes a fancy to it: so it was quite right of her son to do his best to see her once more. Good sons, mind you, generally make good servants.

On our reaching the coffee-room, Monsieur Durand began looking over his pocket-book, for the purpose of giving me the money, and continued his search an interminably long time. At last he produced a slip of paper. "Do you know that?" said he. It was a letter of credit upon the wealthy house of Forkart, given by Rougemont in Paris, to the amount, I think, of twenty thousand francs. "Yes, to be sure I do," replied I.

"Then I will give you a draught on Forkart," continued he, (as I have not ready cash enough with me,) unless you please to wait till to-morrow; for I have to go to them for money, whether or no."

I, of course, politely assured him that there was no such very great hurry, and that it would be just the same to me if I received my money the next morning. Having settled matters thus, we set off on foot for the rifle-ground; and on our way thither, Monsieur Durand asked me, for the first time, for my name. As it was difficult for him, being a Frenchman, to make it out, I gave him my card and address. Near the Tower of Flags we separated, and agreed to meet again that same evening, in the Café National. There, too, I had appointed to meet my correspondent:

"I was sauntering up and down through thick and thin. It rained pretty fast; and a few paces in advance of me a foreign professor, trying to clear a ditch, happened to leap short, and broke his leg. An immense crowd gathered at the disastrous spot, and I got fairly into the midst of it. All at once I felt some one at my pockets. With no laggard hand I made a clutch behind me, caught hold of a strange hand, held on fast, and looked my prisoner well in the face. I almost thought Claude Barrault was at me; but it was some one else, a pale night-worn looking fellow, a something between a gentleman and a gentleman's servant. The impudent knave; I charged him loudly with stealing, he fell to abusing me; I would not let him go; he kicked and cuffed me. The bystanders imagined we were quarrelling, and dragged us apart. Nothing could be more to the rascal's mind; he slipped away through the crowd like an eel. I felt in my pockets, and missed my handkerchief; a pair of gloves too, and my cigar-case were gone, as also the little silver cigar-holder.

I returned to the town vexed and chagrined. It was just growing dusk. All at once Barrault was at my side; he saluted me and wished me good evening. I kept my pockets close, and gave him a very short answer. I saw nothing but murder and robbery in every corner; thought a good deal about the police, and whether or no I should give the scoundrel beside me into custody.

"You breathe very hard," said I to Mussyer.

"Yes," returned he, "I have been footing it rather fast. I was just falling headlong into the clutches of some one who ought not to know that I am here."

"Monsieur Durand, no doubt," said I indiscreetly.

He darted at me a side glance like lightning. "Do you know Monsieur Durand? How do you—?"

We were standing close to the Café, and knowing that Durand was soon to be there, I artfully said to Barrault, "Come in here with me and I will tell you all about it." But he must have smelt a rat, for he snappishly replied, "I have my reasons for not entering this house. Another time perhaps;" and so saying he went off.

"Wait awhile, wait awhile," grumbled I; "a time of reckoning will come yet," and so saying I went in. Every one knows how people keep appointments. From my earliest boyhood I have always been fool enough to be punctually at the place of rendezvous, and yet ninety-nine times out of a hundred I have been the silly dupe of my friends, and have had to wait for them in vain. This was just the case then in Basle. Where was the smallest trace to be found of my friend and correspondent, or the faintest shadow of M. Police-Secretary Durand? Among all the wet wrappers and ferocious-looking beards, with which the Café National was swarming, I could neither discover the fair smooth face of the man of Basle, nor the trim surtout of my Parisian. At first I was patient; but quarter of an hour after quarter of an hour dribbled away, and my patience was burning away as fast as the wick of the lamp over the billiard-table. At last it went fairly out, and I jogged homewards. In the Three Kings all was as closely packed and noisy as it is in a bee-hive; not one rational word to be heard. I was glad enough to save the tympana of my ears, and take refuge in my room. There I held a grand review of my pocket-book, purse, and watch. But my cigars! What scape-grace was now enjoying them through the little silver holder? What knave was chafing his nose with my real East Indian bandanna? What rascallion fingers were lurking in my goodly gloves? Breathing vengeance I made fast my door and laid my weary limbs to rest; vain hope, alas! I dreamt all night long of house-breakers and cut-throats.

Fortunately day-light soon appeared. In July it usually shows itself betimes. "Away from this bustling Basle to-day," thought I, "where a man can neither make sure of his legs, his life, nor his handkerchief! But, stay a bit,—had I not to pocket the money-first, to take leave of my friend, and to wait for Martin? Accordingly, I determined once more to be patient, and went down to breakfast. As chance would have it, I met the landlord and several of his guests; they were talking promiscuously in an under-tone, and altogether there seemed a great hurry-scurry in the house.

"I hope you have slept well," said the landlord to me.

"Pretty well."

"Do you intend favouring us any longer in Basle?"

"I shall stay till the evening." I was just going to ask for Monsieur Durand's room, when the landlord interrupted me.

"This is a sad piece of business," said he, in an under-tone.

"What piece of business?"

"Zounds! there is a strange rumour afloat in the house."

"Indeed!"

"A desperate fellow has taken up his quarters among us."

"Aha!"

"Do you know about it?"

"I fancy I do; what is it they say about him?"

"Just picture to yourself; the rogue goes out every moment with a fresh coat, and what is more, with a fresh face too."

"Good!"

"At one time he is as smooth as any girl, at another, as bristly as a boar."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"At one time all white and red; at another, brown-faced and pock-marked."

"Yes, yes, I understand you."

"He goes out empty-handed, and comes home loaded, and with well-stuffed pockets."

"To be sure, he steals all he can get at."

"Just so, my good sir; and this dark-brown, pea-green adventurer is your neighbour."

"Exactly so, my neighbour."

"For the security of my house I am going to have his room regularly searched by the police."

"Quite right of you, I am ready to give evidence."

"Excellent! Your neighbour is a cunning file, I fear."

"Not a doubt of it."

"Don't you know who he pretends to be?"

"A manufacturer from Markkirch."

"From Markkirch?"

"Why yes, you know that very well."

"Ah! the miscreant! And he try to pass for a shop-keeper too, in St. Marie-aux-Mines?"

"To be sure he does, you told me.—Hist, here he comes!"

The landlord pointed to the stairs; we were standing at the coffee-room door. Claude Barrault came slowly up.

"That is he," said I.

At the same moment Monsieur Durand appeared, making his way down stairs; a screaming and brawling was heard in the kitchen, and the landlord hurried away to set things at rest. Monsieur Durand saluted me politely, as he passed. "I am just going to Forkart's," said he, "in another hour you will find me here."

"Quite right," said I, "I will wait upon you."

Durand went down stairs, and Barrault up. I followed him with my eyes, and could really see that his pockets—they were those of the pea-coloured coat—were crammed with all sorts of plunder. The fellow was evidently just fresh from a foray, and looking uncommonly well satisfied and saucy. I moved away in search of the landlord, when a waiter followed close on my heels, and striking me roughly on the shoulder; "Man," said he, "the police want you."

"What do the police want with me?"

"You'll hear that soon enough."

I turned round, and sure enough the patrol were standing close to me, together with an individual in fine trim coat, and the individual in the fine trim coat said to me with the greatest possible coolness and composure, "Mr. Matzendorf, I believe, of so and so?"

"At your service."

"Your friend Mr. — has made a deposition at the Town-hall to the effect that you are in quest of one Claude Barrault?"

"Only in quest of him! I have got him, and fast enough too."

"Well, then let it rest with us rather to fix him; he lives in —?"

"He is just this minute come home. Let us after him at once."

The impudent waiter, who had undoubtedly supposed I was going to be clapped up in strait quarters by the police, (for that was what made the scoundrel so brutally familiar) led us, at my request, to my former room.

"Rat-tat-tat!" "Come in." And there was the malefactor, sitting before the glass without his beard, though he still had his wig on; so that we caught him in complete *négligé*. To have seen him lower his crest when he perceived the police.

"Whom are you bringing to me now?" said he, with a terrified air.

"Surrender!" cried I, making a spring at the gun to prevent any chance of a mishap.

"You are our prisoner!" said the whole body of the police.

And now they made a pretty jargon of it. Not a soul could understand a word that was said. Claude Barrault played the refractory to perfection, quite in true French style; but all to no purpose. His chest of drawers was searched, and, true enough, there was nothing there; very few articles in his knapsack; in the dark coat that was hanging on a peg, nothing but a pocket-handkerchief and a slip of paper: but in the pea-green one, there were a couple of bran-new *étuis*, filled with gold-chains, pins, ear-rings, brooches, &c.; all of them set with precious stones. His pocket-book contained a mass of bills of exchange and bank notes; and in his purse were all sorts of gold pieces. The commissary made an inventory of the whole, sealed and locked it up, took with him what he pleased, and sent the delinquent on before to the Town-Hall, under an escort of patrol. Then he bade me follow him to the magistrate, where I made my deposition, stating all I knew about Claude Barrault. The luckless wight himself was sitting in the background, repenting of the thousand insults he had cast in my teeth on my introducing the police into his room.

The case was a long one. At length I was dismissed for the present, with an injunction, however, not to quit Basle. As I passed through the ante-room I saw my landlord, my correspondent, and a host of people, waiting to make their depositions against the thief, who, as they said, had robbed them. Just at the door it occurred to me that I had forgotten to tell the magistrate about Monsieur Durand, who, by the bye, knew Barrault by sight; and I was on the point of returning, when, thought I to myself, "Thank your stars that they have done with you, and make the best of your way home. Time enough to-morrow, since they will not let you leave. At the same time I resolved that my worthy friend and correspondent should have a smart dressing for so efficiently playing the chatter-box, and getting me into this unpleasant dilemma. For I grudged the loss of time still more than the money that I had to get rid of in Basle for bed and board.

And now talking of 'board' reminds me that on my way home I felt the cravings of a most ravenous appetite, which occasioned an extraordinary acceleration of my pace. Thrice happy he who feels hungry just at the right moment, and who is not too merciful to his legs! Without such an appetite, and such alacrity, what would not have befallen me?

Picture to yourselves,—it was the time of the late table-d'hôte in the Three Kings. All the company were at table; the landlord not at home; the landlady, the head-waiter, and his subalterns in the greatest bustle. The porter, already busy with the work of digestion, was leaning with contented vacuity of thought against the door-post; but no, I am wrong—one thought was rife in him, he was speculating on the fee that the gentleman would give him, who was just preparing to get into his carriage and drive off. I approached the vehicle from behind. I was within a hundred paces of it, when, thought I to myself, "To look at it in the rear, that carriage is very much like your own, Matzendorf." All at once I heard a clear and well-known neigh in front of it. "Good heavens, that is Tartar!" thought I, and I darted like lightning towards the vehicle, just as a gentleman was popping out his head, and going to give the porter and hostler their fees. In a moment I seized his hand, "Ha! ha! not so fast, Monsieur Durand," cried I. To be sure there was a fellow on the box who made fine play with his whip on my poor horses, but Lucy and Tartar knew my voice, pricked up their ears, and cared nothing for the Frenchman's *allons, en avant!* or whatever it was.

"What! am I to be cheated?" cried I; "and do you

think to drive off with my coach and horses, without paying for them?" and I rushed, like one possessed, at the door of the carriage, without giving the smallest heed to the bawling and wrangling of the worthy Monsieur Durand. "Don't let the coachman go!" shouted I to the hostler; for that young limb of the devil was leaping like a grasshopper from the box. The hostler, like an honest fellow, laid hands on the rogue. But I should scarcely have managed matters with Durand: he slipped through my fingers like an eel, for the purpose of jumping out of the other door; and heaven knows where he would have been off to, for the porter never stirred an inch the whole time. But, as good fortune would have it, Martin came in just at that moment from Grenzach, and seeing me in hot pursuit of Monsieur Durand, he at once took the hint; and, in short, Monsieur Durand was in his clutches before he had time to say *Adieu*.

The run of the whole provoking affair was the following:

The *soi-disant* Durand had watched an opportunity, when the people of the hotel had their hands full of business, and, with the aid of his scoundrel of an accomplice, had managed to get possession of both coach and horses. The hostler, who had been a witness of our bargain, thought the thing was settled, and soon struck his colours before a piece of effrontery which appeared to him to be a justly-acquired right. So Monsieur Durand had intended to take his leave of me, *à la Française*; but he had reckoned without his host; at least, without taking my hunger and locomotive power into account.

While I was heaping my invectives on the Frenchman in the street,—(a dense crowd, by the bye, soon gathered round us),—and hallooing for the patrol, my eye happened to fall on M. Durand's respectable coachman; and now I shouted louder still, for who should the rogue be, but the very same fellow who had smoked my cigars, used my pocket-handkerchief, and done dishonour to my gloves? The latter articles were found upon him; and in the chaise was a piece of goods that almost threw me into a swoon to look at it. If it was hard enough in the villain to wish to make off with my coach and horses, it was certainly still harder in him to covet my case of watches in the bargain. With the card I had given him, the thorough-paced rascal had sent his helpmate to my friend, and one of the under clerks, a privileged time-killer, in the full scope of his stupidity, had delivered up the case!

At length the city-watch came up, and the most miscellaneous mass of articles were unhoused, in boxes full, from my innocent carriage. All of them were stolen goods; and the magistrate, who got Monsieur Durand into his clutches, hugged him so unkindly, that on the very next day he confessed himself to be Claude Barrault, and a most notorious thief. A pretty scrape I might soon have been in!

As to the man of Markirch, he really did come from Markirch; though he was somewhat more jealous than discreet. All that he had told me was true, even to his very name; and he scarcely could have chosen a more unlucky one. To be sure, he never knew, for a moment, that such a rascal laid claim to it. Having found his beloved true to him, instead of faithless; and having learned that the young damsel was as madly smitten with him as he was with her, he had fairly bought up a couple of jewellers, in order to enhance his attentions to his mistress by a few costly keepsakes; and these handsome presents were the very means of fastening suspicion upon him: just as it often happens in the world, where we are ready to believe all that is bad, and to doubt of what is good. What served to aggravate the misunderstanding was, that his rival's name was Durand!

The hero of Markirch—and really I cannot altogether blame him—talked very loudly, for a time, of taking me by the ears, or sending a bullet through my body. But, whether it was that some of his less mettlesome friends quieted him, that his intended spoke a good word for

me, or that his own good sense got the upper hand of him, and convinced him that he was the very person who had laid the groundwork of this grievous misnomer,—however it may have been, the matter was made up, and ere long we had a hearty laugh at our adventure in the Three Kings, over a bottle of capital Bourdeaux. My correspondent got a double rasping from me, and received it with the utmost meekness. Monsieur Durand, in common with many other light-fingered gentry and errant ladies, had to make their most of Swiss fare for a time, till they were restored to their native soil, where they now live privately, on government pensions, in Brest and Toulon. But honest Lucy, and Tartar with his sagacious neigh, are to this very day in my stable, unmolested by the smallest hankering after France. Martin, having succeeded in retaining his beloved animals, has again recovered his self-possession and confidence; and when he drives me into the country, he is sure never to forget to say to me, with a cunning smile, "But how would it have been, master, if I had just got five minutes later to Basle? It was quite a misgiving at the time, that would not let me feel at ease while I was with my mother; and nothing short of death shall part them two horses and me, if it is all the same to you, master."

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

June 24.—Feast of St. John Baptist;

OR, MIDSUMMER DAY.

ST. AUGUSTINE says, that the faithful had received by tradition from the ancients the observance of the nativity of St. John the Baptist, and the Council of Agde, in 506, reckons it the first festival after those of the chief mysteries of our redemption. It is celebrated by the Church of England. On this day the people formerly kept their doors and windows embowered in the branches set up the eve before, upon the belief that these had a virtue in averting thunder, tempest, and "all kinds of noxious physical agencies." In Oxford there was lately a remarkable usage, mentioned by the Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland, in his life of Bishop Horne. He remarks, "a letter of July 25th, 1755, informed me that Mr. Horne, according to an established custom at Magdalen College in Oxford, had begun to preach before the University on the day of St. John the Baptist. For the preaching of which annual sermon, a permanent pulpit of stone is inserted in a corner of the first quadrangle; and so long as the stone pulpit was in use (of which I have been a witness), the quadrangle was furnished round the sides with a large fence of green boughs, that the preaching might more nearly resemble that of John the Baptist in the wilderness; and a pleasant sight it was: but for many years the custom has been discontinued, and the assembly have thought it safer to take shelter under the roof of the chapel."

June 28.—St. Peter's Eve.

This, in the current year, is also the first Sunday after Midsummer Day, upon which, according to ancient custom, the fraternity of Fellowship Porters of the city of London annually repair to the church of St. Mary-at-hill in the morning, where, during the reading of the Psalms, they reverently approach the altar, two and two, on the rails of which are placed two basins, and into these they put their several offerings. They are generally followed by the congregation, and the money offered is distributed among the aged, poor, and "decayed" members of that fraternity. The rites of St. John Baptist's Eve were also observed on this; and Dr. Moresin relates that in Scotland the people used to run about on the mountains, and higher grounds, with lighted torches. Something similar to this was practised on this vigil about a century ago, in Northumberland. The inhabitants carried firebrands about the fields of their respective villages. They made encroachments, on these

occasions, upon the bonfires of the neighbouring towns, of which they forcibly took away some of the ashes. This they called "carrying off the flower of the wake."

June 29.—Feast of St. Peter.

In the Greek and Latin Churches St. Paul is commemorated with St. Peter on this festival. Several of our parish churches, founded before the Reformation, were consecrated under the invocation of these Apostles conjointly, and their several wakes and fairs are annually celebrated accordingly. The feast of SS. Peter and Paul is of the highest antiquity and solemnity. For some unexplained reason the English Church dedicates this day to St. Peter alone; and commemorates St. Paul by his conversion, on the 25th January. The Eton boys formerly had a great bonfire annually, on the east side of the church, on the feast of St. Peter as well as on that of St. John Baptist. In an old account of the lordship of Gisborough, in Cleveland, Yorkshire, it is stated that the fishermen, "upon St. Peter's day, invite their friends and kinsfolk to a festival kept after their fashion, with a free heart and no show of niggardness: that day their boats are dressed curiously for the show; their masts are painted, and certain rites observed amongst them, with sprinkling their prows with good liquor." The illuminations at Rome, on this day, are extremely magnificent.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

TO A LITTLE GIRL, AGED THREE YEARS AND A-HALF.

BY S. M.

DEEP in thy round blue eyes
Asleep thy spirit lies,
Or half-awake, and wanton in its play,
As are the thoughts of those
Who dally with repose,
Dreaming, at noon, the summer hours away.
To thee each sight or sound
Of Life's most common round,
Twilight or morn, green field or waving tree,
Bird, flower, or trembling star,
Food for sweet wonder are,
Choice spectacles, prepared to pleasure thee.
Along Earth's dreary scene,
Thou, fearless and serene,
As in a softer air dost breathe and move;
Each of thy smiles or tears
A potent cause appears
For fresh caresses, and for fonder love.
No despot's court could be
Servile as thine to thee,
Thy casual gestures watching and recording;
No sage or bard divine
Finds audience such as thine,
Thy half-form'd words as priceless treasure hoarding.
We look on thee, and smile;
The saddest hearts awhile
Forget their woes in thy resistless mirth,
As, mid thick clouds we view
One spot of stainless blue,
So shows thy life among the griefs of earth!
We look on thee and weep,
When from its happy sleep
Thy soul to its appointed task shall rise:
Must ruthless Sorrow chase
The brightness from that face,
Must tears become familiar to those eyes?
We look on thee, and fear;
How can we greet thee here,
Thou sinless stranger in a world of shame?
Shall earthly breath or blight
Sully the stainless white
Whereon was written once thy Saviour's name?

Childhood's unconscious heart,
An awful thing thou art!
An ark of peace with ceaseless storms around;
Man—ere thou dare intrude
On that pure solitude,
Put off thy shoes—the place is holy ground!

Well may we gaze on thee
Fresh in thy purity,
By no doubt troubled, by no sin defiled,
And pray—(God spake the word)
“Teach us to love thee, Lord,
Even in the spirit of a little child!”

SONNET: TO THE REDBREAST.

WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim;
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are spent and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn,
From thatlement or barn, or hay-stack trim;
And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song:
Sweet bird, sing on! for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Paid the cheap tribute of a simple song.

THE PAINTER'S TRAVELLING-SONG.

(From the German.)

BY J. M.

I.

WHAT on earth can happier be
Than is the painter's life?
When spring-time decks the blooming lea,
He quits the city's strife;
No matter though his purse be tight,
His hand is quick—his eye is bright.

II.

He hears the lark's first notes of glee,
And sees the dawn of day;
What purer joy than this can be
To wander far away,
Where all creation's charms combine
To form a portraiture divine!

III.

In union with the joyous lark,
He sings a higher song,
And well the shifting scenes can mark,
While journeying along:
The rustic on his sketches gaze,
And their rare skill and beauty praise.

IV.

When noon is past 'tis time to dine;—
Politely bowing low,
He asks mine hostess of “The Vine”
To be allowed to shew
His skill, by sketching her sweet face;—
'Tis granted with a blushing grace.

V.

This pays for dinner and for wine;
And should the daughter pass—
The painter's eye can well divine
What brings the tripping lass:—
Her laughing portrait, too, he takes,
And the good “Vine” his quarters makes.

VI.

So through the world the painter hies,
Intent its scenes to seize;
And if his painting you despise,
His song may haply please;
As specimen take this brief strain,
And should he fail, he'll try again.

Miscellaneous.

“I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them.”—*Montaigne*.

He that denies to give alms for fear of being poor, or to entertain a disciple for fear of being suspected of the party, or to own a duty for fear of being put to venture for a crown; he that takes part of the intemperance, because he dares not displease the company, or in any sense fears the fears of the world, and not the fear of God,—this man enters into his portion of fear betimes, but it will not be finished to eternal ages. To fear the censures of men, when God is your judge; to fear their evil, when God is your defence; to fear death, when he is the entrance to life and felicity, is unreasonable and pernicious; but if you will turn your passion into duty, and joy, and security, fear to offend God; to enter voluntarily into temptation; fear the alluring face of lust, and the smooth entertainments of intemperance; fear the anger of God, when you have deserved it; and, when you have recovered from the snare, then infinitely fear to return into that condition, in which, whosoever dwells, is the heir of fear and eternal sorrow.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

It is a common remark, that the advantages enjoyed by a numerous family are pretty nearly compensated by the greater number of misfortunes to which, of course, they are liable. But it has seldom been observed how much more patiently such misfortunes are borne; the superior advantages of community in affliction are fully equal to those experienced in the participation of enjoyment. More topics of consolation are presented, in proportion to the number; there is a generous rivalry in administering to the general consolation, which receives its reward in a more prompt and complete mastery over individual feeling; and, frequently, one rises above the rest, with all the authority of a prophet, to whose guidance all submit, and, in the submission, find employment for that redundant affection, the immediate object of which is now no more.—*Rector of Valeshead*.

It has often struck me as very strange, that, amid all the instruction given to our youth, the grandest, and yet commonest occasion in life, the hour of sorrow, is left totally unprovided for. I should rather say, perhaps, that wrong notions are indirectly instilled upon the subject; at least, I know that it requires a parent's constant care to counteract that admiration which the boy, in his classical reading, imbibes of the heathen examples of fortitude. Such fortitude is assuredly vitally opposed to the true christian spirit. It is the sulky patience which endures what it cannot avoid, the rebellious pride of the reptile which defies and hisses in the very act of being crushed.—*Ibid*.

* * * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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Elise.

See page 157.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

DUNCOMBE PARK.

[COLONEL HARWOOD was the husband of Jane, the next sister of Margaret Forde. Mrs. Harwood brought her lord a son and a daughter within the first three years of their marriage. Ten years afterwards she died in giving birth to a second little girl. The disconsolate widower went to reside in France, both to divert his own grief by change of scene, and to afford his daughters the advantages of education, which that region of indefinite extension, the *Continent*, is in England somewhat vaguely supposed to afford. He did not return till his two eldest children had attained the ages, respectively, of twenty-six and twenty-eight, while Janet, the youngest had just passed her sixteenth birthday.]

CHAP. I.

Dec. 14th.—It was an interesting visit on which I entered to-day, and I felt unusually nervous as my humble one-horse fly drove through the great gates of Duncombe Park, and finally deposited me, my carpet-bag, my trunk, my bandbox, my two baskets, and my seven parcels, beneath the stately portico of the mansion itself. I was ashamed to burthen the dignified footman with all my odds and ends, especially as I saw him raise a wistful look, first to the coach-box and then to the

door, evidently expecting to see my lady's maid in the act of descending; and, when he became convinced that I travelled without any such appendage, I detected a spice of contempt in the elaborate civility with which he took package after package from my hands to deposit them on the hall table. I was afraid lest the yet grander butler, who stood behind, should see my prunella shoes; which I carried in a separate parcel that I might not have to fish them up from the bottom of the bag when making my toilette for dinner; so I thrust them into my spacious pocket in a great hurry, somewhat to the disadvantage of the symmetry of my figure, and affecting a lofty indifference as to the fate of that precious heap of parcels, every one of which I longed to carry up stairs and unfasten with my own hands, I followed my conductor across the marble floor. On the threshold of the drawing-room I was met by my brother-in-law, who took me by both hands, and welcomed me in the kindest possible manner. "My dear Miss Forde," said he, "I can assure you that this is one of the most gratifying moments I have experienced since I left the Continent." Then, giving me his arm, he led me forward and introduced me to his daughters, the elder of whom submitted to my embrace, while the younger cordially returned it. During the five or ten minutes which elapsed before I was conducted to my bedroom to dress, I had time to make a rapid survey of the trio, and compare them with

the faces of thirteen years ago, which still remained vividly impressed on my memory.

My brother-in-law is still a fine-looking man. He has grown somewhat portly, and a tendency to gout in the left foot has caused him to change his former activity of movement for a deliberateness which is not, however, without dignity. He has the same sweet smile, and his voice is even more gentle, his manners more bland than they used to be. Well, people may say what they please, but I never can believe he has so bad a temper as he is reported to have. Surely, if he were really so passionate, I must have seen some specimens of it before now. It is true that many circumstances prevented my having much intercourse with him during my poor sister's lifetime, and that, more than once, when I have seen them together, I have fancied that she seemed afraid of him; yet his deportment to her was ever that of a devoted husband, and it really seems impossible that an expression of countenance so benevolent, and a manner of speaking so unusually mild, should belong to a man of violent temper. He is said moreover, to be proud, and that I believe, although his bearing shows no symptom of it, except, perhaps, a certain elaborateness in his courtesies, which, as Owen used to say, "when you see in a gentleman, you may be sure that he looks down upon you." Perhaps Owen would draw a similar conclusion from his studious gentleness; but Owen is a caustic observer, and, though such persons always pique themselves on their perception of character, I do not find that they are generally so right in the end as those who take a more charitable view of their fellow-creatures. As for myself, I do not know that I can be called a good judge of character, but somehow or other I do manage to be generally on comfortable terms with all the manifold varieties that I encounter; and it has more than once been remarked, that I have a true feminine gift of winning influence over even the obstinate. I hope I am not vain of this, and, if it be true that I do possess such a power, I hope that I may always use it for good. At any rate I am not going to quarrel with my good brother-in-law, or to hunt for defects in his character just at the time when he is giving me so affectionate a reception.

My niece Anna is not so handsome as she promised to be at fifteen; but she has a fine figure and a very sensible countenance. Her manners are a curious contrast to her father's; they are positively abrupt, and, as she never smiles when she speaks, the first impression is certainly not pleasing. I should say she was a little ungracious; but I daresay it is fancy. I am so accustomed to breathe a warm atmosphere of love, that I feel chilled and oppressed without it; but how unreasonable is it to expect that a niece whom I have seen very little of for the first fifteen years of her life, and not at all since, should love me by instinct. I must try to win her affections, and it shall be hard if she baffles me in the attempt.

Janet is a sweet creature; very shy and downcast, but with the brightest little face I ever beheld when she smiles at you. She is very pretty, and very like her mother: tall, slender, and blue-eyed, with her fair young face in a perpetual blush. She glanced so kindly at me through her long eye-lashes, that I could not help taking her hand in mine as we sat side by side, and indeed, I should have ventured on another embrace, if Anna's eyes had not rested upon us at the moment, with a half-surprised expression which deterred me. And where, thought I, is my old friend and favourite Charles? But I concluded he was engaged in some one of those mysterious occupations which always separate young men from their families during the morning hours, even if they are neither students nor sportsmen, and that I should see him at the dinner-table.

"I hope you have not suffered from cold during your journey at this unpropitious season, Miss Forde," observed Colonel Harwood; "Anna, is there a good fire in your aunt's room? We must be careful of our visitor's comforts, you know."

"I have no doubt there is, papa," returned Anna, "White seldom neglects her duties."

"I went in just before I came down stairs, papa," said Janet, "and saw that everything was comfortable for aunt Margaret."

"This is my little housekeeper," said the colonel, putting his hand on Janet's shoulder with a smile. "You will find differences of character in your two nieces. Anna is fond of her books, and Janet studies the details of every-day life. I am no foe to varieties of character—developes rather than change, guide rather than check, that has been my system of education. Faults must of course be cured—and they both have their faults: but they have also their peculiarities, and I am by no means prepared to say that those peculiarities are faults."

During this speech Anna looked cross and Janet awkward, while I felt it impossible to make any answer whatever, except a little absurd laugh, of which I was ashamed because it was so unmeaning. "All very wise and right, my dear brother-in-law," thought I, "but are you not a little, just the very least bit in the world, pompous? And is it not very unpleasant for your daughters to be described before their faces in that manner?" Somehow or other the conversation flagged after that speech of the colonel's.

"Will you not like to dress, Miss Forde—aunt Margaret?" asked Anna after a pause. I acquiesced, and we were quitting the room, when I was checked by hearing my brother-in-law say in his politest tone, "Have you not dropped something, Miss Forde? Here, Janet, take this to your aunt." He stooped, with some difficulty owing to his gouty foot, and lifted my unhappy shoes off the carpet. I was the more annoyed as the parcel had opened, and discovered two or three little *last thoughts* which I had popped in with the shoes just before starting. He collected with the utmost care a pair of black silk mittens, a paper of pins, some boot-laces, and, alas! that it must be confessed, a small box of corn-plaster, all of which he presented to me with an air of complete unconsciousness.

I could scarcely conceal my vexation. Janet could not restrain a burst of girlish laughter; her father turned to her in displeased surprise. The poor child became crimson; but I put my arm round her waist, and drew her out of the room with me, joining the laugh as I did so, for the whole matter was so ludicrous that my annoyance soon gave way to amusement. "Oh aunt!" she began apologetically, when we reached the staircase. "Don't say a word about it, my love," interrupted I; "old maids, you know, are privileged to have oddities, and henceforth I grant you the privilege of laughing at all mine as fast as you find them out. But tell me, where is Charles? I shall see him, shall I not?"

Janet's face became gravity itself, and Anna answered "No, he is not at home."

"Not at home!" repeated I, in dismay, "but he will return before I go, I hope."

"I do not think there is any chance of his being able to do so," replied Anna, shortly. Her manner was so decided, and Janet's eyes had become so tearful since her brother's name was mentioned, that I felt sure there was some mystery behind the scenes, and did not like to say any more. An hour afterwards our little party assembled at dinner. The colonel was the kindest and politest of hosts, but I did not feel very gracious towards him, for I was sure, from Janet's flushed face and timid manner, that she had undergone a lecture on the ill-breeding of laughing at her aunt. Nevertheless, it is evident to me that he is an affectionate father, though, doubtless, somewhat too much of a disciplinarian; both the girls seemed fond though afraid of him, and his manner to the dear little culprit evidently shows that he has forgiven her misdemeanour, after duly reprimanding her for it. I wish with all my heart that he did not think himself such a perfect father, and feel bound to keep up his character on every occasion. Striving after perfection is doubtless right, but constantly trying to

act up to an inward self-consciousness of perfection is a very different and a far less pleasant thing. I must take myself to task about my brother-in-law. I am beginning already to find his company a perpetual little provocation to me, and this is both tiresome and ridiculous. I cannot describe what there is about him which I do not like—he is kind, hospitable, sensible, and gentlemanlike; but there is a sort of elaborateness and self-consciousness about all he does and says, which I greatly wish I had not observed, because it teases me, and perhaps after all it is only fancy. It seems as if he were perpetually saying in his own mind, "Now I am being the courteous host—now I am going to speak as the kind brother—this must be said with an encouraging bow to Miss Forde—now I am showing by my manners that I think women have a full right to express their opinions, but delicately conveying at the same time that they should always express them with modesty. I never forget the well-bred gentleman in the affectionate relation, nor the affectionate relation in the well-bred gentleman." Oh, if you could but forget *yourself*, you would be a very agreeable man! But it is foolish and even ungrateful to think in this manner, and I will put it out of my head if I can.

"We are but a small Christmas party," observed the colonel, "I have not yet been sufficiently long at home to renew my acquaintance with the other members of our family, of whom I have lost sight for so many years. I confess that I am fond of family meetings, and always encourage them. They are *right*, and I generally find that what is right is also agreeable."

"You must have been lonely sometimes, when you were abroad," said I. "I think the seasons at which those happy unions are natural and habitual, must be very desolate when you have no familiar faces to gather around you."

"It was a deprivation, certainly," returned he, "but I do not think we were lonely. I hope we have too many resources in ourselves and in each other to find any situation lonely. I should be almost as sorry to find my children dependent on society, as disdainful of it."

I felt nearly out of patience, but scolded myself for my absurdity, and replied very civilly that I thought he was perfectly right.

"I must look to you," he continued, "for information concerning those with whom I hope, ere long, to become personally intimate. You have just been staying with the Bryants, have you not?"

I acquiesced, and said a few warm words in praise of those dear creatures.

"My girls," proceeded the colonel, "anticipate much pleasure and profit from the society of their cousins. Anna is looking forward to an acquaintance with Katharine, who must I think be nearly her own age. Is it not so, Anna?"

"I really don't know, papa," returned Anna; "I have not the slightest recollection of my cousin Katharine, and I never thought about her age."

"She is five-and-twenty," said I, secretly amused at seeing that the colonel appeared a little disconcerted by this speech. "Do you remember Frederic? He has just been distinguishing himself greatly at college."

"He promised to be clever," remarked the colonel, "though I should have supposed him rather brilliant than solid. He visited us at Nice, during his first college vacation, and I observed, then, a certain tendency to repartee in conversation, a disinclination to the steady pursuit of any discussion, and indeed, in some instances, an apparent incapacity to feel the force of the arguments which were employed against him, which, however natural in so young a man—and I hope I am always ready to make allowances for youth—were more creditable to his wit and imagination than to his judgment."

"He has just taken a double first class," said I, as demurely as I could.

"Indeed!" replied my brother-in-law, "I rejoice to

hear it. And George—he must be growing into a man now—has he not some unfortunate impediment in his speech?"

"He stammers a little," answered I, "but we hope it is improving. It will be a great disadvantage to him if he enters the church."

"A great deal more may be done towards curing or concealing those little natural defects than people are apt to imagine," observed the colonel, complacently; "I speak from experience. If I were so unfortunate as to stammer, I should assume a slow, and, as it were, explanatory mode of speaking, by which the repetition of the word or syllable would generally be avoided, and in which, when such a repetition *did* occur, it would seem rather an intentional emphasis, in character with the manner, than an inevitable defect."

"Do you think stammering could be cured by such a system, papa?" asked Anna.

"I am not prepared to say that it could be cured, my dear," returned her father, "but I believe it might, except in very bad cases, be rendered perfectly inoffensive. In a somewhat analogous case, I have followed a similar plan myself, with complete success. Since I last saw Miss Forde—" (with a bow and a smile to me) "I have been afflicted with a slight tendency to gout, but by adopting a slower manner of moving, which is certainly not unsuited to my advancing years," [another smile,] "I have so effectually concealed it, that I would venture to say, that no person, unacquainted with the circumstance, would ever guess it; and that Miss Forde herself would be puzzled to decide in which foot the malady lay."

By the time he had finished this speech, he had turned to me with an air of modest and triumphant inquiry, and I was once more reduced to my little stupid laugh, for in the first five minutes I had seen as clearly as possible that he had got the gout, that he had it in his left foot, and that he was trying to look as if he had not got it at all. Fortunately his self-complacency on this subject was too secure to be easily alarmed, and he took my short chuckle for a sign of complete approbation. Soon afterwards we rose to quit the dining-room, the Colonel holding the door open for us with profound politeness. As we passed out, he stopped Janet, put his arm round her waist, and kissed her cheek, I suppose, in token of complete reconciliation. After all, he is a good creature, and I like him very much.

Anna apologized for leaving me alone with her sister till tea-time. She is learning German, and her master, who has many engagements in Exeter, which is fourteen miles from Duncombe Park, is able to attend her only at this unusual hour. I was not sorry for the opportunity of improving my acquaintance with my youngest and most attractive niece, so we sat down together on the sofa, and in a very short time she was chattering away with innocent freedom, and with a fluency for which I had scarcely given her credit. "But, tell me," said I, after listening with interest to her glowing description of the last year which they had spent at Rome, when, as she observed, she was beginning to be old enough really to enjoy the wonders, and appreciate the advantages, around her, "tell me something about Charles. Was he with you at Rome?"

"No," she replied, casting down her eyes, while her face was overspread with sadness; "it had all happened before then."

"It!—what?" inquired I, my curiosity now thoroughly roused. "What is the matter about my favourite, Charles?"

"Oh, aunt Margaret, that is just what I wish so much to tell you," returned the little girl; "I have got a letter for you from him," added she, first giving a cautious glance round the room, and then drawing a paper from her pocket, which she hastily put into my hand, "but before you read it, I must tell you a little, or you will not understand it. Charles is married."

"Married!" repeated I, in utter amazement, yet scarcely able to keep from laughing at the absurdity of

the thing—that my heedless nephew should be a husband, and that he should employ his little sister clandestinely to convey a letter on the subject to me, his almost unknown aunt, was really altogether so very astonishing, and so completely puzzling, that the eagerness with which I demanded further information, was no more than might have been expected. Janet informed me, that Charles had become attached to a young French lady at Nice, and that, his father's prejudice against an alliance with a foreigner being absolutely insurmountable, he had married her privately, about four years ago. With all the sanguine ardour of his character, he hoped that the Colonel would pardon him when the thing was irrevocably done, though he never would have permitted him to do it. He was woefully mistaken. "Oh, aunt Margaret," said the innocent narrator, "I never shall forget the evening when it all came out. It was very dreadful. Charles had been away for about a fortnight—he pretended it was to make a little tour—but, in reality, he had gone to be married to Mademoiselle de Millebrun. We were all sitting at tea, when there was a loud ring at the bell, and the next moment the door opened, and in he came. He looked odd and excited, as I afterwards remembered, but at the time I was so pleased to see him return unexpectedly, that I did not notice it, but jumped up to kiss him, while papa said, a little gravely, 'Why, Charles, you have taken us quite by surprise. We have not received any letter,—but I suppose you wrote, to announce that you were coming?' Papa particularly dislikes surprises of any kind."

"I dare say he does," rejoined I, observing that she paused, and I added, in my own mind, "they must break in terribly upon those systematic methods of moving and speaking, which he thinks so clever."

Janet continued:—

"Well, I scarcely know how it all happened, and, indeed, I hardly understood it, even then,—but, after a few incoherent attempts to talk as usual, he broke quite desperately into the subject. 'My dear father,' said he, 'will you forgive me for the first disobedience to your commands of which I have ever been guilty? My—' here he hesitated,—'you know, my—the strength of my affection for Adèle—for Mademoiselle de Millebrun, and,—My father stood up, and his face was terrible with anger—it was quite white, and he drew his lips together as if he were almost afraid of speaking. 'Anna and Janet,' said he, in a very low quick voice, 'go to your own rooms—I do not choose that you should hear this.' Anna got up, and left the room directly, and I stole after her, quite terrified, for, you know, I love Charles so very dearly, and so I could not help lingering a little, and was just going to take his hand, for sometimes, when papa is angry, he lets me coax him, and is quite kind again. But I did not understand how terribly serious he was now, and I met a glance from his eye which frightened me so much, that I dared not stay. Half-an-hour passed—oh, what a half-hour it was! I was by myself, and in the dark—I had a kind of feeling that I would not ring for a candle, lest the servants should find anything out, so I sat down on my bed, and cried, I hardly knew why, and tried to hear the sound of their voices in the room below, but I only heard Charles's voice now and then, and that was a bad sign, for when papa is excessively angry, he always speaks low. Suddenly there was total silence; and, a minute afterwards, I heard a step at my door, and a whisper, 'Janet, are you there?' I ran forwards, and poor Charles clasped me in his arms, and kissed me again and again. I felt his hot tears upon my cheek, and I sobbed, so that I could not speak to him, and he said nothing but 'Good-bye, my own darling! God bless you! good-bye!'—at last he seemed to make a great effort to control himself, and said to me, hurriedly, and in a whisper, as if he was afraid of being interrupted or overheard, 'My dearest Janet, you are not old enough to understand all that has happened,

but thus much, I must tell you. I am married to Mademoiselle de Millebrun—she is now my wife, and she already loves you as a sister—and Anna, too, of course. But my father is very angry about it, and has desired me to go away, and refused to see my wife, or to allow me to see you, my own sisters, again. He says he will never forgive me, and though he did not blame Adèle so much, because she is so very young, only seventeen, he said over and over again, that as long as he lived, I should never set foot within his doors again. I am afraid he will keep this promise only too strictly, and so I have stolen up stairs to say good-bye to you, and to beg you, as you grow older, never to forget this last conversation—never to forget how much I love you, nor that I have told you, that upon my word and honour, your new sister, Adèle, is as innocent as a child, and that you must think of her with affection, and never suffer any body to teach you to think unkindly either of her or of me. Will you promise me this?' You can fancy how I felt, aunt Margaret, and what I answered, as well as I could for my tears. I am not telling you about myself, you know, but about Charles. He then went on to say, that he was afraid of doing wrong in telling such a child as I was to hide anything from my father, but he did not know what to do, he could not bear to go on without hearing from me and writing to me. So he settled this plan. We have an old nurse who has lived with us ever since papa married, and who is so fond of Charles that she would cut off her hand to do him a pleasure. Twice a-year Charles was to write to me under cover to her, and I was to answer his letter, and trust to her to get it taken secretly to the post—"

"It was not right, my love," interposed I; "he should not have done it. I pity him very very much—but, indeed, it was wrong."

"It is more my fault than his," returned Janet, blushing with earnestness. "In the second letter that Charles sent me he told me that he felt he had done wrong, that his conscience was uneasy on the subject, and that, great as was the sacrifice, he must give up hearing from me. But I could not bear it, so I persisted in writing to him just the same, and, you know, he could not help answering my letters."

"Well, well," said I, inwardly feeling that in poor Charles the boy was truly father to the man, and that he had grown up the same impetuous, warm-hearted creature, governed by impulse rather than principle, that he was at fourteen,— "Well, well, Janet, go on with your story."

"There is not much more to tell," she answered, "Charles made me fetch Anna to wish him good-bye—"

"Oh!" said I;—"And Anna—is she very fond of Charles? Why did he not go to her instead of to you?"

"Because," replied Janet, with a little embarrassment, "he knew Anna would never have agreed to write to him against papa's wishes—besides, Anna and Charles—I don't know—they used not to be so very fond of each other—they used sometimes to quarrel. But Anna was very sorry indeed, and cried a great deal, both that night and the next morning. I often thought she was vexed, too, that Charles did not go first to her, for she never would speak upon the subject at all, but if ever I mentioned it, she bade me 'never mind,' and said, 'I was too young to be able to understand anything about it.'"

"Does she not know that you write to Charles, then?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Oh, no, no! I dare not tell her; she would think it wrong, and then she would tell papa directly."

"And has she heard nothing of her brother, then, for four years?" cried I, unable to suppress my wonder.

"Yes; she has heard of him now and then, through a third person," answered Janet; "Charles and his wife settled at Boulogne—they are very very poor, and he wanted to live as cheaply as possible, but, I believe, he

has found the place dearer than he expected. Now, we have a friend near Boulogne, with whom Anna corresponds, and this lady always writes word how Charles is; from her, too, papa and Anna heard of the births of his two children. Anna always gives the letters to papa, but he never makes any comment upon them."

"And Colonel Harwood has never shown any signs of relenting? Four years!—It is a long time to be angry with a son."

"Why, I am coming to that," said Janet; "it is the strangest part of all. Anna's friend, who wishes well to Charles, has more than once written to say how very poor he is—how much distressed in his circumstances. He has tried to support himself by giving lessons in English, Latin, and drawing, in which he is a proficient; but he got very few pupils, and now he has three persons besides himself to maintain, and he grows poorer and poorer. At first, he could not bear that Adèle should work too, but he has been obliged to give up his objection, and she embroiders, and teaches music, but still they earn very little."

"Has Adèle no relations?" interrupted I.

"No, none," said Janet. "Her family was well-nigh extirpated at the time of the Revolution. Her mother was its only living representative besides herself, and she died a year after Adèle's marriage. I believe her fortune, which is very very small, is all they have to live upon except their earnings."

"And his father can bear to know this!" exclaimed I.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF GARDENING.

"Oh! flowers,

My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I had bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names;
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?"

MILTON.

Thus has our Poet painted Eve as the earliest gardener;—and well may we imagine her among the flowers of the newly decorated world, "herself a fairer flower." A modern artist has sculptured Eve at the fountain, surveying with wonder and admiration the beauty with which her Maker had gifted her; we might picture her afterwards among her flowers, while the thought crosses her mind,—“Shall I also fade and be renewed again?” She might then seek Adam, and, while her trembling hand showers at his feet the fading rose leaves, she might ask, “Is all beauty thus doomed to wither?” Her partner guesses not the chain of her thoughts; he has not gazed at the fountain; it is not mere beauty that he admires in her; and, while he tenderly replies to her question, he applies it to the vegetable world only. “Yes, this rose which fades in the sunset will be succeeded by the young bud which opens her beauty to the morning beam; to that we shall transfer the admiration of which this faded one is no longer worthy.” What a pang to the heart of Eve in these words! Love shall remain though beauty fade, but it shall be transferred; can it be so with her? She feels that she is not as the flowers of the field; deep thoughts enter her mind, bearing with them the first glimpse of that hereafter, the belief in which, although vague and formless, has been held by man in all ages.

Sir Thomas Browne suggests that the love of nature and of gardening was perpetuated through the descendants of our first parents to Noah, the first planter of the renewed world; from which point it may not be

uninteresting to trace the history of ornamental gardening and planting to the present day, when our most successful efforts appear to realize Milton's picture of Eden, rather than Sir Thomas Browne's interpretation of the word, an “enclosed field.”

Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba; Moses gives precise directions for the management of the vine; Solomon was wise in the knowledge of plants. The gardens of Babylon were, doubtless, wonders of grandeur in that country, naturally so bare of trees; they were a tribute of love from Nebuchadnezzar to his Median Queen, who pined for the groves of her native land. Sir C. Rich found one tree among the ruins; an evergreen resembling the *lignum vita*, and not indigenous there. This the Mahometans revere, saying that Ali tied his horse to it at the battle of Hilleh. Babylon became a park for those kings of Persia who succeeded to its ruins after the destruction of the Parthian empire, to keep their wild beasts in. The Persians had gardens from the time of their first king, Mahabad; and Cyrus considered them indispensable appendages of his residences. Sir Thomas Browne, in his “Garden of Cyrus,” says, “that monarch planted his vines and trees in straight lines, parallel, or crossing each other, in imitation of soldiers led to battle,” and that the custom was the same in India; according to Figueroa, who was ambassador from the court of Spain to that of Persia, 1617, the royal gardens at Shiraz had this uniformity in modern times. Homer's description of the gardens of Alcinoüs is well known; in speaking of those of Laertes, he says,

“The squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendant pear.”

Did the peaceful art of planting indeed imitate the royal game of war? These lines of Homer show that the fruits mentioned were then common in Greece, though neither the olive nor pear were indigenous there. Vertumnus may be a wholly fabulous personage; if so, we have the stronger reason to conclude that the arts of planting, pruning, and grafting, were practised at a very early period. Hebe, the wife of Bacchus, may be merely the personification of an attribute too refined for the apprehension of the multitude; but the tradition that she taught her subjects the method of transplanting trees, and of forming flower beds, shows the remote antiquity of these arts. The Greeks were great lovers of nature; that they early understood the management of the olive is known by their legend of Minerva, probably the Neith of Egypt. The “fair clustering” narcissus, and the “gold gleaming” crocus were reckoned among the glories of Attica; the latter flower was, probably, brought from Ionia with the violet, which was so carefully cultivated as to be brought in profusion to the Athenian markets when snow was lying on the ground; roses also were in great favour. Plutarch describes the garden of Academus in his life of Cimon, its planter.

The wealthy and luxurious Romans seem to have followed the fashion of earlier nations in laying out their gardens, which were walks between clipped trees bordered by aromatic herbs and flowers, and ornamented by fountains and alcoves, very much in the style which was prevalent in England during the reign of William the Third. The immense towers, artificial sheets of water, and as artificial mountains, which we read of in the gardens of Lucullus, Nero, and others, could not, of course, be imitated by the common people; hence, perhaps, a Roman garden was usually merely a place for the cultivation of such fruits, herbs, and flowers, as were required for domestic purposes. Virgil says, that, had he written of Horticulture, he would not have forgotten the narcissus, the acanthus, the ivy, the myrtle, or the rose gardens of Præstum. Cæsar left his gardens to the Roman people, and they were further beautified by Augustus.

Towards the end of the first century the prevailing taste was to have *clipped box* among myrtles and other plants; cypress trees thus transformed appear in the

paintings found at Herculaneum. In the account of his Tuscan villa, after describing the Hippodrome, which was surrounded by trees, Pliny thus speaks of his garden:—

"Having passed through these several winding alleys, you enter a straight walk, which breaks out into a variety of others, divided off by box hedges. In one place you have a little meadow; in another the box is cut into a thousand different forms; sometimes into letters expressing the name of the master, sometimes that of the artificer." He then describes a bench "from which water gushes into a stone cistern; and a marble basin of water which serves for a table, the larger supper dishes being placed round the margin, while the smaller ones swim about in the form of little vessels and water-fowl." This is fanciful enough, and less displeasing than the clipped trees. The rose was the favourite shrub with the Romans, and its early flowers were in such request for garlands as to be procured from Egypt, where the warmer climate produced them earlier, till the Roman gardeners found a method of forcing them by plates of talc placed over the bushes, and watering with warm water. Perhaps the roses of Egypt were particularly fine; Cleopatra is said to have paid upwards of 200*l.* for roses to decorate one supper. The Romans under Augustus carried their passion for flowers to such a degree, that it was found necessary to restrain it by sumptuary laws.

Having thus very briefly attempted to give a sketch of gardening up to the period of the greatest grandeur of Rome, we must pass over her decline and fall. The barbarian "came down like a wolf on the fold;" the arts of peace were extinguished; the domain of the noble was pillaged, the hut of the peasant destroyed. It was the third great disruption in the history of the world; the Cushite dispersion, the scattering abroad of the Jewish nation, and now the breaking up of the largest empire of antiquity. Soon a new power arose from the wreck of luxury and riches; ecclesiastical establishments, humble at first, grew by degrees to wealth and power but little inferior to those of the Roman emperors; men withdrew from the world to deserts which they rendered fertile, and to solitudes which they peopled with the humbler works of God. Sovereigns bestowed upon them lands and serfs, in return for prayers and indulgences; the convent flourished if the castle was destroyed; the shaven head walked the land in safety, while the crested helmet was brought low by treachery or assault. The monastery's sheltered bound was the only spot which war spared and rapine respected; the monks, gathered together in holy idleness from distant climes, brought with them the herbs, by aid of which they had been accustomed to perform the duty of healers of the sick; and the royal example of Mithridates, the first to cultivate medical plants, was unwittingly followed by many who had scarcely heard his royal name. The frequent pilgrimages which the monks undertook added to their store of useful herbs; and we may well imagine that the mendicant friars would proudly offer such treasures, in return for the necessities which they were forbidden by their rule to provide for themselves. At the same time, ornamental gardening was not likely to flourish; for though each secluded brother might delight in the trim-border and verdant turf of his place of recreation, all would avoid any display of elegance or wealth which could tempt the sacrilegious hand of his feudal neighbour. We read of vineyards and orchards in England under the Saxons, but know nothing of gardens. Charlemagne revived gardening in France, by commanding the formation of gardens throughout his dominions, and carefully selecting such plants as were most useful for diet and medicine, which he enjoined should be properly cultivated. Hence the art would probably be introduced into Britain with the Norman Conqueror, as William is called; and we find that Henry the First had a park at Woodstock. Extensive ruins, occupying nearly six acres, have been recently dug up on the Duke of Marlborough's estates, showing that a magnificent Roman villa had formerly

stood there, which, probably, our Henry appropriated to himself. During this period there are no distinct traces of the existence of gardens; the fever of monk-errantry (if we may coin a word) spread over Europe, and monarchs joined with Peter the Hermit in leading the infatuated flock to Palestine. There were deeper causes at work than the desire of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre, though the multitude knew them not; but good came forth of evil—many an useful herb and many a fragrant flower do we owe to the Crusades. One monk brought a single root of the saffron crocus in the hollow of his staff, which he gave to his monastery; it increased and spread, till it afforded an important article to the dyer. The earliest chartularies of abbies and monasteries speak of gardens and orchards, and probably our best fruits were brought into the island during the reign of the Norman and Plantagenet lines. With respect to private gardens, Fitz Stephen states that the citizens of London, in the reign of Henry the Second, had gardens to their villas, large, beautiful, and planted with trees. In the reign of Edward the First the cultivation of the garden was extended to the more curious and delicate plants. The young hero of royal romance, James the First of Scotland, in his poem of "The King's Quair," describes the garden of Windsor Castle, as thick set with trees, alleys of hawthorn hedges, and an arbour at each corner with "the sharpe, green, swete, juniper." Privacy, or perhaps safety, seems to have been the first object; and in these early times, when to venture beyond the walls which encompassed a baronial castle, would have been an act of temerity in the ladies of the domain, the garden appropriated to their use was defended by walls, as well for safety as for shelter; the space was not large, and there could be no great variety of surface or prospect; vegetables, fruits, and flowers were intermingled, and perhaps the former of these were the objects of most careful cultivation. Beyond the castle walls lay the *chase*, an important part of the feudal domain; here the lord and his retinue followed that amusement which was second only to the occupation of war in its excitement of the animal spirits; but of which the females rarely partook, hawking being their more frequent pastime.

During the following century the wars of the Roses devastated the land; brother fought against brother, father against son; trade was ruined, and the light of the arts was quenched in blood. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, Leland mentions *topiary-work*, that is, the cutting of trees into shapes, as much in fashion; the great Earl of Northumberland, whose household consisted of one hundred and sixty persons, "had but one gardener, who attended hourly in the garden, for setting of herbs and clipping of knots, and sweeping the said garden clean." In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the royal gardens of Nonsuch were planted with shady walks, fountains, clipped trees, and pyramids; these ornaments prevailed till the time of Kent. The Reformation brought its benefits and its evils to the art of gardening; the hand of the spoiler came to the convent, its garden was broken up and demolished, or passed to some favourite who cared little beyond the revenues it produced. But its treasures were disseminated abroad; and to this arbitrary act of Henry, we perhaps owe the general culture of many of those vegetables which were supposed to be brought from Holland in his reign, but which may have existed for centuries in the monastic establishments. During the reign of Elizabeth, an Italian, calling himself Melissus, published a volume of Latin poems in English; in one of them, "On the Royal Garden," a labyrinth is described, and the Queen is mentioned as fond of flowers. James the First improved the gardens at Theobalds, which had been made by Lord Burleigh; and Mandelst, writing in 1640, describes them as a large square, the walls covered with *fillery* (trellis work), and a beautiful *jet d'eau* in the centre; he also mentions *espaliers*. The gardens of this time corresponded in style with the mansion.

Square box windows profusely ornamented, looked out upon terraces decorated with arms, statues, and balustrades; and the prevalent taste seems to have been a combination of the grand and the ornamental. "The tricks of water-works to wet the unwary, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat," were but the childish endeavours of false taste. Lord Orford truly says, "the compass and square were of more use in plantations than the nurseryman."

Lord Bacon has given us his idea of a noble garden; one feature is, "in the very middle a fair mount, with three ascents and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast, which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments; and the whole mount to be thirty feet high, and some fine banqueting house, with some chimnies neatly cast, and without too much glass." He also describes "fair columns upon frames of carpenters' work," to be cut in "juniper, or other garden stuff," but he does not like *images* cut in like manner: nor knots with "divers coloured earths—they be but toys." Lord Bacon was not the first English writer on gardening; Arnold's Chronicle, 1521, treats of the planting and grafting of fruits; and Tusser gives some "approved lessons on hops and gardening," 1537. The "Gardener's Labyrinth" was also published in the reign of Elizabeth; it contains plates of "Knotts and mazes, cunningly handled, for the beautifying of gardens."

Charles the First brought over Tradescant, a Dutchman, to be his kitchen gardener, and appointed Parkinson, the author of "Paradisus Terrestris," a work on Horticulture and flower gardens, to be his *Herbarist*, or royal botanist, a place created for him. Cromwell promoted agriculture more than gardening; that is, he saw the state of desolation to which civil war with its attendant miseries had reduced the land, and, the ancient nobility being impoverished or exiled, he found that his best policy lay in encouraging the yeomanry and gentry to re-cultivate the devastated lands. Cromwell did much both for the external and internal resources of the country; he pensioned Hartlib, a Lithuanian, who had studied in Flanders, and who first recommended to notice "the two grand secrets of Flemish husbandry," that of letting farms on improving leases, and cultivating green crops. Hartlib was the friend of Milton, and the poet dedicated his Essay on Education to him. The pension which Cromwell had given was lost under Charles the Second, and Hartlib died in poverty. This writer says, "some old men recollect the first gardener who came into Surrey to plant vegetables."

Charles the Second planted the lime trees and dug the canal in St. James's Park, where he had birds kept in cages, whence the name Bird-cage Walk; he had also the Mall paved with cockle shells for the game of mail; and stocked the canal with water-fowl, which he fed himself. Rose, the gardener to Lord Essex, who had passed some time in Holland, then the best school of horticulture, and had also studied under Quintiney, at Paris, was appointed royal gardener by Charles, who likewise sent for Le Notre, purposely to plant St. James's and Greenwich parks. When Quintiney came to England to visit Evelyn, the king offered him a pension to reside here; but he declined it. Quintiney had been educated for the church; but having a decided preference for gardening, he turned his whole attention that way. The entire direction of the royal gardens of France was given to him; and when he died in 1701, at Paris, Louis XIV. assured his widow that "he was an equal sufferer with herself." Evelyn translated Quintiney's work "On Orange Trees," and his "Complete Gardener," and wrote his own "Kalendarium Hortense," in 1664. His last work on gardening, the "Acetaria," was not published till 1699. Evelyn also patronised many useful works on horticulture; among others, the translation of Arnaud d'Audilly's "Essay on Fruit Trees," an excellent practical work, and remarkable as being the first to censure the fashionable absurdity of clipping trees into the form of animals, &c. Lord Capel also

was an eminent encourager of gardening; having brought over with him from France many new fruits, he planted them at Kew. Lord W. Russell laid out the garden in Bloomsbury Square, and planted the acacias there, at this time. The following is a description of an Italian garden of this period, in Evelyn's words.

"The gardens are delicious, and full of fountains. In the grove sits Pan feeding his flock, the water making a melodious sound through his pipe; the club of Hercules yields a shower of water falling into a great shell in which there is a woman riding on the backs of dolphins. In another grotto is Vulcan and his family, the walls richly composed of corals, shells, copper and marble figures, with the hunting of several beasts, moving by the force of water. Here, having been well washed for our curiosity, we went down a large walk, at the sides whereof several slender streams of water gush out of pipes concealed underneath, that interchangeably fall into each other's channels, making a lofty and perfect arch, so that a man on horseback may ride under it, and not receive one drop of wet. This canopy or arch of water I thought one of the most surprising magnificences I had ever seen, and very refreshing in the heat of summer. At the end of this very long walk stands a woman in white marble, in position of a laundress wringing water out of a piece of linen, very naturally formed, into a vast laver, the work and invention of M. Angelo Buonarrotti."

Thus our English style was not more absurd than that of the continent, of which, perhaps, it was a copy; for Charles the Second was not only of foreign education, but his personal habits were foreign, his tastes were foreign,—and, it may be feared, his vices were foreign. Grandeur of design was strangely combined with littleness of execution, in the style of gardening prevalent during his reign and that of his successor. Charles had not the pecuniary resources of Louis the Fourteenth, or, perhaps, he would have imitated that monarch's creation at Versailles, which cost 200,000,000*l.* Mr. Barrington conjectures that hot-houses and ice-houses were first introduced in the reign of Charles the Second; but the account of the installation dinner, at Windsor, April, 1667, at which there were cherries, strawberries, and ice-creams, does not prove any of those to be newly-found luxuries; indeed, Switzer, a contemporary writer, mentions the above fruits as having been forced by dung-heat from time immemorial, by the London gardeners; and Lord Bacon plainly speaks of "housing our natives to forward them, as we house our exotics to protect them."

Luke and Field, gardeners to the Duke of Bedford; Cooke, gardener to Lord Essex; London, and Wise, were the practical gardeners of this time; the two latter had the first considerable nursery garden at Brompton, and laid out many gardens in the country—Blenheim, Cannons, Exton, and Longleat, in England, and Hatton House, near Edinburgh.

The short reign of James II. probably produced no alteration in the royal gardens; and we have no account of private improvements. The nation was otherwise occupied; shaken to its centre, and preparing for a second fearful struggle, we need but to open Burnet's history to see that there was ample groundwork laid for a tremendous national convulsion. But England was spared this; and we owe much of our domestic improvement, as well as our political stability to William and Mary. In their reign gates and rails of elaborate iron-work were introduced, as at Hampton Court; where the four urns in the front of the palace were perhaps the first ornaments of the kind in England, though common in Italy much earlier. Mary resided much at Hampton Court, and appointed Plukenet her herbarist, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum. In this reign botanists were sent to explore the Indies for plants. London, whom we have already mentioned, was superintendent of the royal gardens. Queen Anne was otherwise engaged than in gardening; but she completed the grounds at Kensington, which

were begun by William, under the direction of Wise. It is believed that George the First rather improved his garden at Herenhausen than those of any of his English palaces. But a new era of gardening arose in this reign with Philip Miller, curator of the Botanic garden at Chelsea, and author of the *Gardener's Dictionary*. He improved the culture of fruits, and from his time horticulture made great progress. Hitherto, green houses had not been roofed with glass; this improvement was introduced for the purpose of forcing fruits; and the great number of foreign plants annually brought hither rendered it necessary for gardeners to learn their structure and habits, in order to bring them to perfection; thus a spirit of improvement on scientific principles was generated.

In the succeeding reign Richmond gardens were much improved by Bridgman, who banished verdant sculpture, and even introduced glades and small forests between his walks, which, however, were still in the Dutch style. He broke away the brick walls which had hitherto encompassed the pleasure ground, and substituted the sunk fence. The garden at Houghton was one of the first specimens of the new taste; and Sir R. Walpole also much improved the gardens of Richmond Lodge, of which park he was ranger. The Queen being much pleased with his alterations, asked him how much it would cost to enclose St. James's Park, and make it as beautiful as Richmond? "Only three crowns, madam," was the minister's reply.

Our next improver is Kent, of whom Lord Orford says, "he leaped the fence, and found that all nature was a garden." Kent perceived that the formal, terraced, and yew-clipped garden assorted but ill with the park, now brought, by rasure of the walls, into the same view; and he endeavoured to make them agree, by giving to the park some of the refinement of the garden, and to the latter some of the simplicity of the country. Kent also ejected statues from the garden, but he crowded it with obelisks and temples. To Kent succeeded Browne, who formed the noble lake at Blenheim, which refreshes the eye the more from its contrast to the formal mansion. A lake is required there, and the depth and shadow of some parts of it add to the effect its vastness produces. The proper management of water seems to have been a great difficulty, even after the clipped hedge and high wall had been levelled. An anecdote told by Daines Barrington shows how difficult it was to overcome the prejudices in favour of straight canals and square ponds. Queen Caroline formed the water in Hyde Park by laying together several ponds, and it was called Serpentine because it was the first piece of ornamental water which was not perfectly straight. There is often much incongruity in the character of water; as a general rule, perhaps, we may observe that a natural river agrees best with an old mansion, and a lake with one of a more modern date; but it has been too much the custom to consider merely the nature of the ground, and where this was convenient to enlarge the river, it was done without regard to the character of the domain. Thus we have seen a large shallow lake which was literally fordable, where the natural river would have given a character of grandeur, now entirely lost.

We have carried our sketch of gardening down to the reign of George the Third. Since that period, so much has been done by wealth and taste towards rendering the parks of Britain living pictures of Milton's Paradise, and so universally has the love of nature been testified in the adornment of the baronial mansion, and the improvement of the suburban villa, that it is needless to pursue the subject farther. At the present moment there appears to be an effort towards admitting the artisan to a more free participation in the beauties of the park of his superior than used to be allowed; we trust the example will be followed, being certain that the feelings thus called forth are, in general cases, not those of envy, but of admiration and gratitude.

F. C. B.

OLD RECORDS OF NEW ROADS.

No. I.

TO ALL WRITERS AND READERS.

As the avowed purpose of railroads is to shorten all communications, I must only thus briefly return thanks to the many different authors, alive or dead, from whose works the following reminiscences are compiled.

A MODERN poet says:—

"Of time, there's no denying,
One half in how-d'ye-doing goes,
And t'other in good-bye'ing."

And certainly this may equally be said of railway travelling. Indeed, we can compare it to nothing but the flight of time, unless it be to the ubiquity of the far-famed bird of Sir B—— R——, that he averred was in two places at once.

The next train on the South-Western Railway is to convey me from London to Southampton in fewer hours than our ancestors took days to perform the same journey; for, though it is true that George the Third once went from Kew to Portsmouth in seven hours, the exploit was considered so wonderful at the time of its performance, that it was duly chronicled for the astonishment of posterity. Now the journey may be performed in one-third of the time. Nor can we suppose that improvements are yet at an end, or that the next generation will not despise the inventions of to-day, as we now condemn the customs of our forefathers.

It is well known, that though a species of coach was first introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, yet her Majesty usually performed her progresses on horseback, and it was not till the reign of her successor that private coaches came into general use amongst the nobility. In the 22nd year of King James, (1625,) hackney coaches were set up in London, which stood ready at the inns, to be called as wanted; and apparently they must have speedily come into fashion, for one of the many ill-advised proclamations made by Charles the First in 1635, was one forbidding "the general and promiscuous use of hackney-coaches in London and Westminster or their suburbs, being not only a great disturbance to his Majesty, his dearest consort the queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree, in their passage through the streets,—but the streets themselves were so pestered, and pavement broke up, that the common passage is hereby hindered, and the prices of hay and corn exceedingly dear. Wherefore it is commanded and forbid that no hired coaches should be used in London, &c., except they be to travel three miles out of the same; and also that no person shall go in a coach in the said streets, except the owners of the coach shall constantly keep up favourable horses for our service when required."

In this proclamation allusion is made to a few public coaches that had then recently been established by some private individuals who agreed to convey passengers from one town to another, in large cumbrous vehicles without springs, that were so designated. But their mis-called expeditions were always performed with caution and solemnity; the horses being seldom, if ever, allowed to indulge in a trot. Regular stage-coaches were not established till the reign of George the Second, (1744,) and at first there were no more than six kept constantly at work in all England; but, small as that number was, and slow as their rate of travelling now appears, this change of conveyance made a considerable alteration in the habits of the middle ranks, for a writer of that period observes:—

"These stage-coaches make gentlemen come to London on very small occasions, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home; here, when they come to town, they must

presently be in the mode—get fine clothes—go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, that they are uneasy ever after."

Notwithstanding these prudent observations of Mr. John Cresset, of the Charter House, stage-coaches increased in popularity, and came into general use in the beginning of George the Third's reign, (1762.) Their rate of travelling then also improved, as the journey from London to Oxford was usually performed in three days, though it still took four to bring the "long Salisbury" to the capital. Passengers usually made their wills before undertaking a journey, and pistols and eatables were considered as indispensable as any other description of luggage. Even so late as eighty years ago the privileges of persons who confided the custody of their lives and properties to the proprietors of stage coaches, seemed to have been but little understood; for a cause was then tried (1770) in the Court of Common Pleas on the complaint of certain passengers travelling by one of these stages who refused to dine at a "hedge alehouse," as the coachman wished to compel them to do; and, on the contrary, went to an inn at Epsom, where they desired him to call for them, as he must pass the house. Instead of doing so he drove by at full speed, and left them to find their way to London as they could; for which conduct the jury fined the proprietor of the coach in twenty pounds damages.

Nor does it appear that there were then any restrictions as to the number of passengers or weight of baggage, for the Annual Register for 1770 mentions there having been thirty-four people in and on the Hertford stage, when, on the 6th September, in that year, it broke down from being overloaded. One man was killed on the spot, two women broke their legs, and very few of the whole number escaped severe injuries.

Whilst the personal inconveniences of travelling were thus slowly ameliorating, talent and science were beginning to be directed towards improvement in the transportation of merchandize. So early as the first year of Charles II., a Mr. Beaumont gave, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a series of experiments on the exploration of coal-mines and the conveyance of their contents by carriages of a new construction. These experiments failed, and as is usually the case, the projector was ruined. But it is, nevertheless, acknowledged that this Mr. Beaumont was the originator of railroads. He was of the same family as Francis Beaumont, the poet who wrote in conjunction with Mr. Fletcher, in that reign. The experimentalist above alluded to appears to have been Joseph Beaumont, who was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in 1615, and educated at Peter's House, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship, of which he was deprived for his loyalty, during the civil war. Soon after the Restoration he recovered his preferments, was made chaplain in ordinary to the King, master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and subsequently removed to Peter's House, where he died (1696) at the advanced age of 84.

Previous to his death, something similar to the railroad now used (1676) were applied to the conveyance of coals, as, within thirty years after the lectures at Newcastle, there were laid wooden rails in parallel lines from the mouth of several coalpits in the vicinity of the river Tyne, which were projected to it, and on them were placed carriages, with rollers adapted to the rails, by which means one horse could draw five chaldrons of coals without difficulty.

It does not appear that any improvements were made in these railroads for many years, although they were in general use through all the mining districts. But about a century after their invention, (1760,) iron plates were first used to cover them, at Colebrookdale in Shropshire, (where also the first iron bridge was tried,) and in a short time the wooden rails were superseded first by wrought and then by cast-iron ones. Finally, these rail, or tram-roads were laid on inclined planes, and windlasses and pulleys were placed

at the upper end of them to draw the coal carriages backwards and forwards without the aid of horses.

Here invention paused. These contrivances were universally applauded and generally adopted. Derbyshire and Leicestershire set the example, and so rapid was their extension that, in the year 1811, there were no less than one hundred and fifty miles of iron railroads in full operation, in the comparatively small district of South Wales alone.

The obvious advantage of this method of conveyance suggested the idea of substituting iron railroads for the roads in general use, and in 1800, Doctor Anderson published his "Recreations in Agriculture," which contained a plan for their adoption throughout the whole country. He proposed that iron railways should be carried along the sides of the existing turnpike roads, and even gave minute directions for their formation, with bridges, viaducts, short-tunnels, and most of the other arrangements now in use, with the exception of the motive power, which was then unthought of, the design of these railroads being only to ease the draught of horses, not as a substitute for their employment.

Meantime a power, then in embryo, was awakening into life, to which no limit can even yet be assigned. The application of steam to the aid of mechanism forms an era in the history of mankind. Its giant force, chained by the omnipotence of man, gives man a sovereignty over nature, that wants but immortality to raise him above this sphere. Nor is the flexibility of steam less wonderful than its force, for it has been well compared to the trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak with equal facility.

The power of steam has by many been supposed to be one of the wonderful discoveries made by Archimedes, who flourished about two hundred and fifty years before Christ, and so effectually benefited the Greeks in their memorable contest with the Romans at the siege of Syracuse. Amongst the moderns, Muschenbroeck, a German, was amongst the first who wrote on the theory of steam; and Otto Guericke, of Hamburg, invented the air pump about the time that Lord Worcester gave to the world the first notice of a steam-engine, contained in his "Century of Inventions" published in the beginning of the reign of Charles II. Though even he is supposed to have taken the idea of it from the ravings of a madman, then confined in a lunatic asylum at Paris for having asserted that he could make what are now denominated steam-boats.

This Lord Worcester, (who has sometimes been confounded with his ancestor, John Earl of Worcester, the translator of "Cicero," in the reign of Edward IV.) the author of the "Century," was one of the most extraordinary characters mentioned in history. Hume depreciates his political talents, which, nevertheless, procured for him from Charles I. a patent appointing him generalissimo of three armies, and admiral; giving him power to raise money by selling his Majesty's woods, ward-shires, customs and prerogatives; and as if these extraordinary powers were insufficient, further delegating to him authority to create by blank patents titles of nobility from the rank of marquis to a baronet. Of his mechanical genius Lord Orford speaks in terms of the utmost contempt, and calls his "Century" "an amazing piece of folly," and yet this scantling of inventions, contained in embryo many of those which now form the boast and wonder of modern philosophy, among which that of the steam-engine stands pre-eminent.

This leviathan of mechanism, the importance of which was so little understood, even by the inventor, soon attracted the attention of the learned of all countries. England, however, still kept the lead, and in the sixth year after Charles the Second's restoration, a Captain Savory obtained a patent for his improvement on Lord Worcester's steam-engine.

Thus, whilst civil strife disturbed the Commonwealth, and immorality and licentiousness disgraced the court, literature and the arts were supported both by the prac-

tice and patronage of the nobility; and it is a curious fact, that some of the most valuable discoveries in science have been made, not when peace gave leisure for meditation and research, but at those periods when the greatest convulsions agitated the political world. Perhaps it may be accounted for in a similarity of cause, which, producing general mental excitement, gave equal impetus to each different branch of talent by which individuals are distinguished.

Whilst Alexander the Great was extending his conquests over the principal part of the then habitable world, he was attended in his march to victory by a train of philosophers and artists that formed a galaxy of intellectual light. His copyist, Bonaparte, rendered his dynasty as remarkable for the successful impulse given by him to science and literature, as for his own abortive attempts to gain universal sovereignty. And in like manner, many useful discoveries were made during the turbulent times preceding the restoration of Charles the Second, at which period the Royal Society of England took its rise.

During the height of the civil wars, (1645,) and about four years previous to the date of Mr. Beaumont's lectures, already mentioned, a certain number of learned men agreed to hold private meetings, first in London and afterwards at Oxford, for the purpose of investigating subjects of natural knowledge during the suspension of academical pursuits, occasioned by the distracted state of the country. Lord Worcester does not appear to have been of the number, as at that time he was actively engaged in the royal cause. But many other men of celebrity were members, amongst whom are the names of Boyle, Loden, Ward, and Wilkins, the latter of whom, though brother-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, was afterwards made Bishop of Chester.

At first they styled themselves the philosophic college, but at the Restoration they were incorporated as "The Royal Society." William Lord Brouncker was their first president, and some of his writings on mathematical subjects are still preserved in the Philosophical Transactions. He was succeeded in the chair by Sir Isaac Newton, and to this day the society has maintained its celebrity.

One of the many foreigners who sought admittance into the Royal Society of England, was a Frenchman, by name Papin, who, about the time Captain Savory obtained his patent for a steam-engine, (1665,) invented a digester, and made many experiments on the elastic power of steam. After he left England, and settled as professor of mathematics at Marspurgh, he even went so far as to apply it to mechanics, under the patronage of Charles, Landgrave of Hesse, in consequence of which, the French, to this day, give Papin credit for the invention of the steam-engine. Another competitor for that honour is Newcomen—a contemporary both of Papin and of Savory. But, however the invention of the steam-engine may be a subject of dispute, no doubt exists that the perfection of this extraordinary machine is entirely owing to the perseverance and ability of James Watt.

This highly talented man was the son of a tradesman at Greenock, where he was born in the beginning of the reign of George II. (1736.) He soon became a mathematical instrument maker; and at the age of twenty-one (1757) he was appointed in that capacity to the University of Glasgow, with apartments in the College, where he resided six years, when he married and established himself in a shop in that city (1764), and there he first made his wonderful improvements of the steam-engine.

From that time he devoted himself to the profession of civil engineer. He laid out many of the canals in the north of England, and invented a necrometer, and also a machine for drawing in perspective. In 1774 he removed from Glasgow to Soho, near Birmingham, where he entered into partnership with Mr. Boulton for the construction of steam-engines, which they conjointly carried to the highest perfection. Many European

potentates sent them complimentary testimonies to their abilities, amongst which those of Catherine II., Empress of Russia, were pre-eminent. Mr. Watt also invented the polygraphic machine, for copying paintings and manuscripts. He was elected a member of the Royal Societies both of London and Edinburgh, and created doctor of laws by the University of Glasgow; and thus, having enjoyed the singular good fortune of seeing his talents and discoveries justly appreciated during his lifetime, he died, August 28th, 1819, universally respected, at the patriarchal age of eighty-three.

The improvements of the steam-engine, thus perfected by Watt, suddenly produced almost incredible effects in the commercial world. Not only were manufactures essentially benefited, but the transportation of merchandise was proportionably accelerated. About thirteen years after the establishment of the Soho manufactory, (1787,) Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, published a project for a steam-boat; and about the same time, Symington, a workman in his employment, exhibited a model of a steam-engine applied to propel a carriage. But this idea seemed to lie dormant till, in 1802, Mr. Edgeworth wrote an essay, suggesting that several stationary steam-engines should be placed at given distances on railways, for the purpose of drawing carriages along them by means of circulating chains.

A variety of attempts were made simultaneously to construct steam carriages to travel on turnpike roads, and different patents granted to individuals for their successive improvements; and at last (1815) Mr. George Stephenson obtained one for a locomotive, evidently above all its competitors, and from that time the progress towards perfection was rapid. Six years afterwards (1821) an act passed for making the first of the modern railways from Darlington to Stockton, which was opened in four years (1825), under Mr. Stephenson's direction, though his locomotives were not employed on it till the following year—the railway carriages, each containing twenty-six passengers, being at first drawn by one horse at the rate of ten miles an hour (1826). That year another act was passed for incorporating the Manchester and Liverpool Railway Company; but, though Mr. Stephenson was their engineer, the locomotives were still considered a visionary speculation, till, at the end of three years (1829), four different engines were tried together, the united advantages of railroads and locomotives were fairly established, and the railroad, as now used, was opened to the public, 15th September, 1830.

But whilst these competitions were going on, and locomotives on rails, and locomotives on turnpikes, were in full rivalry, the subject was brought before Parliament, and the concentrated wisdom of the nation was for some time occupied in ascertaining how many footfalls of a horse are made in an hour—as a data from whence to calculate the injury which locomotives would do to his Majesty's highways, if propelled on them, instead of on railroads. Nor is this the only instance of learned bodies directing their attention to the subject of horse-shoes; for, in the third volume of the *Archæologia*, is a learned dissertation on the antiquity of their use.

Without entering into the question as to whether the Emperor Nero's mules were really shod with gold, and those of his wife Poppæa were shod with silver, or whether both were contented to use shoes made of a kind of bronze, tinted and gilt, it is sufficient for the present purpose to know that here, in England, they began to shoe horses soon after the Norman Conquest. William I. gave to Simon St. Lizl, a noble Norman, the town of Northampton, then valued at £40 a-year, to provide shoes for his horses; and Henry de Ferres, or Ferrers, who came in with the Conqueror, took his name from his employment of shoeing—not that he was himself a shoer of horses, a *farrier*, but as appointed to direct or superintend that business; and

when, after the Crusades, it became the custom for families to take coat-armour hereditarily, a charge of six horse-shoes sable, on a field argent, was adopted as the cognizance of that noble house—as at this day, the highest military dignity in all European armies, is designated by the French word for farrier, *marechale*.

How long these useful articles, yeilded horse-shoes, may be retained in common use, already seems problematical—as, if the use and popularity of railways increase in any degree proportionate to their recent progress in public favour, the day may come when antiquaries may grasp at old horse-shoes with more avidity than they are now seized upon by the credulous in Ireland, who nail them up in their cabins as preservatives from witchcraft. Already railway travelling seems to have superseded all other modes; and is this matter of surprise, when we consider the extraordinary advantages which they offer to the transport of merchandize?

The railway from Liverpool to Manchester is only thirty-three miles long; yet the amount of saving to the Manchester manufacturers, in the carriage by it of cotton alone, is estimated at £20,000 annually. Nor is this by any means incredible. Not long ago an individual went by this railroad from Liverpool to Manchester, where he purchased 150 tons of cotton, which he, in the same way, took back with him. Having immediately disposed of them, and more being required, he repeated his journey, and actually delivered the same evening his second cargo, of equal quantity, having travelled 132 miles in four different journeys, and bought, sold, and carried 300 tons of goods in twelve hours.

The facilities thus afforded to a comparatively humble individual strangely contrast with the impediments of travelling from which even our sovereigns suffered only two centuries ago (1661); for in the reign of Charles II. that monarch intended to have made a progress through the country, beginning at Worcester, but “that the want of ancient purveyance prevented him.” This “purveyance” consisted of certain rights of the crown, which, to modern calculation, seemed to deprive the subject of any disposal of his personal property. At the restoration, Charles II. commuted these rights for certain compositions. But a clause, in a subsequent act of parliament, expressed that, as the want of carriages would be very inconvenient to the king in his progresses and removals, the chief officer of His Majesty’s carriages was empowered to provide carts for his Majesty’s use, and all persons refusing to serve were made liable to a penalty. No horses or carriages were to travel more than a day’s journey, nor without pay of ready money, the rate being “to be set down by two justices of peace.”

And yet, as we have already seen—the discovery of the steam-engine had then been actually made, though the world was not then ready for its adoption for any practical benefit. At this time the Parliamentary Commissioners’ report states, that the extent of railroads in England on which locomotives are now impelled by steam-engines, is 2264 miles, and plans for projected railroads are now lodged with the Board of Trade to the amount of eight thousand additional miles. Such is the computation of to-day; but to-morrow may set all enumeration at defiance, for the changes in every thing that take place almost hourly in this age of velocity, seem to baffle all attempt to describe them. Hydra railroads rise in all directions; the projects of last month are superseded in this; and in this inundation of speculation and changes, the mind is thrown back into antiquity as on the only subject that is not evanescent. For we must not pause even on the wonders that have already been effected. Doctor Lardner calculates that “the circumference of the earth being 25,000 miles, if it were begirt by an iron railway, one ton weight would be drawn round it in six weeks by the mechanical power that resides in the third part of a ton of coals;” and yet he adds, “the state of physical science at the

present moment justifies the expectation that we are on the eve of mechanical discovery more important than any which has yet appeared. Philosophy already directs her finger at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism. The steam-engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred on it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed.” Is not this proposition startling?—And yet is it as incredible as the locomotives and express-trains would have appeared to our great-grand-fathers?

Nevertheless, I repeat, there is nothing that we can compare to railway travelling. The uncouthly rapidity which annihilates time and space, and which thought itself alone exceeds; the awful speed, over which we, individually, have no control, whilst we voluntarily suspend all personal mobility or free agency; all these are so foreign to the habits of every-day life, that in being appended to a locomotive, we seem to change our state of existence; or rather, we submit to a figurative death, in which we at once plunge into futurity, whilst yet the past is clinging round us. Neighbours of one hour may the next be separated by uncounted distance;—new companions, new regions, are suddenly presented to our view—and we can scarcely breathe in our new position ere expectation merges in reality—and hope or fear—reflection or calculation, are, with the journey itself, at an end.

Rousseau somewhere observes on travelling, “that a man should begin by observing his fellow-creatures, and then if he has time he may take notice of inanimate objects.”—*If he has time!*—Why, before the most practised physiognomist has taken an inventory of the features of his fellow-passengers in a railway first-class carriage, there are no longer other inanimate objects left for him to notice. The various landscapes on his route have already flitted past him like the scenes of a magic-lantern. Places interesting to the historian or the antiquary are already beyond his ken; he has been borne past them—he knows not how—and at the end of his flight he may congratulate himself, if he ascertain that instead of being carried *under*, he has at least been whirled *over* the ground which tourists of the last century have made pilgrimages to visit.

Is there no remedy for this, almost the only disadvantage of railway travelling? Must we submit to this diminution of what constitutes the chief pleasure of rambling to those who journey for amusement or instruction? Rousseau said “that to derive benefit from travelling, it is not sufficient to ride post through the country, but that there are many people who will learn still less from travelling than from books;” and surely this observation proves an axiom, when we remember the number of people of tender optics and irritable nerves who are at this day afraid even to look out of the window of an express train. Cannot the visions conjured by memory, of the days that are gone, supply, in some degree, the objects thus withdrawn from the eye? Yes—I will anticipate my journey by a tour round my book-shelves, and make, at my leisure, a catalogue *raisonné* of what we ought to be familiar with, even in that enchanted locomotive—

“Where nothing is, and all things *seem*,”

although, in doing so, I verify the description of an antiquary, drawn by the author of *Hudibras*, two hundred years ago, as one “whose days were spent and gone long before he came into the world;” and as “all his contemplations look backward on the days of old, his brains are turned with them as if he walked backwards.”

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

July.

THIS is the seventh month of the year. It was originally the fifth in the Roman Kalendar, and accordingly named *Quintilis*, to denote that numerical position, till Mark Antony denominated it July in honour of his illustrious friend and patron, Caius Cesar, whose surname was Julius. "This month," says Brady, "he selected for such honorary distinction, when the sun was generally most potent, the more effectually to denote that Julius was the emperor of the world, and therefore the appropriate leader of one half of the year."

July was anciently dedicated to Jupiter. The Saxons called it *hen-monat*, or foliage month; also, *hey-monat*, "because therein they usually mowed, and made their hay-harvest:" and *maed-monat*, from the meads being then in their bloom. It is represented as a strong, robust man, (eating cherries, or other red fruit,) with a swarthy sun-burnt face and hands; clothed in a jacket of a light yellow colour, wearing on his head a garland of centaury and thyme; bearing a scythe on his shoulder, and attended by a lion, in token that the sun enters that constellation on the twenty-third of this month. Spenser's delineation of July is perhaps more poetical than the above. It is as follows:—

"Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
(It was the beast that whilom did foray
The Nemean forest, till the Amphitritonide
Him slew, and with his hide did he array:)
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side,
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide."

July is the hottest month of the twelve. The direct influence of the sun, indeed, is continually diminishing after the summer solstice; but the earth and air have been so thoroughly heated, that the warmth which they retain more than compensates, for a time, the diminution of the solar rays. There is a sense of sultriness and of quiet all over nature. The birds, with but a few exceptions, are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The ground is chapped with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, "form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky." The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and leafy lanes, where, nevertheless, the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle seek the shade or plunge in the pools and streams.

"On the grassy banks
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides,
The troublous insect lashes with his tail,
Returning still."

The excessive heat causes such an evaporation from the surface of the earth and water, that, after some continuance of dry weather, large heavy clouds are formed, which at length let fall their collected moisture in extremely copious showers. These summer storms frequently beat down the full-grown corn, and deluge the country with sudden floods, and are often accompanied by thunder and lightning.

Swallows, swifts, and martens, now generally flock together, preparatory to their migration, and towards the end of the month the cuckoo departs. Those birds sing only which breed late. The young of the earlier broods begin to warble in a soft tone. The quail calls. Young partridges are found among the corn. Poultry moult, or change their feathers; but smaller birds, as linnets, &c., do not lose their plumage so soon; but all renew it

before winter, when they are in their finest and warmest clothing. Many fish are in season, and the salmon is caught in numbers in Scotland and the north of England. Mackerel abound, and about the middle of July pilchards appear in shoals off the coasts of Cornwall.

More insects are seen in this month than in any other part of the year. Gnats, flies, beetles, frogs, and other reptiles, swarm in houses, gardens, and fields. The trees are full of fern-chaffers, and the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, may often be descried in the evening, wheeling round, and darting among the branches in search of them. Bees now drive away or kill the drones; and male and female ants are expelled from their nests by the workers. The females lay their eggs in the ground—these are hatched before winter, when the mother dies, and the other ants become torpid.

The hay harvest is generally ended in this month. Flax and hemp are pulled. The stalks of both are full of tough fibres or strings, which, separated and prepared in a particular manner, become fit for spinning into thread. Of flax, linen is made, from the finest cambric to the coarsest canvass. Hemp is chiefly used for coarse cloth, such as strong sheeting and sacking, but it is sometimes wrought to considerable fineness, and also twisted into ropes and cables. The rye is yellow and almost ready for the sickle. The wheat and barley are of a dull green, from their swelling ears being alone visible as they bow before every breeze that blows over them. The oats are rapidly ripening, "and quiver, each individual grain on its light stem, as they hang like rain-drops in the air." Gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, currants, and cherries are in perfection. The flowers of June lose their beauty, shrivel, and fade; but many plants do not bloom till July, particularly the aromatic, the succulent, or thick-leaved, several of the aquatic, and of those in which many florets are collected into one head, as thistle, sow-thistle, hawk-weed, &c. The additional trees and shrubs in blossom are bramble, button-wood, itcas, cistuses, climbers, and broom. On the high downs "all the little mole-hills are purple with the flowers of the wild thyme, which exhales its rich aromatic odour as it is pressed by the feet." The great water-lily floats on the surface of the stream "like some fairy vessel at anchor, and spreading wide upon the water its pointed petals, offers its whole heart to the enamoured sun." The hemlock, wild clematis, centaury, (with its elegant cluster of small, pink, star-like flowers,) pimpernel, cockel, blue-bell, and convolvuses, beautify the fields and hedges. Nasturtiums, pinks, hollyhocks, lilies, sun-flowers, china-asters, lupines, columbines, veronicas, tuberoses, yellow roses, French marygolds, lavateras, London-pride, mignonette, &c., enliven the gardens. The farmer is principally occupied in gathering the productions of the earth into his garners; "dairy-cares" continue; field-peas are gathered for market; hops and trees pruned; turnips and potatoes hoed; grass must be mown; bulbous-rooted flowers, that have almost done with their leaves, should be taken up, and deposited in shallow wooden boxes. Mignonette should be transplanted into small pots, carnations be well attended to and supported, and auriculas kept clean from dead leaves and weeds, and frequently watered.

In the Alban Kalendar, July had thirty-six days. Romulus reduced it to thirty-one; Numa to thirty; but Julius Cesar restored the day of which Numa had deprived it, which it has ever since retained.

July 1.—In the statistical account of Scotland, we read that "St. Serf was considered as the tutelar saint of the parish of Culcross, Orkney," in honour of whom there was an annual procession on his day, viz. first of July, early in the morning of which, all the inhabitants, men and women, young and old, assembled and carried green branches through the town, decking the public places with flowers, and spent the rest of the day in festivity." We are informed that the procession is still continued.

July 3. This, according to the Almanack, is the first of the Canicular, or Dog-Days. The ancient me-

thod of calculating them was from the heliacal rising of Sirius, the brightest star in the constellation called Canis Major; or when that star first appeared, after having been hid by the solar beams. "If such rule," says Brady, "were still adhered to, the Dog-Days would not take place in our latitude until near the end of August, and would consequently last until the end of September; but if, as is contended, these days are calculated to begin from the period when the sun comes in conjunction with Sirius, and to last while its luminous rays obscure that star, their commencement and termination [on the 11th of August] are correctly placed in the Almanacks of the present period; though we must, of course, no longer agree with the ancients, that the Dog-Days are those commencing from the heliacal rising of Sirius, or when he first disengages himself from the rays of the sun, as hath, almost generally, heretofore been understood, but must date their beginning and duration from the cosmical rising of Sirius, or, in other words, when it rises with the sun." When the ancients could first behold Sirius with the naked eye, they usually sacrificed a brown dog to appease its rage; considering that this star was the cause of the hot sultry weather, usually attendant on its appearance; and that, on the morning of its first rising, the sea boiled, wine turned sour, dogs grew mad, and all other creatures became languid; and man afflicted, among other diseases, with burning fevers, hysterics, and phrenesies. At Argos, a festival was held during the Dog-Days, called *Cynophantes*, from four Greek words, signifying, "from killing dogs;" it having been the practice to destroy every canine animal that was met with. The exaggerated effects of the rising of Sirius are now, however, known to be groundless; and the intenser heat usually felt during the Dog-Days, has been more philosophically accounted for.

The fourth of July is the Saturday before Old Midsummer Day, in the current year. On this Saturday, an ancient and remarkable custom was formerly observed at Puxton, Somersetshire, in reference to the allotment of two large pieces of common land, called East and West Dolemoors, which lie in the parishes of Congresbury, Week St. Lawrence, and Puxton. The several proprietors of the estates having any right in those moors, or their tenants, were summoned at a certain hour in the morning, by the ringing of one of the bells of Puxton church, to repair to the sacred edifice, in order to see the chain kept for the purpose of laying out Dolemoors, measured. The proper length of such chain was ascertained by fixing one end of it at the foot of the chancel arch, and extending it through the middle of the nave, to the foot of the arch of the west door under the tower, at each of which places marks were cut in the stones for that purpose. The chain was only eighteen yards in length, and, consequently, four yards shorter than the regular land-measuring chain. After the above ceremony had been properly performed, the parties repaired to the commons. Twenty-four apples were previously prepared, bearing the following marks, viz. five marks called "Pole-axes," four ditto "Crosses," two ditto "Dung-forks, or Dung-pikes," one ditto called "Four Oxen and a Mare," one ditto "Two Pits," one ditto "Three Pits," one ditto "Four Pits," one ditto "Five Pits," one ditto "Seven Pits," one "Horn," one "Hare's Tail," one "Duck's Nest," one "Oven," one "Shell," one "Evil," and one "Hand-reel." Each of the moors was divided into several portions, called furlongs, which were indicated by strong oak posts, placed at regular distances from each other, which posts were constantly kept up. After the apples were properly prepared, they were put into a hat, or bag; and certain persons, chosen for that purpose, began to measure with the chain before mentioned, and proceeded till they had measured off one acre of ground; at the end of which, the boy who carried the hat, or bag, took out one of the apples, and the mark which such apple bore, was immediately cut in the turf with a large

knife, which was somewhat in the shape of a scimeter, with its edge reversed. In this manner they proceeded, till the whole of the commons were laid out, and each proprietor knowing the mark and furlong which belonged to his estate, he took possession of his allotment, or allotments, accordingly, for the ensuing year. An adjournment then took place to the house of one of the overseers, when a certain number of acres, reserved for the payment of expenses, and called the "out-let, or out-drift," were let by inch of candle. During the time of letting, the whole party, (except the bidders,) were to keep silence, under the penalty of a shilling. When any one wished to bid, he named the price he would give, and immediately deposited a shilling on the table, where the candle stood. The next who bid also named his price, and deposited his shilling in like manner, and the first bidder was then to take up his shilling. The business of letting thus proceeded till the candle was burnt out, and the last bidder, prior to that event, was declared the tenant of the out-let, or out-drift, for the ensuing year.

Two overseers were annually elected from the proprietors, or their tenants. A quantity of strong ale, or brown stout, was allowed for the feast, or "revel;" also bread, butter, and cheese, pipes, and tobacco. Any reputable person, whose curiosity, or casual business, led him to Puxton on that day, was at liberty to share in the festivities; but he was expected, at his departure, to deposit one shilling with the overseer, by way of forfeit for his intrusion. The day was generally spent in sociality and mirth of a boisterous character; and it rarely happened but that some of the junior part of the company, under the influence of strong drink, engaged in pugilistic contests.

In the year 1779, an unsuccessful attempt was made to procure an Act of Parliament for allotting these moors, in perpetuity. The land, however, was enclosed and allotted in 1811; and the ancient mode of dividing it, and, consequently, "the revel," from that time discontinued.

ELLISE.¹

(FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.)

THERE was once upon a time a young woman so kind and sweet tempered that every person loved her. Among the rest, there was an old witch who lived near where she dwelt, and with whom she was a great favourite. One day this old witch told her she had a nice present to give her. "See," she said, "here is a barley-corn, which, however, is by no means of the same sort as those which grow in the farmer's field, or those we give to the fowls. Now you must plant this in a flower-pot, and then take care and see what happens."

"Thank you a thousand times," said the young woman. And, thereupon, she went straight home, and planted the barley-corn the witch had given her, in a flower-pot. Immediately there grew out of it a large handsome flower, but its leaves were all shut close as if they were buds.

"That is a most beautiful flower!" said the woman, while she bent down to kiss its red and yellow leaves; but scarcely had her lips pressed the flower, than it gave forth a loud sound and opened its cup. And now the woman was able to see that it was a regular tulip, and in the midst of the cup, down at the bottom, there sat a small and most lovely little maiden; her height was about one

(1) See Illustration, p. 145.

inch, and on that account the woman named her Ellise.

She made the little thing a cradle out of a walnut-shell, gave her a blue violet-leaf for a mattress, and a rose-leaf for a coverlid. In this cradle, Ellise slept at night time, and during the day she played upon the table. The woman had set a plate filled with water upon the table, which she surrounded with flowers, and the flower-stalks all rested on the edge of the water; on the water floated a large tulip-leaf, and upon the tulip-leaf sat the little Ellise, and sailed from one side of the plate to the other; and for this she used two white horse-hairs for oars. The whole effect was very charming, and Ellise could sing too, but with such a delicate little voice as we have never heard here.

One night as she lay in her bed, an ugly toad hopped in to her through the broken window pane. It was a large and very hideous toad; and it sprang at once upon the table, where Ellise lay asleep under the rose-leaf.

"That would be now a nice little wife for my son," said the toad, and seized, as she said it, the walnut-shell in her mouth, and hopped with it out through the window into the garden again.

Through the garden flowed a broad stream, but its banks were marshy, and among the marshes lived the toad and her son. Ha! how hideous the son was too; exactly like his mother he was, and all that he could say, when he saw the sweet little maiden in the walnut-shell, was "Koax! koax! breckke-ke!"

"Don't talk so loud," said the old one to him, "else you'll awake her, and then she might easily run away from us, for she is lighter than swans'-down. We will set her upon a large plant in the stream; that will be a whole island for her, and then she cannot run away from us; while we, down in the mud, will build the house for you two to live in."

In the stream there were innumerable large plants, which all seemed as if they floated on the water; the most distant one was, at the same time, the largest, and thither swam the old toad and set down the walnut-shell, with the little maiden upon it.

Early on the following morning the little Ellise awoke, and when she looked about her and saw where she was, that her new dwelling place was surrounded on all sides by water, and that there remained no possible way for her to reach land again, she began to weep most bitterly.

Meanwhile the old toad sat in the mud and adorned the building with reeds and yellow flowers, that it might be quite grand for her future daughter-in-law, and then, in company with her hideous son, swam to the little leaf-island where Ellise lay.

She now wanted to fetch her pretty little bed, that it might at once be placed in the new chamber, before Ellise herself was brought there. The old toad bent herself cautiously before her in the water, while she presented her son in these words,— "You see here my son who is to be your husband, and you two shall live together charmingly down in the mud."

"Koax! koax! breckke-ke!" was all that the bridegroom could find to say.

And, therewith, they both seized upon the beautiful little bed, and swam away with it; while Ellise sat alone upon the leaf and cried very much, for she did not like at all to live with the frightful toad,

much less have her odious son for her husband. Now the little fishes which swam about under the water, had seen the toad, and heard, moreover, perfectly well all that she said; they, therefore, raised their heads above water, that they might have a look at the beautiful little creature. No sooner had they seen her, than they were, one and all, quite moved by her beauty; and it seemed to them very hard, that such a sweet maiden should become the prey of an ugly toad. They assembled themselves, therefore, round about the green stalk from which grew the leaf whereon Ellise sat, and gnawed it with their teeth until it came in two, and then away floated Ellise and the leaf far, far away, where the toad could come no more.

And so sailed the little maiden by towns and villages, and when the birds upon the trees beheld her, they sang out—"Oh, what a lovely young girl!" But away, away floated the leaf always further and further. Ellise made quite a foreign journey upon it.

For some time a small white butterfly had hovered over her, and at last he set himself down on her leaf, because he was very much pleased with Ellise, and she too was very glad of the visit, for now the toad could not come near her, and the country through which she travelled was so beautiful. The sun shone so bright upon the water that it glittered like gold. And now the idea occurred to her to loosen her girdle, bind one end of it to the butterfly, the other on to the leaf; she did this and then she flew on much faster, and saw much more of the world than she would have done.

But, at last, there came by a cock-chaffer, who seized her with his long claws round her slender waist, and flew away with her to a tree, while on swam the leaf, and the butterfly was obliged to follow, for he could not come loose, so fast and firm had Ellise bound him.

Ah! how terrified was poor Ellise when the cock-chaffer carried her off to the tree. But her sorrow over the little butterfly was quite as great, for she knew he must certainly perish, unless by some good accident, he should chance to free himself from the green leaf. But all this made no impression upon the cock-chaffer, who set her upon a large leaf, gave her some honey to eat, and told her she was very charming, although not a bit like a chaffer. And now appeared all the other cock-chafers who dwelt upon this tree, who waited upon Ellise, and examined her from top to toe; while the young lady-chafers turned up their feelers and said, "She has only two legs! how very wretched that looks!" and added they, "she has no feelers whatever, and is as thin in the body as a human being! Ah! it's really hideous!" and all the young lady-cock-chafers cried out, "Ah! it's perfectly hideous!" And yet Ellise was so charming! and so felt the cock-chaffer; but at last, because all the lady-chafers thought her ugly he began to think so too, and resolved he would have nothing more to do with her; "she might go," he said, "wherever she liked," and with these words he flew with her to the ground, and set her upon a daisy. And now the poor little thing wept bitterly, to find herself so hideous, that not even a cock-chaffer would have any thing to do with her. But, notwithstanding this decisive opinion of the young lady-cock-chafers, Ellise was the loveliest, most elegant little creature in the world, as delicate and beautiful as a young rose-leaf.

The whole summer through the poor little maiden lived alone in the great forest; and she wove her-

self a bed out of fine grass, and hung it up to rock beneath a creeper, that it might not be blown away by the wind and rain; she plucked herself sweets out of the flowers, for food; and drank of the fresh dew, that fell every morning upon the grass. And so the summer and the autumn passed away. All the birds which had sung so sweetly to Ellise, left her and went away, the trees lost all their green, the flowers withered, and the great creeper which, until now, had been her shelter, shrivelled away to a bare yellow stalk. The poor little thing shivered with cold, for her clothes were now worn out, and her form was so tender and delicate that she certainly would perish with cold. It began also to snow, and every flake which touched her, was to her what a great heapfull would be to us, for her whole body was only one inch long.

Close beside the forest in which Ellise lay, there was a corn-field, but the corn had long since been reaped, and now, only the dry stubble rose above the earth; yet, for Ellise was this a great forest, and hither she came. So she reached the house of a field-mouse, which was formed of a little hole under the stubble. Here dwelt the field-mouse warm and comfortable, with her store-room full of food for the winter, and near at hand a pretty kitchen and eating-room. Poor Ellise stepped up to the door and begged for a little grain of barley, for she had tasted nothing for the whole day.

"You poor little wretch!" said the field-mouse, who was very kind hearted, "come in to my warm room and eat something." And when now she was much pleased with Ellise, she added, "you may if you like spend the winter here with me; but you must keep my house clean and neat, and tell me stories, for I am very fond of hearing stories."

Ellise did as the field-mouse wished, and, as a reward for her trouble, was made comfortable with her.

"Now we shall have a visit," said the field-mouse to her one day. "My neighbour is accustomed to pay me a visit every week. He is much richer than I am, for he has several beautiful rooms, and wears the most costly velvet coat. Now if you could only have him for your husband, you would be nicely provided for, but he does not see very sharply, that's one thing. Only you must tell him all the best stories you can think of."

But Ellise would hear nothing of it, for she could not endure the neighbour, for he was nothing more or less than a mole. He came, as was expected, to pay his respects to the field-mouse, and wore his handsome velvet coat as usual. The field-mouse said he was very rich, and very well informed, and that his house was twenty times larger than hers. Well informed he might be, but he could not endure the sunshine, or the flowers, and spoke contemptuously of both one and the other, although he had never seen either. Ellise was obliged to sing before him, and she sang the two songs.—"Chafers fly! the sun is shining!" and "The priest goes to the field." Then the mole became very much in love with her because of her beautiful voice, but he took good care not to show it, for he was a cautious sensible fellow.

Very lately he had made a long passage from his dwelling to that of his neighbour, and he gave permission to Ellise and the field-mouse to go in it, as often as they pleased; yet he begged of them not to be startled at the dead bird which lay at the entrance. It was certainly a bird lately dead, for

all the feathers were still upon him, it seemed to have been frozen exactly there where the mole had made the entrance of his passage.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

It would seem as if a traditionary sense of Paradise and its delights, had, with the mass of our instincts, accompanied the transmission of the flesh from sire to son. Man is naturally fond of a garden, and, to a Christian it possesses a sacredness which throws a holiness over all its operations. In a garden, the first man was born, there he tasted (and no where else) purely innocent joy; and in a garden, too, was undergone the agony of Him that restored that bliss; there also was buried the Restorer; and there, in his own glorious person, announced the resurrection of the dead.—*Rectory of Valehead*.

The qualities which form the good soldier and the good priest, are much more nearly allied than the world is commonly disposed to think. One is in the flesh what the other is in the spirit; and the vigilance, the fortitude, the seizure of opportunities, the adaptation to circumstances, the winning of men's hearts, and the tongue of persuasion, which all will agree to be necessary to the perfect priest, few will assuredly deny to be as necessary to the accomplished soldier.—I learnt my best weapons in the house of peace. I thus became acquainted with the human heart; I could enter into the thoughts and feelings of rude uneducated men. I was acquainted with numberless little attentions and ways of winning good will, which it is too late to learn after the attainment of manhood, when the observation is not sufficiently curious or minute so as to discern them, nor temper flexible enough to employ. Thus I was instructed to deal with inferiors with kindness, and yet with dignity; and the men placed under my command, soon discovering my sympathy, were zealous to gratify me with the strictest obedience.—The soldier, no less than the man of peace, will do well to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.—*Ibid*.

On the evening after this visit, (to the King of Persia,) my excellent friend whom I have before mentioned as preferring a shot at a duck to a view of the ruins of Persepolis, said he would like to be King of Persia. Knowing that inordinate ambition had no place in his mind, I asked him what he would do if he attained that station? "Run away with my crown," was the prompt answer. We had a hearty laugh at the genuine simplicity of this expression. It is, perhaps, the first time sovereignty was ever desired for such a purpose; but considering all that attends, in Persia, the wearing of the article he wished for, it would perhaps be the best mode of converting to real advantage so dangerous and precarious a possession.—*Sketches of Persia*.

CHERAGH ALI KHAN, when we were at Shiraz, dilated on our habits as much more cleanly than our Christian brethren of the north. "They delight in nothing," said he, "but strong liquor and hog's flesh; and, would you believe it," addressing himself to the Elchee, "they are so fond of the vile animal on which they live, that they actually tie their hair in a form which resembles its tail!" The Elchee looked as if incredulous of this last usage, though it was to my knowledge not more than a twelvemonth since his own head had been shorn of the ornament held in such abomination.—*Ibid*.



COLERIDGE'S HOUSE.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmynes twined; the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristow's citizen: Methought it calld'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused and look'd
With a pleas'd sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place,
And we were bless'd. Oft with patient ear,
Long-listening to the viewless skylark's note,
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wing,) in whisper'd tones
I've said to the beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness—
Uncarthy minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,
And the heart listens."

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount,
I climb'd, with perilous toil, and reach'd the top,
O what a goodly scene: Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean.
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple; the whole world
Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference.
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! It was a luxury—to be!
Ah, quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublime!
I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away the trusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pamp'ring the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth;

And he, that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold beneficence,
Seizes my praise, when I reflect on those,
The sluggard pity's vision-weaving tribe!
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies:
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.
Yet oft when, after honourable toil,
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot!
Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode!
Ah—had none greater! And that all had such,
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy kingdom come!

S. T. Coleridge.

"THE SUICIDE."

A DREARY and a dismal day,
A night as drear succeeds,
The stars shine forth with feeble ray,
And home each rustic speeds;—
But see! what female shivers in the gale?
Her face is wan with care and deadly pale.
Time's finger has not traced those lines
That mark her death-cold brow;
Some secret anguish undermines
Her frame, and bids it bow.
Her tresses, prematurely turn'd to grey,
Are suffer'd now to wander as they may.
And lo! upon her shrunken breast
A helpless infant lies;
Its arms close round its mother prest,
It neither sleeps nor cries.
Its eyes on hers all stedfastly are bent,
And seem almost to pierce her dread intent.
Now where a stream flows strong and deep,
Her falt'ring steps she turns,—
Each star seems brighter watch to keep,
With brighter radiance burns.
The moon, her misty shroud now laid aside,
Glides, like a ghost, to watch the Suicide.
The stars, reflected in the stream,
With ghastlier light are shown;
And each a fiery eye does seem,
That glares on her alone.
Her baby seeks her face in mute appeal,
But there Despair has set his iron seal.
And now she gives her babe a kiss,—
Now falters forth a prayer;
Now bends her o'er the dark abyss,—
Throws back her flowing hair;
One look to heaven—then plunges in the tide,
Her infant's murderer and a Suicide!

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1d; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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The Battle of Blenheim.

See page 176.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE SUMMIT OF POPOCAPETETH, A VOLCANO OF PERU, IN 1834.

THE Valley of Mexico, one of the most picturesque sites in the world, is bounded on the east-south-east by a chain of mountains, from which rise two volcanoes, known under the Indian names of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepeth. The tops of them, eternally covered with snow, are from sixteen to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The first, the nearest to Mexico, presents a crest irregularly indented, which extends from the north-west to the south-east. The second is a complete cone. It is somewhat like Etna, but its base rests not, like that of the latter, on a level plain. The Popocatepeth is situated on the edge of the great

plateau of the Cordilleras. On one side, towards the north-west, the forests of fir-trees which wholly enwrap it terminate at the foot of the valley, and the last trees mingle with the fields of corn, maize, and other European plants growing at that height; but towards the south-east the forests continue longer. They change in kind at every step, and soon wholly disappear, to give place to the sugar-cane, the cactus, and all the rich and peculiar vegetation of the tropics. A traveller, setting out from the volcanic sands, a little above the limits of vegetation, and descending in a direct line into the valley of Cuantla-Anulpas, would, in a few hours, pass through every climate, and might gather every plant growing between the equator and the poles.

From this situation it necessarily results that the

snows which are found on the south-east, must, in the given circumstances, be influenced by the exhalations of hot air which are continually arising from the valley of Cuantla, and so it is in effect. These snows melt partially in the dry season, and whilst the north of the volcanic cone is constantly covered with snow and ice, even to the very last fir, the lava and porphyry of the south are almost laid bare, even to the very top of the volcano.

It is, then, on this side that a passage must be sought in any attempt to reach the summit of this mountain, the most elevated of the northern continent of America, and this was the course pursued by Baron Gros, secretary to the French Legation at Mexico, who, in the year 1834, had the courage to undertake this perilous enterprise, accompanied in his bold project by M. de Gerolt, Consul-General of Prussia, and Mr. Egerton, an English painter. We will give the account in the Baron's own words:—

"I had made a similar attempt last year, but with very different results. My first attempt had been unsuccessful, but this year many circumstances concurred to favour us. We were provided with barometers, with a compass, with some thermometers, with a good telescope and hygrometer. I had had a tent constructed, under covert of which we might brave the storm. We had axes, saws, ropes, and poles with iron spikes, indispensable in an expedition of this kind; mine was fifteen feet in length; I determined that it should remain behind us on the top of the volcano, as the staff of a flag of triumph; but I said nothing of this to my travelling companions. We might fail in our enterprise, and I did not like to 'sell the bear-skin before I had killed the bear.'

"We set out, and arrived at Ozumbas at three o'clock in the evening. We sent to summon the same persons who had served us as guides the last year. They were Indians of the village of Atlanta, which is situated at the very foot of Popocatepetl. We laid in provisions for four days, and the next morning at seven o'clock we commenced climbing the mountain with our mules and our horses. At one o'clock we had reached the Vaqueria, or Rancho of Gacapepelo, quite like a Swiss chalet, serving for shelter to a numerous herd of cows, and the last inhabited spot on the mountain. At three we had arrived at the limits of vegetation, which we reached by almost beaten tracts, having had occasion to use our axes in one place only. To any one acquainted with the Alps, I need not say one word of these stupendous forests of oaks, of fir, and of larch, which must be traversed; they are alike in both hemispheres, save that at the foot of this mountain are to be found numerous flocks of guacamayas, large green parrots with red heads, which are to be met with neither at Chamouni, nor at Salleneches. There are also in the forests a small species of lion, jaguars, wolves, stags, roes, and a great quantity of wild cats, but we did not see a single one of all these animals.

"In proportion as we ascended into the wood, the firs became less frequent, and of smaller size. Near the sands they are all more or less stunted; and all their branches bend down to earth as if they sought lower down air less rarefied. After these last firs, of which the greater part are half decayed, are only to be found some bushes of a kind of gooseberry-tree, with a black fruit; then, at intervals, tufts of yellowish moss growing in semi-circles, amidst the fragments of pumice-stone, lava, and basalt; at length all vegetation wholly ceases. Then we began to feel that we were no longer in a region in which it was possible to live. Our respiration was impeded; a kind of depression not without charms seized upon us; in truth I can scarcely define the impression we experienced as we entered these deserts.

"From the moment the wood is left behind, nothing is to be seen up to the third part of the volcanic cone, but an immense extent of violet-coloured sand, so fine in some places that the wind ruffles the surface of it

with the perfect regularity of a ripple on the waters. Blocks of red porphyry are scattered up and down, and break the monotony of the spectacle. The top of the undulations formed by the sand is covered over by an immense quantity of little yellowish pumice-stones, which the winds appear to have gathered there in heaps; and along these sands run in furrows, till they are lost in the forest, some scorise of volcanic rocks descending from the masses of porphyry and black lava, which form the top of the mountain. The most elevated part of the volcano is entirely covered with snow, and this snow seems the more purely white, that the horizon along which it lies is of a blue so deep as almost to be black. Some traces of wolves and jaguars are visible upon the sands skirting the wood.

"After having admired for some time this singular spectacle we re-entered the forest, and I had the tent erected. We had suffered much from cold during the night.

"On the 29th, at three o'clock in the morning, favoured by a bright moonlight, we were on our way, warmly clothed, our face and eyes protected by green spectacles, and gauze of the same colour wrapped about our heads; my flag served me for a girdle. We were seven in number. Each of us carried a small bag, containing some bread and a bottle of sugared water. The Indians were loaded with our instruments and some provisions. We walked after one another, our iron-spiked sticks in our hands, and taking care to follow exactly the foot-tracks of the first guide, in order to be sure of firm footing. We proceeded very slowly, and were under the necessity of stopping at every fifteen paces to take breath. The bottle of sugared-water was of the greatest possible use to me; obliged to keep my mouth wide open in order to breathe, my throat used to clog to a degree that was quite painful, and some sips of water taken every five minutes alone prevented the pain from being insupportable. We were obliged to take a side-path, and to wind along it. The acclivity was so steep that it would have been alike difficult and dangerous to attempt to ascend in a direct line.

"At nine o'clock we had reached the celebrated Pico del Isaib; beyond which we were not able to get the last year. This Peak is a mass of trachyte reddish rocks, which are found on one of the concretes which come down from the summit. Its perpendicular height is eighty or one hundred feet by a diameter of fifty. It terminates in a point, and can be distinctly seen from Mexico. Our guides had with difficulty been prevailed upon to come so far, but nothing could induce them to continue their journey. The way to the Peak had been long and toilsome, but not at all dangerous. The oppression I felt was less great than I had anticipated, and my pulse was only up to 120. We had courage and determined purpose; time enough before us, and above our heads a sky transparent in its clearness.

"It formed part of our plan to stop at the Pico del Isaib, and then to repair our exhausted strength by taking a slight breakfast. I knew that at such an elevation we must be careful to eat very sparingly, and not to drink any spirituous liquor; for the nervous system is excited to a degree scarcely conceivable. We therefore took only a little bread, part of the breast of a chicken, and some water just tinged with red wine; and after an hour's rest at the foot of Pico, we once more set out on our ascent.

"After having passed the Isaib, we came on the left to a mass of rocks, exfoliating like slate. They rise perpendicularly to a hundred and fifty feet in height. The summit is covered with snow, and long stalactites of ice fill every fissure. There was no advancing on that side. On the right is a rather deep ravine, which at a distance we had taken for the remains of a crater. It extends in a direct line from the top of the volcano to the first firs, and is intersected by

basalt, lava and porphyry; and, in some parts, crossed through its whole breadth by walls of perpendicular rocks, and great heaps of snow: but we saw at a glance that we might, by taking a little circuit, ascend by it to the summit of the volcano. We got down, therefore, into the ravine, and, while keeping one another in view, took each a different path. M. de Gerolt took the middle, I took the left, the nearest to the wall of rocks; and Mr. Egerton went between us both. I thought at first that my path was the best, but I soon discovered my mistake; twenty times I was near breaking my neck, and, were I ever to undertake the same expedition, I would take the bottom of the ravine.

"When we could get upon the snow we proceeded with much more ease. It was now furrowed by the wind, and still more by the heat of the sun, precisely resembling a field newly ploughed. And as the furrows were parallel with the horizon, they served us as so many steps. In the sand and upon the rocks there was real danger; and the least heedlessness or awkwardness might have been fatal.

"At noon, we had wound round, and attained the summit of those perpendicular rocks before mentioned; but our strength was beginning to fail, and at every ten paces we were obliged to make a long stop to breathe, and to recover the effects of the too-quickened circulation of the blood. Though in the midst of snows, we experienced the sensation of cold only when we were drinking, or when we touched the metal of our instruments. It was necessary to cry very loud in order to be heard at a distance of twenty paces. Indeed the air at that height was so rarefied, that I tried in vain to whistle, and Mr. Egerton had the greatest difficulty in extracting any sounds from a horn he had brought with him.

"At half-past two M. de Gerolt was on the highest point of the volcano. He began to jump with joy, and made a sign to me, that there was a gulf at his feet. At thirty-seven minutes past two I had reached the summit, and found myself on the most elevated brink of the crater. Once there, all fatigue vanished; the breathing was again free; new life seemed to be imparted by the absorbing spectacle before me; I felt an enthusiasm, an excitement, scarcely to be conceived; and I jumped in my turn, to encourage Mr. Egerton, who had still to make his way over some bad passes. The crater is an immense gulf, almost circular, having a deep depression on the north side, and some spiracles on the south. It might be about a league in circumference, and nine hundred or a thousand feet in perpendicular depth. The walls of the gulf were peaked. They distinctly present three large horizontal strata, intersected perpendicularly and almost at equal distances by black and greyish lines. The bottom is a funnel formed by successive convulsions, still occurring almost daily. The inside edge, from the surface to about fifteen or twenty feet lower, is a mass of red, black, or whitish very thin strata, upon which rest the blocks of volcanic rocks yet destined to fall into the crater. Its walls are yellowish, and present at the first glance the appearance of a lime-stone quarry. The bottom, and the inclined plane of the funnel are covered with an immense quantity of blocks of sulphur perfectly pure. From this abyss are emitted, whirling round with the force of a whirlwind, masses of white exhalations, which disperse when they attain half the height of the inside of the crater. Some apertures in the declivity of the funnel project these also, as do likewise seven large fissures which are between the strata forming the edge of the crater; but these last vapours do not rise higher than fifteen or twenty feet.

"The apertures at bottom are circular, and surrounded by a large zone of pure sulphur. Doubtless these exhalations, which are disengaged with such force, carry with them a great quantity of sublimate of sulphur, a part of which is deposited on the stones and on the sides of the abyss. The disengagement of the sulphureous acid gas is so considerable, that we were greatly incom-

moded by it at the top of the volcano. We were not able to get at a piece of the whitish substance adhering to the side walls of the volcano. M. de Gerolt, who tried to bring away a specimen, had nearly paid dear for his imprudence. He had gone down to a little inclined plane, which was in one of the fissures of the crater; but the sand giving way under his feet, he was sliding rapidly into the abyss, when he happily succeeded in arresting his progress by his stick.

"The outward edge of the crater is entirely devoid of snow, but in the inside, where the sun has no power, a considerable number of stalactites of ice are found hanging down to where the third stratum begins. The summit of the volcano is a small platform of fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, where the same violet-coloured sand is found, which is in such abundance at the base of the cone, and the heat of which is sensible to the touch. It may well be conceived how imposing such a spectacle must have been. Those masses of lava, of porphyry, and of red and black scoræ; those vortices of exhalations; those stalactites, the sulphur, the snow, in short, all that singular admixture of frost and fire, found at an elevation of eighteen thousand feet, had wonderfully excited us. We were nearly worn out; I experienced a violent headache, and great fullness of blood about the temples; my pulse was up to 145, though, after a little rest, I did not feel much more oppressed than at the Pico del Isaib. We were all dreadfully pale, our lips were lividly blue, and our eyes sunk in their sockets, so that when we were resting ourselves on the rocks, with our arms thrown over our heads, or when we were lying stretched upon the sand, with closed eyes and mouth wide open, and without our masks, in order that we might breathe more freely, we resembled corpses, and, though I was aware of the real state of the case, I did not the less experience a disagreeable feeling, when my eye happened to fall upon any of my travelling companions.

"It is related in every history of the conquest of Mexico, that Don Diego Ordaz, one of the captains of Fernando Cortes, went to the volcano to procure sulphur for making powder. Perhaps there might have been then, on the declivity of the mountain, some fissures where it was deposited, as is still the case in Italy. I do not believe it possible to reach that which is to be found in the crater, and it is probable that in the time of Cortes, the volcano was in greater activity than it now is. The pure sulphur deposited at the bottom of the funnel is there in millions of quintals; the atmosphere is infested with its exhalations, and I have no doubt that it would be impossible to let one-self down two hundred feet into the gulf, without being asphyxiated by the sulphureous vapours. Now, as this depth would be but one fourth of the distance necessary to be passed through, in order to arrive at the yellow masses carpeting the bottom, supposing even that free respiration was possible, still to reach even the inclined plane nearest to the top, ropes of an immense length would be required, and how are they to be conveyed to the summit of the volcano, which it is so difficult to arrive at without any incumbrance, and where the slightest weight becomes an insupportable burden? I think, therefore, that if Diego Ordaz had collected sulphur on Popocatepet, it could only have been a little above the volcanic sands, and not in the crater.

"At half-past three we had completed our survey, and planted my standard on the most elevated point of the volcano; at four o'clock we had reached, on our way down, the great ravine of the Pico del Isaib, where we found our guides awaiting us. We made signs to them to go to the tent, and we continued to descend by a different route from that which we had taken in our ascent. At six o'clock, we were in our tent, but too much fatigued, and, still more, too much excited to sleep soundly. While awake, I could speak, I could think only of the crater, and, when I happened to fall asleep, I fancied myself still there, the oppression was again felt, and starting I awoke.

"The next day, the 30th of April, at 7 o'clock, we struck our tent, and at two o'clock p.m. we were at Ozumba. I placed, in the yard of the house in which we lodged, a good telescope fixed in the direction of the volcano, and for two days the yard was filled with curious spectators, who came to gaze upon our flag as it floated on high."

Baron Gros was not the only one who ascended to the summit of this volcano, though many attempts have failed from different causes. Some travellers, when arrived at a certain height, have been seized with a violent throwing up of blood, which has obliged them to desist from the enterprise. In 1825 and 1830, some Englishmen reached the crater. Mr. William Glenny is mentioned as the first who surmounted every obstacle.

How wonderfully do these phenomena exhibit the power of God! and, were it not for our dim-sightedness, we might also doubtless discover in them the goodness as well as the wisdom of the beneficent and almighty hand, which has so bountifully provided for the well-being of his creatures, and is not less mindful of his gracious purpose that all things should work together for good, even when the volcano is spreading terror and devastation around. But even now enough is known to lead us to conclude that, however fearful these eruptions are, the mischief occasioned is nothing in comparison to the advantage they are of, on the whole, to our globe. The bosom of the earth being full of fire, a vent is absolutely necessary by which the force of the dreadful element is broken and weakened. And though the countries where the subterraneous fires collect in greatest quantities, are subject to earthquakes, these would be still more violent if these volcanoes did not exist. But, even if all these phenomena were obscure and unintelligible to us, surely it becomes beings such as we are, who acknowledge ourselves to be the creatures of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love, to deal with those pages which we cannot decipher of that book of nature, on which, in so many countless places, are marked, in characters so plain that "he that runs may read," the rich goodness of its Author, in the spirit of him of old, who returned a volume which he had borrowed from a friend, saying—"There are many things in it I do not understand, but those which I do understand, are so excellent, that I am sure, to know all, would only give me fresh cause for believing the author worthy of still deeper veneration."

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

DUNCOMBE PARK.

CHAP. II.

JANET proceeded with her story,—"The last letter from Anna's friend arrived about five weeks ago, and gave a most melancholy account of them. They had been then several months without any pupils at all, and the lady said she believed they would come to England to seek employment, if it were not that they had been compelled to run in debt at Boulogne, and, not being able to pay their debts, of course they could not leave the place. Papa gave this letter back to Anna, as he had done all the others, without saying a word. But two days afterwards nurse told me that among the letters sent to the post that morning, had been one directed in papa's hand-writing to Mrs. Charles Harwood, to the care of Madame Viéville, Grande Rue, Boulogne. I was surprised that he wrote to Adèle and not to Charles; however I felt very happy, and thought it was all going to turn out well at last. I thought so still more, when, a fortnight afterwards, as we rose to leave the dining-room, papa told us, in his shortest manner, that Mrs. Charles Harwood and her children were coming to spend the Christmas with us. I could have jumped for joy, and in my ecstasy I could not help saying, 'Oh!

papa,—and Charles!' He knit his brow and said, 'Understand, both of you, that this is a subject on which I do not choose to be spoken to. You are to hear what I say, and make no answer.' Of course I dared not reply, but still I felt quite confident and very happy, till last Thursday, when nurse gave me a packet from Charles containing that note for you. There was also a letter for me, in which he told me that papa had written very shortly to Adèle, saying that he wished herself and her two children to spend the Christmas with him. Poor Charles was in ecstasies—he thought this was certainly the first step to a reconciliation—he made Adèle answer the cold brief invitation in the most grateful terms, and he himself wrote a long letter full of thanks, expressions of affection and repentance, and entreaties for forgiveness. This letter was immediately returned unopened. It was enclosed to Adèle, and in the cover were written these few lines:—

"Madam,—I shall be happy to receive yourself and your children as soon after the 17th of December as you can make it convenient to come to me. I return you unread a letter which never should have been written, and which never could have been sent, had you not made the great mistake of supposing that I could not distinguish between the misled and the misleader—between mere weakness and positive sin. You have never yet had any duty towards me to fulfil, and therefore you have transgressed none.—I remain, Madam, your sincere well-wisher,
EVERARD HARWOOD."

"Oh, what harsh harsh words!" cried poor Janet, interrupted by her own tears.

After a moment's pause she resumed her tale,—

"Charles told me that, in spite of these bitter words which have made him very miserable, he cannot give up all hope; he thinks still that papa *must* be intending to relent, and therefore he has decided that Adèle and the children shall certainly come. He desires me to tell you the whole history before you read his letter to you, and—but now, dear aunt Margaret, please read the letter."

I opened the paper, as she desired, and read as follows:—

"My dear kind aunt Peggy,—"

"Poor Charles!" said I, involuntarily stopping to wipe my eyes. I began again,—

"My dear kind aunt Peggy,—For well do I remember your kindness to me when I was a boy, and I should indeed be most ungrateful if I could forget the thousand and one treats and presents with which you used to brighten my school-days. It is the recollection of all this which makes me hope to find a friend in you now, and if you have not quite forgotten the affection which I know you used to bear me, (and I think it would be a hard matter for you to leave off loving any one,) you will not refuse to help me now that Janet has told you my sad story, and you know how unhappy I am."

"But how, *how* can I possibly help him?" asked I, interrupting myself again.

"Read on, and you will see!" cried Janet, whose face was full of joyful hope. I continued to read,—

"I will not take up your time by defences or apologies for my conduct. I was to blame,—I was wrong,—I don't seek to deny it, either to myself or to others. But I am severely punished, when I see the sweetest wife that ever brought happiness to a man's heart and home, and two innocent babes, actually suffering from want. Of my own personal affliction from the displeasure of a father whom I must ever revere, and the cessation of intercourse with sisters whom I love most tenderly, I will say little. Perhaps I deserved it. But has not my punishment lasted long enough? Now, my dear aunt Peggy," (the boy must know by instinct how that name wins its way to my heart,) "will you use your influence in my behalf? My father has the highest opinion of you. I have heard him say repeatedly that there is no person to whom he would so willingly confide the education of his daughters as to yourself. He has like-

wise a warmer feeling towards you, remembering that you were the favourite sister of my poor mother. I cannot help imagining that he is now just in the state of mind only to require to have the matter reasonably put before him to induce him to yield. I cannot but hope that a few arguments and a little persuasion from you would win my cause. Will you refuse to make the attempt? No, I am quite sure you will not; and the idea of your consent sends a feeling of happiness through my heart, to which it has been very long a stranger. God bless you, my dear aunt Peggy, and prosper you in the effort which I am sure you will make for me. I need not commend my Adèle to your kindness,—you will love her the moment you see her. And as to the piccaninnies, I know you love all babies, and I don't think you will like my little son and heir the less because he is reckoned the image of his unlucky father. Perhaps you will say I should write 'blameable' for 'unlucky,' and perhaps you are right—however, amid all my faults and misfortunes, I have still pleasure in signing myself, Your affectionate and grateful nephew,

CHARLES HARWOOD.

I put down the letter, and there was Janet's beaming face at my side. She clasped her arms about my neck, half-sobbing, and saying, "Oh dear aunt Margaret, you say yes, don't you? you will try for poor Charles, I'm sure you will." What could I do but kiss her, and promise to do my best? yet never did maiden aunt feel more bewildered than I did in the new position I had thus involuntarily assumed. In the first place I was a little afraid of my brother-in-law at all times; and, in the present instance, I felt by no means sure that he would not resent my interference, as quite uncalled for and impertinent. But then both Janet and Charles seemed so secure of my influence with him; and then, thought I, suppose I *should* succeed, suppose I *should* reconcile son and father, of what happiness should I be the cause, and what a delightful remembrance would it be for me, to the end of my life! Owen says, that to appeal to me about my usefulness, or my influence with others, is attacking me on my weak side. And certainly, when I leave a house, I *do* like to be able to say to myself that I have done some good in it. How could there be a better opportunity of doing good than this? I am getting sanguine, and my hopes outweigh my fears.

I am the more inclined to be confident because I cannot but agree with Charles that the invitation to Adèle, cold and ungracious as it is, must be considered as a sign that the colonel intends to relent. If he has no such intention, why did he not send them a remittance, instead of that unaccountable invitation? Poor dear Charles! Who could have fancied that he remembered me so well and so kindly? He was always a favourite of mine, but I little thought that the trifling kindnesses of so many years ago would make so deep an impression. How he must have suffered! and my sweet little Janet too,—what a singular mixture of prudence and feeling has she shown for so young a girl! The prudence has been taught her by fear, which, as I have often observed, will teach a sorrowful kind of caution, very painful to witness, even to a little child. But Anna,—there is a mystery in her. She must have a cold heart, I am afraid; perhaps her affections have never been encouraged to expand, for I suspect Janet is the favourite both with brother and father. As to Colonel Harwood, the more I reflect on his character the more hopeful I feel, though I was at first so much cast down. His temper, though roused to one violent ebullition by such defiance of authority, is evidently under control, and would certainly never show itself towards me, of whom he has so high an opinion. But I must go to work very carefully, and manage to introduce the subject at the right time, and in the right manner. Everything depends upon that. Some people in my situation would go blundering straightforward to the point they wished to attain, and spoil their work by their clumsy method of doing it. But

I fancy I have rather an aptness for the sort of thing, and, with the help of a little woman's wit, I do not despair of succeeding.

I am writing this account of my first day at Duncombe Park, in my bedroom, before going to rest, and I have so lost the thread of my story in meditating on the grand effort which I am to make to-morrow, that I had nearly forgotten to say how the evening passed off. There is not much to record. Anna joined us at the tea-table, and I tried to win my way through her reserve by talking to her of the German poets, with whom I supposed she was beginning to make acquaintance. But she seems more occupied with the grammatical structure of the language than with its literary stores, and she has a school-method of classing the "stars" which somewhat amused me. She puts Schiller above Uhland because he is less easy to comprehend, while Göthe stands highest of all, not by reason of his marvellous genius, but, "because he is so very difficult." The exquisite "Hermann and Dorothea," is however an exception among his works, and was contemptuously dismissed with the observation, "Oh, that is quite easy, I read that when I was only a beginner." This manner of judging was new to me as applied to literature, though I have remarked that it is common enough with reference to the fine arts; the accomplished pianist who utterly despises Mozart, and takes a cool superior tone about Beethoven, will speak with rapture of Thalberg or Doehler, and with a reverent awe of Chapin, proportioned to the difficulty of unravelling the involved mazes of his time, and decyphering the mysterious double sharps and triple flats, wherewith he is pleased to diversify the monotonous simplicity of musical notation. He is a politic man doubtless. Who cares for plain C? It is a note of no importance or dignity whatever. But call it D double flat, and immediately it is invested with a character of grandeur and originality which it might have sought to attain by any other means, in vain. The doctor who tells you to drink camomile tea three times a day, has no title to your respect,—no claim upon your faith. He might have won both if he had but had the sense to call for a sheet of paper, and write—*Decoctio florar: camomil: ter diem.*

After tea, my brother-in-law who had watched my conversation with Anna with evident satisfaction, (I kept it up the more diligently because I am of course anxious to encourage the high estimation in which I find that he holds me, and because I observed that he was pleased to see that I was likely to assist his daughters in their studies,) drew his chair forward and addressed me in his blandest and most cordial manner. "I like," said he, "to encourage and keep up all the old-fashioned customs connected with this season of the year. I am no enemy to merry-making in proper place and time, and among the other innocent amusements with which our grandfathers and grandmothers were accustomed to while away the long winter evenings, I, for one, see no objection to a good game of cards." His voice assumed a tone half inquiring, half congratulatory, as he closed this speech, and slightly rubbing his hands together he looked pointedly at me, as much as to say, "Here's a tolerant, benevolent, cheerful, benignant brother-in-law and father of a family for you." The plain English of these words and looks of deferential self-approval, was, that Colonel Harwood chose, on every winter's evening, to play whist for two mortal hours, and that I was expected to supply the place of the Dumbie who ordinarily held the fourth hand in the rubber. I positively detest cards, and am generally in the habit of making all sorts of mistakes, even in the simplest games; this evening, however, in pursuance of my plan of establishing myself in my brother-in-law's good graces, and maintaining him in that good opinion of me which he has chosen to adopt, I assumed my place at the table very amiably, and gave my whole attention to the matter in hand. And as,

happily for me, I was Janet's partner, my want of skill passed unnoticed, for the colonel was too well pleased to win, to depreciate the abilities of his antagonists, and we parted for the night, the best possible friends. And now, before I lay my head on my pillow, one more look upon those skies of dark clear frosty blue, on which every star stands out like a hewn projection of glittering diamond. Oh, perpetual reproof of the littleness of man! Is it not marvellous that he has walked beneath you for five thousand years, and has not yet received the placidity of your greatness into his soul? Would it not seem as though one glance upon the majesty of the midnight heavens were enough so to subdue, calm, and humble the spirit of a mortal, that all strifes, envyings, and jealousies, all vanity and all meanness should depart from it, never to return, giving place to noble shame, and assured though reverent hope?—Surely he who should ask his bitterest foe to forgive him, amid the silent magnificence of night, could never be repulsed!—Poor Charles! My last thought before I sleep is of you,—my last prayer is for the reconciliation of the father and son, and a voice within assures me that it shall not remain unanswered.

December 15th.—What a simpleton have I been! I could beat myself for very vexation! My ridiculous vanity has been at the bottom of it all—I am ashamed to look back at the pages of my journal and see how I had worked myself up into believing that I was appointed to heal the wounds, and soothe the differences, of this family. It is astonishing that I could so deceive myself. And now I have done harm instead of good; and I wish my tongue had been cut out before it exposed itself and me by such uncalled for absurdity. Well, it is fit that I should narrate all the particulars of my unhappy failure, as a punishment for the past, and a lesson for the future. I found no opportunity in the course of the morning for introducing the important subject. I had weighed the matter well in my mind, and decided that the presence of my nieces would be an obstacle to my success, and that I must choose some occasion when I should be alone with their father for making the attempt. This view I founded upon my supposed comprehension of the colonel's character, and I pumed myself not a little upon the penetration wherewith I imagined that I had estimated his various peculiarities, and the skill wherewith I believed myself to be suiting, allowing for, and taking advantage of them. Poor silly aunt Peggy! you are fit for nothing but worsted-work, letter-writing, and small talk! It seems to me, now, as though Charles and Janet were mad to give me such a commission—but theirs are young heads—what is to be said of the discretion of their mature confidante and agent?

To proceed, however,—I passed the whole day in studying to please and oblige my brother-in-law. At breakfast he amused himself by giving me, in a style at once elevated and colloquial, sublime and familiar, a sketch of the habits and pursuits of himself and his household. Had not every tone and gesture so completely expressed "this is the picture of a rational and happy family!" I believe I should have responded to his description by that very remark; but this incessant modest consciousness, and candid confession of great merit, effectually checks all disposition to admire. I found that he considered it part of his duty as a father, to exercise a certain sort of superintendence over the education of his children; at present, he was engaged in reading Italian with Anna, and giving Janet lessons in history. After all, he is really a well-read and accomplished man, and I have no right to ridicule him. His system of historical instruction seems to be a particular hobby; all his information is imparted by means of tables, which he draws up, and which Janet has to study till she is thoroughly mistress of the dates and succession of incidents for the period under consideration. It is then her business to compile from books, with which he supplies her, an abridged account of all

the events noted in the table, according to the order of their occurrence. The colonel is exactly the kind of man to reduce all knowledge to a matter of tables, systems, and abridgements. Nothing that exceeds the limits of a book of reference appears to him worthy of acquisition; and I could fancy him giving a "Tabular view of the characters in Shakespeare's plays, forming a key to a condensed edition of his works, in which all the similes are omitted, and every phrase, scene, or allusion, which has no direct reference to the evolution of the story, carefully expunged." In the plenitude of my amiability on this unlucky day, I offered him my assistance in drawing up the parallel tables of the histories of France, England, Spain, and Italy, during the first half of the thirteenth century, on which he was then employed. He seemed greatly pleased at the idea; and I worked for a couple of hours under his direction. When the tea-things were removed in the evening, it appeared that poor Anna was suffering from so violent a head-ache, that she was unable to take her place at the whist-table, and the colonel, with a vivacity which surprised me, proposed that he and I should adjourn to his study, and finish the business of the morning—a suggestion in which I, of course, readily acquiesced. He seemed quite eager about it; it is amusing how rapidly the pruness and pompousness of a man will evaporate under the influence of a real, downright hobby—for all men have their hobbies, even the prim and the pompous. He lighted a candle himself, and conducted me to his sanctum, moving, however, with the staid dignity which his gout rendered necessary, and which, on the present occasion, seemed more burdensome to him than usual. We there spent half-an-hour in hunting for authorities, after which we were to return to the drawing-room, to work upon the materials we had obtained. But, alas, my head was full of poor Charles, and my own enterprising determination! Instead of being an assistance to him, I was the greatest possible drawback; I turned over the leaves of a kind of dream, gave every date wrong, fitted the personages of one country into the history of another, violently compelling them to assume the costume of a third, and winding up my description with an abridged account of the arts, manufactures, and literature, of a fourth. The colonel is not a bright man, and his confusion was boundless.—"What is your authority," asked he at last, with much politeness, as he held my rough sketch in his hand, "what is your authority for attributing the social state of Spain in the thirteenth century, to the effect of the Norman invasion in the twelfth? You have mentioned it several times, and here, I see, you name 'the Conqueror,' but without designating more particularly the leader of this Norman invasion."

"You have got the sketch of England," cried I, in some perturbation. "No indeed," he returned, showing me the word *Spain*, in large letters, at the head of the unlucky sheet. "Will you have the goodness to let me look at the volume from which you have drawn up this little account."

In a kind of bewilderment, I handed him Adam's Roman Antiquities, which happened to stand next Rapin, and he spent at least five minutes in hunting through the index with knitted brows, and a face of increasing surprise, before it occurred to him to look at the title. Then his patience did seem a little disturbed, and I even thought I heard him mutter to himself the words, "Confound the Roman Antiquities!" However, he speedily recovered his usual courtesy, and proposed that we should return to the drawing-room, adding with a smile, that he thought I had had work enough for one day. He rose as he spoke, and I felt desperate. It is clear, that I could not have chosen a worse moment for my experiment than this, but some spirit of evil judgment possessed me, and I plunged into the dilemma headforemost, without pausing to consider.

"I wished to speak to you, Colonel Harwood," said I,

getting extremely hot, and feeling, at the instant, as if I were pronouncing my own sentence of transportation for life.

Standing still in his progress towards the door, he turned towards me with an air of polite interrogation. He said nothing, and I was compelled to proceed, though I felt that it was an abrupt and unpromising beginning.

"I have a great favour to ask—or rather, it is not a favour to me, but to your dear girls—your dear children I should say, and even to yourself." His brow visibly darkened, but, by this time, I had warmed with my subject, and went on fluently. "Ah my dear brother, it is so grievous that there should be a disunion in your family—now at this joyful time of year, when as you say yourself, all those who love each other ought to draw the bonds of their affection more closely, and feel that the one great cause for common thankfulness and common humiliation should heal all wounds and reconcile all differences: do not be angry with me for imploring you to forgive poor Charles, and take your son back to your heart again. He is sincerely penitent—that I know—and surely he has suffered long enough, and bitterly enough. If his dear mother were alive, how earnestly would she join my entreaty—for her sake, if for no other reason, grant him your forgiveness, and let us celebrate this Christmas by a happy meeting of the whole happy family."

While I spoke, the expression of my brother-in-law's countenance had changed from boundless astonishment to extreme indignation, and it was only the strong effort which he made to restrain his passion and behave with becoming calmness, which prevented him from bursting in upon me, ere I had concluded. As it was, he did hear me to the end, though I am quite certain, that from the moment in which he became aware of the purport of my speech, he neither listened nor heeded, but was solely employed in subduing his wrath, so as to be able to cut the matter short at once with due dignity, but at the same time with a proper degree of politeness and composure. It was in this spirit that he answered—

"You must pardon me my good lady, but this interference in family matters is scarcely well judged. I should be very sorry to speak harshly to you, and I am quite sure that you have the best possible intentions. After I have once put it clearly before you, that I am the sole judge of my own conduct, and that your position as a greatly esteemed sister, does not exactly entitle you to direct or advise me in the management of my family, I feel sure that your own good sense will show you that you have been in error, and that delicacy and propriety will induce you to avoid mentioning the subject to me again. Let us therefore forget the last five minutes, and return to our former friendly intercourse as if they had not occurred."

He thought he had done it to perfection. The mixture of authority, gentleness, and resolution, could not have been better contrived to overwhelm me with shame, and reduce me to silence. But, as he uttered the last gracious words, and was advancing with a slight and dignified wave of the hand to quit the room, that spiteful little demon who seemed ever on the watch to convert his sublimity into absurdity, caused him to stumble against a footstool, and, in order to save himself from falling, he was obliged to sit down with extreme suddenness on a chair which happened to stand near. As he did so, however, he maintained an air of unconsciousness, though his face flushed a little, and he looked boldly at me, as much as to say, "Will you presume to think for a moment that I did not intend to sit down in this chair?" And now, what can I say for myself? At my age, under my circumstances, with my whole heart full of interest for poor Charles, and indignation against his father, was it not inexcusable that I was unable to restrain my sense of the ludicrousness of this little incident? I could not restrain it, and I laughed aloud, though his eyes were full upon me. No offence could be greater than this. Actually pale with

passion, he turned from me, saying in a suppressed tone of voice, "This levity, madam, is wholly unaccountable, unless I am to suppose it a premeditated insult." He struck his hand vehemently and angrily upon his writing-desk as he spoke, and the historical tables flew upwards with a great flap, and put out the candle. The scene was now complete—or rather it attained perfection in the next minute, when my stately and furious brother-in-law, finding himself in the dark, and at an equally great distance from the door and the ball, was literally obliged to solicit the aid of my arm to return to the drawing-room, having twice struck his gouty foot against some obnoxious chair or table, in his attempt to complete the transit unassisted. "Will you have the goodness to give me your arm as far as the hall?" said he, in a short, snappish, sulky tone of voice, as unlike as possible to his usual dignified suavity. I hastened to comply, and happy was it for me, that he could not see my face, for, as we cautiously traversed the study floor, and I felt the pressure of his arm upon mine, and knew all the while that he was absolutely boiling over with rage against me, it was all I could do to keep from laughing in his face a second time. Anna's headache was a great comfort to us during the awkward hour and a-half which passed ere we separated for the night. It was a sufficient reason for the profound silence which prevailed. The sufferer lay on the sofa and never spoke; Janet and I sat side by side, engaged with our embroidery, and occasionally conversing in suppressed tones, and my poor brother-in-law leaned back in his easy chair, and pretended to read. Never was a man so thoroughly confounded and thrown out of his usual mode of action as he was that evening. I suppose such a thing had never occurred to him in his life before, nor had the faintest vision of the possibility of such a thing ever crossed his mind. And he really was quite at a loss, and did not know how to behave under it. This too was one of the most annoying facts of his position to him. Under all circumstances that had hitherto befallen him, he had preserved his conscious and elaborate dignity unruffled—whether he were acting the gracious host, the kind father, the stately master, or the severe disciplinarian, he had been decided, self-contemplative, and self-satisfied in all. The bursts of passion to which he had occasionally given way, had frightened those with whom he had to deal, and left him sole master of the field, with his foes flying on every hand. But he now found himself in the situation of the Chinese general, (pardon the anachronism!) who painted his soldier's faces, and made them clatter shovels and tongs together in order to scare the English—the English did not run away, they stood still and laughed—and the baffled general, not knowing how to make his mode of attack more awful, tore his pigtail for very vexation. My poor brother-in-law! How guilty I felt as I stole from time to time a peep at his flushed and troubled countenance, and perceived clearly that he was quite incapable of attending to the newspaper which he held in his hand, but that his angry and bewildered mind was employed in recapitulating to itself my heinous offences, and musing over the possibility of inflicting adequate punishment. I wished him good night like a culprit, and from the brusque, and (to use an unclassical but most expressive word) grumpy manner in which he replied, I knew that he had not yet recovered himself. I wonder on what line of conduct he will determine. I should not be much surprised at receiving notice to quit to-morrow morning. And now to bed—but scarcely, I am afraid, to sleep. The Colonel cannot be more provoked with me than I am with myself, and the recollection of Charles and Adèle banishes all disposition to slumber, and seems to put me into a fever.



BARN OWL.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.—No. III.

Birds of Prey, concluded.

THE OWLS AND BUTCHER BIRDS.

THE STRIGIDÆ OR OWLS.

"What means the whooping owl, that nightly sits
In the dark hollows of the shadowy wood;
Scaring from sleep the sylvan neighbourhood;
Or strangely by the moonlit casement flits;
And by old ruins, moans and laughs by fits,
Mocking the solemn hour in changeful mood
As he, old gentleman, had lost his wits?
Is evil boding in his speech, or good?
Poor fowl, thou hast no omens. We ourselves
Are fancy's fools, interpreting thy notes:—
Perchance thou'rt watchman to the merry elves,
Bidding them don betimes their leafy coats,
Ere dawn should catch them on the brook's bright shelves,
And prick them homeward with the sunny notes."

Sonnet, from Blackwood.

THE gentle closing of a summer's day, and the approach of the "sweet hour of twilight," suggest thoughts of holy quiet and beautiful images of peace. The hard and rugged world-life has then passed; we hear only the departing echoes of its thousand distractions, and yield our souls to the influence of that soft ideal music, which, rising from leafy solitudes and ancient rivers, stirs the heart with deep harmonies. At such a time we think not of strife; all nature seems hushing herself to a rich repose; whilst, one by one, those mysterious sentinels, the silent stars, look from their distant towers upon the still earth. The nightingale's trill of "linked sweetness long drawn out," deepens, by its musical contrast, the repose in earth and air. But are *all* things now sinking to rest? Is peace the sole empress of the evening hour and of the silent night? Poetry may utter her full creed, and tell us all is hushed, but let us look into the region of facts, and lo! night is not wholly peaceful. On the wild desert the lion stealthily moves; in deep jungles, the tiger's dilated eye flashes through the darkness: nor is the stillness of the night air unbroken; then the owl moves with a strange silence through the air, in search of prey, startling with its ghastly aspect the peasant passing, with hurried steps, the churchyard.

As animals which appear during the day are exposed to the attacks of the diurnal birds of prey, eagles, vultures, and hawks, so those which come abroad in the night are assailed by the owls. Thus the agency of predacious birds, in restraining the too great increase of animal life, is not only exercised throughout a wide geographical space, but also during the hours of light and darkness. When the eagle retires to his mountain home, the owl sweeps from the forest, and steals, spirit-like, over the silent plain.

The owls are, perhaps, of all birds, the most peculiar

in appearance. The solemn look and bewigged head; the noiseless flight and nightly hunt; the ruined towers and solitary woods where most make their homes, combine to invest these birds with a species of mystery. The world, to say the truth, does not much like the owl; sees something suspicious about him, and would rather be quit of his company. He has, somehow, got a bad name, and very few will risk their credit by saying much in his favour. How the owl got into this unfortunate scrape, is difficult to understand. He has a suspicious liking, an ugly *penchant*, for dark places; loves to meditate among the tombs; keeps himself at home all day, as if scorning the occupations of all honest daylight birds; he never joins in bird-festivities, and seems always brooding over foul conspiracies against the state, or—against the sparrows in the neighbouring hedge. Then his voice is, to say the best, rather suspicious; it sounds far too ghostlike to be pleasant to rustic ears; as for Dame Hedgeton, she never remembers a death which the villanous owl did not predict.

The owl's antiquarian and sepulchral tastes have certainly been his ruin; and we fear it will be long before he obtains a respectable character amongst the peasantry. Superstition, or in other words, an ignorant imagination, has always ascribed something unearthly to the owl. In the farmer ill, approaching, it may be, his last hour, a light is of course kept in his room during the night; the white owl, whilst hunting, sees the distant gleam, and flying towards the window, utters his peculiar scream of surprise. In an instant all is terror within the house; the death-screach has been sounded, thinks the nurse, and all believe the sick man has received his solemn warning. Should he recover, the owl does not get the benefit; and should the farmer die, a servant or a son will watch, with loaded gun, for the next appearance of the unlucky bird.

Our popular ballads contribute to promote this feeling against one of the most interesting of birds. Is a maiden described pondering on the state of her dying lover? the opportunity is a good one for pelting the owl.

"Thus homeward as she hopeless went,
The churchyard path along,
The blast grew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song."

The only foundation for all this superstition, is, of course, in the mind of man; the habits of the owl may suggest melancholy associations, but these are sources of the richest poetry in cultivated men; it is ignorance alone that transforms such feelings into the terrible. The owl has also been considered a stupid bird, as if the imputation of witchery were not sufficient to upset his character. How is the charge of stupidity proved? Does not the bird sit moping uninterested by all the beauty and sprightliness of the day? exclaims an objector. Certainly most of the owls do sit all day at ease, and why not? day is not their working time, therefore they do not labour; but stop till evening approaches, then mark the skill with which the owl beats the fields in search of prey, watch the fire of its dilated eye, the sudden dart upon the mouse, the quantity of food conveyed to the nest in an hour, and from all these facts construct an argument, if you can, demonstrating the stupidity of the owl. Why did the Athenians consecrate this bird to Minerva? Because of its stupidity? Truly, Minerva must have relished the compliment.

These birds are not *wholly* nocturnal; that is, their flight is not confined to the hours of perfect night. Some make short flights during cloudy days, and most come abroad in the grey twilight, prolonging their chase through the greater part of moonlight nights. They are therefore more properly birds of *twilight* than of night; some species hunt in the thickest darkness, but this is not a characteristic of the whole family.

The *Strigidæ* are widely distributed over the whole earth, extending from America to Java, and from the Arctic regions to the Equator. Some species approach

the eagle in size, whilst others measure but a few inches from head to tail. But amidst all this variety of aspect and habitation, the owl preserves the same habits, attracting, in every land, peculiar attention. The whole family is divided into two divisions, the *long-horned* and *short-horned* owls; or, as some call them, the *long-eared* and *short-eared* owls. These *horns* or *ears* are simply feathers projecting from the bird's head, which have, at a little distance, the appearance of horns. In some of the species these feathers are numerous and long, forming a thick bunch; in others, the ear consists of one feather only.

We shall now proceed to notice some of the more interesting species of owls both British and foreign.

1. *The White or Barn Owl*, (*Strix Flammea*.) This species is the most common in England, and being found in every part of the country, its habits are better known than those of the more uncommon owls. It is more partial to mankind than the other species, forming its nest near barns, church towers, ruined buildings, and old trees near human habitations. The owl may be familiarized by kindness to dwell in the vicinity of man. The enthusiastic naturalist Waterton induced some to settle close to his house, and formed quite a thriving colony around him, in spite of the prediction of his housekeeper, that, "evil and owls dwell together." Frequently they would even enter Waterton's room, and indulge themselves with a peep into the mysteries of his furniture. So much did their various habits interest him, that he regarded the barn owl as one of the most attractive of British birds, calling it the "pretty ariel wanderer." He thus was not only ready, but eager to clear its character from the aspersions of the ignorant and cruel. The capacity of this bird for domestication was strongly proved by the Ornithologist Montagu. He reared, with all possible attention, three birds, a barn owl, a sparrowhawk, and a ringdove. For six months he attended to the birds with all possible care, and then set each at liberty; the owl alone returned, thus proving the strong attachment of which this bird is capable. The name of *barn owl* is of course given from its selection of such localities, where every wise farmer will protect it.

One owl will keep under the mice more effectually than half a dozen cats, and the farmer's dame, whose stores are injured by these busy animals, should by all means endeavour to induce an owl to settle near the mouse colony: a surprising diminution in their numbers will be the result. It is peculiarly interesting to watch the owl beating for food in the evening twilight. It is then seen, with a slow and noiseless motion, to pass from spot to spot over the field; at last it darts down; then rising, returns to the nest with the prey which we may be sure it has secured. Again we see it beating along, and again it is down, then back to the nest as before. Each of those pounces has been fatal to some mouse enjoying his evening walk; and thus a pair of owls may be observed night after night pursuing their hunting. Sometimes the barn owl is seen in the daytime seizing upon a mouse or small bird, but this is not often the case. The eyes of this species seem particularly fitted for the night; no barn, however dark, can conceal the mouse from the watchful owl, which sitting on a beam, marks the smallest moving object on the ground.

It is a curious fact that the barn owl will sometimes dart upon a fish as it swims near the surface. Some have doubted this, but the testimony of such an observer as Waterton is not to be distrusted. He saw this kind of owl plunge fairly into the water, near the spot whence he was watching their movements, and bring up its funny prey. Mice are the favourite food of the white owl, and this renders the bringing up the young, by a naturalist, rather difficult, as they require to be continually supplied with these animals. The quantity devoured in a single summer by the white owl must be enormous; one mouse being captured by a pair of owls every five

minutes during their foraging time in the evening. Hence the advantage of owls in a corn-growing district is obvious.

Gilbert White thus describes the evening hunts of these birds:—"About an hour before sunset (for then the mice begin to run) they sally forth in quest of prey, and hunt all round the hedges of meadows and small enclosures for them, which seem to be their only food. In this irregular country we can stand upon an eminence, and see them beat the fields like a setting dog, and often drop down in the grass or corn. I have minuted these birds with my watch for an hour together, and have found that they return to the nest, the one or the other of them, about once in five minutes." An owl's nest may be easily found by quantities of little round pellets lying under it. These pellets are the indigestible portions of food, which the owl casts up through its mouth; a peculiarity common to the whole family. Some of these pellets are often found to contain the indigestible remnants of half a dozen mice.

The barn owl is the true "screech-owl," and does not *hoot*; though Sir W. Jardine says it does hoot sometimes. The hooting of the white owl must, however, be one of those rare events which happen once in fifty years, for the closest observer has not detected such an occurrence. The *scream* of this owl is, however, distinct enough, and not over pleasant; especially when heard by a nervous or superstitious person in some lonely spot at fall of evening. The eggs are of a dirty white or cream colour, as, indeed, are the eggs of all owls; for though the different species have a great variety of colour and plumage, the eggs of all have nearly the same appearance. The reader who is unable to obtain a sight of the eggs of these and other birds, may see them well coloured in Mr. Hewitson's British Oology.

2. *The Tawny Owl, or Brown Owl*, (*Strix Stridula*.) This British species is the true *hooting owl*, the *white*, which we have just described, being the true *screech owl*. The brown owl is not so common as the white, from which it differs much in its habits. It is not so partial to the neighbourhood of men, seeking a home in deep woods and solitary places, where it finds the reclusiveness which it loves. When woods are cut down, and a tract of country laid open to the works of man, the hooting owl retires to more secluded spots. Gamekeepers are also its fierce foes, and destroy it without mercy, deeming it destructive to game, for which the brown owl evinces a predilection. Notwithstanding their love of solitude, they may be induced to settle near human dwellings, when certain trees are temptingly prepared for their reception. They love hollows in ash trees, and some naturalists have drawn numbers of these owls around them by piercing holes in certain of these trees. The sound of this bird's voice has a strong resemblance to human tones. Waterton thus describes its peculiar hoot; and, though he may fail to give a clear idea of the sound, we here transcribe his words: "Were you to pronounce the letter O in a loud and very clear tone of voice, and then, after a short pause, repeat the same letter in a drawing, tremulous accent, you would have a tolerably just notion of the hooting of the owl." Such a sound issuing from the depth of gloomy woods, or the vicinity of burial places, may naturally suggest superstitious notions to the timid or the rustic mind. This owl is an excellent mouser, but does not limit its diet to suppers of mouse-flesh; the luxury of birds' flesh and leverets has some considerable attraction for the brown owl, who is a more miscellaneous feeder than his lighter coloured brother.

3. *Short-horned Owl*, (*Strix Brachyotus*.) is another British species, though not common in the southern part of England. The white and brown owls are without horns, but this species has these appendages, which, however, are not always perceived by those who obtain a sight of the bird, as they are only raised when it is alarmed or excited. You may often meet with this owl on the Scottish moors, or the heaths of northern England,

and mark its short flights, without perceiving the least appearance of horns; but if the bird is alarmed by your approach, the feathers are instantly raised, the eyes glance rapidly round, and the whole appearance is that of a most pugnacious and determined little warrior. It is called in some parts of England the *Woodcock Owl*, from its arriving at the same time with that bird.

From the peculiar shape of its head, the term *Mouse hawk* is sometimes applied to this owl, especially in the regions round Hudson's Bay, where it is found in large numbers. It is a singular and most interesting sight to meet with a large flock of these owls quietly resting in some sheltered field, whence upon the least alarm, they take flight, each with his horn raised, as if in defiance of the foe. Very few species of the owl family are met with in large parties, whereas these are sometimes seen in groups of twenty or thirty. The short-eared owl is found in all countries between America and Siberia, but breeds in the high northern latitudes, especially in Norway and the Orkneys.

4. *The Great Horned Owl*.—This owl approaches some of the eagles in size, measuring twenty inches in length. It is rarely found in England, but abounds in some of the deep forests and dismal swamps of America, where its wild cry often startles the hunter, or terrifies the Indian benighted in the sombre woods. It often frequents burial-grounds, and Wilson, the far-famed ornithologist, describes the fright into which a party of superstitious Scottish highlanders were thrown by the wailing cry of this owl. The men had remained, for the night, near an Indian burial-ground in a lonely region, and had demolished some of the wood-work near the tombs, to make a fire. After supper they were preparing to lie down to rest, when, from the silence of the graves, came such prolonged melancholy wailings, that sleep was effectually banished from the whole party for that night. The highlanders, being ignorant of the habits of this owl, ascribed the doleful cries to the ghosts of departed Indians. The sounds sometimes resemble the words "Waugh O! Waugh O!" at others have a startling similarity to the half-stifled screams of a suffocating person. Audubon, in his magnificent work on the birds of America, thus describes these nocturnal outcries: "Sometimes he utters a shriek so horrid that the woods echo its dismal sounds; now it seems as if you heard the barking of a cur-dog; again the notes are so rough and mingled together, that they might be mistaken for the last gurgling of a murdered person." Pleasant companions, the English reader will suppose, these birds must be for the timid traveller!

There are seasons when the great horned owl appears in a more pleasing character. Often, when the canoe is sweeping across some silent lake, and the paddles flash in the bright moonlight, is the form of this owl seen skimming with majestic motion the tranquil waters, and delighting the observer with its magnificent eagle-like circles. With what quietness are these evolutions performed! were the eyes closed, this majestic bird would pass over the boatmen without discovering his presence by a sound from those velvet wings. It may here be remarked that the wings of owls, and especially those which fly more in the night, are so constructed that scarcely any sound can proceed from their motion. The wing feathers terminate in fine hair-like points; hence their passage through the air is almost noiseless,—so much so, that the shadow of the bird on the ground has sometimes been the first indication of its presence. Such silence in flying was necessary for birds destined to pursue their prey in the still hours of the night, when the slightest sounds would be sufficient to give notice of their approach, and warn the victim of the coming danger. The Indian priests are said by Wilson to wear a stuffed owl of this species on their heads for a crest, or on their arms for a badge, probably in consequence of some supernatural powers ascribed to the bird by the natives.

5. *The Snowy Owl (Strix Nyctea)*—is another remark-

able member of the Strigidae family, not often seen in England, but ranked amongst the British species, as it breeds in the Orkney Isles. The name, taken from the colour of the bird, also corresponds with its favourite localities, which are in the coldest regions of the North, Greenland, Lapland, Hudson's Bay, and places in similar latitudes. The plumage of the snowy owl is beautifully adapted to its Arctic homes, being so exquisitely fine and close that little inconvenience can result to the bird from the cold of the severest winter. The legs are hidden by a mass of streaming plumage, serving for a most excellent dread-nought. The colour, resembling that of snow, enables the bird to hunt in the day, without being seen until close upon its prey. Sometimes the Laplander, or Beaver-hunter, is startled by perceiving the wide and silently flapping wings of the snowy owl crossing his path within a few yards, so nearly may it approach, ere the eye can distinguish the moving body from the snow over which it passes. The food consists of hares, rabbits, and smaller quadrupeds, to which is sometimes added a dinner of fish; thus proving that more than one species of owl has a liking for the finny tribe. The snowy owl does not, however, appear to plunge into the water after fish, as our barn owl will sometimes do, but snatches them from the water in a most dexterous manner with its claws. A correspondent of Audubon thus describes the angling of the snowy owl, which, though not according to the rules of Isaac Walton, is remarkably clever, and proves the *Strix Nyctea* to be an excellent caterer. Taking its stand upon a fragment of floating timber, it watches for the rising of fish by the side of the wood, and as they "unwittingly rose to the surface near the edge, that instant the owl thrust out the foot next the water, and with the quickness of lightning seized a fish and drew it out." Not bad this for a stupid bird. The snowy owl sometimes takes a sea-voyage, perhaps for the pleasure of fishing in salt water, or in search of some island for a breeding-place. Whatever be the cause, they have been met with at sea two hundred miles from the nearest land. The cries of the snowy owl have some resemblance to the screams of its great horned relative which we have just described; but as the former flies more during the daylight, its wild whooping songs are not quite so startling.

6. *The Barred Owl (Strix Nebulosa)*, is named from the broad stripes or bars across its tail, and is seldom seen in England, preferring the northern parts of America, where it is considered the representative of our brown or hooting owl, which, however, it much exceeds in size. Our sober English owl does sometimes use his voice to pretty good purpose, but purely on matters of business, or when a little crossed in temper; but its American representative seems, at times, as if employed in getting up a complete chorus of laughter. Audubon, who heard its hilarious bursts, likens the sound to the merry laugh often heard from a party of men. Whether this is meant for a sly hit at human laughter, or a compliment to the capacities of this owl for fun, we do not presume to say. If owls can enjoy a joke, then, doubtless, this particular species is a sort of wit among birds, as his whole air, and the tones of his voice, suggest the notion of a sprightliness not often visible amongst the staid Strigidae. Audubon was so taken with the bird's air and manners, as to name it the "Sancho Panza of our woods."

7. *The Little Owl of America (Strix Acadica)*, is worthy of remark on account of its peculiar voice, which resembles the grating of a saw, and from this circumstance the bird has received the name of the *saw-chit*. So perfect is this resemblance to the sounds produced in a saw-mill, that travellers have frequently commenced a search for the appearance of a mill, the noises of which seemed close at hand. It has also a peculiar talent for ventriloquism, by which it often effectually deceives persons unacquainted with its habits. Mr. Macculloch, a friend of Audubon, describes an illusion of this nature experienced by himself. Whilst walking

in a forest, the sound of a distant bell struck upon his ear. Surprised at this occurrence, he hastened towards the spot, the strange sound being repeated, as he advanced, from another direction. He at length discovered the little owl peeping from a hole in a tree, and found that from it these singular tones had proceeded.

This owl is generally found in deep forests, but evinces no dislike to human habitations: one of these birds was actually seen to alight on the edge of a cradle in which an infant was sleeping, on whom he continued gazing for some time with that philosophical air so characteristic of the owl.

8. *The Burrowing Owl*, (*Strix Cunicularia*).—This species is remarkable for making its abode in the holes dug by the prairie-dogs of America. These quadrupeds form, in some parts of America, large colonies, and dig numerous holes in the ground, wherein they burrow. The owl, of which we are now treating, does not take the trouble to excavate a house for himself, but politely walks into one of the hollows formed by the prairie-dog, which, perhaps disliking such a fellow-lodger, evacuates the premises, and leaves the owl in possession rent-free. All, however, do not find it convenient to seek a new residence, and in this case the owl becomes a co-tenant with the original occupier; probably the quadruped draws some rent from the intruder in the shape of fragments of food brought in by the Burrowing Owl.

This bird has less of the true owl appearance than others of the family, the feathers of the legs being much shorter, and the whole aspect more lightsome than in others of the *Strigidae*.

This owl was discovered by Mr. Say, one of the party despatched to explore the territory of the Rocky Mountains; and thus a most interesting member of the *Strigidae* family has been added to the ornithological system. Other varieties of the owl race might be named, but the above species are sufficient to illustrate the character and habits of this extensive family. One bird, popularly called an owl, we have purposely omitted, as it is, in fact, no owl at all. We allude to the *Fern Owl*, which is a species of the *Caprimulgidae*, and will be noticed in its proper place. Here, therefore, we conclude these brief notices of the birds which so often heighten the interest of lonely ruins, and connect the deep gloom of hoary woods with a poetic melancholy. Those whose tastes or studies lead them to the ruined abbeys and castles of the land; or to some of those ivy-mantled priories which so thickly dot the banks of the Thames, on its winding course by the Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, and Oxfordshire borders, may have their reminiscences of these birds revived by the foregoing descriptions; whilst such as are cut off from these opportunities may have their knowledge of nature extended and their admiration of her varied works increased.

It remains for us to conclude this article with some remarks on another family of predacious birds,

The Laniadae, Shrikes, or Butcher birds.—This family connects the true birds of prey with those which feed upon insects and seeds. They are certainly birds of prey, as they kill and eat small birds, and therefore must be classed amongst the *Raptores*; on the other hand, the structure of their feet places the shrikes amongst the non-predacious orders.

They are all small, the largest not much exceeding the thrush in size, whilst some are not larger than a sparrow; but all possess an unusual share of fierceness and courage. The family epithet *Laniadae* is descriptive of the habits of the order; the word being derived from *Lanius*, signifying a *butcher*; hence they are often called *Butcher birds*.

Some account of the following species will suffice to illustrate the habits of the whole family.

1. *The large grey Butcher bird* (*Lanius Excubitor*).—This is the largest of our English species, and is not so rare as many suppose; though in some parts of the country the most persevering naturalist might fail to discover them. It is with us during autumn and winter,

when its food consists of mice, frogs, small birds, and large insects. The peculiar characteristic of all this family is the mode of killing and feeding upon their prey. They generally strangle small birds, from which custom some term them "*hanging birds*;" the prey is then impaled upon a sharp and stout thorn, when the shrike tears the body with its beak.

Selby, in his *British Ornithology*, describes the operation in a passage which, though it has been repeatedly cited, may interest those readers who have never witnessed this peculiar feat of the Butcher bird. He is speaking of the large grey shrike, and says, "I had the gratification of witnessing this operation of the shrike upon a hedge-sparrow, which it had just killed; it hovered with the prey in its bill for a short time over the hedge, apparently occupied in selecting a thorn fit for its purpose. Upon disturbing it and advancing to the spot, I found the sparrow firmly fixed by the wing at the selected twig." The following passage from Wilson will still further illustrate the shrike's proceedings. "Mr. Bell, while on his travels through Russia, had one of these birds given him, which he kept in a room, having fixed up a sharp stick in the wall for him; and on turning some small birds loose into the room, the Butcher bird instantly caught them by the throat, in such a manner, as soon to suffocate them, and then stuck them on the stick, pulling them on with bill and claws; and so served as many as were turned loose one after another." This impulse to impale the prey is so strong, that the caged shrike tries to fasten its food to the wires of the cage.

They evince a preference for the brains of birds, and usually cleave the skull to secure these desired morsels.

The country people in some parts call this shrike the *murdering magpie*, a tolerably apt description, it must be confessed. Other provincial names are the *mountain magpie*, *mattiges*, and *wireangle*. This last appellation is evidently derived from the old English word *wire-angle*, which signified a fierce bird; and in this sense Chaucer employs the epithet. Pennant, in his *Arctic Zoology*, says that the Germans call it the *wurchangel*, or suffocating angel, from its custom of strangling birds. The connexion between the words wireangle and wurchangel is obvious.

Some assert that the shrike imitates the voices of other birds, in order to decoy them within its reach; whilst others, and especially a modern writer, ridicule the notion, confidently denying the whole statement. Audubon, however, distinctly intimates that such is the case with the American grey shrike; he says, "This valiant little warrior possesses the faculty of imitating the notes of other birds, especially such as are indicative of pain. Thus it will often mimic the cries of a sparrow, and other small birds, so as to make you believe you hear them screaming in the claws of a hawk; and I strongly suspect this is done for the purpose of inducing others to come from their coverts to the rescue of their suffering brethren." The fact of imitation is here most positively stated: the object of the bird is only presumed.

2. *The Red-backed Butcher bird* (*Lanius Collurio*).—This is much more common in England, especially in the south-western parts, than the last-mentioned species, and arrives here from Africa in May; this shrike is therefore with us during the summer. The courage of this little bird is surprising, and it may be said not to know fear; the very decoys of bird-catchers are not safe from its attacks, as it not unfrequently pounces upon them, within a short distance of the men. In some parts of England it bears the odd name of Jack Baker, but wherefore is a mystery.

This bird feeds much upon large insects, such as beetles and humble-bees, which it impales upon thorns before attempting to feed upon them. The tendency to procure insect-food is not unusual in birds of prey; the eagles and hawks evince the same desire.

These observations on the more common shrikes may

serve to indicate the habits of the whole family, and induce lovers of Natural History to watch the proceedings of the butcher-birds in their neighbourhoods.

Here we must conclude our remarks on the first great order of birds—the Raptures. We have now before us the history of less warlike tribes, and our attention will be directed to the manners of those varied multitudes which fill our woods with rich harmonies, or excite our admiration by their singular habits and curious instincts.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

PRESENCE of mind may be described as the power of determining what is fittest to be done upon any sudden occasion, and under adverse circumstances, and of carrying the design into immediate execution with such success as to lead one to suppose it an action of calm deliberation. It is, in short, the union of rapid thought and self-command. This power is possessed by individuals in very different degrees. Minds are so diversely constituted, that we often see the same circumstances producing quite opposite effects. Thus an emergency, that totally unnerves one man, is just sufficient to call the powers of another into full activity. Whilst the former cannot act at all, but seems reduced to a state of mental paralysis, the latter applies himself with calm energy to the difficulties of the case, and escapes the perils that appeared inevitable, by an intuitive selection of the only path that could lead him out in safety. Presence of mind is more generally diffused amongst men than women, but, perhaps, the most striking isolated examples are told of females. Most people have heard of the mother, who, seeing her infant so near the edge of a precipice that the slightest advance would hurl the little creature to destruction, had the presence of mind to suppress the scream of alarm that was on the point of breaking out. Simply whispering the little creature's name, and at the same time baring her breast, she drew it from its dangerous position into the safe haven of her arms. When presence of mind is combined with fortitude, the compound is very admirable; and there are few things that show, in a greater degree, the power of the mind over the body. The following circumstances, which took place a few years ago in an English county, are a pointed illustration of this unusual combination of qualities:—

“A young couple, named Aubrey, inhabited a tolerably large house in the village of —, in Norfolk. The house—an old one—was built in a garden of considerable size, and had no other occupants than the gentleman and lady just mentioned, their infant, rather more than a year old, and a single female domestic, who had not been very long in their service. Every evening at nine o'clock a silence the most complete reigned throughout the village; at ten the lights in the different houses began to be extinguished, and in a short time no ray disturbed the blank darkness. It must have been a very extraordinary circumstance if any steps were afterwards heard in the street. Judge, then, of the utter solitude of a house screened by elms and sycamores, and standing three or four hundred yards from the public way. One evening, in the month of November, Mrs. Aubrey was in the house, awaiting the return of her husband, whom some affair of business had called away in the morning, to a town about six miles distant. He expected to receive a

considerable sum of money in the course of the day, and his wife had prevailed upon him to take a pair of pistols, as he anticipated being detained until after nightfall. About six o'clock in the evening Mrs. Aubrey went up-stairs, accompanied by the servant, for the purpose of putting the child to bed. The room was on the first-floor, a large apartment, looking into the garden. The wainscot darkened by time, the heavy furniture, some family portraits with sedate countenances and in ancient costumes, gave the room a somewhat gloomy appearance. Opposite to the chimney there was a deep recess, in which stood the bed; and near this was placed the child's cradle. The curtains were drawn, but one corner had caught by accident on some piece of furniture, and a post of the bed was exposed; a fine massive piece of carving, on which some cabinet-maker of yore had expended no slight amount of skill and patience.

“The night was dark and melancholy, quite in character with the time of year. Gusts of wind rattled on the windows, dashing the rain violently against the glass. The trees in the garden, bending under the sudden currents of air, occasionally struck the house-side—a gloomy and monotonous concert this—and no human voice mingled in it to promise assistance in case of need. Mrs. Aubrey seated herself on a low chair at a corner of the hearth. The light of the fire, and that of a lamp placed on the chimney-piece, striking some objects in full, and leaving others in darkness, made all kinds of strange effects by their opposition or combination. The child, which fully occupied her attention, sat on her knee, whilst the servant executed some commands of her mistress at the other end of the room. Being about to complete the child's readiness for its couch, the mother turned towards the cradle to see that it was prepared, and just at the moment, a bright flame shooting out, threw a strong light upon the recess. Conceive, if you can, her astonishment, and the start she gave, when, under the bed, and at the place where the curtain had been lifted up, she perceived, as plain as ever she saw anything in her life, a pair of thick clouted boots, in such a position that it was evident they contained feet. In an instant, a world of thoughts rushed through her brain, and the utter helplessness of her situation flashed upon her. It did not admit of a doubt that a man was there with some evil intention, either to rob or murder. Her husband would probably not reach home before eight, and it was then scarcely half-past six. Mrs. Aubrey, however, possessed sufficient command over herself not to do what a thousand other women would have done, namely, fall to shrieking. To all appearance, the man had reckoned upon staying where he was for a considerable time; perhaps he had intended to remain until midnight, and then carry off the money that Mr. Aubrey was to receive; but, if obliged to come out of his lurking-place now, he might revenge himself upon the two defenceless women, and stop all information of theirs by putting them to death. Then, who could tell? perhaps the servant herself might be in league with the fellow. Indeed, there had been of late certain grounds of suspicion, as regards the girl, which Mrs. Aubrey had disregarded, but they now forced themselves on her mind. All these reflections occurred to her in much less time than I have taken to put them down.

“She came to a determination at once. She first

thought of some pretext to get the servant out of the room:—'Mary,' she said, with as steady a voice as she could assume, 'you know what your master will like for supper; I wish you would go and make it ready. He will be pleased, I am sure, that we have thought of it.'—'Will you not need me here, as usual, ma'am?' inquired the girl. 'No; I can do all myself, thank you; go and cook as nice a supper as you can; for I am sure my husband ought to have something nice after a long ride, and in such weather.' After some delay, which doubled her mistress's anxiety, although she endeavoured to repress it, the servant quitted the room. The sounds of her footsteps died away on the stairs, and then Mrs. Aubrey truly felt herself alone,—yet the two feet remained there, in their shadowy concealment, without stirring. She kept near the fire, holding the infant on her lap, now and then speaking to it, but only mechanically, for she could not remove her eyes from that horrible sight. The poor child cried to be at rest, but the cradle was near the bed, and under the bed were those frightful feet,—it was impossible to go near them. She made a violent effort, however—'Come, then, darling!' she murmured; and, lifting the child in her arms, and supporting herself on her trembling limbs, she went towards the cradle. She is now beside the feet!—she places the baby in its little nest; concealing, as well as she can, the tremors of her voice, she rocks the cradle in time to the song she usually sings. All the time she sang, she kept fancying a dagger was lifted up to strike her, and there was no one to succour her. Well, baby fell asleep, and Mrs. Aubrey returned to her seat near the fire. She durst not quit the room, for that might excite the suspicion of the man, and the servant, who was probably his accomplice; besides, she wished to remain near her infant. It was now no more than seven—an hour—still a full hour before her husband would reach home! Her eyes are chained, by a species of fascination, to the two feet;—she cannot direct them to any other object. A profound silence reigns in the room; baby sleeps peacefully; its mother sits motionless—a statue; her hands crossed on her lap, her lips half open, her eyes fixed, and her breast has a fearful tightness across it.

"Now and then there was a noise without in the garden, and Mrs. Aubrey's heart leaped within her, for she imagined it announced her husband's arrival and her own deliverance. But no, not yet; she was deceived; it was merely the sound of the wind, or the rain, on the trees. She might be the only being in the world, so deep and mournful was the silence. Every minute seemed an age. Look! look! the feet stir. Is the man coming out of his concealment? No, it was nothing but a slight movement, perhaps involuntarily made to ease an unpleasant position. Again the two feet are quiet.

"The clock is audible once more, but it is only to chime the half-hour. Half-past seven; no more than half-past seven! Oh, how full of anguish was every minute! Repeatedly she addressed prayers on High for a period to this hideous suspense. Upon the chimney-piece there was a book of religious meditation; she reached it, and tried to read. In vain!—her eyes wandered off the page continually to see if the clouted boots were still under the bed. Then a new source of anxiety shot through her head—What, if her husband does not come after all!

The weather was bad, and his parents, who lived in the town whither he had gone, might prevail upon him to remain with them over night. She would not be astonished if he complied, especially as he had a good deal of money about his person. Heavens!—What, if he come not at all!

"Eight o'clock has struck, and there is no arrival. The possibility her active brain suggested becomes every moment more and more probable. For two hours did this agonized female bear up against her thoughts, but at length it became hopeless to hope. Hark! Is that a noise? She has been deceived so often before, she is afraid to believe her senses, and yet, this time, there is no deception. The entrance-door opens, is closed; steps come along the lobby, and mount the stairs; the room door turns on its hinges. Yes, 'tis he!—it is her husband! But if it had been a stranger, he would have seemed a messenger from heaven. Well, in he walked, a fine athletic figure. Down go the pistols upon the table; off comes the cloak, thoroughly soaked, I can tell you;—a happy man was he to see all he loved dearest in the world. He stretched his hands to his wife, who grasped them convulsively; but, exercising her wonderful self-command once more, she stifled her emotion, and, without uttering a word, she placed a finger on her lips, and pointed with the other hand to the two feet. If Mr. Aubrey had doubted for a moment what to do, he had not deserved to be the husband of such a woman. By a sign, he made her comprehend his meaning, and then said, 'Just wait one moment, my dear wife; I have left my portfolio down-stairs, I will step for it.' He was not two minutes absent; he came back with a pistol, the charge of which he had examined. He advanced towards the bed, and then seized one of the feet with his left hand, whilst with his right he held the pistol, ready to fire in case of need.

"'If you resist,' cried he, with a voice of thunder, 'you are a dead man!'

"The person to whom the feet belonged did not seem inclined to put this contingency to the test. He was dragged into the middle of the floor, crouching under the pistol that was pointed at his head. He was then searched, and a poniard, carefully concealed, was found upon him. He was a thorough scoundrel in his appearance, and he confessed to have been in league with the female servant, who had told him he might expect a rich booty that night. All this time the infant was never quite awakened.

"Both the criminals were handed over to justice; both were convicted upon trial, and punished. Notwithstanding Mrs. Aubrey's temporary courage, she was attacked the same evening with a violent nervous disorder, and some time elapsed before it quite left her."

—♦—

TO-MORROW is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified. To-morrow comes—it goes—and still I please myself with the shadow, while I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.—*Budgell.*

THE time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it; thus, it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the estate.—*Ibid.*

THE fear of the consequences of sin, exhibits itself in various gradations in those who are gradually and consciously approaching the common end; and shows, however it may be disguised, that the remembrance even of deviations from the course of right, corrodes the heart, and diminishes the sum of happiness.—*Ogle's Biographical Preface to the Spectator.*

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

July 9.—Every year on this day, the eve of the great fair at Wolverhampton, there was formerly a procession of men in antique armour, preceded by musicians playing the *fair tune*, and followed by the steward of the deanery manor, the peace-officers, and many of the principal inhabitants. Tradition affirms that the ceremony originated when Wolverhampton was a great emporium of wool, and resorted to by merchants of the staple from all parts of England. The necessity of an armed force to keep peace and order during the fair, (which is said to have lasted fourteen days,) is not improbable. This custom of *walking the fair*, as it was called, with the armed procession, &c., was first omitted about the year 1789.

July 10.—In the night of the 10th of July, 1212, within four years after the completion of London-bridge, a dreadful conflagration took place upon it. Stow's account of this catastrophe is as follows: "The borough of Southwark upon the south side of the river Thames, as also the church of the Lady of the Canons there, (now called St. Saviour's), being on fire, and an exceeding great multitude of people passing the bridge, either to extinguish and quench it, or else to gaze and behold it; suddenly the north part, by blowing of the south wind was also set on fire; and the people which were even now passing the bridge, perceiving the same, would have returned but were stopped by the fire: and it came to pass, that as they stayed or protracted the time, the other end of the bridge also, namely the south end, was fired; so the people, thronging themselves between the two fires, did nothing else but expect present death. Then there came to aid them many ships and vessels, into which the multitude so unadvisedly rushed, that the ships being thereby drowned, they all perished. It was said, that through the fire and shipwrecks, there were destroyed above three thousand persons, whose bodies were found in part or half burned, besides those that were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found."

July 12.—Erasmus Desiderius, one of the most eminent scholars of the age in which he flourished, departed this life at Basil, on this day, 1536. He was born at Rotterdam in 1467, being the illegitimate son of one Gerrard, by the daughter of a physician. When he was only nine years of age his father died, and the orphan was left to the care of three guardians, who determined on bringing him up to the monastic life that they might enjoy his patrimony. With this design, they removed him from one convent to another, till at last, in 1486, he took the habit among the canons regular at Stein, near Tergou. The conventual life being disagreeable to him, he accepted an invitation from the Archbishop of Cambray, to reside with him. During his abode with this prelate he was ordained priest, but in 1496, he went to Paris, and supported himself by giving private lectures. In 1497, he visited England, and met with a kind reception from the most eminent scholars. On his return to the Continent he spent twelve years in France, Italy, and the Netherlands, and during that time he published several works of great merit. In 1506, he took his doctor's degree at Turin, and went to Bologna, where he continued some time. Thence he removed to Venice, and resided with the famous Aldus Manutius. From Venice he went to

Padua and Rome, where many offers were made him to settle; but having received an invitation from Henry VIII., he came to England again in 1510; wrote his "Praise of Folly," while residing with Sir Thomas More, and was appointed Margaret Professor of Divinity or Greek Lecturer at Cambridge. In 1514, he once more returned to the Continent, and lived chiefly at Basil, where he prepared his edition of the New Testament with a Latin translation; and his celebrated "Colloquies," which gave such offence to the monks that they used to say, "Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched." With Luther, however, he was at open hostility.

July 15.—St. Swithin's Day.

St. Swithin, or Swithan, who is commemorated by the English and Latin Churches on this day, was born of noble Saxon parents. He received the holy order of priesthood from Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, and was appointed by him President of the Old Monastery in that city. He early distinguished himself for literary acquirements. Egbert, King of the West Saxons, not only appointed him his priest, but confided to him the education of the good Prince Ethelwolf, (the father of Alfred the Great,) on whose accession to the throne, A. D. 835, Swithin became Sub-deacon of Winchester and Lord Chancellor. On the decease of Helmstan he succeeded him in his Bishopric, which he ably filled until his death, A. D. 862.

There is a popular adage, That if it rains on St. Swithin's Festival, there will be rain the next forty days afterwards, and *vice versa*. It has been expressed in rhyme as follows:—

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

In Poor Robin's Almanack for 1697, this opinion, together with one of St. Swithin's reputed miracles, is thus noticed:—

"In this month is St. Swithin's Day,
On which, if that it rain, they say
Full forty days after it will,
Or more or less, some rain distill.
This Swithin was a Saint I trow,
And Winchester's Bishop also,
Who in his time did many a feat,
As Popish legends do repeat:
A woman having broke her eggs,
By stumbling at another's legs,
For which she made a woful cry,
St. Swithin chanced for to come by,
Who made them all as sound, or more
Than ever that they were before.
But whether this was so or no,
'Tis more than you or I do know:
Better it is to rise betime,
And to make hay while sun doth shine,
Than to believe in tales or lies
Which idle monks and friars devise."

We do not agree with the sweeping charge against the mediæval Ecclesiastical Chroniclers contained in Robin's concluding lines. The origin of the above proverb is rather obscure. It is supposed, however, to have taken its rise from the following circumstances:—St. Swithin desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops, and his request was complied with; but the monks, upon his canonization, considering it disgraceful for the saint to be in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his relics into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July; it rained, however, so violently for forty days together at this season, that their design was abandoned; and, instead, they erected a chapel over his grave, at which many miracles are said to have been wrought. "Without disputing," observes Brady, "the fact from which the

popular fancy sprang, which is very probable to have been the case; there is, nevertheless, not any occasion to have recourse to a miracle to account for such a phenomenon. Experience has amply shown, that, whenever a wet season sets in about the middle of June to the middle of July, at which time the heat of the sun is usually the most intense, it generally continues till nearly the end of the summer, when the action of that orb has considerably abated; the rain affording matter for exhalation, always naturally the strongest at the hottest period of the year, and those exhalations yielding in return matter for rain."

Rain on St. Swithin's Day is noticed in some places by this old saying, "St. Swithin is christening the apples."

July 18—Petrarch, or Petrarca Francesco, the illustrious bard of Italy, put off mortality on this day, 1374. He was born at Arezzo in 1304. On account of the dissensions which raged in his native country, his father removed him to Avignon, and afterwards to Carpentras. At these places, and at Montpellier and Bologna, he received his education. He was designed for the law; but, on the decease of his parents, took Holy Orders, and followed literary pursuits. Having settled at Avignon, he became enamoured of the beautiful Laura de Noves; but, though he lauded her charms in odes and sonnets, he failed to obtain her affection. After having travelled in the vain hope of moderating his love, he settled at Vaucluse, a romantic spot, where he wrote some of his finest works. His literary reputation attracted the regards of princes; he was invited to Paris, to Naples, and to Rome, and received the laurel crown in the last city, wherein the titles and prerogatives of Poet Laureate were revived after a lapse of 1300 years. In 1348 his feelings were deeply wounded by the death of Laura. He survived her, however, nearly thirty years.

Palm Leaves.

MAHADI.

MAHADI, the son of the Caliph Almansor, was quite as extravagant as his father had been covetous; he squandered with carelessness what had been amassed with painful economy. He lived only for his own pleasure, and sacrificed everything to his self gratification; he cared little for the welfare of his state and its inhabitants, and left all to the control of his ministers, who, taking advantage of his careless indifference, sought only the advancement of their own insatiable selfishness.

One day, as Mahadi was out hunting a gazelle, he outstripped his followers, and lost himself in a wilderness. Night drew on; he was hungry, thirsty, and tired after his long chase, and he had half made up his mind that he must pass the night on the bare ground under the blue vault of heaven, when suddenly he observed in the distance a solitary tent.

Mahadi gathered all his strength to reach the tent before it became quite dark. Its inhabitant, an old Arab, came out directly he beheld him, helped him to dismount from his horse, treated him, as is usual among Arabs, with the greatest hospitality, and inquired, in amazement, how he came into that wilderness.

The Caliph did not discover himself, but replied that he belonged to the followers of the Caliph, and had lost himself in the chase.

"How do you manage to live in this desert?" asked he of the old Arab.

"What you now see as a desert was not always so," answered he. "The whole of the surrounding country was inhabited by many Arab and Turkoman tribes, who made a good subsistence by traffic and agriculture, and willingly paid a large tribute to the Caliph."

"And why is it no longer so?" said Mahadi, with curiosity.

"It could not end otherwise," returned the Arab, with candour. "Almansor was a good prince; he reigned himself, and did not give the government of his faithful subjects into the hands of avaricious and deceitful governors, like our present Caliph, Mahadi. If the latter continue to interest himself thus little in the government, it will not be long ere there are more such deserts as this in his dominions."

Mahadi now, for the first time, heard a truth with which he certainly would not have become acquainted had he discovered himself to the Arab. The free open-heartedness of the old man did not offend him, but it awakened in him a determination to keep a sharper eye upon his deputies, and in future to interest himself more actively in the government.

The laws of Mahomet forbid the use of wine, and the Arab considered some time before he ventured to offer any to his guest. He did so at last, when he saw how sorely exhausted he was, and did not meet with a refusal. With warm hospitality he brought out a pitcher, and rejoiced that he had it in his power to refresh the stranger.

Mahadi took a good draught, and thereupon assured his kind host that he should not have reason to regret his friendly reception of him; he was, he said, one of the chief servants of the Caliph, and would not forget him.

The Arab rejoiced that he had the honour to entertain so noble a guest; he sought to gain his favour, and redoubled his attentions.

Mahadi drank once more of the wine, and found himself not only refreshed, but inspirited. After a third draught, "I must tell you," said he, quite confidentially, to his host, "that I am the favourite of the Caliph, and manage all his affairs; in return for your hospitality to me, he shall load you with beneficence."

The Arab reverentially kissed the seam of his guest's robe, and entreated him to command everything his home afforded, and not to spare the wine, if he found it to his taste.

By degrees Mahadi ceased to require pressing, and became quite merry and talkative. At last he took the old Arab's hand, and said, smiling: "My good friend, in wine is truth; your hospitality obliges me to confess it to you; I am the Caliph Mahadi himself, and as Caliph I confirm all the promises I have already made to you."

The Arab stared with open eyes at his guest; but, instead of falling reverently upon the ground, he silently took up the wine-cup, and went towards the door.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mahadi.

"To prevent your drinking more wine," quietly answered the Arab. "At the first draught you were a servant of the Caliph, at the third his favourite, and at the fifth or sixth you become the Caliph himself. I know not what to believe; but whoever you may be, I expect that by the eighth or ninth

draught you will declare yourself our great Prophet himself, which, of course, I could not believe. I will therefore take away the liquor which makes you so communicative."

The Arab went out, and did not return. After waiting a long time in vain, Mahadi wrapped himself in the rug which his worthy host had prepared for him, and soon fell asleep.

The next morning he mounted his horse, and took the Arab, who was yet in great doubt what to believe, with him as his guide.

When they came to Bagdad, however, all doubt was removed from the mind of the honest old man; he perceived that he had actually entertained the Caliph, who, on his part, fulfilled all his promises, loaded the Arab with presents, and, above all, placed in his hands a large sum to reinstate his tribes in their former dwelling-place, and to restore them to their original prosperity.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.¹

IT WAS a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he beside his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"That put the French to rout,
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim, then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head."

(1) See Illustration, p. 161.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a chilling mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like these, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And every body praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Southey.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

THE Envoy, or Elchee, as the Persians called him, had among other plans for doing good, one for the introduction of potatoes. Among those who listened to him, and applauded his disinterested intentions to benefit Persia, was a fat, smooth-faced young merchant, who obtained a promise of a considerable quantity of potatoes for seed, having, according to his own report, rented a large piece of ground, that he might be an humble instrument in the hands of the British representative, for doing good. The latter, pleased with his zeal, honoured this excellent man with such particular attention, that, conceiving himself a prime favourite, he ventured one day to suggest that, "as the season was too far advanced for the potato-garden that year, it would not be unworthy of the Elchee's wonted liberality to commute his intended present for a pair of pistols or a piece of British broadcloth." This premature discovery of the real object of this professed improver of the soil, produced no little ridicule, in which his countrymen, who were jealous of the favour he had enjoyed, joined most heartily. He was known to the day of his death, which happened three years ago, by the name of "Potatoes." It is satisfactory to add, that the plan for introducing this valuable root did not fail; they were found to flourish at Abusheher, where they are called "Malcolm's plum," after the Elchee, who looks to the accident which gave his name to a useful vegetable, as one of his best chances of enduring fame.—*Sketches of Persia.*

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 14d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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The Crew of the Terror building Snow Walls in a Gale of Wind.

See page 108 (June.)

ASTROLOGY AND ASTRONOMY.

WERE we asked to point out one sole subject indicative of the improvement in the public mind within a few years, we should at once refer to our Almanacks; not even have children's story-books undergone so great a revolution as these publications. Astrology has risen into astronomy; credulity and ignorance no longer dare to lay the fault of their evil doings upon circumstances which they can neither control nor understand. It is, however, a fact, that from the very earliest times the planets have been considered as in some mysterious manner concerned with the affairs of our world. Their ancient appellation in Hebrew, signifying "disposers," points to some such belief; probably their moving, their going to and fro, gave rise to this; so ancient is it, that one writer of great learning reads the 16th verse of 1st of Genesis, "He made the planets also." The wish to learn our future lot is natural to us all; it does not spring from mere curiosity, but from the yearning for

happiness, which, in a more lofty sense, gives us the assurance of a future state; the boundary between hope and credulity is a mere line, a shadow; we feel this every day of our lives; why then should we wonder that ignorant persons have sought to gratify their intense desire for a view of the hidden future by looking into those eyes of heaven, the stars? A certain quantity of credulity will always be afloat in the world; it may sometimes take one form, sometimes another; but it will always exist; and it is well that it should be so as evidence that the manufacture of wealth is not wholly engrossing, grinding, and corporalising. The enlightened classes may talk against the evils of ignorance;—truly they are many; but that superstition which calls Friday an unlucky day, and that credulity which believes in a horoscope, are not more utterly degrading to the soul than the seeking after gain; the referring of every virtue to the weight of the purse; the chicanery to obtain money; and the lending of every faculty to make the

most of it, which is the character of our present day. We hear much of the decline of the drama, and of the dearth of true poetry; these are but the features of the time; we might say, the reflux of the mighty wave of poets and dramatists who ornamented the reign of Anne and her successors, to the present time; the wave will return again, at its appointed period. Meanwhile, we are in a prosaic state, and much good do we reap thereby. A rage for rational information pervades all classes; and if the imagination be not encouraged to run riot in dreamy shades of unreal things, it is at least taught to dwell upon the works of those whose genius has stood the test of time and opinion.

We are not of the number of those who consider our forefathers as mere barbarians, because to them gas and steam were unknown, or at least untried, agents; they had wisdom in their day, and a true, manly-hearted wisdom it often was; but there are points and subjects which show our progression in intellect so strongly, that we may well be excused if we dwell upon them; and of these, as we have said, is the downfall of astrology. We still read, it is true, of credulous women being cheated out of their hard-earned money by the "cunning man," or perhaps woman; the farmer, intelligent upon all that regards soil, manure, and farming management, yet keeps the goat to avert evil from his sheep; the cottager will still seek a remedy for disease from one who rides a grey horse; but these instances are becoming every year more rare; credulity does not walk openfaced through the land, nor is it to be found reigning in high places, as of yore. But we are under considerable obligations to credulity; this semi-vice (for that can scarcely be termed a vice which is the involuntary result of ignorance) has led the way to many of our most brilliant and useful scientific discoveries; a strong mind escapes from its thralldom, and either attains the truth itself, or points the way for others to attain it. Thus has it been with astrology. Man first marked the great division of time by the sun; he then learned to understand the computation of months and weeks by the moon; and so on to his years and cycles. The influence of the sun and moon was obvious and marked, upon the great concerns of the globe; why not, then, believe that the lesser luminaries, the planets, whose ever changing position, whose "comings and goings" were concerned in the changes of seasons, why not believe that these beautiful orbs were commissioned to influence the destinies of man? It was a beautiful and a humble thought that the Infinite and Allpowerful had delegated to the "disposers" that influence over the personal interests of his creatures, the question concerning which has been disputed in all ages, and without a hope of satisfactory solution. It is in this view that we would look at astrology, not as a mere jugglery practised by the knave upon the dupe, (though to this it has too often led,) but as a consequence of certain qualities of the human mind, harmless, perhaps praiseworthy, but becoming rank from lack of cultivation, and thereby losing beauty and delicacy.

From what country we derive the rudiments of astronomical science has been a matter of dispute. It has been said that the knowledge of the ancient Bramins must have been perfected under a higher degree of latitude than that in which Benares now lies. However this may be, whether our present knowledge be a recurrence to that which has been buried by the sands of Tartary, or whether it be a gradual progression from the first point of inquiry, soon after or before the Deluge, it is certain that some knowledge of astronomy has existed from very early ages. We may not credit implicitly the report of Calisthenes; the marvel of that report rests upon other doubtful circumstances; but we know that the builders of the Pyramids were not mere ignorant pileers of stone upon stone, and the druidical wonders of Stonehenge show that Newton was not the originator of the cycle which bears his name. To what country are we now referred? To Chaldea!—to that order of philosophers who have left the trace of their name in every

region where learning and science have penetrated! We will not dwell upon them; their origin unknown—their office undefined—their language melted away—their spirit still lives in the labours of Newton, of Kepler, of Herschell, unprofaned by the gross delusions which clouded the discoveries of earlier investigators, even of Plato.

Modern Europe—(we have wrenched our thoughts from the East)—owes much gratitude to the unhappy Alphonso of Castile, surnamed the Wise, as one of the earliest efficient patrons of astronomy. In his reign the sages of Chaldea were naturalised in Spain, and the bond of science united strange races and conflicting creeds—the Goth and the Roman, the Jew and the Saracen—beneath the sway of the royal philosopher. By the command of Alphonso, Greek and Arabic works were revised and translated, giving a mighty impulse to the study of astronomy; and if, through a weakness not incompatible with a powerful but ignorant mind, the king indeed deserved the title of astrologer given to him by his enemies, it is not to these works that the blame must be ascribed. Astrology, though not discredited, was but a secondary object with the Arabian and Jewish mathematicians, for reasons founded upon their religious prejudices. The Jews, persecuted and dispersed, had not yet ventured to lift their hopes to a re-union in their promised kingdom; astrology offered no balm to the wounds of their national pride; the Promise which they had forfeited was built on surer grounds than the conjunction of planets or the calculations of cycles: the Mahometans needed not the aid of astrology to tell them of the increasing domination of their religion under the able successors of their prophet; the career of Mahomet had fulfilled the decree of destiny in their belief; but to Christians astrology offered much, and eagerly did they take the bait, as we shall notice presently. Many of the treatises brought forward by Alphonso have scarcely a symptom of the perversion of science; they contain useful knowledge, enabling the student to solve the practical problems of astronomy. The celebrated Alphonsine tables were the production of a combination of the most learned astronomers of the time, summoned from distant parts, and during five years employed in the work. After the tables were completed Alphonso dismissed the sages with handsome rewards and privileges. Misfortune came upon the royal astronomer; deposed, heart-broken, he yet, according to his own poem, derived some consolation from the reflection that,

"His tables had to foreign lands made known
His fame, more nobly than his sword or throne."

In the time of the Stuarts astrologers reaped a rich harvest of notoriety, and often of more substantial gains. The character of James I., that strange problem in kingly history, was well calculated to foster the occult science, even had the king himself not been a believer; and in the time of his misgoverned and misgoverning son, there was a feverish anticipation of change afloat in men's minds, which tended alike to sturdy action or to indolent credulity. The Memoirs of William Lilly show us the astrological secrets of the time, and make us acquainted with strange impostures. The actors were men of low station, ignorant and devoid of principle. Lilly himself was a spy under the Commonwealth, engaging "both body and soul in the cause of Parliament; but still with much affection unto his Majesty's person, and unto monarchy, which I loved and approved beyond any government whatever." The name of Dr. Simon Forman is notorious as connected with the history of the Countess of Essex. He practised medicine under a Leyden degree, without a license from the London College of Physicians, and hence became obnoxious to the faculty, who had him put in prison. Lilly says that Forman had "good success in resolving questions about marriage," a profitable branch of the profession we should imagine.

Various predictions have from time to time appeared in England, and that the appetite for them has not yet

yielded to the influence of the "schoolmaster," was evidenced by the late alarm respecting the threatened earthquake. We think that so bold and intelligible a prophecy will not again be ventured, and as certainly not believed, if ventured.

We purpose to notice the subject of Alchemy, at a future time, and close these remarks with some lines of pretended prophecy by Sir Thomas Brown; the tenth line, perhaps to the author one of the most improbable, is now fulfilled by the English—Tartars, in as far as they are Celts—subduing the Chinese. The prophecy respecting Venice also is fulfilled, by the operations of nature, aided by human circumstances. The lines deserve attentive consideration.

"When New England shall trouble New Spain;
When Jamaica shall be Lady of the isles and the main;
When Spain shall be in America hid,
And Mexico prove another Madrid;
When Mahomet's ships on the Baltic shall ride,
And Turks shall labour to have ports on that side;
When Africa shall no more sell out her blacks,
To make slaves and drudges to the American tracks;
When Batavia the old shall be subdued by the new;
When a new drove of Tartars shall China subdue;
When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
When the new world shall the old invade,
Nor count them their lords, but their fellows in trade;
When men shall almost pass to Venice by land,
Not in deep water, but from sand to sand;
When Nova Zembla shall be no stay,
Unto them who pass to or from Cathay;—
Then think strange things are come to light,
Whereof but few have had a foresight."

F. C. B.

SHOPPING.

A TALE.

"I won't take any this morning, thank you," said a pretty girl, laying down the rich silk at which she had just been looking, and which, with lace, gloves, and other things, lay upon the counter of a linen-draper's shop.

So the lady went out again, and not alone, for a youth of about her own age, and much resembling her, followed her; they walked arm in arm along the crowded street, and a conversation ensued.

"Surely, my dear sister, you did not think of what you were doing: we were in that shop an hour at least, and I don't know how many things you looked at and handled—had we not better go back and purchase something?"

"Ridiculous, Charles. I did not intend to buy anything to day, but I wanted just to see the things, for Miss Poulter told me they had the most delicate French silks she had ever seen. I cannot afford to purchase one just now, and papa, you know, is so particular, that I dare not have it on credit, else I should much like it; that rose-pink would suit my complexion so well, and positively I have nothing now fit to wear. O, how I should like to wear that pink silk at Jane Edwards' wedding breakfast, with some jessamine in my hair—but I can't afford it, and so must not think of it."

From the reiteration of "I can't afford it," and "I have nothing fit to wear," persons unversed in ladies' wardrobes might conclude that the speaker was in very moderate circumstances, and that her stock of garments was poor; such, however, was not the case, and her costume this morning prevented such a supposition.

The young man who had been unfolding the coveted

silks, wearily began to fold them up, and replace them; as he passed up the shop for this purpose, he was stopped by a superior.

"Did you sell nothing to that lady, Graham?"

"Nothing, sir, she would not buy."

"Very well, this is the third time that has happened this morning; indeed, you seem peculiarly unhandy: if it occur again, I shall report you."

The shopman went to his accustomed place, and sighed heavily. "This situation," said he, "is my only hope of subsistence; I am very unfortunate."

Many persons presented themselves soon, for it was a fine day, and he somewhat retrieved his reputation; indeed, he had every incentive to try, for he had a mother, and a sister just growing out of her girlhood, almost entirely dependent on him for support.

By and by the gas was lighted, and its effects were speedily visible on the row of pale faces behind the counter; in some it seemed to drive their heart's blood farther from their cheeks, while to others it was inspiration. Then the eyes were bright, and the cheeks glowed with excitement. At last it was time to leave off business—late enough it came—but it was there at last, and the shutters were put up; when the "clearing away" had been duly performed, all the young men (with the exception of two or three who had to unpack new arrivals of goods) betook themselves to their recreations. The more animal to sleep, and the rest to the most palatable amusements they could find.

We will glance into a well-furnished sitting-room in this house, where sit two gentlemen smoking together; they were the partners in this house of business.

"I wish those fellows would attend to their own business, that's all; what right have they to interfere with us! I suppose I may keep my shutters down as long as I choose, may I not? Where's the freedom of Englishmen, if I'm obliged to shut up at an early hour to oblige a set of fellows who know nothing about my affairs, and who agitate disturbances between my servants and myself? eh! Johnson!"

This was said by the more elderly of the two, a hard-featured grey-haired man, whose eyes betrayed a disposition to cunning.

His young co-partner replied, "Why, you see, sir, they say, where's the freedom of Englishmen if you be allowed to persist in not shutting up earlier?"

"I hear," said Mr. Smith, not deigning to take the slightest notice of the interruption, "that there's secretly a movement among our people in favour of this: is it so? you are more with them than I."

"Well, I think there is; that is, they have had a meeting among themselves, and Graham was in the chair: that is a guarantee for the good conduct of those engaged in it, I think."

"How inconsistent! the thing proves itself; if they worked too hard, how could they sit up ever so long to hold a meeting, I should like to know? Graham in the chair, too—just look after Graham, then, and see how he does his duty, will you? I saw Vincent stop him this morning, and say something angrily, but I don't know what; so just be careful, and do as I ask—good evening."

Mr. Smith lived out of town, and did not generally stay till this hour, but having some business with his partner, he was obliged to take this, the only opportunity, for a private interview.

Mr. Johnson had not long been a partner in the

house, and he had yet a vivid remembrance of his own hardships; still too he longed for leisure to read, so he secretly favoured the movement among the young men, but, in consequence of his subordinate situation, thought it prudent, at least for the present, to conceal his sentiments on the subject. He was very tired, though his duties were lighter, and his hour of beginning later than those of the inferiors; he threw himself on a couch by the fireside, and shut his eyes; insensibly he fell asleep, and was awakened by a dream in which he distinctly heard his partner resolve never to shut up at all; a position less dreadful would not probably have broken his slumbers, but he merely awoke to resume them, for he retired directly.

Poor Graham sat up late into the night writing to his mother and sister; his heart was full enough, yet he was a long time filling his paper, and, when he had done, he said to himself, "There's an air of restraint in it I don't like, but I cannot tell her the whole truth, and say I feel ill, and am getting less strong every day; no, no, that would break her heart and poor Anne's too, so it must go, I suppose." Having sealed his letter, he was soon asleep with the rest, and had dreams of his sunny country home, his gentle mother and beautiful sister; dreams of his father's grave, and the many peaceful evenings he had spent tending the flowers on it; dreams which were of heaven no doubt, and sent in mercy to his pillow.

His mother and sister were sitting together by the fire, and Anne had the letter to which we have alluded in her hand; she was a beautiful girl, perfectly pale, like a statue of Parian marble; her black hair was simply parted on her forehead, whence it fell all around her shoulders in natural curls; a touch of melancholy was on her features, and there was a gentle sadness in her voice. Poor child, her father had been dead long years, she had seen her widowed mother pressed hard by the grim hand of poverty and disease—no wonder she had a sadness on her lip and in her eye. She was poorly dressed, and so was her mother, but both were neat.

"Dear mother, put the work by, while I read John's letter; you will enjoy it so much more if you do; now let me persuade you."

"Indeed, my child," said her mother, with her fingers moving like a lightning flash, "I must not, I have to finish this work to-night."

But the widow was presently compelled to put it down, by a suppressed scream from Anne, who had fallen back in her chair, fainting.

When she at last recovered, she sobbed out, "O mother, I can bear anything but this bitter struggling for bread; let us live in the green fields where there is no work to do. I cannot see your face grow paler and paler with sitting to work, while God has scattered the means by which health may be attained so thickly around us. I have thought much about it, and something must be done; dear mother," continued Anne, a sudden idea flushing her beautiful and excited features, only to leave them the paler. "Could I not earn more in London by my work than here; and then, perhaps—O, if I could hope that, it would be the happiest thing in the world—perhaps you need not work at all, mother."

The weeping mother kissed her child, and, having persuaded her to go to rest at once, sat down by her bedside, and read John's hopeful letter. For this indulgence the poor woe-worn widow paid by sitting up late into the morning to complete her task.

At last she lay down by her child, and slept in peace. Vivid memories of her early and happy married life wreathed her pale lips in a gladder smile than they

ever gave waking. O sleep! thou death of woe and life of joy! how art thou courted by the poor and wretched! thou weighest down the eyelids fevered with tears, and seemingly so restless; thou stillest the palpitating heart, banishest the sighing of the sad, and gildest even the brow of health with a lovelier beauty. So this couple might have felt—this mother and her child. Anne's dark hair strayed over her white pillow, her cheek was flushed with sleep; well might her mother, gazing on her in the pale moonlight, ejaculate, "angel of beauty," and clasp her yet more fondly than before.

A very different scene awaits us now. In a morning room splendidly furnished sat the young lady with whose appearance my tale opens, her brother, and father. She sat in the shadow of the rose-coloured curtains, and certainly had made no mistake when she said that colour suited her complexion. The morning sun cast the rich hue of the damask on her face. She was dressed in simple white, with a bouquet of violets in her bosom, and was making breakfast. The table was elegantly laid out, yet with no vulgar superfluity. There was no lack of conversation, for all three had lively spirits, and the young lady's ethereal temperament must have gladdened a stoic.

"Dear papa, was it not a pleasant party last night," said she, "and don't you think Jane Edwards' lover a very handsome young man?"

"His forehead is too low, and his hair scarcely dark enough," interrupted her brother.

"Be silent, Charles, I beg. I am well aware that it is an impossibility for one gentleman to hear another praised without making an objection; let your's be mute dissent now. Don't you agree with me, papa?"

"My dear Adelaide," said Dr. Leeson, "you lay down an invariable rule of conduct for gentlemen, and immediately ask me to transgress it—scarcely complimentary, my love."

"I should have said *young* gentlemen perhaps," answered she; "now, papa?"

"Well, Adelaide, he is very goodlooking; and what is of infinitely greater importance, his character is truly admirable."

"Perhaps," continued the young lady, "you think his brother handsomer than himself."

"Certainly, Adelaide, you are the best judge there," said Dr. Leeson, "you had him all to yourself the greater part of the evening."

"O papa, that is too bad—I did not indeed—how very odd to say that."

"Odd or not, I maintain papa is correct, Miss Adelaide," said Charles, playfully; "it was just as it happened at Mrs. Cecil's the other evening. Come, papa, it is time we were leaving, it is nearly nine."

After an affectionate adieu, though they were to meet again to dine at five, Dr. Leeson and his son went to their professional duties, and Adelaide was alone. She was surrounded with every element of happiness, and hers was a nature to apply them to the benefit of herself and others. To please Charles, whose pet study was painting, she went on with a group of flowers she had begun for him. For her father she practised his favourite songs, and she went from one light employment to another, with the gaiety of a spring-bird. Presently a friend sent her some flowers, and she replenished the vases on the mantle-piece—an employment she never allowed any one to usurp. She was just putting the last rose into a beautiful porcelain ornament, when a servant announced Captain Mortlake. He came from Miss Edwards, to bring with her love a pledge of friendship. This "pledge of friendship" created no small embarrassment between the two young people, when it was taken out of the paper in which it had been sealed up.—Attached to a delicate gold chain was a miniature portrait of the Captain himself! He was brother to Jane Edwards' intended husband, and the handsome gentleman who had engrossed the conversation of breakfasttime.

"How mischievous Jane is!" said the young man blushing; "I wondered why she borrowed the original miniature from my brother, but now I see. The chain she bought in Venice when we were there last May: is it not delicate?"

"Beautiful! How very fine the work is! the Venetian chains are celebrated for their beauty, I know. I am sure the report does not exceed the reality."

The Captain, being very much embarrassed, took pity on Adelaide who was not less so, in consequence of the strange present of which he had been the unconscious bearer, and soon took his leave.

After he went, Adelaide sat some time with the beautiful little painting in her hand. How noble were those features, and how pure and good the expression! It was set in pearls, but really the jewels added nothing to the value of it in her eyes. She began to think that perhaps she had a little, only a little, prepossession in his favour. She replaced the portrait in its velvet case, and took it up stairs to put it away among her treasures; she should never wear it of course, that would not do; but she was glad to have a vivid representation of those noble features perpetually at her command. Many a time that day was one drawer opened. She loved the original better every time she gazed on the representation, and thanked Jane in her heart, though she resolved to scold her openly, for sending her such a thing. The Captain was more candid about it, and thanked his sister-in-law elect for the kindness she had shown in becoming thus his pioneer with Adelaide; but playfully reproved her for the love of mischief she displayed in making him the bearer of his own portrait to a lady he had only seen half a dozen times in his life.

The next day, Jane and her betrothed being very busy about their house, furnishing, &c., the Captain resolved to devote his morning to the fair lady who had made a deep impression on his heart; he arrived just as her brother and papa had left. She was alone, simply dressed as on the preceding day, but with one white rose in her beautiful black hair. She was folding up the newspaper to put it away till papa's return, when the name of Captain Mortlake caught her eyes; it was prefixed to a speech of considerable length on the subject of unnecessarily late hours of business. She sat down to peruse it, and as she read how shamelessly ladies waste the time of the shopmen in haberdashers' establishments, Captain Mortlake entered, and she was surprised with the blush of conviction on her cheek. She hastily laid down the paper and welcomed him, and though his quick eye had caught sight of what she had been perusing, he said nothing about it. But Adelaide could not help turning the conversation on that subject. "Do you really believe, Captain Mortlake, that these young men are overtasked? it seems such an easy employment for a man to stand still all day and handle silks and ribbons."

"It seems easy," said the Captain, "to ladies who do not know how hard work it is; but there is no position which becomes painful sooner than standing, and it is really unnecessary that persons should purchase, things of this kind at any rate, at such late hours as we find they do."

He spoke with some warmth, and Adelaide said, "But I never go shopping in the evening, and therefore am not implicated in the censure implied by your observations."

"No one," replied the Captain with unaffected emotion, "who knows Miss Leeson suspects her of any thing ungenerous, and none can admire, more than I, the admirable precision with which she performs those household duties which unhappily devolve upon her. Not that I view the management and direction of an establishment as unpleasant to any right-minded lady, but you have them to perform sooner than the ordinary course of nature would have led us to expect."

"Pray say no more," said Adelaide, her eyes filling with tears at the remembrance of her mother. "Now tell me in what possible way I can be implicated?"

"Since you insist on knowing, I will say that you leave your servants, perhaps, no opportunity of purchasing what they require," replied he, "but a few minutes late at night, and this is one cause of the continuance of the evil, after all has been said, and done, and written against it; and you may inconsiderately sometimes give a great deal of trouble yourself, and then come away without purchasing." Captain Mortlake blushed deeply as he said this, for he would have done any thing except conceal or disguise his principles, rather than give pain to Adelaide. She was a kind-hearted girl, but she did not relish this reproof, mild as it was, and so she set herself in array against the principles advocated by her admirer.

"Well, Captain Mortlake, after all, I do not see that drapers' shopmen work harder than other tradespeople; as to late hours the people can shut up when they like. I think it ridiculous to interfere."

Captain Mortlake resumed, "There is some excuse for people to keep late hours when they sell provisions and such necessary things, but I think not the shadow of a shade, for linen-draperies. But as I despair of persuading you by this kind of argument—consider what a boon it would be to those young men, to have an hour or two of an evening to spend at books. Think too, that at least some of them will one day be rich and influential men."

"And then," interrupted Adelaide, laughing, "having had the advantage of experimental knowledge of the system you condemn, they will be better men for you. Now let us say no more about this nonsense."

"Very well, Miss Leeson, then I will bid you good morning."

"Good morning."

There he stood again on the steps of the house which contained all that was dearest and fairest to him in life. He had determined to spend three long hours with her, and to endeavour to make her discover something of his love; but now he was farther than ever from this. He walked on with his eyes on the ground, wondering whether he might not have said what he had said in a gentler way, but, to his honour be it recorded, never regretting that he had avowed his opinions, although, perhaps, he felt sorry that he had so suddenly taken his leave. He had the uncomfortable feeling of having lost something valuable, but what, he could not tell. At last he reached home, (he lodged with his brother in a pleasant house in Clapham;) and then sat down, leaned his arms upon the table, and bent down his fine head upon them for very desolateness. To his jaundiced mind his brother's happiness appeared selfish, thoroughly selfish. He sat for hours, and then suddenly got up to prepare a speech for a meeting which was to take place that evening, in defence of the principles so ridiculed by Adelaide. Would it have been strange if he, a young man of birth and wealth, had in such circumstances turned his back on his toiling brethren, and been happy in the love of Adelaide? If such a thought glanced across his mind he banished it directly; and those who heard him speak that evening sympathised with his supposed ill-health, when he rose with a pale cheek and agitated features. But they felt their heart's blood grow warmer, and more capable of brotherly love, as the speaker poured lavishly before them the treasures of his rich mind, and cultivated imagination.

Well earned were the ringing cheers that made the roof of their place of meeting echo—hardly earned, for the heart within the orator reproached the boldness of his tongue, and vainly tried to restrain it by fears of losing the love of the beautiful Adelaide. After he had finished he left the meeting, and sunk again into his desponding posture of the morning.

Adelaide felt guilty after Captain Mortlake left her. She knew she had done wrong in answering flippantly about a practice, which, whether good or bad, was of considerable importance to hundreds of her fellow-creatures. She called up her lover's look of reproach, his gentle manner, and hurriedly ran up stairs. Having taken

the miniature out of its case, she sat with it in her hand wondering how she had had the heart to cause a shadow of pain to dim the lustre of that good-tempered face. But she had a habit which is not uncommon, of being averse to own herself in the wrong; yet, after a time, softer thoughts came, and when she considered how necessary to her happiness it was that Reginald should love her, she felt ready to throw herself at his feet and own her error. She had no opportunity of doing this—she had sent him away. Oh if he had stayed for a few minutes longer than he did. She fluctuated between pride and penitence till the evening, and appeared then with a heated cheek and a throbbing heart, ill concealed or eclipsed by the gorgeous dress she wore, and in which she was escorted by her brother to a dinner party. She felt that inability to bear inactivity, which is often the concomitant of strong mental excitement. When was her laugh so clear, though there was something of an unusual wildness in it now? When had she looked so inspired as when she conversed with the young poet next her, just watching the dawning of his fame? She advanced the most extravagant opinions, and supported them with an aptness of quotation which delighted, while it surprised her companion. The brilliant lights, the fascination of being the cynosure of all eyes, the excitement of her mind, all prompted her to an unnatural exertion of strength. Among other subjects of conversation, that of the morning was brought on the tapis, and with a severity of contempt hitherto concealed even from herself, she condemned the efforts which were being made. Her brother was astonished; he knew there were depths in his sister's character he had never fathomed, but he was not prepared for this. What had excited her? what gave the piquant to her conversation in such abundance?

Poor Adelaide! she was trying to forget herself; as if the most brilliant sallies of wit could make her forget that fluttering heart! When she reached home, and sat in her bed-room, by one lamp, alone, and worn out by her excitement, she felt how unavailing had been all her efforts to be happy. Taking from her person the glittering gems she wore, as she proceeded to replace them by the rest of her jewels, the portrait-case caught her eye; again was it opened, she threw the chain round her neck, as though that really brought her lover nearer; and merely removing her heavy velvet dress, lay down exhausted, and, with the portrait in her hand, fell into an uneasy slumber.

It is time to turn our attention again to the Grahams. The next morning, after Anne's out-burst of grief, a letter was written congratulating John on his prospects, poor as they were, and asking him to get an engagement for his sister with some dress-maker, as she much wished to be earning more than she was getting in the country. "It will be a heavy grief," concluded the poor widow's letter, "to be alone here, and to have my two children separate from me, and from each other. But it is all arranged for the best, and we have hitherto been mercifully supported, and must not murmur at whatever Providence may lay upon us." John looked out for an advertisement next day, and found one which he thought would suit. He answered it, and Anne was directed to come to London with all speed.

She answered joyfully, (for to her untutored imagination, the future of her life in London was an *El Dorado* of riches), and told her brother she would come up by the stage the next Thursday. Her brother stole out after business hours, and engaged a small, but neat lodging for her; though it may be conjectured that at that time of night he had a difficulty in meeting with a respectable one; but he succeeded at last, and with a generosity which almost exhausted his funds, he paid a month's rent in advance, and directed the mistress of the house to furnish the little cup-board by the fire-place with tea, sugar, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

PERHAPS there never was a time in which public interest and attention were more strongly attracted towards Ireland than the present. To provide for the wants of the necessitous peasantry, and to make amends for the failure of their most important crop, is the difficult task imposed upon our rulers; while the education of the ignorant, and the employment of large masses of the people on public works of utility, are likewise receiving that share of attention which their importance demands.

There is also, in this country, a wide-spread feeling of kindness and sympathy towards the warm-hearted inhabitants of our sister island, and many a heart is moved with compassion at their present sufferings, and at the bondage (though a willing one) in which they are held. Does it ever occur to such that there lies within their own power an extensive means of usefulness to the Irish, and a far more effectual one than the mere giving of alms could supply? The means we allude to are simply the cultivation of a more friendly intercourse with the people, and the turning towards their beautiful isle, a portion of that stream of eager tourists which annually sets in towards the shores of the Rhine and the Seine.

"Impossible!" we seem to hear our reader say; "absolutely impossible, while Ireland is in its present unsettled state, and while the public prints are teeming with accounts of Irish massacres." These certainly would appear, at first sight, good reasons for declining a tour in Ireland; but when we inquire fully into the matter, it becomes evident that the deep-rooted hatred and revenge which prompt the Irish murders, can have no place towards the summer tourist, and are never found to be exercised without a keen sense of wrong. Let any one who doubts the fidelity of the Irish, or fears to trust his person in their power, read Mr. and Mrs. Hall's works, illustrative of the Irish character; and if, moreover, he entertain a doubt as to the interest and desirableness of exchanging a foreign trip for one to the Emerald Isle, let him peruse "A Week at Killarney," by the same pleasing writers, or let him, at any rate, contemplate the sketch we here offer him from that source.

As there can be no pleasure in travelling without a sense of security, let us, before we set out, endeavour to still the fears of those who, "in utter ignorance of the country and the people, have formed unaccountably erroneous opinions on the subject."

"For ourselves," say the authors, "we never hesitated to make journeys at all hours of the day or night, upon ordinary jaunting-cars, under the full conviction that we were as safe as we should have been between Kensington and Hyde Park. It is not enough to say that we never encountered insult or injury; we never met with the smallest interruption, incivility, or even discourtesy, that could induce a suspicion that wrong or rudeness was intended. During our various wanderings we have been located at all sorts of 'houses of entertainment,' from the stately hotel of the city, to the poor 'cabaret' of a mountain village; we never lost the value of a shilling by misconduct on the part of those to whom our property was entrusted. We should, indeed, ill discharge our duty if we did not testify, as strongly as language enables us to do, to the generosity and honesty of the Irish character."

With this ample praise of the people, let us follow the steps of the tourists through the country, until we arrive at the charming scenes presented by the Lakes of Killarney. So great have been the achievements

(1) A Week at Killarney, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Jeremiah How. 1843.

of steam within the last few years, that those scenes are now within thirty-six hours' journey of London; so that in that short period "a denizen of the British metropolis may have exchanged the close atmosphere of a great city for the pure air of lake and mountain, and the endless pile of brick for scenery unsurpassed in natural loveliness."

By the usual route the journey is performed by railway to Bristol in four hours, thence by steamboat to Cork in about twenty-four, and afterwards by the usual conveyances to Killarney in eight hours. Instead of the miserable accommodation of the old sailing packets, and the weariness, danger, and expense, of a long voyage, the visitor to Ireland can now make it a delightful pleasure trip, promising advantages and enjoyments fully equal to those of many a more extended tour.

The first object of interest is Cork harbour, gloomy and forbidding at a distance, with its bold and fortified headlands; but spreading out, as you approach, into a noble expanse of sea, whose glittering billows wash the shores of several small islands, which give variety to the scene. This harbour is one of the safest and most beautiful in the kingdom, and is said to be large enough to contain the whole British navy. The town of Cove, fronting the mouth of the harbour, rises from the water's edge, terrace above terrace, and the shore is on all sides covered with villas, surrounded by majestic and graceful trees.

Passing the islands, and proceeding up the beautiful river Lee, various objects of interest are pointed out, and the banks are pleasingly diversified the whole distance, which, reckoning from the mouth of the harbour to the quay at Cork, is about twelve miles. "As we proceed along, the land seems always around us; the river, in its perpetual changes, appears a series of lakes, from which there is no passage, except over one of the encompassing hills. These hills are clad from the summit to the water's edge with every variety of foliage; graceful villas and ornamental cottages are scattered among them in profusion, and here and there some ancient ruin recalls a story of the past."

This delightful voyage ends in a disembarkation at the busy and prosperous city of Cork. Here we must not detain our reader except to notice one of the neighbouring localities, the village of Blarney, situated about four miles to the north-west of Cork. The romantic ruins of Blarney Castle, beautiful as they are, have contributed far less to the fame of this spot, than one particular stone, lying among them, and said to possess most remarkable qualities. "When, or how the stone obtained its singular reputation it is difficult to determine: the exact position, among the ruins of the castle, is also a matter of doubt. The peasant-guides humour the visitor according to his capacity for climbing, and direct either to the summit or the base, the attention of him who desires to 'greet it with a holy kiss.' He who has been dipped in the Shannon is presumed to have obtained in abundance the gift of that cool courage which makes an Irishman at ease, and unconstrained in all places and under all circumstances, and he who has kissed the Blarney stone is assumed to be endowed with a fluent and persuasive tongue, although it may be associated with insincerity, the term 'blarney' being generally used to characterise words that are meant neither to be honest nor true."

There are several routes from Cork to Killarney, the shortest not being the most picturesque. The modes of travelling are in some cases peculiar to the country. Post-chaises and stage-coaches are, indeed, to be met with, but these have been nearly displaced by public cars. The Irish cars are of three kinds—"the covered car," "the inside jaunting car," and "the outside jaunting car;" the last being the most common. It is a light and convenient carriage, from which it is easy to alight without stopping. It is driven with a single horse, the driver occupying a small seat in front, and the pas-

sengers sitting back to back along the sides. The foot boards are of iron, and are made with hinges, so that they may be turned up to protect the cushions during rain. Private cars of this description are neatly and even elegantly made, but those which are hired are often badly built and uncomfortable. Since 1815 public cars of a very convenient kind have been established in Ireland. These are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons, and are generally driven with three horses, at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour. They are the successful result of an experiment made by Mr. Bianconi, a native of Milan. When he started his first car, from Clonmel to Cahir, he was frequently for whole weeks without a passenger; while at the present time his cars are to be seen in every district of the south of Ireland. His stud consists of thirteen hundred horses; and his cars travel daily nearly four thousand miles, visiting one hundred and twenty-eight cities and towns. The fare for each person averages about two-pence per mile. "It would be difficult for a stranger to conceive the immense influence which this establishment has had upon the character and condition of the country; its introduction, indeed, has been only second to that of steam in promoting the improvement of Ireland, by facilitating intercourse between remote districts, and enabling the farmer to transact his own business at a small expense, and with little sacrifice of time." These vehicles are open, but large leather aprons in some degree protect the traveller; while the steadiness of the drivers and excellence of the horses further promote his comfort.

The most picturesque road from Cork to Killarney is that along which we now invite the reader. For some miles the tourist keeps on elevated ground south of the Lee, and in his way toward the town and castle of Macroom sees many beautiful villas and venerable time-worn castles. After passing Macroom, and a village called Inchageela, or the Island of the Hostage, the road becomes wild and rugged, huge rocks overhang it, and above these tower hills and mountains covered with heath and furze, and other plants that love an arid soil. Here the Lee widens into a sheet of water, forming the picturesque Lough Allua, and along its northern margin the road winds for about three miles, becoming more and more solitary as it leads towards the source of the river, which takes its rise in a singularly romantic lake called Gougane Barra. The car stops at two miles distance from this lake, in order that the travellers may proceed on foot over a road that is scarcely passable for ordinary vehicles. "A sudden turning in the road brings him within view, and almost over the lake of Gougane Barra. A scene of more utter loneliness, stern grandeur, or savage magnificence, it is difficult to conceive; redeemed, however, as all things savage are, by one passage of gentle and inviting beauty, upon which the eye turns as to a spring-well in the desert—the little island, with its group of graceful ash-trees and ruined chapel. Down from the surrounding mountains rush numerous streams, tributaries to the lake, that collects and sends them forth in a bountiful river—for here the Lee has its source—until they form the noble harbour of Cork, and lose themselves in the broad Atlantic. In summer these streams are gentle rills, but in winter foaming cataracts; rushing over ridges of projecting rocks, and baring them even of the lichen that strives to cling to their sides."

The little island above-named is classed among the "holiest" places in Ireland, for on it stands the hermitage of St. Fin Bar, who is said to have lived there previous to his founding the Cathedral of Cork. The numerous superstitions connected with this saint are in a great measure dying away, but still there are annual arrivals of pilgrims who confidently expect to be healed of all their diseases by visiting this spot, and bathing in the consecrated waters of the holy well. The romantic grandeur of the whole scene inspired the following lines, written by a native of Cork, and forming part of a longer composition on the same subject:—

"There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where All of songs rushes forth like an arrow ;
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild-ash ; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child that sud monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

"And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all brightening
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullac the eagles are screaming ;
Oh where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island ?"

On resuming the journey, the traveller enters the pass of Keim-an eigh, where the mountain, divided by some convulsion of nature, leaves a narrow path, nearly two miles in length, overhung on either side by perpendicular masses clothed in wild ivy and underwood. This wild scene was a place of rendezvous for the Rockites in the disturbances of 1822. Several hundreds of the peasantry were sworn to obey a mysterious Captain Rock, and in this place they formed their plans, and sent out detachments demanding money and arms of the neighbouring gentry. From this pass to Bantry the road is still wild, and the land little cultivated. The bay of Bantry, "unsurpassed by any harbour in the kingdom for natural beauties, combined with natural advantages," is the next great object of interest. Near it the road is one continued line of beauty, of which the fine expanse of water dotted with green islands, the well-wooded plantations of the Earl of Bantry, and the Killarney mountains, form the principal features.

The lover of the picturesque takes his road hence by way of Glengarriff, the beauties of which spot appear greatly to have delighted Mr. and Mrs. Hall. They say, "Language utterly fails to convey even a limited idea of the exceeding beauty of Glengarriff—the rough glen"—which merits to the full the enthusiastic praise that has been lavished upon it by every traveller by whom it has been visited. It is a deep Alpine valley, enclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing loveliness—endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water ; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character ; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands,—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to receive the aspect of a serene lake. The artist cannot do it justice ; and the pen must be laid aside in despair ! Our memories, indeed, recall every portion of the magic spot, but only to convince us how weak and inefficient must be our efforts to describe it."

The best view of the scenery is obtained from the top of the Sugar-loaf mountain, which, after some hard climbing, our tourists reached, and where they met with an interesting incident. A lad, whose appearance scarcely differed from that of other young goatherds, was shouting and clapping his hands, as if in delight at the scene. "His sun-burnt limbs were bare below the knees ; but his long brown hair had been cared for, and flowed beneath a wide leafed hat, that was garnished not ungracefully by a couple of wreaths of spreading fern. His garments were in sufficient disorder to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of the picturesque ; and although we called to him repeatedly, it was not until a sudden diffusion of cloud had interfered between him and the sunset, that he noticed us in the least. Indeed, it was evident he would not have done so at all, but for the unexpected appearance of another child of the mist, in the person of a little bright-eyed girl, literally one

mass of tatters, who sprang to where the boy stood, and seizing his hand, pointed silently to us. He descended immediately, followed by the girl, and after removing his hat stood by the side of our carriage, into which he peered with genuine Irish curiosity." On inquiry, it proved that the poor lad was deaf and dumb ; but he soon manifested intense interest in one of the objects contained in the carriage. This was a small black portfolio, at sight of which "he leaped, and clapped his hands, making us understand he wanted to inspect it. His little companion had evidently some idea that this was an intrusion, and intimated so to the boy ; but he pushed her from him, determined to have his own way. Nothing could exceed his delight when turning over a few sketches and some engravings. He gave us clearly to understand that he comprehended their intent—looking from our puny outlines to the magnificent mountains by which we were surrounded, and smiling thereat in a way that our self-love could not construe into a compliment.

"While he was thus occupied, his little companion, struck by some sudden thought, bounded up the almost perpendicular mountain with the grace and agility of a true-born Kerry maiden, until she disappeared ; but she soon returned, springing from rock to rock, and holding the remnants of her tattered apron together with evident care. When she descended, she displayed its contents, which interested us greatly ; for they were her brother's sketches, five or six in number, made on the torn leaves of an old copy-book in pale ink, or with a still paler pencil. Two were tinged with colour extracted from plants which grew upon the mountain ; and though rude, they bore evidence of talent. The lad could have had no instruction ; the copy-book was the property of his eldest brother, and he had abducted the leaves to record upon them his silent observations of the magnificence of nature, whose power had elevated and instructed his mind."

The poor boy at length turned from the portfolio with a sigh, and on looking at his own sketches, a momentary appearance of triumph was soon exchanged for that of disappointment. He burst into tears, being evidently struck with the inferiority of his own performances, when compared with the contents of the travellers' portfolio. They did what they could to console him, by presenting him with pencils, paper, and a few engravings : and no doubt this gift has been a source of happiness to him ever since.

The remainder of the route to Killarney is through Kenmare, where guides may be obtained to the Lakes. There is nothing in this part of the journey which need detain us, until we arrive at the grand scene of attraction, and this we shall reserve for a second notice.

ELLISE.¹

MR. NEIGHBOUR now took a piece of tinder in his mouth, and stepped on before the ladies, that he might lighten the way for them, and as he came to the place where the dead bird lay, he struck with his snout on the ground, so that the earth rolled away, and a large opening appeared, through which the daylight shone in. And now, Ellise could see the dead bird quite well,—it was a swallow. The pretty wings were pressed against the body, and the feet and head covered over by the feathers. "The poor bird has died of cold," said Ellise, and it grieved her very much for the dear little animal, for she was very fond of birds, for they sang to her all through the summer. But the mole kicked him with his foot and said, "The fine fellow has done with his twittering now ! It must indeed be dreadful to be born a bird ! Heaven be praised

(1) Concluded from page 159.

that none of my children have turned out birds! Stupid things! they have nothing in the wide world but their quivit, and when the winter comes, die they must!"

"Yes," returned the field-mouse, "you, a thoughtful and reflecting man, may well say that! What indeed has a bird beyond its twitter when the winter comes? he must perforce hunger and freeze!"

Ellise was silent; but, when the others had turned their backs upon the bird, she raised up its feathers gently, and kissed its closed eyes.

"Perhaps it was you," she said softly, "who sang me such beautiful songs! How often you have made me happy and merry, you dear bird!"

And now the mole stopped up the opening again, through which the daylight fell, and then accompanied the young ladies home. But Ellise could not sleep the whole night long. She got up therefore, wove a covering of hay, carried it away to the dead bird, and covered him with it on all sides, in order that he might rest warmer upon the cold ground. "Farewell, you sweet pretty little bird!" said she. "Farewell! and let me thank you a thousand times for your friendly song this summer, when the trees were all green, and the sun shone down so warm upon us all!" And therewith she laid her little head on the bird's breast, but started back, for it seemed to her as if something moved within. It was the bird's heart; he was not dead, but benumbed, and now he came again to life as the warmth penetrated to him.

In the autumn, the swallows fly away to warmer countries; and when a weak one is among them, and the cold freezes him, he falls upon the ground, and lies there as if dead, until the cold snow covers him.

Ellise was frightened at first, when the bird raised itself, for to her he was a great big giant, but she soon collected herself again, pressed the hay covering close round the exhausted little animal, and then went to fetch the curled mint leaves which served for her own covering, that she might lay it over his head.

The following night she slipped away to the bird again, whom she found now quite revived, but yet so very weak, that he could only open his eyes now and then, to look at Ellise, who lighted up his face with a little piece of tinder.

"I thank you a thousand times, you lovely little child," said the sick swallow, "I am now so thoroughly warmed through, that I shall soon gain my strength again, and shall be able to fly out in the warm sunshine."

"Oh! it is a great deal too cold out there," returned Ellise, "it snows and freezes so hard! only just stay now in your warm bed, and I will take such care of you!"

She brought the bird some water to drink out of a leaf, and then he related to her, how he had so hurt his wing against a thorny bush that he could not fly away to the warm countries with his comrades, and at last had fallen exhausted to the ground, where all consciousness left him.

The little swallow remained here the whole winter, and Ellise attended to him, and became every day more and more fond of him; yet she said nothing at all about it to the mole or the field-mouse, for she knew well enough already that neither of them could bear the poor bird.

As soon, however, as the summer came, and the

warm sunbeams penetrated the earth, the swallow said good-bye to Ellise, who had now opened the hole in the ground, through which the mole let the light fall in. The sun shone so kindly, that the swallow turned and asked Ellise, his dear little nurse, whether she would not fly away with him. She could sit very nicely upon the swallow's back, and then they would go away together to the green forest. But Ellise thought it would grieve the good field-mouse if she went away secretly, and therefore she was obliged to refuse the bird's kind offer.

"Then, once more farewell, you kind, good maiden," said the swallow, and therewith he flew out into the sunshine. Ellise looked sorrowfully after him, and the tears rushed into her eyes, for she was very fond of the good bird.

"Quivit! quivit!" sang the swallow, and away he flew to the forest.

And now Ellise was very mournful, for she hardly ever left her dark hole. The corn grew up far above her head, and formed quite a thick wood round the house of the field-mouse.

"Now you can spend the summer in working at your wedding-clothes," said the field-mouse, for the neighbour; the wearisome mole, had at last really proposed for Ellise. "I will give you everything you want, that you may have all things comfortable about you, when you are the mole's wife."

And now Ellise was obliged to sit all day long busy at her clothes, and the field-mouse took four clever spiders into her service, and kept them weaving day and night. Every evening came the mole to pay his visit, and every evening he expressed his wish that the summer would come to an end, and the heat cease, for then, when the winter was here, his wedding should take place. But Ellise was not at all happy to hear this, for she could hardly bear even to look upon the ugly mole, for all his expensive velvet coat. Every evening and every morning she went out at the door, and when the wind blew the ears of corn apart, and she could look upon the blue heaven, she saw it was so beautiful out in the open air, that she wished she could only see the dear swallow once more; but the swallow never came; he preferred rejoicing himself in the warm sunbeams in the green woods.

By the time autumn came, Ellise had prepared all her wedding-garments.

"In four weeks your wedding will take place," said the field-mouse to her; but Ellise wept, and said she did not want to have the stupid mole for a husband.

"Fiddle-de-dee," answered the field-mouse—"Come, don't be obstinate, or I shall be obliged to bite you with my sharp teeth. Isn't he a good husband that you're going to have? Why, even the queen has n't such a fine velvet coat to show as he has! His kitchen and his cellar are well stocked, and you ought rather to thank Providence for providing so well for you!"

So the wedding was to be! Already was the mole come to fetch away Ellise, who, from henceforth, was to live always with him. Deep under the earth, where no sunbeam could ever come! The little maiden was very unhappy, that she must take her farewell of the friendly sun, which at all events she saw at the door of the field-mouse's house.

"Farewell thou beloved sun!" said she, and raised her hands towards heaven, while she ad-

vanced a few steps from the door; for already was the corn again reaped, and she stood once more among the stubble in the field, "Adieu! adieu!" she repeated, and threw her arms round a flower that stood near her, "Greet the little swallow for me, when you see him again," added she.

"Quivit! quivit!" echoed near her in the same moment, and, as Ellise raised her eyes, she saw her well-known little swallow fly past. As soon as the swallow perceived Ellise, he too became quite joyful, and hastened at once to his kind nurse; and she told him how unwilling she was to have the ugly mole for her husband, and that she must go down deep into the earth, where neither sun nor moon could ever look upon her, and with these words she burst into tears.

"See now," said the swallow, "the cold winter is coming again, and I am flying away to the warm countries, will you come and travel with me? I will carry you gladly on my back. You need only to bind yourself fast with your girdle, so we can fly away far from the disagreeable mole, and his dark house, far over mountains and valleys, to the beautiful countries, where the sun shines much warmer than it does here; where there is summer always, and always beautiful flowers blooming. Come, be comforted, and fly away with me, you dear, kind, Ellise, who saved my life when I lay frozen in the earth."

"Yes, I will go with you!" cried Ellise joyfully. She mounted on the back of the swallow, set her feet upon his out-spread wings, bound herself with her girdle to a strong feather, and flew off with the swallow through the air, over woods and lakes, valleys and mountains. Very often Ellise suffered from the cold when they went over icy glaciers and snowy rocks; but then she concealed herself under the wings and among the feathers of the bird, and merely put out her head to gaze and wonder at all the glorious things around her.

At last too, they came into the warm countries. The sun shines there clearer than with us; the heavens were a great deal higher, and on the walls and in the hedges grew the most beautiful blue and green grapes. In the woods hung ripe citrons and oranges, and the air was full of the scent of thyme and myrtle, while beautiful children ran in the roads playing with the gayest-coloured butterflies. But further and further flew the swallow, and below them it became more and more beautiful. By the side of a lake, beneath graceful acacias, there rose an ancient marble palace, the vines clung around the pillars, while above them, on their summits, hung many a swallow's nest. Into one of these nests the bird carried Ellise.

"Here is my house," said he, "but look you for one of the loveliest flowers, which grow down there, for your home, and I will carry you there, and you shall have everything you can possibly want."

"That would be glorious indeed!" said Ellise, and she clapped her hands together for very joy.

Upon the earth there lay a large white marble pillar, which had been thrown down, and was broken into three pieces, but between its ruins there grew the very fairest flowers, all white, the loveliest you would ever wish to see.

The swallow flew with Ellise to one of these flowers, and set her down upon a broad leaf; but how astonished was Ellise when she saw that a wee little man sat in this flower, who was as fine and transparent as glass. He wore a graceful little

crown upon his head, and had beautiful wings on his shoulders; and withal he was not a bit bigger than Ellise herself. He was the angel of this flower. In every flower dwell a pair of such like little men and women, but this was the king of all the flower angels.

"Heavens! how handsome this king is," whispered Ellise into the ear of the swallow. The little prince was somewhat startled by the arrival of the large bird; but when he saw Ellise, he became instantly in love with her; for she was the most charming little maiden that he had ever seen. So he took off his golden crown, set it upon Ellise, and asked what was her name, and whether she would be his wife; if so, she should be queen over all the other flowers—ah! this was a very different husband to the son of the hideous toad, and the heavy, stupid mole, with his velvet coat! So Ellise said yes, to the beautiful prince; and now, from all the other flowers, appeared either a gentleman or a lady, all wonderfully elegant and beautiful, to bring presents to Ellise. The best presents offered to her was a pair of exquisite white wings, which were immediately fastened on her; and now she could fly from flower to flower.

And now the joy was universal. The little swallow sat above in his nest, and sang as well as he possibly could, though at the same time he was sorely grieved, for he was so fond of Ellise, that he wanted never to part from her again.

"You shall not be called *Ellise* any more," said the flower-angel, "for it is not at all a pretty name, and you are so pretty! But from this moment, you shall be called *Maja*."

"Farewell! Farewell!" cried the little swallow, and away he flew again, out of the warm land, far, far away, to the little Denmark, where he had his summer nest over the window of the good man, who knows how to tell stories, that he might sing his Quivit! Quivit! before him. And it is from him, the little swallow, that we have learnt all this wonderful history.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

July 20.—St. Margaret's Day.

ST. MARGARET was the daughter of a heathen priest, and born at Antioch. Olybius, President of the East under the Romans, loved and wished to marry her; but finding that she was a Christian, resolved to defer the nuptials till he could persuade her to renounce her religion. When he found himself unable to accomplish his design by persuasion he had recourse to threats; and, at length, despairing of success, and burning with rage and disappointment, he first put St. Margaret to the most cruel torments, and then caused her to be beheaded, A. D. 278. "She has," says Wheatly, "the same office among the papists as Lucina has among the heathens; viz: to assist women in labour."

The cause why the above power was attributed to this saint appears to have been the following miracle, which is ascribed to her by her monkish biographers:—When neither Olybius nor her father could force her to apostatize, they obtained, it is related, the assistance of Satan himself, who, in the shape of a dragon, swallowed her alive. No sooner, however, had the saint entered the inside of the monster, than she made the sign of the cross, and "yssued out all hole and sounde." So marvellous a circumstance "naturally," says Brady, "pointed out the province of St. Margaret; for who

could so well be capable" of aiding females in childbirth, "as one who had extricated herself even from the body of the arch-enemy!"

The "Golden Legend," that treasury of hagiological fiction, relates that a devil appeared to St. Margaret, in the likeness of a man, but she caught him by the head, threw him down, and set her right foot on his neck, and said, "Lie still, thou fiend, under the foot of a woman." In that situation the demon admitted he was vanquished, and affirmed that he would not have cared if a young man had conquered him, but he was very vexed at having been overcome by one of the weaker sex. St. Margaret asked him who he was. He replied that his name was Veltis, that he was one of the multitude of devils who had been enclosed in a brass vessel by Solomon, and that after that wise king's death this vessel was broken at Babylon, by persons who supposed it contained a treasure, when all the demons flew out, and took to the air, where they were incessantly spying how to "assayle ryghtfull men." Then she took her foot from his neck, and said to him, "Flee hence, thou wretched fiend," and lo! "the earth opened, and the fiend sank in."

St. Margaret's festival is very ancient, not only in the Western, but also in the Eastern Church, in which she is commemorated under the appellation of Marina. Her name has a place in the calendar of the Church of England.

July 21.—The memory of St. Victor of Marseilles is celebrated on this day by the Latins. He was a martyr under the Emperor Maximian. The abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles was one of the most celebrated religious foundations in Europe, and claimed to be the first monastery established in France. On St. Victor's day were formerly held at the above city a festival and procession, in his honour, called "La Triomphale." The relics of the saint were carried round the town by the prior of the monastery, attended by the whole community. At the head of the procession marched a cavalier in complete armour, highly ornamented, carrying a lance in one hand, and in the other the standard of the abbey, on which were the arms, richly embroidered. He wore a rich scarf, and his horse had a housing of white damask, ornamented with blue crosses. This cavalier was intended to represent St. Victor. He was preceded by twelve horsemen, carrying lighted tapers, and accompanied by a band of music, with drums and trumpets. Six pages followed him. As soon as the people heard the music, and saw the standard, they flocked in crowds to join the procession. As it passed along the quay of the port, all the vessels hoisted their colours, and saluted it with a discharge of cannon and musketry, and the consuls, with the rest of the magistrates, met it at an appointed place, to pay their homage to the saint, and attend him back to the abbey. This ceremony had been observed every year from time immemorial, till Monsieur de Belsunce, the bishop of Marseilles, who distinguished himself so much in the great plague of 1720, prevailed upon the magistrates to consent to its abolition, for the following reason:—He was about to publish a biography of the bishops, his predecessors, from the first conversion of the town to the Christian faith, among whom it was necessary to include St. Victor; and not wishing him to appear otherwise than a Christian bishop and martyr, he thought he would not be considered in these lights only, while the people were accustomed to see him every year in a character directly opposite, so that no way appeared of making the impression he desired, except by the measure above alluded to.

A pedestrian tourist, who visited Grassmere, Westmoreland, on July 21, 1827, relates, "The church door was open, and I discovered that the villagers were strewing the floors with fresh rushes. I learnt from the old clerk that, according to annual custom, the rush-bearing procession would be in the evening. During the whole of this day I observed the children busily

employed in preparing garlands of such wild flowers as the beautiful valley produces for the evening procession, which commenced at nine, in the following order:—"The children (chiefly girls), holding these garlands, paraded through the village, preceded by the union band. They then entered the church, where the three largest garlands were placed on the altar, and the remaining ones in various other parts of the place. Wordsworth is the chief supporter of these rustic ceremonies. The procession over, the party adjourned to the ball-room, a hay-loft, where the country lads and lasses tripped it merrily and heartily." It appears, says Brand, that in ancient times the parishioners brought rushes at the Feast of Dedication, wherewith to strew the church; and from that circumstance the festivity itself has obtained the name of rush-bearing, which occurs for a country-wake in a glossary to the Lancashire dialect. Rush-bearing is now almost entirely confined to Westmoreland. It was once customary in Craven, as we learn from the following extract from Dr. Whitaker:—"Among the seasons of periodical festivity was the rush-bearing, or the ceremony of conveying fresh rushes to strew the floor of the parish church. This method of covering floors was universal in houses while floors were of earth, but is now confined to places of worship. The bundles of the girls were adorned with wreaths of flowers, and the evening concluded with a dance. In Craven the usage has wholly ceased." In Westmoreland the custom has undergone a change. Formerly, the maidens bore the rushes in the evening procession, and strewed the church floor at the same time that they decorated the church with garlands; now, the rushes are laid in the morning, by the ringer and clerk, and none are introduced in the evening procession.

The great living poet above mentioned has deemed the rural ceremony of rush-bearing worthy of celebration in "immortal verse." He sings:—

"Content with calmer scenes around us spread,
And humbler objects, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent procession softly moves:
The spirit of Laud is pleased in Heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!"

July 24 is the feast of St. Declan, first bishop of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, and, according to tradition, the friend and companion of St. Patrick. A stone, a holy well, and a dormitory in Ardmore churchyard, still bear his name. "St. Declan's stone" is on the beach. It is a large rock, resting on two others, which elevate it a little above the ground, and is said to be endued with miraculous powers. On the 24th of July numbers of the lowest class of Irish (the men clad in trousers and shirts, or in shirts alone; the women in petticoats, pinned above the knees) kneel around the stone, and some (in expectation thereby of curing or preventing rheumatic affections of the back) creep under it. This is not effected without considerable pain and difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the passage and the sharpness of the rocks. Stretched at full length on the ground on the face and stomach, the devotees move forward, one by one, as if in the act of swimming, and thus squeeze or drag themselves through.

On one not very remote occasion upwards of eleven hundred persons were observed to undergo this ceremony in the course of the day. At a short distance from "St. Declan's stone," on a cliff overhanging the sea, is the well of the saint. Thither the crowds repair after the devotions at the rock are ended. Having

drank plentifully of its water, they wash their legs and feet in the stream which issues from it, and, telling their beads, sprinkle themselves and their neighbours with the fluid. These performances over, the "dormitory of St. Decian," a small low building, is then resorted to. Hundreds at a time are said to crowd around it, and crush each other in their eagerness to obtain a handful of the earth which is believed to cover the mortal remains of the saint. This visit completes the "pious exercises" of the "devotionalists." Tents, for the sale of whiskey, &c., are placed in parallel lines along the shore, and thronged throughout the day with thirsty customers.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.¹

THE Cathedral of Canterbury is remarkable not only for having been one of the earliest in England, but also, as at present, one of the largest of our cathedral churches. Its history is highly interesting from the eminence of some of its archbishops and others who occupy prominent places in history. A former cathedral, supposed to occupy the site of the present one, was sufficiently old to have had some claims to antiquity when the Venerable Bede wrote his Ecclesiastical History.

Bede tells us, that when St. Augustine (the first archbishop) came to reside here, he recovered, by the king's assistance, a church, which was said to have been constructed by Roman Christians; and that he consecrated it in the name of the Saviour, our God and Lord Jesus Christ. In this city he established a residence for himself and his successors in the See. Cuthbert, the eleventh archbishop, made some additions to the buildings, and obtained permission from Pope Gregory, that all future archbishops might be buried in their own church. In the days of Archbishop Odo, the roof was in such a dangerous state, that he resolved upon its immediate repair. "But because it was absolutely necessary that the Divine Service should not be interrupted, and no temple could be found sufficiently capacious to receive the multitude of the people, the archbishop prayed to Heaven, that, until the work should be completed, neither rain nor wind might be suffered to intrude within the walls of the church, so as to prevent the performance of the service. And so it came to pass: for during three years in which the walls of the church were being carried upwards, the whole building remained open to the sky; yet did no rain fall either within the walls of the church, or even within the walls of the city, that could impede the clergy standing in the church in the performance of their duty, or restrain the people from coming even to the beginning of it. And truly it was a sight worth seeing, to behold the space beyond the walls of the city drenched with water, while the walls themselves remained perfectly dry." ²—Pp. 3, 4.

A.D. 1070, when Lanfranc came to the See, the church and some of the conventual buildings were in a most ruinous state. The former he restored from the foundations in a more noble style, and he also rebuilt the monastery. Having been enlarged by Anselm, it was dedicated with great splendour by Archbishop William, in the presence of Henry I., David, king of Scotland, "and all the bishops of England." Professor Willis says:—

"It is scarcely necessary to remark, that this building was plainly not of wood; Odo is distinctly said to have raised the walls, but whether of stone or brick does not appear. However, the expression and details which have survived to us concerning the operation

of Lanfranc, are so decided with respect to the hopeless condition and total destruction of the church when he came to the See, that I have no doubt whatever of its entire eradication at that time. Consequently, it is vain to look to the present building for the slightest remains of the Saxon cathedral. . . ."—P. 20.

The third chapter of the volume before us contains a literal translation of Gervase his History of the Burning and Repair of the Church of Canterbury. This is given entire, with the exception of a quotation from the Opuscula of Edmer, which is contained in another part of the volume, and of a long digression upon the merits of Thomas à Becket. The value of Gervase's tract is thus explained by the author:—

"The most remarkable mediæval writer of architectural history is undoubtedly Gervase. Himself a monk of Christ Church at Becket's death, and an eye-witness of the fire in 1174, and of the rebuilding of the church, he has left us a most valuable and minute account of the latter event, in his tract 'On the Burning and Repair of the Church of Canterbury.' The information thus conveyed is not confined to the church in question, but gives us a general insight into the modes of proceeding in the carrying on of buildings at that period, the manner of providing architects, the time consumed in erecting these structures, the way in which old portions were adapted and worked up, the temporary expedients for carrying on the daily service, the care which was taken of the venerated remains unavoidably disturbed by the progress of the work, and many other most instructive particulars, which occur in every page of this circumstantial writer."—P. xiv.

In the year of grace³ 1174, nearly four years after the murder of Thomas à Becket, considerable portions of the Cathedral were again destroyed by fire; and again were the citizens called upon to lament that their holy and their beautiful house was left unto them desolate. Gervase says, "The afflictions of Canterbury were no less than those of Jerusalem of old, and their wallings were as the lamentations of Jeremiah." The restoration of the church was confided to a French architect, William of Sens. In the fourth year of his labours here, he fell from a height of fifty feet; and, being obliged by the injuries he received to return home, was succeeded by an Englishman—a namesake. In the year 1180, at Easter-Eve, the convent were again permitted to celebrate the divine offices in their new choir; but the works were not entirely finished until 1184. Professor Willis says, "the expenses of this magnificent work seem to have been partly supplied from the oblations at the tomb of St. Thomas."

"Gervase has given us," says Professor Willis, "a complete and detailed account of the parts of Lanfranc's church that remained in his time, (chap. iii. art. 3.) that is, the nave, central tower, western towers, transepts, and their eastern chapels; the choir or eastern arm of its cruciform plan only being deficient. . . . In the existing building it happens that the nave and transepts have been transformed into the perpendicular style of the fourteenth century, and the central tower carried up to about its original altitude in the same style. Nevertheless several indications may be detected, which show that these changed parts stand upon the old foundations of Lanfranc."—Pp. 63, 64.

Professor Willis's sixth chapter contains the history of the choir from the twelfth century, from which we make the following extracts:—

"Stow has preserved a description of the shrine of Becket, which was demolished in the year 1538. It was built about a man's height, all of stone, then upwards of timber plain, within which was a chest of iron containing the bones of Thomas à Becket. The timber-work of this shrine was covered with plates of gold, damasked and embossed with wires of gold, garnished with

(1) The Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral. By the Rev. R. Willis, M.A. F.R.S. &c., Jacksonian Professor of the University of Cambridge, 8vo. 1845. London: Longman, & Co., Pickering, and Bell.

(2) Edmer, Vit. Odonis: quoted by Mr. Willis.

(3) This chronological term, Professor Willis says, was invented by Gervase himself.

brooches, images, chains, precious stones, and great orient pearls; the spoils of which shrine filled two great chests, one of which six or eight strong men could do no more than convey out of the church; all which was taken to the king's use, and the bones of St. Thomas, by the commandment of the Lord Cromwell, then and there burned to ashes; which was in September, in the year 1538, (30 H. VIII.) Erasmus supplies the additional information, that the golden shrine had a wooden cover suspended by ropes, so that it could be raised easily when the shrine was exhibited. The bones of the saint were not visible, they were deposited in the upper part of the structure."—P. 100.

"The Puritan troopers hewed the altar rails in pieces in 1642, and threw the altar over and over down the three altar steps, and left it lying with the heels upwards. The church suffered exceedingly in the disorders that followed."—P. 105.

"These dilapidations are more particularly described in a manuscript drawn up in 1662, and preserved in the cathedral library. The windows were generally battered and broken down; the whole roof, with that of the steeples, the chapter-house and cloisters, extremely impaired and ruined, both in timber-work and lead; water-tables, pipes, and much other lead cut off. The choir stripped and robbed of her fair and goodly hangings; the organ and organ-loft, communion-table, and the best and chiefest of her furniture, with the rail before it, and the screen of tabernacle-work richly overlaid with gold behind it; goodly monuments shamefully abused, defaced, and rifled of brasses, iron grates, and bars, &c."

"After the Restoration, a screen of the style then in use was erected, in the same position as the old one, and the communion-table placed in front. The choir in this state is represented in Dart's view. But, in 1729, the 'altar-piece,' as it was called, had become old-fashioned, and a bequest of 500*l.* from one of the prebendaries was expended upon a Corinthian screen. . . ." Pp. 105, 106.

The curious arrangement of the organ and organist must not be passed over.—The organ

"... has been ingeniously deposited out of sight, in the triforium of the south side of the choir; a low pedestal with its keys stands in the choir itself, so as to place the organist close to the singers, as he ought to be; and the communication between the keys and the organ is effected by trackers passing under the pavement of the side aisle, and conducted up to the triforium, through a trunk let into the south wall."—P. 107.

"The visit of Erasmus to Canterbury Cathedral is alluded to by all its historians, and is, unfortunately, too long and digressive to be given at length. I have already quoted it upon several occasions, and will conclude this section by endeavouring to abstract from it the order in which strangers were conducted over the cathedral at that time. He entered by the south porch, over which he observed the statues of the three knights who slew Thomas à Becket. In the nave he noted certain books fixed to the pillars, and amongst them the Gospel of Nicodemus. Iron railings separated the nave from the space which was between that and the choir. Many steps ascended to this space, and under them a vaulted passage led to the north part (or transept), where he was shown the small ancient wooden altar of the virgin. —(P. 41). From this place he was conducted down to the crypt, and shewn the skull of St. Thomas, and his ordinary garments. Then he returned, and went to the choir, where, on the north side, he was shown a multitude of relics, and examined the 'Tabula' and ornaments of the altar, and the riches beneath the altar, in the presence of which Midas and Croesus would have seemed beggars. . . ."—P. 112.

In the volume before us, Professor Willis has presented us with the most continuous and complete history we possess of any of our cathedrals. And, perhaps, no other furnishes materials for its equal in

that respect. This he has been enabled to do, in the earlier part of its history, from the writings of Edmer, the singer, or precentor of the cathedral, who lived under the rule of Anselm and Radulph; and in the twelfth century from the tract of Gervase. The Professor's present volume, as its title implies, is strictly an *architectural* history of the cathedral. Another is promised which will be devoted to the monastic building. He thus speaks of the advantages to be derived from investigations such as have been now devoted to the cathedral of Canterbury:—

"The cathedral which is the subject of the following pages is remarkable for its extent, beauty, and importance, for the variety of its architectural styles, for the changes of plan and structure which it has undergone, and especially for the numerous historical particulars relating to these changes which have been preserved to us.

"By a careful investigation of the architectural history of Canterbury Cathedral, we may therefore expect to obtain great insight into the motives that dictated such changes of plan and structure in all similar buildings, as well as a knowledge of the mode of their erection, and of the causes that led to those well-known varieties of style that form so interesting, and, at the same time, so perplexing a subject for investigation."—P. xi.

Professor Willis has avoided mixing up the history of the See, important as it is, with his historical account of the building; and in this respect the work is unlike those of most other writers on this cathedral. He has thus made his volume more acceptable to the architectural student and to the antiquarian. He says his plan has been, "first to collect all the written evidence, and then, by a close comparison of it with the building itself, to make the best identification of the one with the other that I have been able." The numerous illustrations are executed in a beautiful style: they are chiefly details of particular parts of the church. There are also plans of the Saxon cathedral of Canterbury, of the cathedral in 1174, and an historical plan of the present cathedral, with a block section of it. No general view of the building is given, either exterior or interior; but he has referred throughout to the admirable plates of Mr. Britton.

Palm Leaves.

THE VISION OF THE EAGLE AND THE FOX.

THE great king, Abbas Karaskan, appointed his servant, Mirza, governor of Tauris. Mirza held the scales of justice in his hands; he protected the weak, he honoured the wise, and rewarded the industrious. His subjects regarded him with love and respect, and every mouth blessed his government. He alone derived no satisfaction from his charitable actions. A deep sadness rested on his countenance; he sought for solitude; oft-times sat in deep abstraction; and, when he went abroad, his eyes were bent upon the earth, and his steps were heavy; in short, the occupations of his government had lost their interest, and he determined to rid himself of a task which he had long felt to be burdensome.

With this determination he approached the throne of his king and master, who asked him his desire. "Governor of the realm," said Mirza, "pardon the temerity of thy slave, whom thou hast invested with honours, and yet who presumes to lay thy gracious gifts down again at thy feet. Thou hast given me the government of a noble city, and of a fruitful country, whose meadows equal the gardens of Damascus. But the space of human life is small;

scarcely does it suffice any of us to prepare for death. Much of our toil is vain and useless, even as the labour of the ant, which is crushed beneath the foot of the wanderer; and our pleasures fade away like the colours of the rainbow in the stormy cloud. Therefore, sire, I seek to prepare myself for the eternity which approaches; I would fain give my mind to reflection, and in retirement seek to dedicate my life to holy meditation. The world may forget me, even as I also will banish all thoughts thereof from my mind, till the last moment lets fall the veil, and places me before the judgment-seat of the Almighty."

Here Mirza bowed himself to the earth, and was silent. King Abbas was so surprised at his speech that he trembled upon his throne; he looked around upon his nobles, but their faces were pale, and their eyes bent upon the ground; no one opened his mouth, until the King, after long consideration, thus broke the silence:—

"O Mirza! fear and horror have seized me; I am like a man cast by an irresistible power from the edge of a precipice, but yet I know not if my danger be real or imaginary. Like thee, I am but a worm upon the earth; my life is a moment; and eternity, in comparison with which years and ages are as nothing, also warns me, by its dread approach, to be prepared. But shall we give up the government of the faithful into the hands of wicked men, who live like the beasts which perish, and fear neither death nor the judgment of their Maker? Is the cell of the hermit the only door of Paradise? And are all the occupations of the countless inhabitants of this city to be accounted sins? All men cannot be hermits, therefore a life in the wilderness cannot be the only one worthy of recompense. Retire for a while; I will consider thy request; and may He who enlightens the souls of those that seek his aid, guide me to decide in the spirit of wisdom!"

Mirza departed; but on the third day, without waiting the command of the King, he requested a second audience. It was granted him, and he entered the presence-chamber with a joyful countenance. Drawing a letter from his bosom, he kissed it, and then, with his right hand, presented it to the King. "Sire," said he, "in this letter, written to me by the Iman Kosru, who stands before thee, I have learnt what is the best life for me. He has enabled me to look with satisfaction upon the past, and with hope to the future. I shall henceforth deem myself happy to dwell under the shadow of thy power, and to bear the weight of honour which I was so lately desirous of relinquishing."

The King listened to Mirza with curiosity and astonishment, and as soon as he ceased, gave the letter to the Iman, and commanded him to read it aloud. The whole assembly turned their eyes upon the aged sage, whose face glowed with modesty; after some hesitation, he read the following words:—

"Everlasting happiness be granted to Mirza, whom the wisdom of our monarch has rewarded with the government of a province. When I heard thy decision to withdraw thy supporting hands from the inhabitants of Tauris, my heart was pierced by the arrow of grief, and my eyes darkened by affliction; but who dare speak when the King is angry? or who can set forth his own wisdom when the King's mind is disturbed by doubt? But to thee, O Mirza! will I relate the events of my

youth, the remembrance of which thou hast revived in my mind; and may the Prophet of Truth, who taught me by them, make the relation thereof a blessing unto thee!

"I was instructed by Alnazer the Wise in the secrets of medicine, and very early became initiated therein. I knew the virtues of those herbs into which the sun breathes the power of yielding a health-bestowing balsam; but the various forms of misery, of slow decay, and, at last, of death itself, which were daily before my eyes, filled my heart with sorrow and fear. I saw the grave, whose prey I must sooner or later become, ever open before me; and this, at last, made me resolve to devote my few remaining days to holy meditation. All earthly possessions appeared despicable to me, since I knew they could be held but for a short time; nay more, I deemed them hindrances to piety. Therefore, I buried my money in the earth, withdrew from society, and departed into the desert. I took up my abode in a cave on the side of a mountain; I drank water from the stream which flowed beside it, and fed upon the wild fruit and herbs which grew in this wilderness. I often placed myself at the mouth of the cave, turned my face towards the east, and thus watched the night through, that by self-denial I might prepare my mind to receive the heavenly teaching of the Prophet. One morning, when I had thus watched during the whole night, and just as the eastern sky was becoming faintly tinged by the first rays of the early dawn, sleep overtook me. I slept, and beheld a vision:—Methought I was in front of my cave. The dawning day became brighter, and when I looked towards the glimmering sunrise, I observed a dark speck in the sky. It moved, and as it approached, it increased in size, until at last the form of an eagle became apparent. I bent my eyes upon his flight, and saw him descend to the earth at some little distance, where there lay a fox, whose fore-legs appeared to be broken. The eagle bore in his talons a piece of a young fawn, which he laid before the fox, and then flew away. I awoke, and was wondering what this dream betokened, when I heard a voice in the air, saying: 'Kosru, I saw the Angel, who, at the command of the All-powerful, had watched the thoughts of thy heart, and I have brought thee this vision to guide thy erring footsteps into the right way. Up, and imitate the eagle. Thou hast his power, and many sufferers await thy support. Visit the weak and afflicted in their trouble, and convey to them health and comfort. Virtue is not found in idle rest, but in well-directed activity and labour; and when thou doest good to a suffering fellow-creature, then dost thou fulfil the most beautiful of the commandments which religion sets before thee. Doing good exalts human nature, and gives to man a foretaste of the bliss which awaits him in that Paradise where is perfect charity.'

"At these words I felt as though a mountain were removed from beneath my feet. I knelt down in the dust, and lamented my error; then I returned to the city, and dug up my treasure; I gave much away, but still I was rich; and through my gift of healing the body I often obtained opportunities of benefiting the soul. I took holy orders, and gained respect on account of my profession, until, by a gracious command, I was admitted into the presence of the King. But let me not deceive thee; I cannot boast of any wisdom that has not been given to

me. Even as the sand of the desert imbibes the rain and the morning dew, so also do I, who am but dust, receive the heavenly instructions of the Prophet. All wisdom is vain which we bury in ourselves, without in some way benefiting others by it; and a life of *inactive* solitude is useless. We, by our unassisted efforts, can find only error; but when the gates of heaven unclothe before our eyes, and its light discloses wisdom to us, then we see truth without a veil. Hope ever for this glorious manifestation, and in the meantime imitate the example of the beneficent eagle. A prince, such as thou art, has great power intrusted to him, and therefore will much be required at his hands. He can mould his subjects by his own example, and even teach generosity to the covetous. Thus mayest thou refresh thy country with thy virtue, as with a heavenly stream; and hope, in firm faith, for happiness in eternity. Farewell. May He, whose dwelling is in heaven, smile upon thee, and in the book of His will may he write present and eternal bliss to thy name!"

The King, by this letter, was, even as Mirza had been, set free from all scruples, and he looked around with a calm cheerfulness, in which his subjects participated. He sent the Governor back to his province, and commanded this history to be written, to teach succeeding generations that Heaven delights not in any manner of life which does not, in some way, benefit mankind.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

LIFE'S COMPANIONS.¹

I.

WHEN I set sail on Life's young voyage,
'Twas upon a stormy sea:
But to cheer me night and day,
Through the perils of the way,
With me went companions three—
Three companions kind and faithful,
Dearer far than friend or bride;
Heedless of the stormy weather,
Hand in hand they came together,
Ever smiling at my side.

II.

One was Health, my lusty comrade,
Cherry-cheek'd, and stout of limb;
Though my board was scant of cheer,
And my drink but water clear,
I was thankful, bless'd with him.
One was mild-eyed Peace of Spirit,
Who, though storms the welkin swept,
Waking, gave me calm reliance;
And, though tempests howl'd defiance,
Smoothed my pillow when I slept.

III.

One was Hope, my dearest comrade,
Never absent from my breast;
Brightest in the darkest days,
Kindest in the roughest ways,
Dearer far than all the rest.
And though Wealth, nor Fame, nor Station
Journey'd with me o'er the sea;
Stout of heart, all danger scorning,
Nought cared I in Life's young morning
For their lordly company.

(1) We have much pleasure in enriching our pages with a specimen of Mr. C. Mackay's poetry, extracted from his last published volume, "Legends of the Isles," one of the most attractive volumes of poetry which has appeared within the last few years.

IV.

But, alas! ere night has darken'd,
I have lost companions twain;
And the third, with tearful eyes,
Worn and wasted, often fies,
But as oft returns again.
And instead of those departed,
Spectres twin around me flit;
Pointing each, with shadowy finger,
Nightly at my couch they linger,
Daily at my board they sit.

V.

Oh, that I so blindly follow'd
In the hot pursuit of Wealth!
Though I've gain'd the prize of gold,
Eyes are dim and blood is cold—
I have lost my comrade Health.
Care instead the wither'd beldam,
Steals the enjoyment from my cup;
Hugs me, that I cannot quit her;
Makes my choicest morsels bitter;
Sculds the founts of pleasure up.

VI.

Woe is me that Fame allured me—
She so false and I so blind!
Sweet her smiles, but in the chase
I have lost the happy face
Of my comrade Peace of Mind;
And instead, Remorse, pale phantom,
Tracks my feet where'er I go;
All the day I see her scowling,
In my sleep I hear her howling,
Wildly flitting to and fro.

VII.

Last of all my dearest companions,
Hope! sweet Hope! befriend me yet.
Do not from my side depart,
Do not leave my lonely heart
All to darkness and regret.
Short and sad is now my voyage
O'er this gloom-encompass'd sea;
But not cheerless altogether,
Whatsoe'er the wind and weather,
Will it seem, if bless'd with thee.

VIII.

Dim thine eyes are, turning earthwards,
Shadowy pale, and thin thy form:—
Turn'd to heaven thine eyes grow bright,
All thy form expands in light,
Soft, and beautiful, and warm.
Look then upwards! lead me heavenwards!
Guide me o'er this darkening sea!
Pale Remorse shall fade before me,
And the gloom shall brighten o'er me,
If I have a friend in *Thee*.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A. CANTAB.

LONELY—nay, that am I not!
Loving spirits and confiding,
By my distant hearth abiding,
Hover round me here.

Happy—nay, that am I not!
For these silent tears and burning
Witness well a secret yearning
For the far and dear.

Mournful—nay, that am I not!
For the friends of my affections
Wreath me in their recollections,
And are ever near.

Hopeful—Yes, that mood is mine!
Once again in home's sweet union
With the loved to join communion
Fills my heart with cheer.

Rectory, Winton, Nov. 28, 1845.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE PLOUGHBOY.

LET us take a boy, a child of ten, let us suppose him regularly engaged from old Michaelmas to new Michaelmas as ploughboy; and let our gentle readers fancy to themselves their little sons or brothers, Fred, or Willy, leading a life such as this. Richard is naturally a very delicate, timid boy, thin and pale; complains of weak knees or ankles, so that his mother has not let him wear heavy shoes, and, only a month since, begged him off a walking errand of only five miles and back, which he was wanted for. However, he has two entirely new suits of clothes on the strength of his engagement, and an uncommonly heavy pair of laced boots, into which the blacksmith has just hammered fifteen pennyworth of tips and nails. So he is in high spirits, very pleased, and proud of his promotion from a nonentity to a ploughboy. Before it is light, he is in the stable bringing out two or three immense horses, who tower above his diminutive form like elephants. Even in the dusk, when the furrows can hardly be distinguished, they are at work. The urchin, with his ponderous shoes increased to twice their weight with mud, is toiling through the heavy field, slipping and sinking, falling and rising, at every step, with a cumbrous whip in his hand, and his clumsy charges continually planting their tremendous hoofs deep into the yielding soil within six inches of his own frail toes. The boy has to watch the horses, look to his own footing, and ply his whip all at once. Every time they come to the end of the field, there ensues a regular *mêlée* of plough, horses, man and boy, who seem to an unpractised eye all mingled in the wildest and most fearful disorder. But a merciful providence extricates them, and they soon start all fair again. If the soil is heavy, the walking is heavy in proportion. If it is light the walking is all the more speedy. However, before night, this little boy, who a month since was not trusted to walk at his own pace ten miles on a good road and springing turf, has toiled fifteen or even twenty miles with all these hindrances and impediments. The daily journey of a plough, therefore, even measured only by the distance traversed, is no trifle. Sometimes the ploughboy's daily journey is considerably more than we have stated. Following the harrows is of course quick work, under ordinary circumstances; but the harrow is often used to detach entirely from the ground a surface of weeds, after it has been two thirds separated by the plough, with a view to collecting the weeds and burning them. This is usually done in the driest and warmest weather that can be got, and is a very dusty employment. We have been told that the ploughboy, enveloped as he is in a cloud of dust, and going over a broken surface, will sometimes walk or run thirty or even thirty-five miles a day at this work.

The ordeal of the first two or three months is terrible. Nothing but a knowledge of the general law, that boys do get over it, would reconcile the mother to the accumulation of misery she sees her tender little child exposed to. He is often ready to sink. Often he does fall almost under the horses; sometimes towards the close of his day's work he is so stupified with fatigue, as to be quite reckless and insensible of danger, hardly knowing where he is. He falls asleep while his mother is putting before him his five o'clock meal—nay, even while he is eating it. His heavy shoes, made large enough to allow for a twelvemonth's growth, fret and gall his ankles and heels till sores are formed, and every footstep is agony. His feet have also been several times severely crushed by the horses. Yet he must not intermit for a day, for an hour, as long as he can put

one foot before the other. By and bye, either from his sores breaking his sleep, or from heat, or cold, or rain, his health sinks; three days' rest, and at it again. A stranger would say, judging from his looks, that he could not possibly stand it long. Though browned by sun and toil, he seems thinner and wanner than ever; and going to or returning from his work, he is scarcely able to drag his iron-shod feet along the village pavement. But, behold a miracle! After three or four months it becomes evident that he is gaining health and strength and spirits—bone and sinew, flesh and blood. His present life, hard as it is, shocking as it might be deemed by some humane persons, suits him better than his former inactivity. Exercise of body, mental concentration, feelings of responsibility, fresh air, a rather more generous diet, sleep—and such sleep—all tell in the end, and in a very few years the sickly child expands and hardens into the sturdy labourer.

Let not such a result, however ordinary it may be, wipe away that debt of compassion and kindness, which we are labouring to establish. It is true, the most delicate child does often become a stout and healthy labourer, under a discipline which might seem at first sight more likely to break his spirit and crush the vital energies. But it is not the less true, that he does go through a vast amount of suffering in the meanwhile. He endures toils and pains whose very recital would almost break the heart of many a more fortune-favoured mother than his own. His toils and pains, whether we think of them or not, are noted in a Book of Remembrance, in which, if in any degree they have been needlessly aggravated or unduly requited by his fellow men, that sin is also recorded. There is something sacred in necessary labour, and inevitable distresses, coming in the course alike of nature and of duty. We do but hide ourselves in our littleness from the gaze of Infinity, if we suppose such labour and pains, the benefits they have purchased for us, and the obligations they have laid us under, shall ever be forgotten.—*From an article on Agricultural Labour in a recent periodical.*

Nothing has such a tendency to weaken, not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading, without reflection. The activity and force of the mind are gradually impaired in consequence of disuse; and not unfrequently all our principles and opinions come to be lost, in the infinite multiplicity and discordancy of our acquired ideas. By confining our ambition to pursue the truth with modesty and candour, and learning to value our acquisitions only in so far as they contribute to make us wiser and happier, we may, perhaps, be obliged to sacrifice the temporary admiration of the common dispensers of literary fame; but we may rest assured, that it is in this way only we can hope to make real progress in knowledge, or to enrich the world with useful invention. "It requires courage indeed," as Helvetius has remarked, "to remain ignorant of those useless subjects which are generally valued," but it is a courage necessary to men who either love the truth, or who aspire to establish a permanent reputation.—*Stewart.*

* * * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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ANCIENT HOUSES, CHESTER.

THE CITY OF CHESTER.

THE names of many considerable places in England still remain as the durable mementos of our Roman conquerors. Wherever the Romans formed a settlement they erected a stronghold, or *castrum*, the name of which was generally associated with that of the neighbouring river, or of some local peculiarity. Thus Alcaster is the camp on the Alne; Doncaster, the camp on the Don; Lancaster, the camp on the Lan, or Lune; Colchester, on the Colne, and so on. Manchester is the camp on or near the *stone*-quarries (from the British *maen*, a stone). Rochester, the camp on a rock, called, in Saxon, *Rothe-ceaster*; Winchester, or Wintan-ceaster, is the camp near the *white* city; Gloucester, or *Gleau-cestre*, is the camp near the *fair* city. Many other examples might be cited in which the *castrum* of the Romans plainly occurs; and there are others in which it is not so palpable, as in Exeter, or Excester, the camp on the river Exe. To the same source may be referred Casterton, Castleton, Chesterton, and many others.

In some cases, the word *castrum*, or one of its deriva-

tives, Chester, Caster, &c., has been retained, while the prefix or affix has been lost. Such appears to have been the case with Chester, a city which still bears marks of its Roman origin. The laying out of its streets is Roman, the two principal thoroughfares crossing at right angles in the centre of the city. Its fortifications are reasonably supposed to be on a Roman basis. Remains of Roman masonry have been discovered; and the usual vestiges of the Romans have at different times been turned up, such as coins, fibulæ, inscribed tiles, inscribed stones and altars. In 1653 a votive altar to Jupiter Tanarus was dug up, which had been raised by an officer of the twentieth Legion, called the Victorious. In fact, this city was named in honour of this Legion, *Legecestrin*; and after the Romans ceased to occupy it, the Britons called it *Caer Lleon* *vaur ar ddyfr Dwy*, or "the camp of the great Legion on the Dee." It was also called *Dwa*, from the river which runs by its walls. In the time of the Romans Chester was the termination of the celebrated Watling Street, or great military road, which extended from Dover across the island.

Attempts have been made to prove that Chester is of British origin, and was founded long before the arrival of the Romans. Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," (Song XI.), speaks of

"Fair Chester, call'd of old
Caerlegion, whilst proud Rome her conquests there did hold;
Of those her legions known, the faithful station then,
So stoutly held to tack by those near North-Wales men.
Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
As her the Briton's termed, the fortress upon Dee,
Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,
Th' imaginary work of some huge giant's hand."

The claim of this city to be of British foundation is not supported by trustworthy evidence, and, therefore, may be passed lightly over. When the Romans abandoned Britain in the fifth century, Chester was alternately possessed by the Britons and the Saxons, and it seems to have held out longest against the Saxon power. It is related in the Saxon Chronicle that Ethelfrid, King of Northumbria, took it from the Britons, A.D. 607. After that date it was, certainly, in the hands of the Britons, their councils having been held in it. Finally, in 830, it was re-taken by the Saxons under Egbert; from which period to the conquest, in 1066, it continued under Saxon sway. In the ninth century Chester suffered greatly from the Danes, who, being pursued by Alfred, fortified it, and endured a two days' siege. Alfred laid waste the country in the vicinity, so that the Danes were compelled to evacuate the city for want of provisions. They left it, however, in a ruined condition, in which it continued, until Ethelfleda, "the undegenerate daughter of the great Alfred," restored it, about the year 908; and from this time it long continued to be used as a stronghold for restraining the incursions of the Danes. During these contests with the Northmen an event occurred which was of great importance to the city in the times to which we now refer. On one occasion, when a descent from the Danes was apprehended, the body of St. Werburgh, a Saxon saint, daughter of Walphere, King of Mercia, was removed for security to Chester. The sacred relics remained in the city, and henceforth St. Werburgh became the tutelary Saint of Chester; a religious community was founded, and a church was built, in which the relics were sumptuously enshrined; and during more than six centuries and a half this religious establishment continued to be one of the wealthiest in England.

In the reign of Edgar, Chester became a station for a Saxon navy. An anecdote, discredited by some historians, is related in the annals of that period, that Edgar sailed with a great fleet to Chester, and that eight kings repaired thither at his command to do him homage. These were Kenneth, King of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumbria, Macchus of Anglesey and the Isles, three Kings of Wales, and two others. Edgar was not satisfied with this confession of his power; "his puerile vanity demanded a more painful sacrifice: he ascended a large vessel with his nobles and officers, and he stationed himself at the helm, while the eight kings, who had come to do him honour, were compelled to take the seats of the watermen, and to row him down the Dee, a most arrogant insult on the feelings of others whose titular dignity was equal to his own. Edgar crowned the scene and consummated his disgrace by declaring to his courtiers that his successors might then call themselves Kings of England when they could compel so many kings to give them such honours."

It appears from Domesday Book that, under the

Saxons, Chester had its own local government and municipal customs. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, it had 431 rateable houses, besides 56 houses belonging to the bishop. It had a *guild mercatory* (an institution similar to the corporations of later times), none but members being allowed to exercise any trade, or carry on any commerce, within its precincts; two overseers were appointed to maintain the rights of the guild, and to receive all the customs paid by strangers. The city yielded ten marks and a half of silver, of which two thirds went to the king, and the remainder to the earl (who will be further noticed presently). Whenever the king visited the city in person, he claimed for every plough-land two hundred capons, one vat of ale, and a portion of butter. There were twelve judges in the city, and seven mint-masters. Among the laws of the city was one which shows at how low a rate human life was held in these times: the penalty to be paid for killing a man upon certain holidays was four pounds, but on any other day only forty shillings. In Saxon times Chester had a large portion of land called a *shire* attached to it, the form of which has been compared to an eagle's wing, its tip touching on Yorkshire. This was called *Cestre-scyre*, since contracted into Cheshire.

At the Conquest, the whole of Cheshire (with the exception of the Bishop's property) was granted to a near relation of the Conqueror, Hugh of Avranches, commonly called Hugh Lupus, on account of his favourite device of a wolf's head. Cheshire then became a county palatine, with courts peculiar to itself; so that any offence against "the sword of Chester" was visited with as severe penalties as a similar offence against the crown at Westminster. Hugh resided in the castle at Chester, where he held his courts and parliaments, in which sat the superiors of the religious houses of the country, together with his eight great sub-infeudatories. The succeeding earls maintained the same state down to the reign of Henry III., when the earldom of Chester was seized and united to the crown; the large tenures created by the Conqueror having, for the most part, reverted to the crown by forfeiture or marriage. The ancient earls of Chester had the power of granting privilege or sanctuary to criminals, a power which is generally supposed to have been exercised by the church alone.

Our space will not allow us to do more than select a few historical events, of which Chester has been the scene. It was in this city that the Welsh, in 1300, acknowledged the sovereignty of the English, the homage of the freeholders being received by the infant Prince of Wales, Edward of Carnarvon. In the year 1506 Chester was afflicted with that remarkable disease, the sweating sickness, which carried off ninety-one householders in three days; and a few years afterwards a pestilence made such ravages, that the streets of the city were overgrown with grass. In 1558 occurred in Chester an event trifling in itself, but of the greatest importance to the Protestants of those days. Dr. Henry Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, is said to have been entrusted with the commission issued by Mary to empower the Lord Deputy of Ireland to prosecute those who refused to observe the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion. The doctor, on his way to Ireland, stopped at Chester, and having put up at the Blue Posts inn, in Bridge Street, was visited by the mayor, to whom he communicated the business in which he was engaged; opening his cloak bag, he took out a leathern box, observing, with exultation, "he had that within which would lash the heretics of Ireland." The hostess, Mrs. Elizabeth Mottershed, overheard this by accident, and having a brother in Ireland, who was a Protestant, she became alarmed for his safety, and took the opportunity, while the doctor was attending the mayor down stairs, to open the box, take out the commission, and leave in its place a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost. The dean arrived in Ireland on the 7th December, 1558. Being introduced to the Lord Deputy Fitzwalter

(1) An elaborate poem on the History, Topography, and Antiquities of England and Wales.

(2) Sharon Turner.

and the Privy Council, he explained the nature of his embassy at more length, and then presented the box, containing, as he thought, the commission; his lordship took it, and having opened it, beheld, with considerable surprise, the pack of cards with the knave on the top. The doctor was thunderstruck; and in much confusion affirmed that he certainly had a commission, and that some artful person must have made the exchange. "Then," said his lordship, "you have nothing to do but to return to London, and get it renewed; meanwhile, we'll shuffle the cards." The doctor was obliged to follow this unwelcome advice, although in such a disagreeable season of the year; but before he could reach Ireland a second time, the queen died, and her sanguinary commission became useless. The woman, whose presence of mind and dexterity had thus providentially interposed, was rewarded by Elizabeth with a pension of forty pounds a-year.

During the civil war in the reign of Charles I. Chester stood several sieges, which lasted about three years. The inhabitants who had sided with the king endured great privations; but at last, when the siege was converted into a blockade, they surrendered on honourable terms to the parliamentary army, on the 3d February, 1645-6. A century afterwards, (1745,) Chester was fortified against the Pretender. In the reign of William III. Chester was one of the six cities permitted to issue a coinage of silver.

It is now time to speak of the city itself, which is situated on a dry rock, above the stream of the Dee, which flows round it on two sides. The neighbouring district is a rich, but level plain, presenting, however, some interesting views, to the ancient walls of the town, which form one among many of the remarkable features of Chester. These walls, which are now used as a healthful and favourite promenade, are especially interesting as being the only perfect military work of the kind remaining in the kingdom. The following description of them is abridged from Ormerod's elaborate County History:

"The walls enclose an oblong parallelogram, and stand to a considerable extent on Roman foundations, as is proved by the remains of the ancient East-gate, discovered in erecting the present arch, and some relics of Roman masonry near it still existing, but concealed from public view by the houses adjoining. The Ship-gate is also supposed to be of similar antiquity, but cannot have been any part of the original walls, if the story of the extension of the original fortifications in the direction of this gate, by Ethelfleda, be correct. The present circuit of the walls is somewhat more than a mile-and-three-quarters.¹ The materials are a red stone; the exterior elevation is tolerably equal, but the interior is in some places nearly level with the ground, and in others with the tops of the houses. The entire line is guarded by a wooden rail within, and a stone parapet without; and the general line, which is kept in repair as a public walk, commands interesting prospects; among which may be specified the views towards the forest hills from the eastern point, towards North Wales and the Dee from the opposite one, and a fine view of the bridge and river, with the surrounding country, from the south-east angle. A very large proportion, however, of the eastern point, and a part under the castle, are completely blocked up by contiguous buildings. At the sides of the walls are the remains of several ancient towers, which have either been made level with the walls, been completely dismantled, or been fitted up as alcoves by the citizens. At the north-east angle is a lofty circular tower, erected in 1613, and called the Phoenix Tower,² remarkable from the circumstance of Charles I. having witnessed a part of the battle of Rowton Heath from its leads in 1645. Another tower of higher antiquity, and the most picturesque of the military remains of Chester, projects out at the north-west angle, and is approached by a small turret called Bonwaldesthorpe's Tower, which forms the entrance to a flight of steps leading to an open gallery embattled on each side. Below this is a circular arch, under which the tide flowed before the embankment of the Dee.

(1) The exact circuit is, we believe, 2670 yards. The walk is six feet wide.

(2) The tower is so named from the Phoenix, the crest of the Painters' Company, affixed with other armorial coats to the part.

At the end of the gallery is the principal tower, a massy circular building of red stone, embattled; the principal room is an octagonal vaulted chamber, in the sides of which were pointed arches for windows. This tower, now called the Water Tower, and formerly the New Tower, was erected in 1322 for 100*l.* at the city expense, by John Helpstone. The principal gates of the city are four, facing the cardinal points, and severally named the Bridge-gate on the south side, the East-gate, the North-gate, and the Water-gate. The ancient gates have been removed, and replaced by modern arches."

The care of the walls was formerly entrusted to two citizens called "Muragers," annually chosen, who were paid by a small duty, called the "Murage Duty," upon Irish lincens imported into the city by the Dee. The corporation now defrays the expenses of keeping the walls in repair.

The four principal gates are the terminations of the four principal streets of Chester, named respectively East-gate-street, North-gate-street, Bridge-gate-street, and Water-gate-street; the first two are continued beyond the walls under different names. These four streets which cross at right angles, as already noticed, retain many old timber buildings, which give them an ancient and impressive effect. These streets, as described by Pennant, are "excavated and sunk many feet beneath the surface. The carriages are driven far below the level of the kitchens, on a line with ranges of shops; over which, on each side of the streets, passengers walk from end to end, secure from wet or heat, in galleries, (or rows as they are called,) purloined from the first floor of each house, open in front and balustraded. The back courts of all these houses are level with the rows; but to go into any of these four streets it is necessary to descend a flight of several steps."

These rows certainly form the most remarkable peculiarity of Chester. They have been curtailed of late years, but still exist on both sides of East-gate-street, throughout the greatest part of its length, also on both sides of the upper portion of Water-gate and Bridge-gate streets, as well as in part of North-gate-street. It is not easy to convey a clear idea of these Chester rows by description.³ They are, as Pennant described them, galleries occupying the front rooms of the first floors, forming a continuous passage through a long line of houses. On one side they are open to the street, and fenced with a railing, massive pillars occurring at intervals, serving as supports for the upper floors. On the other side are a number of shops, which may be said to occupy the back room of the first floors. These shops are much frequented on account of the shelter afforded to passengers from the rain and heat, by these covered rows. A flight of steps descending into the street, occurs at every thirty or forty yards. Immediately under the rows are shops, storehouses, or vaults.

The origin of these rows has been a source of dispute among antiquarian writers. Pennant supposed them to have been identical with the ancient vestibules, and to have been a form of building preserved from the time when the city was possessed by the Romans. The opinion of Mr. Ormerod is more generally adopted, that these rows were first erected as galleries from which the citizens might defend themselves against those sudden inroads of armed cavalry to which they were so much exposed in ancient times, in consequence of their position on the frontier of the English and Welsh.

The next remarkable feature of Chester is its Cathedral, which was founded within the site of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Werburgh, already noticed. It is a spacious irregular building, composed of the red stone of the country, and was built, or rather re-built, during the reigns of Henry VI. VII. and VIII. In the cloisters and buildings adjacent occur some interesting specimens of Norman architecture, and the early decorations of the

(3) The Londoner may be reminded of an exact imitation of them in the "Colonnade," as it is called, which runs behind, and is parallel to, Great Guildford-street, Russell-square.

pointed style. "The western front, and some other detached parts, exhibit equally beautiful specimens of the enriched Gothic, near the time of the Dissolution; and the space occupied by the entire range of the conventual buildings, furnishes a magnificent idea of the grandeur of the establishment. This effect is, however, injured by the want of vaulting in the nave, choir, and south transept, (which was probably interrupted by the Dissolution) and by the nature of the stone, which, partly from its friability, and partly from its exposure to the sea breezes, has long lost the greater part of its external ornaments. The progress of ruin is aided by the great inequalities which progressive decay has made in the surface. Every exertion has of late years been made by the Chapter, under the auspices of the late Dean, in perfecting substantial and even ornamental repairs: but it is to be feared that the general decay is far beyond any restoration which the slender funds of the Cathedral can supply; and the lapse of another century will probably level a considerable portion of the venerable fabric with the ground."

About the year 785 the bishopric of Chester was incorporated with Lichfield. In 1075 the Bishop of Lichfield removed his episcopal seat to Chester. His successor returned back to Lichfield; and Chester remained without a bishop until after the Dissolution of the monasteries. In the thirty-third of Henry VIII. the present bishopric of Chester was erected, of which the first bishop was John Bird, who had been a Carmelite friar.

Contiguous to the Cathedral are the remains of St. Werburgh's Abbey, already noticed. The bishop's palace, rebuilt in 1752, the prebendal, and other good modern houses, forming what is called the Abbey-square, occupy the rest of the precinct.

Previous to the Dissolution there also existed in Chester a religious community of women established within the walls; the black, the white, and the gray friars, had each an establishment here. There was also a college of the Holy Cross; the Hospital of St. Anne, and of St. John the Baptist, of which the latter escaped suppression, and continues to this day: there were also numerous parish churches. On the Dissolution of the house of St. Werburgh, its church became the Cathedral of the new sec. A dean and six prebendaries were placed in it, Thomas Clark, the last abbot of St. Werburgh, being made the first dean. The revenue of the dissolved monastery furnished a provision for the bishop, prebendaries, and dean. At the same period, 1544, a grammar-school was founded for twenty-four boys, which still continues, and from it the cathedral choristers are selected; its annual revenue is 108*l.*, and it has one exhibition to either university. Chester has now nine parish churches, and two others not parochial. St. John's Church is a magnificent specimen of Saxon architecture.

The old Norman castle is said to have been erected by William the Conqueror in 1069. This, with the exception of one tower, was removed in 1790, to make way for the modern castle, a magnificent structure, containing the county courts and gaol, together with government barracks and an armoury. This is the finest structure in Chester, and does credit to the architect, Mr. Harrison, a native of the place. The buildings occupy three sides of a large quadrangle, the entrance to the area being by a splendid Doric portico. The military government of the castle is vested in a governor and lieutenant-governor. The gaoler, who has the custody of both debtors and felons, holds his place by patent, and is called constable of the castle.

Within the ancient fortress an instance occurred of a felon, who stood mute on his trial, suffering "*peine forte et dure*," till he died. "One Adam, son of John, of the Woodhouses, was, in 1810, the fourth of Edward II., committed for burning his own houses, and carrying away the goods. He stood mute; a jury as usual was impannelled, who decided that he could speak if he

pleased. On this he was committed *ad dietam*. And afterwards John le Morgan, constable of the castle, testified that the aforesaid Adam was dead, *ad dietam*." This term was ironical, expressive of the sad sustenance the sufferer was allowed; viz. on the first day three morsels of the worst bread; on the second, three draughts of water out of the next puddle; and this was to be alternately his diet till he died." By a law passed in twelfth George III., a prisoner remaining mute when arraigned, is held to be guilty, and may be condemned and executed.

The sheriffs of Chester formerly held their courts in an ancient building called the "Pentice," or "Appentice,"¹ situated at the junction of the North and East-gate-streets. It was removed in 1805 for the purpose of widening the streets. The sheriffs formerly had to carry into execution the sentence of all criminals capitally convicted, not only within the jurisdiction of the city and county, but also within the county of Chester at large. A writ was directed to them from the court of gaol delivery, requiring them to execute the criminal on a certain specified day. This duty was always regarded by the sheriffs as a great hardship and annoyance; and an attempt was made to get rid of it on the passing of the act 1 William IV. "for the more effectual administration of justice in England and Wales." It was contended that several clauses of this act relieved the sheriffs from this painful duty, and they determined to try the question on the first opportunity. This occurred in 1834, when two men were left for execution at Chester, for one of the worst, if not the very worst, forms of murder—assassination for hire. The sheriffs refused to execute the criminals, and they, therefore, remained in gaol long after the day appointed for the purpose; they were respited from time to time, and at length the Court of King's Bench reassumed a power, which it had formerly possessed, of granting writs for removing both the conviction and the bodies of the criminals, from the inferior to the superior court. The criminals were accordingly removed from Chester to the Court of King's Bench, where their sentence was read, and they were executed at Horsemonger-lane Gaol on the 25th November, 1834. In order to settle the disputed point, an Act was passed in the next session of Parliament, by which the sheriffs of the city of the county of Chester, for the time being, are to execute the sentence of death upon all criminals appointed to die for offences committed within the county of Chester.

Chester was once a place of considerable trade. The port of Chester is thus described by Lucian, a monk of St. Werburgh's, in the twelfth century:—"The beautiful river on the south side serves as an harbour for ships from Gascoigne, Spain, Ireland, and Germany, who, by the guidance of Christ, and the industry and prudence of the merchants, supply and refresh the heart of the city with abundance of goods; so that, through the various consolations of the Divine favour, we have wine in profusion from the plentiful vintages of those countries." The chief articles of commerce in ancient Chester are thus enumerated by Hakluyt:—

"Hides and fish, salmon, lake, herringe,
Irish wool and linen cloth, faldinge,
And martens good, be her marchandie,
Hertes hides, and other of venerie,
Skins of other, squirrel; and Irish hose,
Of sheep, lamb, and foxe, is her chaffare,
Fellies of kids, and conies great plenty."

The superior advantages of Liverpool as a port have removed most of the commerce from Chester to that place. The formation of the great Holyhead Road also materially injured Chester, which is now no longer one of the chief points of communication with Ireland. The Irish Linen Trade, once so flourishing in Chester, has wholly ceased. The hall built by the Irish Linen Company in 1780, is now used for the cheese fairs, which

(1) From *Appentitum*, a small building attached to a larger one.

occur eight times in the year, and are of considerable importance, from the circumstance of this city being situated in the principal cheesemaking district of the empire.¹ Fairs for horses and cattle are also held on the last Thursday in February, and on the 10th July and 10th October for general merchandize. These last are of great antiquity, and continue several days. Chester also supplies North Wales with London, Manchester,² and Birmingham goods. The manufactures of the town are trifling, consisting principally of lead, shot, and tobacco-pipes; there are some large flour-mills near the old bridge, and a shot-tower beside the canal, on the north side of the city, where also are several wharfs and warehouses, chiefly for the convenience of the traffic between the city and Liverpool, which supplies articles of general consumption.

The Exchange is a brick edifice, completed in 1698. The city courts of justice are held in it, and corporation business transacted in it. It is situated in North-gate-street, and serves the purposes of the ancient Common Hall, which stood in a place still called Common-Hall-lane. The Exchange is enriched with stone ornaments, among which is a fine statue of Queen Anne in her coronation robes, and two tablets, one containing

the royal arms, and the other a variety of armorial bearings illustrative of the several titles of the earls of Chester. The original fabric rested on arches and pillars of stone; but a number of shops have been introduced between the pillars for the purpose of strengthening the building.

The city has of late years been much modernized and improved. A handsome new street has been formed from near the centre of the town to Grosvenor Bridge, a noble structure of Stone, of a single arch, 200 feet in span, with a roadway 33 feet wide. Previous to this erection the Dee was crossed by an old narrow inconvenient bridge of seven arches.

One of the writers in that celebrated work, "The Vale Royal of England," as Cheshire was called two centuries ago, thus notices the Dee:—

"The Dee, called in Latin Dea, in British Pifrdwy, is not only the chiefest river of this county, but also of all North Wales. I may well call it of this county, because it hath in some places Cheshire on both sides thereof. And of it was the city of Chester, in times past called Dwa, and the people of the country Dwani. It springeth in Merionethshire in North Wales, two miles from the great lake called Tegill, which lake is engendered, or rather fed, by divers rills and rivulets, which



CITY OF CHESTER.

descend from the mountains. It leaveth Denbighshire on the west side, and hath Flintshire on the same side, but not very far; for at Pooton (which is but a mile from thence) it hath Cheshire on both sides thereof; and lastly, toucheth on the south side of the famous city of Chester, capital city of the whole shire, where, having passed the bridge, it fetcheth a round compass, making a fair plain called the Rood-Eye;² and after toucheth on the west side of the city at the Watergate. Afterwards the Dee becometh very broad, so that, at Shotwick Castle, over into Flintshire, it is a mile broad; at the New Key, which is six miles from Chester, it is above two miles broad. The whole course thereof, from the head unto the sea, is about fifty-five miles. Which river of Dee aboundeth in all manner of fish, especially salmon and trout. The number of quick-sands in this river, and the rage of winds, causeth changing of the channel. A south or north moon maketh a full sea at Chester."

The quicksands here mentioned are among the causes of the commercial decline of Chester. In a charter granted by Henry VI. mention is made of the "lament-

able decay of the port, by reason of the abundance of the sand which hath been allowed to choke up the creek." In this reign a quay was formed near Shotwick Castle, where troops were usually embarked for Ireland. In the reign of Elizabeth a new quay was built lower down, and was the origin of the town of Parkgate. In 1754 the navigation of the river up to Chester was restored by a new channel, and the embankments of the sands were carried down to Shotwick, by which upwards of 2400 feet of land were rescued from the sea.

Our space will not allow us to notice in this place the various encomiums which the poets Drayton, Browne, Spenser, and Milton, have bestowed on the "holy," the "divine," and the "wizard" Dee. Much of the superstition connected with this river arose from the circumstance of its being the boundary between England and Wales.

The citizens of Chester were formerly as celebrated as those of Coventry for their dramatic performances, founded chiefly on scriptural history. They are attributed to one Randle, a monk of Chester Abbey, and are said to have been first performed between 1268 and 1278. They were performed by the different trades of

(1) A hall was built in 1809 by the Manchester manufacturers for their business.

(2) Now called the Roo or Rood-Dee: it is a level pasture tract of about eighty acres. The races are held here in the first clear week of May.

the city, and, judging from the specimens which are still preserved, they appear to have been rude compilations, containing much that is curious and ludicrous, as well as offensive to modern taste.

Chester is liberally provided with the means of education. In addition to the King's School, already noticed, it has a Blue-Coat School, founded in 1700; two Charity Schools, founded in 1717, on the site of the ancient hospital of Saint John, one for 38 boys, of whom 28 are also maintained, and the other for a like number of girls. The Marquis of Westminster, (whose magnificent seat, Eaton Hall, is situated about three miles south of Chester) established a school in 1811 for the education of between 400 and 500 children. It is entirely supported by that nobleman. There is also a diocesan school on Dr. Bell's plan for 150 boys; there are three infant schools, and several large dissenting and Sunday schools.

The charitable institutions of Chester are equally liberal. There is a county infirmary and a county lunatic asylum, each having accommodation for 100 patients; a lying-in hospital, a house of industry, several sets of almshouses, and various charitable bequests, the chief of which (Jones's) produces about 400*l.* a-year, which is shared by the members of the ancient city guilds.

Chester also contains a good public library, news-room, commercial rooms, &c., a small theatre, and a good market-place. The city and its suburbs (which of late years have been considerably extended) are paved, lighted by gas, and supplied with water, which is raised by a steam-engine from the Dee, and conducted by pipes to a large reservoir.

The population of Chester in 1821 amounted to 19,949; in 1831 to 21,863; and in 1841 to 24,657.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

DUNCOMBE PARK.

CHAP. III. (Conclusion.)

Dec. 16th.—The Colonel has chosen his line of action, and I have discovered it in a manner which precludes the possibility of mistake. As I descended to breakfast this morning, I heard him talking to his daughters, and paused for a moment on the threshold of the room. "Your Aunt Margaret, my dears," said he, in a sustained and complacent tone of voice, "is a very good, but a very weak woman. I should wish you to show her every possible kindness during the time of her stay with us, but at the same time I would have you very careful not to suffer her thoughts or sentiments to have any influence over your own." "That is exactly what I thought of her, papa," responded Anna, with alacrity. In I walked, as demure as possible, and quite contented to be forgiven, because I was counted for a fool. Here is the end of all my secret self-congratulations on the high place which I held in my brother-in-law's good opinion! I am properly punished for my vanity. And now we all go on very peacefully, though in a strange manner enough. The Colonel tacitly avoids me as much as possible, but is very civil to me when we come in contact; there is an air of good-humoured condescension about him, and an evident endeavour to let himself down to my level when he does speak to me; nevertheless he seems half conscious that his superiority is not genuine, and never meets my eye if he can help it. He no longer treats me to orations of laboured ease, on his ways, thoughts, and principles; but this is manifestly a great restraint to him, and more than once he has begun involuntarily, and got as far as "My position as father of a family—" but here *ought* to come the affable little bow to me, so here he stops, clears his throat with an air of vexed recollection indescribably comic,

glances towards me with a half alarmed expression, to see whether I am laughing, and suffers the premature speech to die a natural death, one scarcely knows how. Anna follows his lead very closely, and is as cool and as civil as she can be. The only difference between them is, that she sometimes brings me a difficult passage in her German studies, and looks a good deal provoked when she finds that I am able to explain it. Sweet little Janet continues faithful and fond, and wins every day on my affections. I told her simply that I had made the effort to soften her father, but had completely failed; and though she cried bitterly, she was so grateful to me for my zeal in her brother's cause, that she seems to love me all the better for it. If it were not for her, and for my great anxiety to see Adèle, who is to arrive the day after to-morrow, and to discover what the Colonel's intentions are with regard to her, I think I should bring my visit to a very speedy conclusion. As it is, I shall stay to the end of the month for which I was originally invited; but I cannot help thinking that I shall not soon receive a second summons to Duncombe Park.

Dec. 18th.—Adèle is here. She arrived from Exeter at about 12 o'clock to-day. I scarcely know whether I like her or not, and at present I certainly do not understand her. I must begin at the beginning, however, and write down all that has taken place, and perhaps, in so doing, I may attain a clearer comprehension of my own thoughts concerning her. Anna and I were at work in the drawing-room when she arrived; a little confusion in the hall, and the pleasant sound of a young child's voice, announced her, some five minutes before she actually made her appearance. I longed to run out and bid her welcome; indeed I was in the very act of doing so, but Anna sat perfectly still, and I felt as if I had no right to be more *empressée* than she was. Janet was in the school-room taking her French lesson; so altogether there was an awkward chilly pause, during which I looked wistfully at the door, and pitied with all my heart the young stranger whose entrance I expected every minute, and whose feelings I could well imagine. I consoled myself by remembering that she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore was not likely to lose either grace or presence of mind, even under these most trying circumstances. I was not mistaken. She entered and received Anna's cold embrace without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, lifting her large dark brilliant eyes to her face with so fixed and penetrating a gaze, that the hostess was abashed rather than the guest. She held by the hand her little boy, a lovely child of three years old, and the nurse followed with the baby. I was touched, and even overcome, but so repelled by the mother's manner, that I was glad to hide my emotion by stooping to caress the little ones. Adèle is not regularly handsome, but her eyes are magnificent, and when she lifts her full, wan eyelids, the radiance absolutely astonishes you. She is small, and very fragile in figure, and her pale olive complexion gives the idea of delicate health. Her dress, and her whole aspect, had the painful air of poor gentility—telling clearly of an effort to make the smallest possible expenditure produce the best effect. Thus her gown, a common print, such as maid-servants wear, fitted her with the most scrupulous precision, and was made in the last style of fashion, her snowy cuffs and collar were embroidered by her own hands, and her coarse straw bonnet was put on with the grace of a true Frenchwoman. The fairy proportions of her feet and hands, and the quiet elegance of her whole deportment, might have become a duke's daughter. She said very few words, and her foreign accent was markedly perceptible. I could not make out at the time, neither can I tell now, whether she felt the meeting as she might be expected to feel it; one thing is certain, she is either very callous, or very accomplished in the art of controlling the emotions. Had I been in her place, I am sure that I could not have restrained my tears for a moment.

After the first greetings were exchanged, Adèle stooped to untie her little boy's straw hat, and she was thus engaged when the Colonel entered the room. Now, thought I, comes the great trial; and, fully expecting her composure to give way, I advanced sympathizingly to her side, and said in a low voice, "Here is Colonel Harwood." I wanted to give her a moment's preparation for the encounter. Her face did flush a little, and she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the ground; but, to my surprise, she very quietly finished releasing her boy from the confinement of his hat and large fur tippet, and then led him forward to his grandfather, whose salutation she received quite calmly, but in silence, and without raising her eyes for a moment. The child looked splendidly handsome; his cheeks glowing with the keen frosty air, and an abundance of rich brown curls falling around his bright innocent face, and resting on his plump white shoulders. Even the Colonel seemed to be somewhat moved at the sight of his grandchildren; he twice cleared his throat, and his usual fluency forsook him. Nothing could be more painful than the silence and awkwardness of the whole party, and everybody appeared to feel it, except this inexplicable Adèle, who was quite placid and composed, though more silent than all the rest.

"What is your name, my fine fellow?" said the Colonel, drawing his grandson towards him, and making a desperate effort to shake off the influence of the embarrassed faces around him. The child turned with an impulse of timidity to his mother, who put her hands upon his shoulders, and slightly urged him towards the questioner, without herself speaking. Then the little fellow lifted his cloudless blue eyes to Colonel Harwood's face, and replied in that grave, doubtful manner in which a young child strives to repeat anything that has been taught to it,—"Everard, grandpapa—your own name;" then clinging to Adèle, with a fresh access of shyness, he added, in a loud whisper, "Is that right, mamma, is that right?"

Colonel Harwood walked abruptly to the window, and at this moment Janet entered; Anna introduced her to Adèle almost as if she had been an ordinary morning visitor, and it was a relief to the poor girl's overcharged feelings to turn to the baby, a sweet fair creature of eleven months old, which in five minutes she was nursing as though she understood the business scientifically, and had practised it all her life. Indeed, had it not been for the children, I do not know how we should have got through that interminable morning: the five hours which elapsed before we went to dress for dinner seemed longer than any hours that I ever passed in my life. Knowing, as I did, all the feelings which ought to have been, which *must* have been burning with different degrees of intensity into the very heart of every member of the party, never did the ordinary etiquette and decorum of society appear so misplaced, so utterly senseless, so indescribably burdensome. But I certainly was not the person whose business it was to throw them aside, and, much as I longed to clasp my arms around Adèle, and tell her how completely she possessed my sympathy, and how ready I was to love her, a single glance at her cold inanimate countenance effectually deterred me from any exhibition of the kind, and I was as quiet and well-behaved as the rest. Janet had all the natural shyness of a very young girl, who, not having sounded the depths of her own or of any other heart, scarcely comprehends what she finds there, and fears to express any feeling without a certain degree of encouragement. So we first walked a little in the grounds, and looked at the improvements, and admired the prospects; and then we talked of the weather, which certainly one would have thought was quite a safe theme; however, it naturally led to a comparison of the climates of France and England, and then we dropped it with one accord as leading us dangerously near the subject of Adèle's former life. Indeed, the one thought which must have been uppermost in each mind seemed to

start up at every turn of the conversation, like a ghost, to scare us into silence. Scarcely a word was said that my busy fancy did not interpret into some possible innuendo, or allusion to things forbidden. It really was wretched, and my relief was boundless when the first dressing-bell sounded, and the restrained and uncongenial party who had been so long keeping up the mockery of politeness, had leave to separate.

As soon as my toilette was completed I went to Adèle's room to offer my assistance to her, thinking that her one maid must be sufficiently employed in unpacking the wardrobe and attending to the children. I tapped at the door, and receiving no answer, opened it to ascertain if the lady had already descended. Adèle was lying on the bed, her head thrown back, and her eyes closed. She was still in her morning dress, and I advanced in some alarm, inquiring if she was ill. At the first sound of my voice she started up, and her naturally pale cheeks were flushed with the deepest crimson as she hurriedly answered that she was a little tired with her journey, but quite well, and would dress immediately. In another moment she had recovered her calmness, and the manner in which she thanked me for my offered services, showed so clearly that she would rather be left alone, that I had nothing to do but to withdraw, which I did immediately, feeling that my intended kindness had been repulsed. Yet her manner was too gentle to give offence, and I could not divest myself of the idea that she was very unhappy. Even now I see her face before me, as it appeared when I entered the room unawares—the expression was that of exhaustion and acute suffering. Why does she thus withdraw from my sympathy? Surely she must see that, among these cold hearts, mine, at least, is ready to open to her with affection, if she would only let it. But there is that about her which effectually checks every demonstration on my part, and the more I warm towards her, the more resolutely and effectually chilling does she become.

The evening was as comfortless as the morning. Conversation was chiefly kept up by the Colonel and his eldest daughter; I joined occasionally, rather because I felt the awkwardness of being silent than because I had anything to say. Janet was quiet and timid, and Adèle maintained the composure and reserve of her manner unaltered, scarcely lifting her eyes for a moment, and acquiescing in everything that was said, in as few words as possible. Sometimes I think she is excessively afraid of the Colonel, which is not wonderful considering their relative positions. Sometimes I think she is really and truly very dull, and has no opinion of her own about anything. Indeed, this latter supposition appears highly probable, from her total absence of interest in every subject that was discussed. Whether Anna spoke to her about the shortness of the days at this season of the year, or about the beauty and intelligence of little Everard, there was the same unmoved unbrightening countenance, and the same unmeaning and polite affirmative. She has none of the volubility said to be so characteristic of her countrywomen, and I do not think she could bring herself to utter more than ten words in succession. Yet this is not from any difficulty of expressing herself in English, which she speaks with perfect ease, though, as I before observed, with the accent of a foreigner. The Colonel is evidently observing her closely, and forming his estimate of her character. I wonder whether he finds, or fancies that he finds, the problem easier to solve than I do. After tea, music was proposed by way of varying the entertainment of the evening; Anna and Janet played some duets very nicely, and Adèle performed a Fantasia by Doehler with wonderful precision and brilliancy. The Colonel, who has some taste for music, kindled into admiration, and pressed her to sing, which at first she very decidedly declined. When he reiterated the entreaty, however, appearing to imagine her refusal a piece of conventional young-ladyism, she hesitated, coloured, and finally moved to the piano, with the air of a victim,

struck a few chords, and began Beethoven's exquisite "Kannst du das Land;" but her voice was hoarse and feeble, and scarcely carried her through the first page; when she attempted the accelerated time of the second, it failed her completely, she broke down in trying to reach the higher notes, and rose in some perturbation ere she had finished the verse, professing her total incapacity to continue. We were of course very civil in our regrets, but her want of power was so manifest, and her vexation at it so irrepressible, that the matter was immediately dropped.

Dec. 22nd.—The same state of affairs continues. I do not think that a single member of our party is more intimate with Adèle now, than when she arrived on the 18th; yet I have done my utmost to penetrate her reserve, and so has Janet, in her own innocent manner. Every morning directly after breakfast Adèle retires to her apartment for two hours, "in order," she says, "to carry on the education of her little boy." Of this the Colonel highly approves, though, if the urchin, who is only three years old, were really pursuing his studies at the rate of two hours a day, I should consider it one of the most shocking evidences of the march of intellect that has ever come under my notice. I do not believe a word of it, however, and think it is only a pretext to obtain a short time of freedom during the day. At about twelve o'clock the lady appears, and stitches diligently at her worsted-work till luncheon; I have watched her, and I do not think she once lifts her eyes from the canvass. Such excessive industry is in itself a bar to conversation, and ours accordingly flags; five minutes being the average interval that elapses between the remarks that we respectively contrive to originate. After luncheon the carriage is ordered for a drive; Adèle and Anna invariably form two of the party, and I am sometimes a third, but more frequently the Colonel drives out with them, and I take a long country ramble with Janet, which I thoroughly enjoy. I pity Adèle for these drives; if she has any feeling beneath that frigid exterior, how intolerable must they be! And so passes the day; the evening being generally occupied by music or cards, for the Colonel has descended to vingt-un and speculation, now that we are too numerous for his rubber. And all the day through Adèle is quiet, cold, silent, and complying, as at first. The only symptom which she gives of having "that within that passeth show," is an occasional low, long sigh, so suppressed indeed, that you would not notice it unless you were close to her, but indescribably painful to hear, because it seems to come from an over-charged and worn-out heart.

Later on the same day.—The Colonel has done me the honour to impart to me his opinion of his daughter-in-law. He thinks her a very sensible well-behaved young person, fully conscious of her own position, and very grateful for, what he is pleased to denominate, the kindness which she has received. He thinks, too, that she appears to possess a most docile and gentle disposition, and he added that he had no doubt that the purpose for which he had invited her here would be completely answered. I looked as I felt—curious; but he did not deign to enlighten me, and left me with a slight bow and a benignant smile. There is profound peace between the Colonel and me at present. I think, however, that we owe it rather to the deep interest which we have both been taking in our new inmate, and which has absorbed all minor feelings, than to any more congenial dispositions in ourselves. Whatever the cause be, the result is that the Colonel is himself again, and to-day at dinner he treated us to one of his best-turned periods on the subject of domestic life, illustrating his theory of perfection by a modest appeal to the practice of himself and his daughters. Warming with the theme as he went on, and thinking only of his daughters, he said; "I have always reflected that, in the intercourse between parents and children, the utmost possible independence should be allowed on the one hand, the utmost possible deference maintained on the other. I have endeavoured, to the extent of my

ability, to carry out this principle, and I flatter myself, Miss Forde, (he was in full swing now,) that it would be difficult to find three persons more thoroughly happy in each other's affection than myself and my girls." Self-deceived as he was, and strange as it seemed, that he should really be able to reconcile to his own practice a theory such as that which he had just enunciated, he was positively amiable at this moment. There was such genuine affection in the glance with which he regarded Anna and Janet, that one felt disposed to overlook the little strain of triumph in which he was indulging, and to forget that, in applying his principle, his mental vision was affected with an unconquerable squint, so that while he thought he was looking at the "utmost possible independence allowed by himself," he was in reality only seeing the "utmost possible deference," which no one could deny that he exacted from his daughters. But I had scarcely time to observe him, for my attention was riveted to Adèle's face of irrepressible wonder. When he commenced his allusions to domestic felicity, she had stooped a little more forward than usual, and appeared intensely interested in dissecting the chicken-wing which lay on her plate. As he proceeded, she lifted up her splendid dark eyes—I declare it is the only time I have fairly seen them since she entered the house—and literally stared at him, with an expression of enquiring amazement, as though she thought he were a singular sort of phenomenon which it was really worth while to investigate. Then she coloured violently, cast down her eyes again, struggled to resume her usual manner, but as he concluded, answered him, as if she could not help it, in a low and bitter voice, "you are very sarcastic."

The Colonel turned towards her in unfeigned surprise, but she stopped the inquiry which was on his lips, by saying hurriedly, "I beg your pardon for my bad English, I meant very successful."

"Yes," replied he, with an air half puzzled, half uneasy, I believe I may flatter myself that I have had some success."

There was an awkward kind of pause, during which the blush which had overspread Adèle's features seemed rather to deepen than to diminish, and it was a relief to us all when Anna gave the signal for withdrawal. Adèle, as we passed through the hall, said something confusedly about having a bad headache, and ran up stairs to her own room, from which she did not emerge till we were assembled at tea. It had seemed to me that she ran away because she was unable to restrain her tears, and my opinion was now confirmed by the sight of her flushed cheeks and red eyes. I do not understand her, though it is plain that she feels a great deal more than she chooses to exhibit. If she would but let me comfort her!

Dec. 27th.—It is long since I have opened my journal, for the events of the last few days have absorbed me so completely, that I have found neither time nor inclination for writing them down. I must now, however, attempt to narrate them in due order.

During the first four days of Adèle's sojourn amongst us, it was evident to all that little Everard was making rapid progress in his grandfather's affections. There are few hearts that can resist the fascinations of a child at that most charming of all ages, (just three years,) and the mixture of perfect unconsciousness with perfect confidence is as amusing as it is irresistible. Whether from previous instruction or from natural inclination, the little fellow took a decided fancy to his grandpapa, and used to climb the Colonel's knee and pull away his newspaper with an audacity which made his aunt Anna's hair stand on end, but which generally obtained a caress rather than a reproof. Adèle watched the progress of affairs quietly, but with manifest satisfaction; I too had begun to grow sanguine, though an idea which sometimes crossed my mind, that the Colonel intended to disinherit his son in favour of his grandson, prevented me from indulging hope with any degree of confidence. Thus did matters stand, when, on the fifth day, Colonel

Harwood stopped us as we were leaving the dining-room. (this seems to be his chosen time for family scenes,) and expressed a wish to speak with Adèle. All the poor young lady's assumed calmness forsook her in an instant. She became as white as the dress she wore, trembled, and grasped my arm for support, with a most appealing glance that seemed to express her confidence in my sympathy, and to implore me not to leave her. The Colonel perceived her trepidation, and, apparently not sorry to have a female auxiliary at hand in case of hysterics, for which he entertains a peculiar horror, (at least, thus I interpret his conduct,) requested me also to remain, with his blandest smile. The door closed behind Anna and Janet, and we were left alone. Adèle sat down, breathing quickly, and struggling for composure. The Colonel stood before her, cleared his throat slightly, and after a moment's pause, thus addressed her.

"You can hardly have supposed, Mrs Harwood, that I had not some ulterior motive in inviting you to my house. Pray do not be distressed. I entreat you not to agitate yourself" (how coolly, when your very heart is bursting, do friends entreat you "not to be agitated," as if it were a matter of choice, and you were doing it on purpose because you liked it!) "I wish now," proceeded the speaker, "to explain to you as briefly and as kindly as possible, what are my present intentions, and I shall then hope for your answer, though I would by no means hurry you to a decision."

He paused, and Adèle bowed her head in reply. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes sparkling, her whole countenance joyful with the radiance of hope, but she really did not seem capable of articulating. I thought her absolutely lovely at that moment.

Colonel Harwood continued; "I intend to make Everard my heir; the boy has every promise of talent, and an excellent disposition. It is natural that, entertaining these intentions towards him, I should wish to have him under my own eye, as much to afford him those advantages which are suitable to his prospects, as to remove him from those influences which I should consider injurious to his character while it is in process of formation. I therefore propose to receive him as a member of my family, to be treated in all respects as if he were my own son. But I have more to say to you. During the last four days, I have had some opportunities of becoming acquainted with you, and I can assure you that they have afforded me unmixed gratification. The deference of your manner towards myself, proves abundantly that you feel and regret the offence committed against me by another. I wish, as I said to you in my note, to distinguish—I should be sorry to involve innocent and guilty in the same condemnation—in short, while there are offences which I feel that I can never pardon, there are errors towards which I would fain be indulgent. I feel that a permanent separation between yourself and your child would be a great drawback to my present scheme, and I consider you in all respects a fit companion of my daughters. I should therefore wish yourself, and both your children, to become inmates of my household, and I need scarcely say that I am ready to take upon myself the whole expense of your maintenance, and of the education of the little ones. And although I stipulate that all intercourse with my—that is, with their father should cease, I am quite ready to allow of an interchange of letters at stated periods. It may be as well, perhaps, to point out to you, in conclusion, the advantage which will accrue to that person, by the proposed arrangement; he will be relieved from much expense and great anxiety—moreover, I would pledge myself, under such circumstances, that his interest should be properly cared for."

He ceased. Adèle had listened to him in speechless and wondering attention, as though she scarcely trusted her ears, or comprehended what she heard. Twice or thrice she passed her hands over her eyes and forehead with an impatient movement, as though she would fain

get rid of some oppressive weight or film which impeded her perceptions. As he concluded, however, she started from her seat, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, with a vehemence of agitation which defied all restraint, "Good God, is it possible? What have I been listening to? My own Charles—my beloved, injured, suffering husband—is there, can there be, such a cold, hard heart in the world as to ask me to leave him? I could not have believed it. And you are a father! Oh, you unhappy man, you who have never known, who have never felt, who cannot even understand, what a true, deep, fond affection is, how it brings happiness in misery, and strength in weakness, learn that I would rather live in the extremity of want, that I would work, starve, die, sooner than deprive myself and my children of the delight of their father's presence, or take from him the comfort of our society. Learn that no temptation should induce me—no none—to give my little ones such an example as yours, instead of such an example as his. Learn, that I hold the poorest beggar who loves his children, and who does his duty by them, for a better and a happier man than you are. And is it possible to have such a cold heart! Separate wife and husband, father and children—I would sooner send my son to a charity-school, I would sooner take him to a workhouse, than give him to be chilled and hardened by you. And all these four years that we have been so miserable, that we have lived in actual want; that our days have been days of labour, and our evenings evenings of weariness, and our nights have too often passed in the sleepless woe of those who knew not how to provide for the morrow; when each has lain through the long sad hours scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing the other, and day-light has come and shown that both were still waking; even that very anxiety has been our happiness, while it has deepened our misery, because it rose out of the depth of our love. My own dear Charles! and through all these long melancholy years he has endured in patience, and not once, never once has breathed one syllable of complaint against his father. His reverence and his affection have never failed him for a moment—if he grieved it was for your displeasure, not for his own suffering; he has hoped, longed, lived upon the idea of your forgiveness, he has taught his boy to love your name, and tried to teach the same lesson to his wife; he has condemned himself but never you, and forgotten all your harshness to think of your old kindness, which must have been fancy, and your former affection, which could be nothing but a dream. And he sent me here in hope, and urged and entreated that I would suppress my indignation and forget his wrongs, and wait patiently; and for his sake I have borne it, for the love of him was able to subdue the feelings which had arisen out of itself; but I have scarcely been able to bear it—and he is hoping still—waiting for the happy news—and *this* is what I have to tell him. *This!* God forgive you, and God comfort him!"

She had poured forth these burning words with an impetuosity which precluded the possibility of interruption, and she now stopped because utterance failed her, and burying her face in her hands, gave way to an agony of tears. Colonel Harwood stood absolutely silent; the voice of truth and nature was too strong for the man of conventional principles, who had built up in himself a fabric of imaginary virtues, and gazed upon it and exhibited it, till both he and others had forgotten that these very foundations were rotten, and that a breath would blow it away. It seemed as though the lie of his whole life stared him in the face for the first time, and he was struck dumb by the vision.

Adèle now struggled to compose herself, and grasping my hand, continued to speak, though in an interrupted and faltering voice, "Dear, dear aunt Peggy, forgive me—how I have repulsed your kindness, and put away your sympathy! Indeed, indeed, I could not help it. And my sweet Janet too, what must she think of me? But I had been schooled into calmness and moulded

into submission; I had promised him that nothing should induce me to show what I really felt, and the only means of doing this was never to give way for a moment. I dared not even meet the kind eyes that I knew were looking upon me, or it would have been all over with my self-command. Four wretched, wretched days! and how have they ended! But I will go—this very night—I will not sleep under the roof again—I will go back to him, to my deceived, hoping, desolate husband, and bring him, at least, the comfort of one loving heart that could never turn from him. But ah! how shall I tell him—how can I crush his hopes? It will kill him, I know it will! And it is his own father!

She turned away as she pronounced the last agitated words, and was hurrying from the room. So excited was she, that I believe she would have been out of the house in another half-hour, children, trunks, and all, on the road back to her darling husband. Her hand was on the lock of the door, but Colonel Harwood called her back. "Adèle," said he, in a low, strange, disturbed tone of voice, "do not go. Come here—I did not know that Charles, that my son—" He stopped speaking. Adèle was so absorbed in her indignation that she scarcely listened or comprehended, but I seized her hand, and yielding to the impulse of the moment, exclaimed, "Go back, go back—he is going to forgive him." She gazed first in my face, then in the Colonel's with a wild look of amazement, then forgetting her anger in an instant, in the return of hope for Charles, she darted back, threw herself on her knees, and covered Colonel Harwood's hands with tears and kisses. I was not mistaken. In the bottom of every man's heart there is, there must be, a stream of true natural feeling; the difficulty is to penetrate deep enough to find it. Often, as in the present case, the rock must be stricken ere the waters will flow; and, certainly, it must be confessed that the stroke had been no light one. The idea of his son, suffering, repentant, but still loving and revering the father from whose displeasure his misfortunes proceeded, had unclosed the gates of the old man's heart. It had taken him by surprise. All this time he had looked upon Charles as a disobedient and rebellious child; upon himself as a justly severe and injured parent. The tables were turned, and he found himself the hardhearted oppressor of one who had never ceased to deplore a fault for which he had already been bitterly punished. A thousand softening recollections had been called up by Adèle's vehement words—in short, he had been taken by storm, and was compelled to surrender at discretion. But the revulsion of feeling was too much for the young wife; she fainted, and was carried to her room, but not before she had mustered self-command enough to tell me to write to Charles, and to give me his address, which, somewhat to my surprise, was in Exeter. He had accompanied her to England, and was holding himself in readiness for the summons which he could not help hoping to receive, and which, I write it with joy, he received that very evening.

He arrived by daybreak the following morning. His father received him alone, and what passed between them, I know not; but the reconciliation was evidently complete. The young man's joy was absolutely rapturous,—he could not contain himself. He folded his sisters in the closest embrace, kissed his aunt Peggy a dozen times in a minute, tossed up his boy, and flew at his baby, till even the pale Adèle lifted herself from the sofa where she lay, exhausted both in mind and body, to implore him to "take care of the children." And then, sobered in a moment, he stole to her side, and wound his arm around her, looking at her with an expression in which the love of years was concentrated, and calling her "his own sweet wife, to whom he owed it all." I was surprised to see how completely all Colonel Harwood's absurdities vanished beneath the refining and elevating touch of nature. He now was what he had before professed himself, a father in the

highest sense of the word, and the deep and affectionate respect with which Charles evidently regarded him, did not seem misplaced or exaggerated. When we separated on that happy Christmas night, the expressive manner in which he uttered the few simple words "God bless you, my son," went to the hearts of all; and Charles himself involuntarily dropped on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, while his eyes overflowed with tears.

I felt that the sincere repentance, and open acknowledgment of error, visible in my nephew's whole deportment, effectually connected the view of the case which Adèle's excited feelings and passionate love for her husband had given, and made the moral of the story as true as the end of it was beautiful. No one who saw or heard Charles could forget that he felt that he had offended deeply, and suffered justly, and the gratitude with which he received his father's forgiveness, showed clearly that he did not think that four years of poverty and unhappiness had been too hard a punishment for his disobedience. What a joyful fortnight was that which followed! Even Anna warmed into amiability—and, as to the Colonel, I actually learned to love him, and to consider those foibles, which I had before found so annoying, as the most innocent peculiarities in the world.

And how did I feel as I drove away from Duncombe Park, when my visit was concluded, and I recalled that sentiment which I had inscribed in my journal, namely, that I never liked to leave a house without being able to reflect that I had done some good in it? What good had I done here? Little enough—but I had received much. The reconciliation of father and son had indeed been effected, but not by any of my judicious contrivances and ingenious manoeuvres—it had been the straightforward work of genuine feeling, without any contrivance at all. And though I cannot but feel a little humbled when I recollect my anticipations of success, I have received a useful lesson, and one which in no wise diminishes my exceeding happiness in the result. Colonel Harwood and I parted excellent friends, and I am engaged to spend another month with them in the autumn of next year, to celebrate my favourite Janet's seventeenth birthday. To this visit I look forward with great interest. I am very curious to see how those various characters will assimilate, after the tension of feeling consequent upon the reconciliation has subsided sufficiently to allow their respective peculiarities to resume their usual prominence. I want to study Anna, who is still a mystery to me, to prosecute my intimacy with the interesting Adèle, to become as great a favourite with the baby as I already am with little Everard, to enjoy the society of Charles and Janet, who both love me, and towards both of whom I feel more as a mother than as an aunt, and to do my best to regain the ground which I have lost in my brother-in-law's estimation. I must close my description of my first visit to Duncombe Park, by heartily wishing a happy new year to all its inmates—and I shall be at least as much disappointed as grieved, if the wish does not attain fulfilment.

S. M.

SHOPPING.

(Concluded from page 182.)

On Thursday afternoon John solicited leave of absence, and went with a huge cloak of his own to the coach-office; but the weather was very wet, and he was afraid his sister might take cold, so eighteen-pence of his last three shillings went to hire her a cab. Many were the affectionate greetings between the brother and sister. Anne was delighted with the appearances of John's competence, in the well-furnished cup-board, and first month's rent. She wondered how it was she and her mother had seemed so very poor. John did not tell her that the price of his necessary new coat had bought these comforts; he indulged her joy, and laughed heartily with her. Having told her to be up betimes, and punc-

tual to a minute in going to the work-room, they forgot business.

Anne made tea, and never was it more enjoyed. Never had these four dark little walls echoed with such mirth before. The coffee Adelaide was just then sipping out of delicate Dresden china was not half so pleasant as this humble meal; for her costlier state was burdened with a heavy heart, and these loving creatures were happy in their innocence. The next morning Anne got up early and looked out. The confined prospect excited no sorrow, there was no longing for green fields, opening buds, and shadowy trees; why should there? She had come to work, and grow rich; to make enough for her mother to live without work—this was prospect enough! She braided her dark hair, and, neatly dressed, went out in early morning, being careful to take the turning John had shown her the night before as they rode along. She was scarcely two minutes before she was with her employer, a lady of middle age, of a kind expression of countenance.

"O you are the young person who was to come to me from the country, are you not?" said Mrs. Bond.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Anne.

"How very pale you are, child; have you had your breakfast?"

"Yes, I thank you," said Anne.

"Well, the place is strange to you, I dare say!" continued Mrs. Bond.

"I was never in London till yesterday, ma'am," answered the girl.

"Well, come and have a cup of warm coffee with me before you begin work then. I do not like to see you looking so pale; you must not be afraid, the young ladies will be very kind to you."

"I do not doubt that, ma'am, and I am much obliged for your kindness; yet I do not think either cold or fright has made me pale now: I am always so."

"Always as white—poor child! I am afraid our work won't suit you then, for we are obliged to be up early and late, though we are not nearly so badly off as some of the houses at the west end of the town; our business lies principally among the families of merchants and such people, who live in the suburbs, for you see this house stands in a good thoroughfare, as they come into the city; and the ladies find it convenient. At best, they are very hard to please, and require a great deal of managing to make them wait even only the necessary time to get the dresses made."

Anne's *début* in the work-room was attended with a murmur of admiration from the young ladies there; she speedily became a favourite with the mistress of the house, who was a widow, and had lately lost her only daughter, a delicate girl about Anne's age.

Her place at the work-table was assigned to her, and she was soon busily engaged. She worked on and on till the dinner-bell rang. They had a table provided in the house for all who chose to pay a certain sum rather than bring cold meat; no time could be spared for going home; most of the young women joined this party, all, indeed, but one desolate girl, whose drunken father wrung her wages from her almost before they were earned, and she sat alone with her crust of dry bread and cheese. Dinner over, the whole party adjourned to the work-room again, and begun with fresh industry. Wearily the tired fingers moved as it grew later into the afternoon; and more wearily still, when the dazzling gas was lighted, and confused the sleepy eyes with its brilliance. Still no signal was given to leave off. The mistress herself was as tired as any of her work-people, still her fingers moved with a monotony of motion tiring to look at for a minute; how much worse to move so incessantly! They were at work on a wedding order which must be finished by night, for the lady was to be married on Monday, and this was Friday. At last the finishing stitches were put in the rich dresses of the bride and bride's maids; the tired girls woke up for a moment to admire their work; and folding up the things put

them in the basket, in which they were to be sent home to-morrow. To-morrow! to-day—St. Paul's strikes one! New speed is put into the exhausted frames of the girls as they hurry home; once there, hastily undressing they lay down,—not to sleep yet,—their eyelids ached too much—but to lie and dream dreams of days which were once, when they played all day, or of the future, when they might have no occasion to toil so excessively. But all at last were wrapped in sleep excepting Anne. She, fatigued as she was, lighted her fire, and began writing to her mother. Thrilling words of John's love and kindness came into her mind, and could paper feel, that sheet would have glowed with pleasure at being made the bearer of such gratitude. Joyful was the widow when that first fond letter came; beamings of happier times shed their sunshine on her troubled spirit, and she knelt beside the bed with her letter in her hand, shedding tears of joy, and thanking God that His promise to be the "Father of the fatherless and husband of the widow" had not been unfulfilled.

Anne rose again in good time, though she had sat up working and writing late into the morning; but her sleep had been excited and feverish, and her head felt giddy. She prepared her humble and solitary meal, and sat down to it with little appetite. Still, though a momentary longing for fresh air and a sight of her mother's face prompted a sigh, she banished discontent when she felt that she was trying to earn happiness and peace for that dear parent. This Saturday was a busy day for Anne. She had to take home a great many dresses,—an employment allotted to her by the kindness of Mrs. Bond, who thought it might be better for her than sitting at home at work. So, with a light heart she set out with a load that was by no means a trifling one. A repining disposition would have murmured at such changes as Anne's life had known, had she been apt to be discontented; she possessed reason enough. Her father had been a merchant of high standing, and in the days of wealth, no rough breath of wind was allowed to visit the cheek of his only daughter. She had been reared with tenderness. As she walked along in the sunshine of a frosty winter's day, in London, she called up the memory of her childhood's home: that stately old country house, with the dark, sad evergreens all around it, now to her thoughts emblems of the dark sad fortunes of those who had walked beneath their foliage. She thought of the old wide oaken staircase, with its landing-places as large as a modern room, where John and she had shouted to each other in the gaiety of childish play. How they had made the old walls ring with the laugh and song! One by one the circumstances of her life came up before her; particularly she recalled a birthday of her mother's. The great parlour, with its old-fashioned windows and bright red draperies, had been adorned with wreaths of flowers; it was autumn, and at night the room was brilliantly lighted. Many guests were there—high and noble some of them. She saw her father stand conversing, with his handsome but wretchedly careworn face. She heard him exchange the civilities of life, as if his thoughts were elsewhere; but presently he left the room, and returned looking joyful, for on his arm hung that young and beautiful wife. How gracefully her long dress fell to the ground; how smooth and thick was her splendid black hair, which was bound with myrtle. Her usually passionless, pale features, were lighted up with excitement. How well the poor girl remembered how she had been caressed by her mother's friends, how they pressed her little hands and called her beautiful, had said how like her mother she grew. She remembered, as she glanced at her coarse clothes, the rich lace dress she then wore, and the one string of pearls, not easily to be matched, on her neck. O, those happy days! Then the hurry and grief that filled the house when her poor father died suddenly, in consequence of strong mental excitement, and his affairs were found to be terribly deranged.

The cold bleak day, when she and her mother turned their backs on the old house, and, following her father's remains to their last rest, lived together in a strange place. How that mother had eked out the money she possessed, to continue to the child the little luxuries which had become necessities to her. How they got poorer and poorer, till the mother was obliged to help to earn her livelihood by the work of her fingers, and the child grew up to help her. Her mother's trials seemed to her greater than ever, when she reflected that that mother had been a woman, with passions and sensibility struggling with so much evil, while she herself was a helpless child, scarcely understanding the desolation that surrounded her. Poor Anne might have thought a very long time yet, but she was just near the bride's residence, where the dresses were to be left. She knocked hesitatingly at the door, which was opened by a neat and rosy maid-servant, who, having announced her arrival, sent her, by her mistress's desire, into the pleasant room where the ladies were sitting at work. Her eyes lighted up as she looked on the birds, which were singing merrily, looking in the sunshine like molten gold; the geraniums, with their fine green leaves, looked cheerful, though they were void of blossoms: the fire burned brightly, and the scarlet table-cover was spread with work, now almost completed.

The bride elect was there, and her sisters: she serenely happy, and they rather boisterously so. But I forget I am keeping Anne standing at the door all this time.

"The dresses—the dresses, Jane; we must try them on. O, how beautiful, dear Jane; you will look quite charmingly!" said a fair girl, the youngest of the trio.

Having gone upstairs, and fitted on the dresses, they were pronounced faultless; and then the young ladies for the first time took notice of Anne, who had been enjoying the appearances of happiness the room contained.

"What a beautiful girl, Mary," whispered the bride: "how very pale she is."

The younger ladies having left the room, the bride asked Anne a few questions, about her business and life, in such a tone of genuine sympathy, that she burst into tears.

"You are not well, my poor girl, I am sure," said Jane; "let me give you a glass of wine."

Anne took the proffered refreshment with a trembling hand, and tearful eyes; then, at the lady's request, she told her when and why she took up this mode of earning her living. She had been thinking so much about her sad changes of fortune, that she told a touching story from a full heart; and, as is natural in such a case, the heart of her auditor became touched and full too. She said, "I shall not be in town for the next three months, but, perhaps, when I come home I may want more work. Can you wait while I write a note for Mrs. Bond, and then she will send you to me, for I should like to see you again. I will give you a card with my new address," continued she, taking one from a box on the table, which contained the wedding cards. She hoped Anne would not be hurt, she said, by what she was going to do; but she felt sure she could not be too rich; and the bride wanted to do all the good she could now, she felt so grateful for her own happiness. She slipped half-a-sovereign into the hand of the astonished girl, and hurried her out to prevent a refusal. Anne found herself in the street, with the empty basket in her hands, almost before she was aware, and the door was shut. She thought it would indeed be false pride to refuse a gift offered in so sisterly a spirit. Anne put the little piece of gold into her pocket with pleasure. None but they who have known what it is to be poor can sympathize with her now. She seemed to have an inexhaustible store of money in this accession to her funds. She walked quickly home, to delight Mrs. Bond with the favourable opinion respecting the dresses. In the afternoon she had another pleasure: she was

sent to the very shop where her brother was employed; happily, he was not busy when she entered, so he served her with what she wanted. She told him of Mrs. Bond's kindness in giving her a long walk, and of the amiability of the beautiful young bride. She was sorry to see John looking very pale and tired out, but consoled herself and him with the thought that the next day would be Sunday, and then they could have a long day together, after walking somewhere a little into the country to church. What importance there was in Anne's face when she asked John to dine with her the next day! What a charming expression of uncertainty when, having been allowed to leave work a little earlier than usual, she stopped by the flaring gas-light of a butcher's shop, and mentally weighed the respective merits of the different meats before her! How she took beef at last, in deference to John's taste, and actually determined to commit for once the extravagance of a plum-pudding, I might tell at length, but such things are pleasanter in realization than imagination; so I say no more about them. The next morning, John came in good time, but was not let into the secret of the Christmas dinner they were to have. They walked out of the dull, black city, leaving care behind them with the smoke, and were happy indeed to sit together again, and hear the beautiful English liturgy, which was familiar to both. Happy, too, when they sat by the bright little fire in Anne's small, but scrupulously neat room, to the dinner which she had had so much pride in arranging. Few such days were in store for them, so it was well they enjoyed this so much. John was really almost worn out with the constant standing and late hours; his walk in the morning had left him weak, but his disposition was so generous, that he studiously concealed this from his sister, whose high spirits and ardent hopes (for the dark mood of yesterday had passed away) breathed new life into his own soul. He was thankful that the first days of hope were not over yet for her, but he saddened when he looked forward to their departure; he remembered that he had had such visions of competence and bliss as were her's now; his experience soon showed him how chimerical they were. Yet he would not deceive her, for it is not wise to anticipate evil; and so they parted pleasantly, with the hope of meeting next Sunday.

The gentleman who had been fascinated at the dinner party by Adelaide's beauty and talents, was an acquaintance of Captain Mortlake's, and meeting him a few days after, the two young men walked together. Edward Fielding did not know that the person to whom he was speaking, had given his best love to Adelaide. He described her conversation, the talent she had of weaving a web of sophistical argument, until the poor fly she caught wondered where or how he became entrapped. The open-hearted Reginald felt no admiration for this talent, but he did not say so: his heart was too full. Yet, here he was in danger of doing Adelaide injustice, for he was ignorant of the fact that on that evening she felt guilty of having wounded feelings she should have respected, and that at last the evil spirit of pride overcame penitence, and drove her from truth, from womanliness, from herself.

He thought, "Well, I have less cause for regret in losing her; if this be her disposition, it is most unlovely." The young man by his side was evidently dazzled, and as it was painful to Reginald to hear him speak flippantly of her to whom he had, a few weeks back, looked with respect and dawning love, they parted.

The morning dawned brightly, and Adelaide stood, half dressed and pale, at her chamber window. She felt half afraid to meet Captain Mortlake, who was sure to be present, being the bridegroom's only brother. A month had now elapsed since the day of the long-to-be-remembered dinner-party. Adelaide had fallen far since the first slight deviation from duty, insensibly

enough, till she contrasted her first unhappy day with this. Edward Fielding had formed an acquaintance with her brother, and by that means gained access to her society. He had visited her almost daily; at first with some slight excuse, at last without any; and Adelaide had foolishly taken pleasure in his company, hoping that Mortlake might hear of their intimacy, be afraid, and return to her side to acknowledge that he had been wrong in offending her at first; but she was mistaken in his character. Every fresh report of Fielding's success filled him with increased contempt for the foolishness of a woman who had tacitly acknowledged she loved him, and then, in spite of her own heart, coquetted with another. He had met her once, having just heard her name and Edward Fielding's in connexion with each other; the meeting occasioned the haughtiest bow he had ever made, and a look from Adelaide which mutely solicited his pardon. He took no notice of it, and passed on. This roused her pride, and her conduct in consequence was such, that Fielding resolved to propose very shortly. So, on this morning, she felt afraid to see that face, the sight of which had once given her such joy. She trembled when she saw the reflection of her bloodless cheeks, and thought how they would testify to him of her agony. In her pride she wished that she could only appear healthy and happy; but she could not; and when she was dressed, she went down stairs, where her father and brother were waiting to set off. Her father sought in vain for the cause of her too apparent illness; but, as she declared herself quite well, he could say nothing. The bride felt hurt to see her friend so sad on such a day, and tried every means in her power to dissipate the cloud. To do that was beyond her art, and she was obliged to submit.

Adelaide's fears of meeting Captain Mortlake need not have disturbed her: he was as distant as if they had never met before, and sat far enough from her. She dared not look to see if his countenance bore any reproof for her, and she maintained an obstinate silence, much to the surprise of some of the company, who had seen her at the dinner-party. She was relieved when it was all over, and she was at home again; yet, on reflection, she felt more hurt with Reginald's indifference than she would have been by the severest reproof he could have administered.

John Graham had never been very strong, but he had been stronger than he found himself when sitting by his sister's fire-side on the evening of Good Friday. A presentiment sprung up within him which prompted him to look on himself and his sister as doomed creatures. Anne had now been three months in London, and the late hours which, in spite of the kindness of her employer, she was compelled to keep had begun to injure her health. Her cheek was not so pale as it used to be, but the flush was not of health. One stray tress of her beautiful hair fell down accidentally as she bent over her brother, and echoed in her heart the unavowed fears of his. He was so very thin now, so evidently declining, that Anne's yet bright hopes grew dim beside his care-worn face. At last the one subject they had mutually tried to avoid came up—the late hours. Was it to be expected that these two victims of a system hugged their chains? By no means; yet neither spoke one harsh word of the employers. They felt that the greater part of them were too, in another way, victims of a system. Yet *they* could crush it if they would.

"Do you think, love," said Anne, at length, "that anything will be done?"

"I have no doubt of it," said he; "in time—not yet, I fear; it is hard bondage, Annie, and my soul is sick of it, when I see your weary step and fading lips; yet if you had been ever merrier or less delicate, the change would be greater and harder still to bear. Really, love, if a young sculptor wanted a subject, you would make a splendid Spirit of Night; a coronet of stars and the rising moon on your brow, a black robe—it would be

beautiful, for you look so calm and passionless, unless when anything unusual happens."

"I am sure, John, I saw a lady yesterday who would do for the Spirit of Summer Day. Yesterday, you remember, was the day I went to see the newly-married lady who was so kind to me. She is beautiful, but O, not so lovely as a young sister who sat with her—she was so fairy-like, and her hair a soft bright brown—but you look paler, John."

Anne started up, and supported him, for he had fainted—she used the simple restoratives she possessed. She laid him on her own bed, and sent for a doctor, for she saw that her brother's illness was no trifle. Dr. Leeson was soon by the bedside of the invalid, and desired that he might be kept where he was for the present. He was a kind man, and inquired into the young people's circumstances in a way which avoided wounding Anne's delicate feelings. She related, at his request, their simple story, and something of the progress of the fatal process of over-exertion, which had apparently ruined her brother's health. He pitied them, and did more—he relieved them, for Anne's last money had been spent a week ago in medicine for her brother. Dr. Leeson left them a guinea, and promised to call again the next day. Wearily Anne sighed as she sat all night beside her brother's bed; in the morning she told Mrs. Bond she was unable to leave her sick brother, as she could not afford to pay a nurse; and her landlady could not neglect other and wealthier lodgers to take care of a poor invalid. He was very still and patient, and this, in a measure, augmented Anne's distress; he seemed so exhausted by his illness, that he was like a little child in simplicity and weakness. His calm, quiet face, half sleeping all day, and devoid of expression, now was sad to see; but through all he knew and loved his sister. When he was tolerably well he told her much of the progress of his malady; how he felt his strength—God's gift—oozing away day by day through a channel kept open—by what?—the mismanagement, cruelty, or thoughtlessness of English women.

He told her how such late hours were the occasions and opportunities of temptation and sin to the weak and the guilty, how they were a perpetual stumbling-block in the way of the studious and the prayerful. John had thought and felt very deeply on this subject, and gave Anne clearer ideas about it than ever she had before. But his energy was short-lived; he sunk again into a lethargic sleep, from which he awoke no more in this world. Just a week had John's illness lasted, and the mother and child stood together beside his corpse. Poor John!

When the delirium of grief was over, the mother's business was to find another situation for Anne; as Mrs. Bond had been compelled, by press of work, to fill up hers, and she positively refused to go back with her mother; for lately she had spared good part of her earnings to assist her beloved parent, and she could not forego the delight of ministering to her necessities.

It did not follow that because Adelaide had insulted Captain Mortlake, her father should cease to be friendly with him; on the contrary, being ignorant of the misunderstanding between the young people, the physician still treated him with frank cordiality. He had imputed the cold behaviour at James's wedding to a shyness which would be natural to both; and he had not been enough at home to know much of what had happened since that day in connexion with the affair;—a fever had been very prevalent in the City this season, and had kept him almost unceasingly employed.

The third morning after John's funeral he met Captain Mortlake, and invited him to walk with him, to see the friends of a late patient of his, they lived only about a furlong from his surgery. The young man acceded, and Dr. Leeson conducted him to Anne's residence. Knowing that Reginald was one of the most eloquent advocates for a relaxation of the stringent

system at present used, he told John's story, and added, just as they reached the house, "The girl will go too, if she resumes her old hard work; but I mean to ask her to be Adelaide's maid; she has been but poorly of late, and a cheerful intelligent companion may be of use to her."

Death sheds a solemnity over the commonest place, and the visitors drew their breath softly as they entered the poor room occupied by Anne and her mother.

Dr. Leeson spoke kindly, and made Anne the offer of which he had spoken. She had no false pride, yet a thought of the majestic old home of her childhood came before her mind; she, however, expressed deep gratitude, and accepted the situation.

After these arrangements had been made, they left, and Dr. Leeson invited the Captain to dine with him on the next Friday.

When he went home at night, he told Adelaide he had hired a maid for her; she was surprised at this news, till her father had related to her faithfully the story he had told Captain Mortlake in the morning. Well might Dr. Leeson wonder why his lately pale Adelaide hung her beautiful head on her bosom and blushed so guiltily. She inwardly resolved to respect Reginald Mortlake's efforts for the future, though she feared he did not care about her now, if indeed he ever did. Her father did not tell her that night who was to be her guest on Friday, but the next morning he startled her with the intelligence. Poor Adelaide! it was fortunate her father was just leaving the room, or her tears would have been discovered.

Anne was to go on Wednesday, and Reginald thought her tale of sorrow must melt Adelaide's heart; he was enough of a tyrant to determine that she should be heartily sorry for what she had done before he told his love; of failure he did not dream, for his sister-in-law, who was Miss Leeson's confidante, had told him of her penitence, and Edward Fielding's peremptory dismissal. He arrived quite punctually on Friday, for he determined not to be alone with Adelaide before dinner; it happened that Charles had had a long-standing engagement for that day. As they sat over their dessert, Dr. Leeson was sent for to an old patient, who was dangerously ill; he apologized, but was obliged to leave. The young people sat silent for some little time, when Reginald, in the most frigid way imaginable, inquired after the health of the poor girl who had just entered Adelaide's service. She replied as coldly, but she had been humbled, and her heart was full—she burst into tears. She rose to leave the room, Reginald gently detained her, persuaded her to confess her sorrow, to wipe away her tears, and to listen to his suit. Did she need much persuasion? I leave my readers to guess. But I implore them earnestly to reflect on the purpose of this sketch, and to resolve to combat as much as they can, the monster social nuisance of our young men and women of the middle classes.

RACHEL L.

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

Feast of St. James.

July 25.—St. James the Great, the "Proto-Martyr of the Apostles," was beheaded in the year 44. His festival was first instituted in 1089, and is retained in the English Church. He is the tutelar Saint of Spain, and his relics are reverently preserved at Compostella, the capital of Galicia.

Apples were formerly blessed on this day by the priests. There is a special form for their benediction in the manual of the Church of Sarum. "On St. James's day, old style," says Brand, "oysters come in, in London: and there is a popular superstition still in force, like that relating to goose on Michaelmas day, that whoever eats oysters on that day will never want money for the rest of the year."

The rector of the parish of Cliff, in Shamel Hundred, Kent, by old custom, annually distributes at his parsonage-house on this festival a mutton pie and a loaf, to as many persons as choose to demand them. The expense of which amounts to about 15*l.* per annum.

July 26.—St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, is celebrated on this day in the Latin and English, and on the 9th of December in the Greek Church. By an ancient tract, written by Hippolytus the Martyr, it appears that St. Anne was third daughter of Matthan, a priest, by Mary his wife, and that she was married to Joachim, in Galilee; that Mary, the eldest sister of St. Anne, was married in Bethlehem, and became the mother of Mary, surnamed Salome; and that Sobe, the other sister, was also married in Bethlehem, and had for daughter, Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist.

The estimation in which St. Anne was held in England before the change of Religion, may be well imagined from there being in London four churches dedicated under her invocation, besides upwards of thirty thoroughfares in the metropolis called by her name. The wedding-ring of Joachim and Anne has also had its due share of veneration. It was kept by the nuns of St. Anne at Rome, and is said to have worked miracles. It was stolen during the sacking of that city under the pontificate of Clement VII., but was wonderfully brought back and laid upon a stone by a crow.

July 27—Happens this year to be the first Monday after St. Anne's day, on which there is annually a mock election of the "Mayor of Bartlemass," at Newbury, in Berkshire. The election is held at the Bull and Dog public-house, where a dinner is provided; the principal dishes being bacon and beans, have obtained for it the name of the "bacon and bean feast." In the course of the day a procession takes place. A cabbage is stuck on a pole, and carried instead of a mace, accompanied by similar substitutes for the other emblems of civic dignity, and there is plenty of "rough music." A "justice" is chosen at the same time, some other offices are filled up, and the day ends by all concerned getting completely hilarious.

Most persons have heard of the SEVEN SLEEPERS. The fact of their being commemorated on this day by the Western Church affords us an opportunity of relating their history as recorded in the veritable pages of the *Golden Legend*. In A. D. 250, the Emperor Decius came to Ephesus on one of his persecuting errands, and commanded the people to "edefye" temples in the midst of the city, that all the inhabitants might come with him "to doo sacrefyse" to idols; and so cruelly did he persecute the Christians, that friends forsook their friends, parents their children, and children their parents. "And thenne in thys cite were founden seven crysten men, that is to wete," Maximen, Malchus, Marcianus, Denys, John, Sempion, and Constantine: these were the first who refused to do sacrifice, and grieving for the calamities which assailed the faithful, they concealed themselves in their own houses. They were soon after accused before Dacien, who gave them space to repent until the coming again of the emperor; and during this interval they sold their possessions, "despended thayr patrimonye in almesse to the poure peple," retreated to Mount Celion, and hid themselves in a dark cave; and Malchus, who served the rest, when he had occasion to go to the city for provisions, disguised himself as a pauper. On one of these expeditions, he heard that Decius was returned and vehemently desired to seize them. Sorrowful in spirit, the holy man came back in haste, and related the sad intelligence to his fellows, "and thenne were they sore aferde, and when they had taken theyr reflection and satte in wepyng and waylinges, sodenly as God wold, they slepte." And when the morning came, and they could nowhere be found, Dacien was very angry, because he had lost "suche yong men," and sending for their relatives threatened them with death, "and they accused them and complayned that they had despended all theyr riches, and stated where they were concealed. Then

the emperor choked up the cavern's mouth with stones, and Theodore and Ruffine "wrote their martirdom, and leyde it subtly among the stones."

Now about three hundred and seventy-two years after, in the thirtieth year of the reign of Theodosius, the heresy of those who denied the resurrection of the body so greatly prevailed, that that prince wept bitterly, clad himself in hair-cloth, and led a holy and religious life, "whiche God merciful, and piteous, seeing, wold comforte them that were sorrowful and wepying, and gyue to them esperance and hope of the resurexyon of deed men, and opened the preevous tresour of His pyte and reysed the forsayde martirs."

A certain citizen of Ephesus had resolved to erect, on Mount Celion, a dwelling for his herdsmen, and it so chanced that the masons opened the cave, and the seven saints immediately awoke; and, supposing that they had only slept one night, began to prepare their minds for coming torment, but feeling themselves ravenously hungry, they despatched Malchus, with five pieces of silver in his purse, to buy some food, who, when he saw that the masons "began to blysse him, was moche admerueyllyd." And when he reached the city his wonder increased ten-fold, for he beheld the sign of the cross thereon! and on every gate appeared the same sign; so he "adyseed and comforted hymself, and covered his vysage, and entred into the cite;" and when he reached the market-place he heard all the people talking about their SAVIOUR CHRIST. Then quoth the saint, "I trow this is not the city of Ephesus, for it is all otherwise builded; it is some other city, I wot not what." This the bystanders presently informed him was not the fact; so he went to a baker's, but when he took out his money, the shopkeepers began to wonder in their turn at the antique impress on the coin, and agreed among themselves that the youth had discovered some old treasure. Naturally supposing that he was known, and that the bread-sellers were plotting to betray him, Malchus entreated them to let him go, and "kepe both money and breede." "Nay," said they, "you have found some treasures of the old emperors, share them with us, and we will keep your secret." Malchus was too alarmed to reply, so they put a cord about his neck and dragged him into the midst of Ephesus, bawling the while that their prisoner had "found great riches," which Malchus, who had now recovered his self-possession, stoutly denied.

At length St. Martin the bishop, and Antipater the consul, heard the report, and sent for the prisoner and his money; and Malchus went trembling to the church, expecting to meet his foe, the emperor. He was there interrogated how he had obtained the silver. He answered, "by inheritance." The judge then inquired of what city he was: he replied, "of Ephesus." "Then let thy kindred bear witness to thee," returned the consul. Then Malchus mentioned the names of several, but no one had ever heard of them, so all the people concluded that the prisoner was endeavouring to cheat them. "This money," observed the judge, "was coined three hundred and seventy-two years ago, in the first year of Decius, 'how may it come fro thy lygnage so long sythe,' and thou art young, and wouldest deceive these wise and ancient citizens, thou shalt be punished as the law directs, until you confess where you found this treasure."

Then Malchus knelt down, and asked for Decius: to this inquiry the bishop made answer, that he had been long dead. "That cannot be," replied the saint, "for it was but yesterday that I beheld him: follow me, and I will show you my fellows, who have hid themselves in Mount Celion to escape his fury." Concluding that the youth had seen a vision, the good prelate, and a great multitude of the citizens, repaired to the holy mountain, and saw the Christians seated in the cavern, and "theyr vysages like unto roses fowering:" so they glorified God.

Then the bishop sent immediately to the emperor, who, rising from the dust, and doffing his mourning garments, hurried from Constantinople to Ephesus, where he was met by the rulers of the city, who conducted him

to the cave of the miracle. And when the Saints perceived him coming, their faces blazed like the noon-day sun, and Theodosius embraced them all reverently, and glorified the LORD CHRIST, who had raised them from the dead to testify to the truth of the resurrection. And when they had been seen by all the people, they bowed their faces earthward and gave up the ghost. Then the emperor commanded that gold and silver sepulchres should be made to contain their most precious bodies; but on the night following they appeared unto him in a dream, and craved him to permit them to lie in the cave, as they lay before his arrival. So Theodosius adorned that place "nobly and richly" with precious jewels, and commanded that "all the bysshops that wold confesse the resurrection shold be assoyled."

Such is the legend of the "seven sleepers" as believed in the middle ages. These saints, according to Alban Butler, were walled up together in a cave, wherein they had hid themselves, till they were found in 479; and hence, he says, some moderns have imagined that they only lay asleep till they were discovered.

July 29.—The Spanish Armada was destroyed on this day, 1588.

In Sykes's "Local Records" it is related that on the 29th July, 1822, the cordwainers of Newcastle celebrated the feast of St. Crispin, by holding a coronation of their patron saint, and afterwards walking in procession. The coronation took place in the court of the Freeman's Hospital, at the Westgate, at eleven o'clock, and soon after twelve the procession moved forward through the principal streets of that town and Gateshead, and finally halted at the sign of the Chancellor's Head, in Newgate-street, where the members of the trade partook of a dinner. There had not been a similar exhibition at Newcastle since 1789.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

A. H. T.

AN! lingering flower, thou art fading fast,
With lovely things thou must lie,
The yellow leaves, as they rustle past,
Are whispering,—thou must die.

Thou didst tell me blithely of summer skies,
Of the long sweet summer hours;
Aye, many a blessing hidden lies,
Within the eloquent flowers.

Many a tale of the far-off past,
Shining in hues of gold,
Relieving the shadows around us cast
By all which was bright of old.

I remember well the pale features of one,
In the light of whose earnest eye
Lay the nameless expression of something gone,
Of much which had shone to die.

How oft he would gaze, with that mournful look,
Which speaks of some grief within,
On a flower, as some richly illumined book,
Whose love it were treasure to win;

On the crimson bloom of an op'ning rose,
As tho' in its depths lay coiled,
Far hid in its roseate depths, that repose
For which he had vainly toiled!

Full deeply he read of a distant hour,
When he look'd on a form most fair;
When the gift, aye, of even a little flower,
First taught him sweet love nestled there!

For the hand, as it offer'd that simple flower,
Trembled with hidden feeling,
And the voice, as it faltered, revealed a power
Which mocks our feeble concealing.

Her voice, though it was but a careless word,
In its tone, so low and broken,
Betrayed how the spirit within her stirred—
We needed no farther token;

And the quiet garden, which slept around,
And the broad moon glancing over,
Listened and caught the half-whispered sound,
The first low words of the lover.

Yes, it was love—as the dawning day,
In its purple beauty it shone,
He lived to behold it fade sadly away,
To seek, when, alas! it was gone!

Till dull o'er its loveliness, darkness crept,
Like the deep desolation of yore;
Even darkness that well might be felt—and he wept
In his grief, for the anguish was sore.

Thus he wandered forlorn the wide heavens beneath,
Before him a broad desert lay,
The world's mighty desert—from manhood till death,
Alone he must pass on his way.

The melodious depths of his eloquent mind
Found a language and spake—did he feel
When the pomp of the laurel his temples enshrined,
There was aught in its splendour to heal?

He felt not the glow of its deathless green,
He turned from the glorious dower,
To remember, how meekly, a distant scene—
To gaze on what once was a flower.

Poor colourless dust—in that hour of light,
He felt not that thou wouldst be,
In thy loveliest promise—thine after blight,
A type of his destiny.

Thus he went on his way; till his course became
As a star's, through the midnight sky;
Girt ever by darkness; his radiant name
Shone with cold immortality.

None knew, when like music, exultingly
His voice through the broad earth ran,
That even to bow down his head, and to die,
Had been bliss to that lonely man.

They looked on the features, so quiet and cold,
The dark eye, with its earnest gleam,
They knew not, how deep in his heart untold,
Lay the wreck of his morning dream.

They heard the sweet tide of his minstrelsy roll
As the voice of the rushing wave,
They knew not how hid in his inmost soul
Lay that dream in its restless grave.

Yes! thus did he live—and e'en thus did he die,
Yet of love, and its charmed hours,
He clung to one ling'ring reality
In the beautiful presence of flowers.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

No man has a right to say he can do nothing for the benefit of mankind, who are less benefited by ambitious projects than by the sober fulfilment of each man's proper duties. By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor. The results of "patient continuance in well doing," are never to be measured by the weakness of the instrument, but by the omnipotence of Him who blesseth the sincere efforts of obedient faith alike in the prince and in the cottager.—*Rev. H. Thompson's Life of Hannah More*.

It is a fair ornament of a man, and a grand convenience both to himself and others with whom he converseth or dealeth, to act regularly, uniformly, and consistently; freeing a man's self from distraction and irresolution in his mind, from change and confusion in his proceedings; securing others from delusion and disappointment in their transactions with him. Even a bad rule constantly observed is, therefore, better than none; order and perseverance in any way, seemeth more convenient than roving and tossing about in uncertainties. But, secluding a regard to the precepts of religion, there can hardly be any sure or settled rule which firmly can engage a man to, or effectually restrain a man from anything.—*Barrow*.

The innocent are naturally unsuspecting; the guilty, as naturally suspicious. For it is according to nature that we should judge others by ourselves, until experience of the world awakens the man from the dreams of the youth. Then, indeed, he becomes cautious of committing himself to the treachery which he knows to exist in the world; but if he has preserved, in any degree, the spirit of early years, he never believes any man deliberately evil whom he has not found such by experiment.—*Anon*.

YEARS may pass over our heads without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence or extensive utility; whereas not a day passes, but, in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue: nay, by seasonable discoveries of a humane spirit, we sometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happiness, than by actions which are, seemingly, more important.—*Blair*.

It has been wisely said, "there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." I have a rich neighbour who is so busy that he has no leisure to laugh. God knows that the cares, that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly.—*Izaak Walton*.

THE man, whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself, whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

In conversation, humour is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge: few desire to *learn*, or think they need it; all desire to be *pleased*, or, if not, to be *easy*.—*Extract from Caldwell's "Results of Reading"*.

MEN should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely, is as far above that of *enterprising greatly*, as an unblemished conscience, and inflexible resolution, are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. Whosoever is *really* brave, has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him; for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself *greater, by forgiving it*.—*Pope*.

*** The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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Alnwick Castle.

Few districts in England are more worthy of visiting than the Borders. They formed the great arena for the conflicts between two gallant nations; there is hardly a castle, or hill, or valley, which does not teem with historic or romantic traditions. Alnwick, perhaps, holds the most pre-eminent claim upon the tourist for a first visit, not only from its historic importance, and princely castle—the great Border fortress and residence of the Percys, who were themselves the very centre and source of Border story,—but also from its favourable position as a central point from whence to visit some of the most remarkable places in the country. The great trunk railroad from London to Edinburgh, will convey, in a few months, by means of a short branch, the distant traveller, for a few shillings, almost to the very walls of Alnwick Castle. There are three main entrances into the town, all of an imposing character; but as we suppose the visitor to enter at the south end, we will briefly forewarn him of the objects that cannot fail to attract his attention. The first is one of a very pleasing character, not so much on account of its great architectural and scenic beauty, which however it possesses in a high degree, as from the gratifying evidence it affords of the kind relationship that exists between one of the greatest landed proprietors of the

kingdom and his numerous tenantry. We allude to the noble column which was erected at the south entrance of the town, by the Percy tenantry, to commemorate the liberality of the Duke of Northumberland at a period of great agricultural distress, when it is said more were found to blame than to imitate. The column, which is built on an eminence rising somewhat suddenly from the great south turnpike, beautifully laid out with shrubbery, is about one hundred feet high, surmounted by a lion passant—the Percy crest, and at the base are four splendidly sculptured lions couchant. Beyond this, the traveller immediately enters into a spacious street; but his length of view is suddenly obstructed by an old and gloomy gateway, which has stood sentinel there since the time when the gallant Hotspur, with his powers, went forth to do battle with his sovereign on the field of Shrewsbury; for tradition ascribes its erection to that hero. The town was anciently fortified by four strong towers, of which Bond-gate, as the one we are speaking of is called—probably because the houses in this street consisted of those of the *bondagers*, or persons bound to perform certain menial offices for the Lord of the Castle—is the only surviving one. The name of Hotspur has preserved it from the destruction that has swept away the others. The other entrances are very

striking, and afford extensive views of the town and castle. The castle is the pride and glory of Alnwick. It is believed to have been founded during the domination of the Romans. This belief is strengthened by the great probability that the Aln is the *Alauna* of the Roman Itineraries; and by the fact, that, when a part of the keep was taken down a few years ago to be repaired, the foundations of other buildings, which lay in a different direction from the present, were discovered, and some of the stones appeared to have Roman mouldings. The present keep seems to belong to the Saxon times, for the zig-zag fret-work round the arch that immediately leads into the inner court is evidently of Saxon architecture; and yet there is reason to believe, from the appearances of a gateway under the flag-tower, fronting the main gateway from the town, that an earlier one than the present formerly existed.

The Castle, with its numerous dependencies, before the Norman Conquest belonged to a powerful Baron named Gilbert Tyson, who stood by his country's cause at the great battle of Hastings, and fell with Harold and the flower of the Saxon nobility. An impression is generally entertained, that, after the battle of Hastings, little or no resistance was made to the Norman; but this is contrary to historical facts, and unjustly derogatory to the hardy bravery and nobly attested patriotism of our forefathers—the men from whom nine-tenths of the present race of Englishmen are descended. Seven long years at least the Normans were engaged in continual conflicts for the land, and in no part of England was a more heroic and obstinate resistance made than by the Northumbrians; and fearfully did the stranger king repay it. William of Malmesbury, who wrote about eighty years after, says, "From York to Durham not an inhabited village remained. Fire, slaughter, and desolation made a vast wilderness there, which continues to this day." Although William himself did not proceed farther than Hexham, some of his chieftains continued the conquest of the country both towards the north and the west, and seized upon the domains their valour had won. It was at this period that Ivo de Vesey took possession of the town and castle of Alnwick. Tyson's son, William, had an only child, named Ada, "sole daughter of his house and heart," whom the Conqueror gave in marriage to De Vesey, who, in consequence, succeeded to the vast possessions of the Saxon chief. It was by this family that the principal endowments to Alnwick and Hulne Abbeys were made; and the right of pasture on Alnwick Moor—a common consisting of more than two thousand acres—and various other privileges, granted to the burgesses of Alnwick, which they still enjoy.

From this period Alnwick Castle became a place of great strength. It underwent a memorable siege in the reign of Malcolm Caenmore, King of Scotland. This Malcolm married Margaret, the sister of the unfortunate Edgar Atheling, who fled to Scotland in 1068; and when the Norman duke overran England and assumed the crown, Malcolm espoused the cause of Edgar, and refused to do homage for his English lands. At the accession of Rufus, however, peace appears to have prevailed between the two kingdoms; but, on Rufus's return from Scotland, having observed the favourable position of Carlisle, he expelled the lord of the district, founded a strong fortress, and established an English colony in the town and neighbourhood. This renewed the rupture: for Cumbria had long been an appanage of the eldest son of the King of Scotland.

After various negotiations and schemes, Malcolm at last made an inroad into Northumberland, and laid siege to Alnwick Castle, where he lost his life. The ancient Chartulary of Alnwick Abbey seems to give the most authentic account of this event.

The Castle was too strong to be taken, but, being cut off from all hopes of succour, it was on the point of surrendering, when one of the garrison, named Hammond, undertook its rescue by the following stratagem:—

He rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the Castle tied to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant manner before the king's pavilion, as being come to surrender up the possession of the Castle. Malcolm too hastily came up to receive them, and was suddenly pierced to the heart by the spear. The wound was mortal, but the assailant escaped by the fleetness of his horse across the river, which was then swollen with rains. The place was long after named Hammond's Ford, probably where the bridge is now built. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, incautiously advanced to revenge his father's death, and received a wound of which he died three days after. Eustace de Vesey founded a chapel and hospital, dedicated to St. Leonard, for the soul of Malcolm, "there," as the chronicle states, "mortally wounded near a certain spring, leaving his name to the same spring for ever, whence that spring is called in the English tongue, Malcolm's Well." The site of this hospital, which had become utterly unknown, was discovered last summer by a few workmen, who were draining a boggy part of a field lying upon the west side of the north turnpike-road, about three-quarters of a mile from Alnwick. Among other things, a well was discovered, about five feet deep, and lined with circular stones. There is a cross erected to the memory of Malcolm, about two or three hundred yards to the north of the chapel recently discovered, which has always been considered to be erected on the spot where Malcolm was killed; but from the statement above, it would appear that the chapel was built upon the spot, and the discovery of the well confirms it. The place has evidently been a swamp, and covered to a considerable depth by vegetable matter. The well is now dry, but there are traces of a small stream having traversed this part of the field before joining Clennel's Burn, which runs about two hundred yards below the site of the chapel.

Malcolm and his son were not the only Scottish monarchs who suffered disasters before Alnwick Castle. William, surnamed the Lion, tired of his fruitless solicitations for the attainment of his favourite object, the earldom of Northumberland, from Henry II., at last joined the party of the king's rebellious son, from whom he had obtained a grant of the earldom, and invaded Northumberland. His troops spread devastation wherever they appeared, till their progress was stopped before the walls of Alnwick Castle. William was tilting in a meadow with only sixty Scottish lords near him, on the 12th July, 1174, when he was suddenly fallen upon by Ranulf de Glanville, and made prisoner with all his knights, but not without a brave resistance. As soon as the king perceived who the enemy were, (for at first he had mistaken them for a returning party of his own stragglers,) he cried out, "Now it will be seen who are true knights," and immediately advanced to the charge. But he was quickly overpowered, (Glanville had four hundred horsemen,) and carried the same night to Newcastle. He was afterwards liberated, on delivering up several castles, and his brother David and many of the chief nobility as hostages. A monument is erected on the spot to commemorate the event.

The castle and barony continued in the possession of the Lords de Vesey till the year 1297, when the last baron of the family died without issue. The fairdomains passed into the hands of Anthony Bee, Bishop of Durham, in whose possession they continued twelve years, when they were by him granted to Lord Henry Percy, who was at that time one of the most powerful barons of the north, the lineal descendant of William De Percy, who was a favourite chieftain of the Conqueror, whose name is enrolled in the scroll of Battel Abbey, and who, at the time when Ivo de Vesey won the lands and daughter of the Saxon Lord of Alnwick, had more than eighty manors in Yorkshire appropriated to him, as his share of the conquered north.

The family of Percy is derived from Manfred, a Danish chieftain, who made eruptions into France in

the ninth century. His descendants settled in Normandy, and assumed the name of Percy, from the domain so called, which Geoffrey, the son of Manfred, obtained from the famous Rollo, whose fortunes he had followed. The early history of this illustrious race is beautifully told by their poetical descendant, Bishop Percy, in his well-known Tale of the Hermit of Warkworth:—

"They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipp'd his powers,
And gained a fair young Saxon bride,
With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died:
But first the silver Crescent won,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed;
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.

How he the Percy name reviv'd,
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country's cause,
With god-like ardour shine."

The eldest son of Josceline and Agnes succeeded his father, and was one of the chief barons who levied arms against King John, and took the oath to compel the king to observe faithfully the Great Charter. He died without issue, and his brother, the first Henry, Lord Percy, succeeded him. It was the grandson of this Henry who purchased the barony of Alnwick, as before mentioned. From this period Alnwick Castle became the great baronial residence of the Percys. To narrate their achievements in detail would be to write almost the entire history of the Borders, and no inconsiderable portion of the annals of England; for there are few important passages in them in which they did not take a conspicuous part. We shall glance at only a few of the more salient points, so to speak, of their history.

The fourth Henry, Lord Percy, (who was the first of his family that possessed the castle of Warkworth,) bore a distinguished part in the memorable battle of Halidon Hill, signalized himself at the siege of Nantz, and had the chief command in the famous battle of Nevill's Cross, where David of Scotland was captured, and his splendid army annihilated. The sixth Henry was a supporter of Wickliffe. It was this nobleman who took such a notorious part in the deposition of Richard II. When the Scots invaded England in the third year of Henry IV., the Earl gave them a most fearful discomfiture at Humbledon Hill, where the Earl of Douglas was taken prisoner. Dissensions about the prisoners taken in this fight originated the feud between Percy and the King. The former could not brook insult from a sovereign whom he had mainly raised to the throne. He accordingly levied a powerful army, and put it under the command of his son, the famous Hotspur:—

"A son who was the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who was sweet fortune's minion and her pride."

Owen Glendower, too, had raised the standard of insurrection; but he failed to join the rebellious Borders; and

"Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
Reft of his aid, the Percy fell."

But what, perhaps, most contributed to the loss of Shrewsbury, was the failure of Northumberland himself, who lay "crafty-sick" at York, to come up with his forces. His cold and selfish policy destroyed his fiery and noble-hearted son. Shakspeare makes Lady Percy thus reproach him:—

"The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers: but did long in vain."

The Earl fled into Scotland, carrying with him the infant son of Hotspur. His estates were confiscated, and after a time, restored; but the death of his great son, and the neglect of his sovereign, continued to prey upon his haughty spirit, which led him to join the northern malcontents, and again to take up arms against the King. He fell at the decisive battle of Bramham Moor, and his head, grey with years and sorrows, was stuck to a pole on London Bridge. The House of Percy was now in its deepest humiliation; the powerful Earl, who had deposed one king and set up another, had ignominiously fallen; his renowned son, whose fame in deeds of arms had dimmed even the glory of his own heroic race, had preceded him to the grave, and the infant heir was a dependent on the bounty of others.

But the hour of exaltation came again. The noble tree, though felled, robbed of its branches, and stripped of its foliage, was not uprooted; and the rude hands that made the gnarled oak bow to the earth, tended the fair shoot, till it again emulated the greatness of the parent tree. When this infant had grown to youth's estate, he accompanied the King of Scotland's son, who was leaving his native land, in order to escape from the intrigues and apprehended violence of his uncle, the Duke of Albany; they were driven on Flamborough Head, where they were discovered, taken prisoners, and carried to Windsor. Young Percy won the favour of Henry V., who restored him to the honours and possessions of his ancestors. This Earl made considerable additions to the Castle, and was a great patron of learning and the liberal arts. He stood firmly by Henry VI., and was among the slain at the great carnage at St. Albans; two of his sons also fell in battle—one at Northampton, and the other at Hedgeley Moor. The next Earl, with six northern barons, fell fighting at the mighty slaughter at Towton. In after years, Bosworth Field, Blackheath, the battle of the Spurs, the famous "rising of the North," the civil wars of the first Charles, by whose cause they firmly stood—to the last Duke, who was also a soldier, and served in the great Seven Years' War, and distinguished himself in America—all attest the Percys' high deeds in arms. Times have changed, and swords have been turned into pruning-hooks; and it is a pleasant reflection to know that the present representative of this illustrious line of nobles is as pre-eminent in all the charities of life in an opulent and tranquil age, as his ancestors were in the pomp and pride of war.

Their Castle of Alnwick, the unconscious sharer of their disasters and their glories, repaired and improved by successive Earls and Dukes, is now the very perfection of a baronial residence. It is situated on the south bank of the river Aln, about five miles from its mouth, upon a commanding eminence, which gradually rises from the river edge. It is not shrouded in sylvan gloom, like so many other lordly castles; but it stands forth in its pride of place, conspicuous to every eye, glittering in every sunbeam, and open to every storm. The rise from the river to the castle is tastefully decorated with shrubbery; and the grounds on the other side of the Aln, which consist of spacious pasture land (through which is a common foot-path), dotted with clumps of trees and encompassed with thick plantations, and, in summer, enriched with droves of cattle, afford a picture of quiet rural beauty, which pleasantly contrast with the magnificent pile that looks down upon them. The Castle itself occupies about five acres of ground. It is encompassed by an extensive wall, flanked with sixteen towers and turrets, most of which still retain both their ancient name and use. A complete set of offices is skilfully concealed among them, chiefly on the south side, looking towards the town. The Castle is entered from a broad and quiet aristocratic-looking street, called Bailliffgate, by a stern and gloomy barbican, over which is a stone figure of a guard in the attitude of throwing down a huge stone on the head

of assailants. The barbican is protected by a high embattled tower, which was anciently furnished with a portcullis and drawbridge. After passing these into the outer ward, the scene is truly magnificent. The great body of the castle, built upon a finely swelling eminence, bursts on the view, with its semicircular towers and lofty battlements, which, in the Norman fashion, are crowded with stone effigies of warriors, disposed with singular propriety, of wonderful animation, and arrayed in the costume and arms of ancient times. Many of them betray great antiquity, and the utmost care is taken to preserve them from decay. The entrance into the second court is similar to the first, and defended in the same way. A broad walk runs along the northern walls of this second court, and within the battlements, which would enable the guards and troops with safety to view the dispositions of the enemy without. A semicircular bastion in this wall, where it is said that Hotspur used to sit and see his troops exercise in the castle-yard, is called Hotspur's Chair. Between this and the records' tower is a place, to be plainly distinguished from the rest of the wall, where a breach was made by a body of Scots when besieging the Castle, and traditionally called the "bloody gap." There is no existing record of the event, but the tradition seems to be confirmed by the fact of arrows having been found in the adjoining parts of the wall with their points directed inwards, as if they had been showered upon the assaulters from the opposite battlements and windows. Very noble views of the main citadel and of the surrounding scenery are obtained from this walk. The entrance into the inner court is through lofty octagonal towers; beneath is an ancient dungeon in all its horrors; it is eleven feet deep, and ten feet square at the bottom, and covered by an iron grate. The inner court, the very heart of the great citadel itself, is in the form of a square with the corners cut off. The other courts are covered with a beautiful verdant turf; but this, which is much smaller, and the principal entry into the interior of the Castle, is paved with wood. The interior of the Castle is fitted up with a splendour suitable to the wealth and dignity of the illustrious owner. A recent visitor has described it in the following terms:—

"The rooms are fitted up with light Gothic tracery on the walls, very chaste and elegant, and the colours are so delicate and subdued, that you are not offended with that feeling of over-fineness which is felt at Raby. You ascend by a noble staircase, surrounded with armorial escutcheons instead of a cornice, to a suite of very spacious and handsome rooms, of which the principal are the saloon, dining-room, breakfast room, library, and chapel. The ceilings are finely walled into compartments, with escutcheons and pendants. The walls of the saloon are covered with crimson silk, sprigged with yellow flowers; those of the dining-room, with pale buff, and white mouldings, with pendant spandrels; those of the library with grey and buff mouldings, rich tracery, and elegant compartmented ceiling. In the centre of some of the arches you see the crescent, the crest of the Percys."

The library leads to the chapel, which has been designed after the most perfect models of Gothic excellence. The windows are beautifully painted with the family escutcheons. The walls are divided into drab panels, with gilt, purple, and scarlet mouldings, after the great church at Milan; the east window is in the style of the finest in York Minster, and the ceiling is borrowed from that of King's College, Cambridge.

But chaste and beautiful as the internal decorations are, it is not these that affect the mind. It is the outer antiquity, the external bravery, that throws the charm of the old heroic times around one, and crowds upon us the memories of Chevy Chase and Humbledon, of Shrewsbury, and other great fields. Every tower suggests images of greatness; and every wind that sweeps around them whispers heroic thoughts.

And the surrounding landscape seems emulous to add

its charms to the brave old Castle. The silver Aln winds its way through rocks, and hanging woods, and holy ruins, and quiet pastures, up to the very walls; wild moorlands, and the lofty Cheviots fill the background. As mentioned before, the slope in front of the Castle is tastefully decorated with shrubbery. Adjoining this are the dairy-grounds, lying along both sides of the river. During the summer months they are open to the public, who are admitted by the dairy, at the foot of Canongate. They are threaded with beautiful walks on all sides, richly adorned with flowering shrubs of exquisite fragrance, clumps of roses, rare and varied heaths, trees festooned with woodbine, and almost every favourite of the garden and shrubbery, laid out with the most correct taste, and affording a fine example of what art, legitimately applied, can effect in softening nature's harshnesses, and copying her graceful touch. The river is here crossed by an elegant chain bridge. On the opposite side, a broad gravel walk is continued along the margin of the river, entirely overarched with old and venerable trees, which are covered with moss, and encircled with woodbine and the "ivy green," even to the topmost branches. On one side the Aln gently flows, and on its bosom the stately swan mantles its snowy plumage; on the other rises a lofty and precipitous hill, clad with the earliest primroses, and fragrant hyacinths, and others of a thousand hues, that

"Purple all the ground with vernal flowers."

Here also the woodbine, the hawthorn, and wild-rose grow in brave neglect among the loftier and more majestic natives of the woodland; while from every spray amidst this region of fairy-land, this paradise of nature, bursts forth the constant summer song of birds,

"Warbling their native wood-notes wild."

A little up the river, the beauty of the scenery is much heightened by a dashing waterfall, several feet high, which is seen beneath the arches of the Abbey Bridge, and seems to toss its white foam beneath them. Commodious seats are placed on those spots from whence the best views are to be obtained. Lovely and commanding views of the Castle, town, church, moor, park, sheets of water, and exquisite wood-scenery, are disclosed at every point. The dairy, through which the visitor enters and returns, is a rustic colonnaded cottage, over which the Ayrshire rose, and a deeply tinted woodbine, clamber and blossom—no unfit entrance into these delicious shades, which other times would have feigned the pleasure abodes of the River Divinities: and where the quaint moralist, too, may please his fancy by remarking that, as in the moral world, the gardens of pleasure are entered through the portals of industry. From the grounds, the park is entered through the dry arches of the Abbey Bridge, so called from the ancient abbey, whose sole remaining gateway tells of the hand of the destroyer. The Abbot of this house was summoned to several parliaments. A little above the abbey, the Aln is crossed by a neat foot-bridge. From the seat in front of it a most charming view presents itself. The Aln, in delightful murmurs, plays at the foot of it: the ruin of Alnwick Abbey, standing in the midst of a beautiful lawn, overhung with woods, bursts upon the view,

"Where oft the soldier, weary of the round
Of war and tumult, sought the humble cell."

And just where the Aln seems to lose itself, above a slight opening in the trees that everywhere hang around this delightful retreat, rise the lofty battlements of Alnwick Castle full upon the view; and the venerable parish church, that lends such a pleasing grace to every landscape, from this point seems almost to form a part of the Castle itself. New beauties spring up at every step. About a mile higher up the stream, is a fountain of most pure water, called the Lady's Well; and almost immediately beyond this, two roads lead to the ruins of Hulne Abbey. This was the first monastery of Carmelite Friars in these kingdoms. The domains attached to it

were very extensive. The abbey is now a most beautiful ruin, with the exception of a fine tower, which was built by the fourth Earl of Northumberland, as a place of refuge for the monks in times of danger; for the rude Borderers, in their sudden incursions, frequently spared neither places nor persons, however sacred. This tower having been preserved more entire than any other part of the abbey, was repaired by the late Duke in the old Gothic style. Summer parties from the town, which almost daily take place, generally indulge themselves with tea and cake here. The ground on the opposite side of the river rises to a great height. Heather and gorse clothe the lower sides of the mountain, which is well wooded, however, all around from the middle. The summit of the hill is surmounted by an admirable column, ninety feet high, of the most elegant design, and in the most finished style of masonry. The prospect from it is of a most imposing character.

It is indeed a model landscape, where almost every element that enters into a perfect picture may be found—lofty mountains and barren moors—holy ruins inspiring religious awe, and towers grey with the mist of years—battle-fields of old renown, and scenes of modern heroism—cultivated valleys, and sweeping woods—and, to crown the whole, the “eternal ocean,” with its clustered islands. To the south extends a wild rude moor—to the west stands the lofty Cheviot, with its retinue of hills stretching several miles, green to their summits—and between occasional openings, are glimpses of the still more distant hills of

“pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed.”

In a clear day may be distinguished the memorable hill of Flodden,

“Where shivered was fair Scotland’s spear,
And broken was her shield!”

And the scarcely less famous hill of Homildon, where the fiery Hotspur routed the Scots under the Earl of Douglas; at a less distance, in the same direction, lies Hedgeley Moor, where Sir Ralph Percy fell during the wars of the Roses. Between the high moorland and the hills, in lovely contrast, lies the fertile vale of Whittingham, studded with country seats, and farm houses, and cottages, affording to the imagination and affections those visible signs of human happiness, in which (as Gilpin remarks) the true beauty of a landscape consists, more than in the mere mixture of colours and forms. Through this valley glides the Aln, till it is seen circling Hulne Abbey. To the east are fine green vales and woody slopes, in the midst of which the town of Alnwick, overlooked by the Castle, has a most picturesque appearance. Below it, the Aln winds its glittering stream, and then, like a silver cord, it threads its mazy way ‘to the ocean,’ which terminates this splendid prospect to the east and south. Upon the margin of the sea, on a bold rock, Bamborough Castle uprears its mighty mass—a place of great strength, and a royal residence under the Saxon kings; a little to the eastward, the Fern Islands inlay the bosom of the deep,

“Like precious stones set in the silver sea!”

One of them—the Longstone—has become “familiar in our mouths as household words,” as being the scene of Grace Darling’s heroic adventure. To the southward, the ruins of Dunstanborough Castle, the port of Alnmouth, the towering remains of Warkworth Castle, and Coquet Island with its Light House, are among the most striking objects. The high land in the county of Durham terminates this truly magnificent prospect.

We have thus run over the more prominent beauties and matters of interest in and around Alnwick; it is full of romantic scenery and interesting associations; but enough has been said, we hope, to induce the reader to believe, that time and money may be worse spent than in visiting the halls of the Percy, and roaming for a season among the ruined towers and famous localities of the Northumbrian Borders.

F.

THE SEA-SIDE VISITOR.

“The sea,” says Euripides,¹ “washes away all human ills.” We cannot wonder, then, at the high esteem in which watering-places have been held both in ancient and modern times; or that the Roman patrician should have had his villa at Baiae, just as the English peer has his mansion at Brighton. The facility of communication in recent days has, of course, greatly enlarged and varied the motley throng who, at certain seasons, are found on our coast in search of health or pleasure. A large part of the inhabitants of London, whether rich or poor, are now generally found there every year for a time. The clerk may be seen entering a bathing-machine which a marquis has just quitted; the draper’s assistant from Regent Street stops to observe the statesman who, telescope in hand, is gazing from his spacious drawing-room over the blue expanse; and the cook, having gained a holiday from her master, whose indulgence she may have bribed by a dish of uncommon flavour, is carried in a crowded packet to Margate, whence she returns the next day to excite envious longings in the kitchen-maid by her tales of the charms or perils of the deep.

But from whatever part of London the individual may come, on entering a watering-place he becomes a new character. *There* he may have been a peer, a lawyer, or a grocer; but *here* he is a visitor: his private peculiarities are merged in those of a class of which he has now become a member, and whose characteristics are known, and may be described.

The visitor is distinguishable by several marks. First, he may be often known by a penetrating look, which gives him the appearance of being in search of something. While at his usual home, and engaged in his daily occupations, his mind is generally too absorbed in some besetting idea to be able to give to surrounding objects a very close attention: he walks or rides from his dwelling to his counting-house, scarcely knowing through what streets he has passed, or what faces he has seen. But at the sea-side the case is quite different; he has come down expressly to see; and, accordingly, wherever you find him, he is evidently occupied in seeing. As he walks along the Parade, he passes a board, fixed at the roadside; it has been there from time immemorial, and contains a warning against removing stones from the beach: an ordinary person would not notice it at all, but the visitor does; he sees it, and reads it. Over an old-fashioned house in the middle of a street, there is the date of a year: the inhabitant is scarcely aware of its existence; but it catches the visitor’s eye: he stops before it, is certain it has some significant meaning, and, perhaps, knocks at the door to get it explained. Among the pebbles on the beach, there lies something of a red colour: to vulgar eyes it seems a piece of brick; but the visitor picks it up, in order to convince himself, by careful examination, that it is neither a fossil nor a shell, and when he is quite satisfied of its worthlessness, he throws it into the sea. Of this trait we can give an illustration. A friend of ours was being shown over some interesting ruins, now used for farming purposes, when in one of the rooms he saw a square piece of some unknown substance, having on it indented marks. Being in that excited state of mind which discovers a wonder in everything, he imagined it to be a piece of antique tiling. “What is this?” said he, eagerly, to the woman who acted as *cicerone*. “That, sir,” said she, “is a piece of oil-cake, used to feed cattle with.”

Another peculiarity of the visitor (should he be a pedestrian) is, that he is continually asking his way,

(1) *Iphig. in Tauris.* 1193.

and with difficulty finds it. He hears that there is a fine view, or some ruins at ———. He accordingly summons his landlady, and desires to be told the way thither, solemnly adjuring her to direct him to that alone which is the most agreeable. A long explanation ensues; as the description of his informant increases in copiousness his conceptions become more and more confused, so that at last he leaves the house in impatience, saying that he will inquire as he goes along. Directed by the extended finger of the landlady, who has come down with him to the door, he gets safely to the end of the street, and even then, through looking back to get the advantage of her monitory gestures, takes the right turning; but soon he is completely lost. Advancing into the open country, he finds four roads; which is he to take? He espies a cottage near at hand; he hastens to it, narrowly escaping the bite of a dog; he endeavours to speak, but his voice is drowned in the animal's bark, till, at length, the mistress herself, with sleeves tucked up, recent from the wash-tub, steps out to his assistance, and he is enabled to ask the way to ———. His manner of pronouncing the word, however, is so opposite from hers, that she thinks he means a totally different place, and declares that it lies in the direction whence he has just come. This he stoutly denies, and is leaving her, half in anger, when a little girl, the pride of the National School, comes up, who, being better skilled in varieties of speech, elicits his meaning, and, having set him on the right way, is made supremely happy by the gift of a penny.

He now proceeds, gazing on either hand, gleaned information as to his course from the noble peasants at work in the fields, who greet him with a hearty "Good morning, sir!" or from boys, watching straggling cattle, all of whom he gravely interrogates, as though the matter were of the last importance, till, at length, he gets to the place of his destination. Having reached it, he is rather astonished to find that it really contains nothing extraordinary, though he has not any very defined idea of what he expected to see; he walks in disappointment through the village, till, stopping, according to custom, to read a board by the road-side, he discovers that it announces that, "*vagrants* will be taken into custody," and, being somewhat inclined to interpret it as a reflection on himself, he returns rapidly home, going, of course, some round-about way.

The visitor, also, is sometimes known by his extraordinary attire. In London, his dress is of a very sober and unromantic description:—a black coat, probably, with a black hat. But with new scenes have come new manners. His hat is now of straw, and to guard against its abduction by the amorous wind, he fastens it to his coat by a ribbon, which flies streamer-like in the air. His coat is of a material difficult to name, and of a colour impossible to describe; and the roughness of the stones on the beach induce him to defend his feet with shoes which seem exactly fitted for an elephant's wear.

The face of the visitor too is occasionally distinguished by an expression of important self-complacence. One of the first things that meet his eye on coming down to the breakfast-table on the morning after his arrival, is a pack of cards, containing the names and callings of various tradesmen who solicit his custom. He feels himself called upon to act the patron; a large town is suing for his smiles, and he cannot be insensible to the elevation of his position. Whatever shop he may enter he is usually received with marked civility; for the proprietor will often leave a resident customer to attend upon him, knowing that the golden favours of the stranger must be won immediately, or not at all.

The last peculiarity we shall mention, is, that the visitor is for a time (in that very limited sense, at least, in which a mortal can be said to be so), a *happy* man. He has left behind him the harassing cares of business; he rises in the morning with the consciousness that no importunate labours are awaiting him; and, when he

looks on the faces of his family, he sees them radiant with the expectation of pleasures to come. For him roll the glorious waves, whispering many a delightful tale of the shores they have kissed; for him the wild flowers spring up in sequestered nooks, made doubly beautiful by their unobtrusiveness, or cover the cliffs with all the colours of the rainbow; and the grass, rising in glittering spires hung with globes of dew, spreads for him a carpet more grateful to the feet than those which cover the floors of gilded saloons. But let us contemplate in imagination the family group gathered yonder on the beach. One of the children is washing its face in a natural basin formed in the hollow of a fallen piece of rock. Three other little ones are launching a tiny ship into the mighty sea, a meet emblem of themselves, graceful and delicate creatures, not long ago launched on the rough surface of this stormy world. Several times have they already placed their toy on the water, and then returned to see it float out into the expanse; but no—the wave is too shallow, and the little vessel rolls this way and that, in a most mortifying manner, and then lies on its side, motionless. At last one of them rushes out more boldly into the water, bearing the ship; he commits it to a friendly billow; it is lifted up by it, and (oh, the triumph!) it sails forth majestically into the deep. And now, what a ringing shout of rapture bursts from the young spectators, as they clap their hands as though to urge it on its way! If the sound finds no echo in your heart, dear reader! we pity you. The grave father, meanwhile, is seen by the side of his eldest boy, to whom he is expatiating on the wondrous things connected with the sea. He, perhaps, refers to that primeval period when the vast flood, like a drop of a bucket, ran out of the Almighty's hand,—or taking up a shell, he discourses on its exquisite formation, shows how the shelly envelope is secreted, and what were the nature and habits of its minute inhabitant—or finding some geological specimens, he talks to him of the eloquent inscriptions which learned men have deciphered on these "medals of creation"—or turning into the wide field of commercial discovery, he converses of celebrated voyagers, from Jason, Vasco de Gama, and Columbus, down to Cook, Parry, and Ross,—or referring to the historical associations of the deep, he mentions some of the most remarkable sea-fights in ancient and modern days; and the lad listens with kindling eyes (though he hears it for about the hundredth time,) to an account of the death of the heroic Nelson,—or lastly, plunging into the depths of German philosophy, he shows his wondering hearer how his very existence may have depended on the position of the grains of sand lying at his feet. The mother, in the mean time, stands near, listening, and occasionally, with gentle voice, introduces some illustrative remark, though her attention is somewhat distracted, first, by her endeavours to pacify the youngest girl, who has clung to her dress, terrified by the frolicsome shrieks issuing from a neighbouring bathing-machine, and then by the extreme difficulty she finds in settling in her own mind *which* of her sons it is that will be the Nelson of the next generation. Such are some of the pleasures reserved for the sea-side visitor for whom nature and the domestic affections possess a charm; and he will have spent his season of recreation to little purpose if he do not return to his home filled with gratitude to Providence for the comforts bestowed upon him.

M. N.

PRESERVATION OF EIGHT SAILORS,

Who wintered on the Coast of Spitzbergen in 1680-1.

Most readers are interested by those narratives which bring before them man struggling against calamity; and this interest is wonderfully increased when the sufferer is placed far from human aid or human sym-

pathy. We contemplate with intense emotion, man abandoned on the sandy desert, the sea, the lone island, or amidst the gloom and wild desolation of a polar winter. We delight, it may be from self-love, to see our nature victorious over accumulated ills; and acquire from the patience and courage displayed by others, a contempt for effeminacy, whether of mind or body. Such is one source of the pleasure felt by the boy in reading Robinson Crusoe; he sees energy in Crusoe, he loves it, he would rejoice to do the like, and the hardihood he admires becomes in some degree his own. Thus all who triumph under difficulties become the teachers of a noble daring to their fellow-men. Hence, from the most fearful evils are drawn lessons which form high and exalted spirits. The following account does not exhibit the qualities which mankind have agreed to call *splendid*, but rather those which form the basis of all that is great in human nature—viz. unflinching courage and fore-thought combined with dependence on God.

In the year 1630, an English whale ship, named the "*Salutation*," was busily engaged in the fishery of *Spitzbergen*,¹ at which place our whale fisheries commenced towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign. On a calm and beautiful day in August, the captain of the ship sent eight men on shore to kill deer. They hunted from place to place, meeting with abundance of game, and, evening coming on, they prepared a plentiful venison supper, resolving to pass the night on shore. This resolution, though perfectly natural in their circumstances, led to those sufferings which have given to these men a place in maritime annals. In the morning a dense fog prevented any attempt to reach the ship, and before the mist dispersed a gale arose, which forced the "*Salutation*" to stand out for sea. This happened the 13th of August.

The sudden departure of the ship caused no great alarm, as the men knew she must touch at a place called Green-harbour; where twenty of the crew had been left. They therefore resolved to pursue their hunting along the coast to Green-harbour, and thus increase the store of provision for the voyage homewards.

On the 16th Green-harbour was reached, but no ship could be seen; their comrades had left the place, a plain proof that the ship had visited the bay and departed. This excited some surprise, but still the seamen felt little alarm, as there was yet a hope that their ship with others would be found at a harbour named Bell Sound; a place where the whale ships usually collected previously to their final departure homewards. There were but three days remaining ere all the whale vessels would sail. The party therefore immediately set out in their boat to Bell Sound, about forty-eight miles distant. The men were now getting anxious; the dread of abandonment on this lone spot to the terrors of the Arctic winter, was beginning to harass them. Under this fear they threw all the venison which they had procured overboard, in order to lighten their boat. The fogs again caused them disappointment, as the boat passed Bell Sound without perceiving it, and went thirty miles beyond. Suspecting their mistake, the crew turned back, but, again misled by appearances, sailed in their former track. At last they regained the right course, and on August the 20th entered Bell Sound. Their eager eyes wandered round the bay; but no ship appeared in view. Hope was now becoming faint, yet each man clung to the expectation of still finding the ship. Every point round the bay was searched, and at last they reached an inlet, called Bottle Cove, where alone the ship could be now expected. The inlet was

desolate; no sounds nor sight of human presence save their own disturbed the monotony of its loneliness. The last ray of hope, which had up to this moment lightened their hearts, now departed. They had often heard strange reports of the terrors of a polar winter; they knew that no rewards had hitherto tempted even criminals to pass a winter in this region. They also remembered that on the very shore where they now stood, a boat's crew had once been left by their own captain, as they were, and that every man had perished. Added to this, they were without provisions, adequate clothing, or any of those resources which enable hardy modern seamen to guard against the rigours of a polar winter. The reader of this narrative must remember the vast difference between a crew at the present time, furnished with all the aids which science and long experience can suggest, when compared with the eight sailors of the "*Salutation*" in the year 1630. The latter had none of the helps just mentioned, and were under the additional disadvantage of being taken unawares by the calamity. Two plans were before the deserted crew—one that of attempting to reach England in their open boat, a desperate expedient, but this seemed preferable to a contest with the unknown horrors of the long northern winter. The ice, however, was now blocking up the sea, and thus prevented the adoption of this plan. The other was to sail at once to Green-harbour, and attempt to kill deer for a store of food through the approaching winter. This scheme the men resolutely carried out, and having procured a large number of deer, departed for Bell Sound, where they intended to make preparations for passing the winter. The food procured was of three kinds—venison, bear's flesh, and a quantity of the refuse of whale's flesh, left by some of the ships on the shore. These stores they determined to take to Bell Sound. Before they were prepared to leave Green-harbour, Sunday came; it was resolved to honour the day by refraining from labour, and engaging in such prayers as they were able to command, for neither Bible nor Prayer-book was in their possession. Thus at the beginning of their trials those religious principles were nourished, by the aid of which their natural courage and good sense were rightly directed.

It was the 3d of September when they reached Bell Sound, their intended wintering-place. Here they found a large tent, covered with tiles, in which the coopers belonging to the whale ships were accustomed to work. In this they stowed away the provisions. No sooner was this done, than the lengthening nights and increasing frosts warned them of the approach of the dreaded winter. They now exerted every energy of body and mind, in devising and preparing expedients against the dangers feared from intense frost. Another building belonging to the whale ships stood near the large shed; this was pulled down, and the materials employed in raising a small shed inside the large one. This was a judicious plan for resisting the action of cold, as it might be likened to one house built within another. There were some bricks amongst the materials left upon the beach, and a quantity of lime, which was required by the whale ships in making the oil. Thelime, mixed with sand from the shore, furnished mortar; the bricks supplied the matter for the walls of their inner house. The remaining walls were formed of boards nailed upon each side of thick timbers placed upright; the hollows left between the double line of boarding were filled up with sand; and thus strong and warm walls were constructed. The plan pursued by these sailors to secure warmth was similar to that employed by Captain Back for a like purpose in his arctic wintering, 1833—4. The top of the inner house was made of five or six layers of boards, each exterior layer covering the joinings in the planking beneath; thus they hoped to exclude the freezing air. An old bed, left in the large shed, served to line the door of their apartment. At last these sensible men finished the house in which the siege

(1) The place is called Greenland by the narrator, but that name was given to Spitzbergen by Sir Hugh Willoughby, who discovered the island in 1533. About sixty years later, the Dutch navigators named the place Spitzbergen, a term signifying sharp or peaked-mountains, and therefore fitted to express the appearance of the coast.

of winter was to be resisted. But their prudent labours were not yet over. Another expedient to lessen the intensity of the frost was now carried out.

The hut just finished was about twenty feet long, seventy wide, and ten high; in this four small rooms, or sleeping berths, were formed, and beds of deer-skin placed in each enclosure. Their apartment had no window, as they feared the frost would overpower them if such openings were made, especially as a chimney opening and one door-way were necessarily left. A small hole was made in the roof of the outer shed, through which some light would reach the indwellers as long as the sun remained visible. All was now ready except fuel, and fire was essential. This was soon procured from the timbers of old boats left by the departed ships on the shore; but no serviceable boat was broken up, so rigidly did this devoted crew respect the rights of men they might never again behold. In order to economize fuel, and yet keep up a fire during the hours of sleep, a block of elm was buried each night in a heap of hot ashes, and thus covered up, and there being little draught, it would smoulder for more than twelve hours. By this plan the fire was kept burning without cessation for eight months. In September, when the winter was fast closing round them in storm and darkness, the dread of a failure in provisions seems to have alarmed them. They made a survey of all their stores, and finding the stock rather low resolved to keep to one meal a day, and on Wednesdays and Fridays to observe fasting, or at least to eat nothing except whale-flesh.

In the early part of October the sea was frozen over, presenting to their view a boundless icy desert, over which no sounds broke except the wailing of the storm. This singular isolation from the world, and the dread of perishing amid the wintry desolation, affected at times their spirits; but the energy of their natures soon recovered from these melancholy forebodings.

They often betook themselves to praying, as if to compensate by intercourse with the unseen world for their separation from the society of men; and imaginative minds will believe that over that ice-girt land the guardian spirits of a higher state kept watch.

On the 14th of October the sun sank for the winter below the horizon, leaving them to the glimmer of the long twilight, and the illumination of the moon. In this state two things gave the deserted crew some concern. First, it was feared that all reckoning of time would be lost, as the moon often became invisible; and the long continued gloom brought to their minds the most melancholy feelings. But Pelham, the narrator of their adventures, contrived to keep time most accurately by the following method: first, he kept in his mind the number of the epoch, then, by carefully observing the variations of the faint light still left, he registered the moon's age, and thus kept time so exactly, that, when the ships returned in the summer, Pelham was able to name the true day of the month. The skill and industry of the party soon devised the means of keeping a light. From some old lead three lamps were made, ropes untwisted supplied matter for wicks, and train oil was collected in different parts of the shed; but no amount of energy or prudence could devise a shield from the intense frost, which at the beginning of the new year raised blisters on their skin, and so affected the iron in the shed that if touched by the hand a wound was made, like that produced by hot iron. One great essential, fresh water, they procured from the frozen snow, by melting it with heated iron bars. The dread of death by famine became strong in January 1631; the stores, notwithstanding their abstinence, were so diminished that without some fresh supply all must die. No animal ever appeared on the wild frozen plains, nor, whilst the winter reigned in its stern severity, were they to be expected. Thus no prospect of a fresh supply appeared. These patient men had thus to contend not only against the polar cold, but also with the physical weakness resulting from their forced abstinence. Under

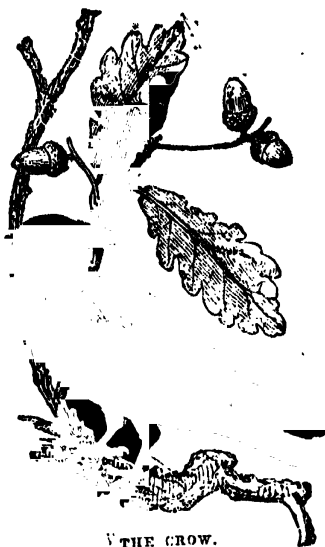
these depressing feelings, they marked with a trembling delight the constant increase of a whitish light on the horizon, which appeared as the herald of the returning sun. One of the most joyful days in their winter's calendar was the 3d of February, on which they beheld the first rays of the sun illuminate the lofty peaks of some snow-covered mountains, the summits of which, as they flashed in the sparkling light, seemed like gigantic beacons raised upon the waste. This sunshine on the snow was to them a more delightful sight than the most gorgeous scenery which ever greeted the eye. While gazing on these beams, so gladdening to their hearts, a bear and her cub were seen on the ice. Instantly the harpoons were seized, and all rushed upon the fierce animals. The bear enraged dashed forward to meet them, but was killed in a few minutes. With haste they dragged their prey into the shed, for the frost was fast benumbing their limbs. The bear furnished a dinner at once, and a supply of food for twenty days. It may appear strange, that, amidst so many privations, the men should have escaped that pest of the old seamen, the fatal scurvy. But it may probably be traced to the fact that they had no salt with them. Had this been in their possession, it is likely they would have used it to prepare their food, and thus living pent up in their close tent, the animal fluids would have become vitiated and the sea-plague have destroyed them.¹

As it was, the frost alone was sufficient to preserve their food from decay; and thus, though the supply was scanty, it consisted of *fresh* meat. After the return of the sun, the crisis in the affairs of the men had passed, for though still exposed to bitter cold, the bears began to appear, and by killing these a plentiful supply of food was obtained. Foxes also, and wild fowl were caught in sufficient number to give an agreeable variety to the diet. The men now began to ascend the hills, and watch the breaking up of the ice at sea, hoping, ere long, to see some whale ship, and once more join in companionship with their fellow-men.

The 25th of May saw the close of their anxieties; the day had been stormy, which kept them within the hut, and, whilst preparing to go to prayers, a cry was heard outside, like the hail of sailors. All rushed out, and before them stood part of a boat's crew, belonging to a ship from England. To describe the joy is impossible; those only who have had like deliverance can imagine it. The men who had just arrived went into the winter house, and beheld with amazement the place which had shielded their countrymen from the perils of the winter. The rescued crew, as they gazed upon the walls, blackened with the smoke of their perpetual fire, felt that God alone had prevented that weather-beaten hut from becoming their tomb. There was, however, a black spot amidst the gladness of the day. The Captain who had abandoned these men in the preceding year had also returned, and he, to screen himself from blame, began to revile them, as a set of deserters who had escaped from the ship, and stolen his boat. But this brutal man met with no credit; the men were kindly treated in the other ships, and after reaching England, were liberally rewarded by the Russian company.

The whole of this narrative shows what fearful danger human nature is able to combat, when man is true to those principles of reason and religious laws, by the observance of which he alone can become great, or accomplish great results. It may not be uninteresting to state that the narrative of these adventurers was drawn up by one of the crew named Edward Pelham, who filled the office of gunner's mate, and was evidently an intelligent and religious man, by whose directions many of the precautions narrated were adopted.

(1) Seven Dutch sailors were persuaded to remain during the winter of 1634, and were left well provided with food, medicine, and clothing; but on the return of their friends in spring, all were found dead. This mortality has been ascribed to the use of salt in preparing their food.



NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.—No. IV.

THE CORVIDÆ, OR CROW FAMILY.!

BIRDS of the crow kind are amongst the most common in Britain, but there are thousands in our cities, and hundreds in the country, unacquainted with the habits of this widely extended family. See a party in holiday time, gazing with wonder at some strange animal in a Zoological exhibition; how eagerly each listens to the exhibitor's tale of marvels, and what a laudable curiosity is manifested, from the old grandfather, who wonders if "it's all true," down to that little boy in plaid frock and muslin trowsers, who believes all, and would believe ten times more. Yet this same wonder-stricken party would evince little interest in the progress of a rook over the great metropolis; that would be a common event, and the uneducated suspect little of the mass of interesting facts linked to the most familiar of natural appearances.

It thus becomes necessary to call attention to the commonest matters, the flight of a sparrow, or the habits of a crow, that the wonderful may be detected in the common, and valuable knowledge extracted from familiar things.

The last paper concluded the history of Birds of Prey, an order not very familiar to English eyes; the present article contains the account of a family with the appearance of which we are more acquainted, though perhaps few have attended to its habits, uses, and peculiarities.

It is very common to hear people in the country talk of crows. How often is the farmer in a towering passion on account of these said crows, which he perceives from his bed-room window, enjoying their early breakfast off his freshly sown corn,—as he supposes. How often do we hear from a neighbouring field the loud prolonged shout of some boy, placed there to frighten off the crows! Tom has for a moment relaxed his watchfulness, has ventured upon a chat with the post-boy in the lane, when down come the determined birds, and Tom's lungs are made to pay the penalty of some desperate bucolic shoutings before the black gentry are fairly driven off. Thus far the crow is known, but little beyond this. Ask a group of farmers, men who have passed their whole time in the country, what birds are included in the crow family?—the probability is that few will be able to give an answer. Nor must we blame them for this; they

are deep in the mysteries of manure, soils, stock, and grain; and their attention is not often called to the science of Natural History. We here speak of the majority; some make these subjects a part of their daily studies. Amongst the common people the rook and the crow are every day confounded, though the two are quite distinct.

What birds then are included in the crow family? Eight species are comprehended under the general term *Corvidæ*—the Raven, Carrion Crow, Hooded Crow, Red-legged Crow, the Rook, Jackdaw, Magpie, and Jay; all of which are British birds, and the rarest frequently seen. This large family is sometimes divided into three sections; the first containing the *proper crows*, the second includes the *Magpies*, and the third the *Jays*; a division which we shall not pay much attention to, deeming it sufficient to note the existence of such a classification.

The crows are regarded as the most perfect of birds, comprehending in themselves the distinguishing characteristics of all the feathered tribes, being powerful on the wing, adapted also for walking, inhabitants of all climates, and capable of subsisting on all kinds of food. It seems, in fact, as if the crow had received some peculiar property from each order of birds, by which it stands in the centre of the feathered kingdom, reflecting the characteristics of the whole. The crow resembles in part the *Falconidæ* when it attacks and kills birds for food; the *Vulturidæ* when it feeds on carrion; the *Ground-Feeder* when it descends in flocks on the ploughed lands; the aquatic birds when it catches and preys on fish; and thus we might proceed, tracing resemblances between the crow family and all the feathered orders. The *Corvidæ* are therefore to be ranked high in the bird system, though the farmer with his guns and traps has little respect for the race. But we must now proceed to treat of the different members of this family, and first in order comes the *Raven*, (*Corvus Corax*.)

In the last paper the Owl's bad name was a subject for some little thought, and the Raven must be admitted beyond doubt into the class of birds having "a bad name."

One hardly knows which bird is in worse esteem, Raven or Owl; though probably the former has gathered round him most of vulgar hate. Superstition has got up all the charges against the raven, and truly her croak is worse than his. Sometimes the raven has been charged with predicting death to men, who naturally hate such a prophet.

"Ill-omened bird! as legends say,
Thou hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the thrilling veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow."

The dramatist has embodied such sentiments in some of his finest conceptions, and Shakspeare introduces the bird, to give deeper terror to gloomy themes:

"It comes o'er
My memory as doth the raven o'er
The infected house, boding to all."

The rustic dame, in less poetic phraseology, vents her bitter hate towards the poor raven. See the bird perched on the branch of some ancient tree near the stile over which lies the dame's path to market. The black-coated bird is happy, but not being much acquainted with human society, greets the lady's arrival with a croak; at once her fears awake; that croak she deems an omen of evil, whereas it was but the raven's "good day to ye;" and, venting her feelings, we hear her croak in reply, "That raven on the left-hand oak, his ill-boding croak bodes me no good."

The fortune-tellers and wizards of old used this superstition to promote their own ends, and pretended to a special knowledge of the raven's motions and language, asserting that by his aid a deep insight into futurity could be acquired.

The inflections of a Catalani or a Malibran were not more studied by musical amateurs than the tones of the raven by the apothsayers, who are said to have noted seventy-five inflections of his voice. This is a high compliment doubtless to the bird, and speaks much for his ability, though the writer cannot say that he has noticed even half-a-dozen such vocal varieties in the raven.

This bird has been highly honoured in some of the ancient British traditions, which record the transmigration of the mighty prince Arthur into the body of a raven, in which form he shall dwell till the approach of the hour for the restoration of his kingly line. Many of the superstitious notions concerning the raven may have their foundation in the fact that the bird's acute scent enables him to detect the presence of dead bodies, where human senses would fail to impart any information. Murderers have thus been discovered, and ignorance has ascribed to the raven supernatural powers. The following account of one of these events is generally put forth as entitled to credit, and it does not contradict any natural law:—

A gentleman was murdered in his bed at an inn; the body was taken to a river near the house, and, to prevent it from rising, the murderer passed a stake through it, making one end fast in the mud. When this was done a very small part of the stake still appeared above the water. In a few days afterwards some ravens perched near the spot, over which they were constantly flying and croaking. Their numbers increased, and the peasants, alarmed at such an unusual appearance, attempted to drive them away, but the birds persisted in keeping close to a particular part of the river, as if searching for something therein. This induced the people to examine the water, but nothing was seen save the end of the stake. This was drawn up, when to the surprise of the spectators a body rose to the surface. Suspicion became excited; the marks of cart wheels were traced from the river to the inn. The owner was apprehended, and, learning the above particulars, was terror-stricken, and confessed his crime. The ravens were probably at first attracted by the effluvia from the decaying body, and one or two would of course soon attract numbers.

Marvellous tales were, however, long afterwards told in the district of the birds' superhuman intelligence. Some few occurrences of this nature would establish for the bird a peculiar name; the next step would be to invest him with a power of foretelling deaths; an opinion which poets would naturally use in their verses. Thus Macbeth, having determined on the murder of the king, is supposed to hear the raven's croak accompany the entrance of the victim;

“The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.”

The aspect of the raven to those who can get a close view is not at all unpleasing. The plumage has even a beautiful appearance when the sun's rays fall on that rich bluish-black which distinguishes the bird. His manner is bold, though mingled with caution, and every movement shows a bird of which it is justly said that “his armour is solid, his spirit unconquerable, and his strength surprising.”

The best mode of getting near a raven is to lie down on the ground when one is in sight; this will induce the bird to approach in his peculiarly cautious style, that is, by a succession of oblique movements, drawing nearer each hop. The observer may thus obtain a fair view, but let him not allow the raven to approach too near his face, or he may in an instant lose an eye; for it is a custom of this bird to make a sudden dart at the eyes of animals with his long powerful beak, and as, when full-grown, it weighs three pounds, the momentum of the blow produces a deep wound.

The raven inhabits high and desolate cliffs, disliking the confinement and closeness of forests, and taught by ages of persecution to keep at a distance from human habitations.

They are sometimes, however, found in woods, though the adage “every rock has its raven” indicates their favourite haunts. When a tree is once fixed on, it is rarely abandoned by the birds of their own accord: age after age passes on, but still a raven's nest is there; at length the tree receives the name of “raven's tree.” The too near approach of man or the woodman's axe may cause the bird to abandon the home of its ancestors, and in this manner, indeed, many a raven-tree has become tenantless; for the raven being a hardy and enterprising bird, will not submit to inconveniences or insult in his ancient home, but hies him away to another district.

His geographical range is, indeed, most ample, and well does he bear the vicissitudes of climate, from the frosts of the arctic circle to the glowing heats of the equator; no bird except the snipe inhabits so large a portion of the earth. There can be no doubt that birds often differ much in quickness, but amongst the most clever we must place the raven. He may be trained to a variety of purposes—to hawk after birds like the falcon, to speak like the parrot, and even to sing popular songs. When tamed he soon makes himself respected and liked by all in the house, cultivating, especially, a friendship with the cook. The cats and dogs fear him, for by repeated assaults he soon compels these rivals to avoid the unpleasant proximity of his beak. Then for exquisite curiosity he is unequalled. No corner is left unexplored; not the highest room is safe from his visits; boxes are peeped into, drawers ransacked, and work-bags emptied. The raven may be called a good-tempered bird, having much of comic feeling in his nature; he is nevertheless quick in resenting insult. A tame one had long been on familiar terms with some ducks in his owner's grounds, but one unlucky or restive duck offended the raven's dignity, by seizing a coveted morsel of food, upon which he of the black-coat, looking for a moment as if confounded by the unexpected insolence of the duck, darted upon the offender and strangled him in a few minutes. Sometimes the raven's quickness of temper costs him his life when exercised upon those stronger than himself. Such a fate befel a pet bird in the establishment of a gentleman devoted to ornithological pursuits. The coachman chanced to offend the pugnacious bird, which instantly inflicted a severe bite on one of his fingers. This was more than the angry man could bear, so catching the raven he broke its neck on the spot. The habits of the raven cannot be often observed in his wild state, as the bird is so rare in populous and cultivated districts. In the south of England it may be often found in the open and hilly parts, where it is in fact more numerous than the careless observer, or hasty traveller, would imagine.

We must remember that the raven does not thrust himself upon man's notice, rather, indeed, avoiding the observation of his persecutor; yet these birds are sometimes near us when we little suspect their presence. The traveller who is journeying across an open and thinly-peopled district towards evening, sometimes comes all at once upon the bird, and frequently observes the raven following, and, as it were, dogging his steps. This often happens in the northern counties, especially in the wilder parts of Yorkshire; in the south the bird is becoming more rare and wary every year. The tall cliffs along the coasts, and especially the rocky line of Flamborough Head, are favourite raven haunts. There the superstitious fisherman oft hears the melancholy croak from some dark overhanging cliff, or listens timidly to the sound as the dark bird flies over his boat. One cause of the decrease of the raven amongst us is the hostility of gamekeepers, who deem the slaughter of one a most meritorious act, entitling them to rise in the good graces of the squire. The keeper is always

ready to ascribe a scarcity of game to any cause except his own ignorance or errors, and consequently the raven comes in for a due share of charges. He destroys eggs, forsooth, as if he always knew the exact locality of every partridge's and pheasant's nest on the estate; he is also represented as a constant destroyer of young game, as if he were a hawk or an eagle. The raven does at some periods destroy a few birds, but he is not strictly a bird of prey, and has choice of many a good dinner from reptiles of various kinds, insects, seeds, fruits and decaying animal matter. For the last he has a strong liking, and is therefore protected in Egypt like the vulture, in consideration of his services as a cleanser and purifier. The raven has therefore no such desperate liking for game, as the ignorant keepers may suppose; whilst it is capable of destroying vermin which may do much mischief. They are determined foes to rats, which, indeed, some have been trained to hunt. It is recorded that the Bermudas became at one period miserably infested with rats, which were at length reduced without any apparent cause, except that a great number of ravens had appeared in the rat district, and soon after the pest ceased. The inference was that the ravens had destroyed the rats. Certainly a colony of such animals would not flourish long if exposed to the attacks of such voracious and determined birds. The reader will conclude from some of the previous remarks that the raven is as courageous as powerful. He will offer battle to the fiercest bird in defence of his young, and his bravery is often shown in desperate conflicts with rooks, between which birds and ravens endless war is waged. This arises from a liking manifested by the raven for the flesh of young rooks; a taste which the parent birds are not willing to see gratified. He will also attack the puffin, which so few birds will assail, and sometimes succeeds in killing his foe; his prize consisting of the eggs or young. In these fights the great object of the raven is to seize upon the puffin's neck with his powerful bill, in which case he generally gains the battle. Ravens do not flock together, for, though not unsocial when tamed, they dislike much society in their natural state. But under certain circumstances, this habit is somewhat modified, as they have been seen in flocks near some of the great rivers; but this is a clear exception to their usual habits.

This bird is of course best studied in the neighbourhood of its nest, where its movements and habits can be constantly noted. Their attachment to their first nesting-place secures for the naturalist in its vicinity ample time for observation, as year after year he perceives the same pair busied in their various works. The raven is amongst the basket-making birds; that is, the nest is formed on *something* like the plan of a basket, being made from sticks fastened together, not however by interweaving, but by plastering with mud. The basket-maker may smile at the pretensions of the raven to rival him in his trade, and certainly the Corvidæ have not highly advanced the basket-maker's art. Nevertheless the nest is comfortable enough, for both young and old birds, being tolerably lined with wool and dry vegetable matter. If we look into such a nest before hatching, we shall find, in all probability, four or five dark greenish eggs, covered with numerous dark, irregularly shaped marks. The young of all this family are hatched blind, and present at first a most unattractive sight; when they leave their nest, they are not clothed in the glossy black which adorns the elder birds, a dull brown being then the colour of their coat.

The term raven is supposed to come from an old word signifying to tear away, or *snatch*, and is applied to designate a voracious bird, or one addicted to steal and plunder. The peasants in some parts call it *Corby*, a name not very remote from the Latin epithet *Corvus*.

These birds are believed to live to a great age, but the usual period is not easily ascertained, as an inference from the age to which the tame bird arrives is no criterion by which to calculate the longevity of the raven in

his natural freedom. It is, however, thought that many have reached the age of one hundred years, a range of life far beyond that of birds in general. We should look with some interest on a raven which had flown over the field of Waterloo on the evening of the famed 18th, and with still deeper curiosity on one which had flapped his wings over the dead on Culloden's heath; such birds *may* be living, though in the case of Culloden it is rather doubtful, certainly. We in this country are not accustomed to use the raven for domestic purposes; living, he is hated, and when dead, forgotten. The Greenlanders make his body serviceable after death, they eat the flesh, make garments from the skin, form the wings into good brushes, and split the feathers into a material from which fishing lines are manufactured.

II. THE CARRION CROW, (*Corvus Corone*).—This bird might not improperly be called a smaller raven, as its resemblance to that bird is obvious in every particular except size. It is however a little larger than the rook, which it may be said to connect with the raven. This crow has not the fine bluish-black of the raven, being wholly black, which sombre hue is relieved by some greenish colouring in the upper part of the body.

This bird shares with the raven the hatred of mankind, who either resent certain supposed injuries committed by the crow, or dislike the bird from his carrion-feeding habit, a disposition which he has received from the Author of Nature. This hatred has actually gone so far as to provoke the whole legislature of England to take the field against the carrion crow. Such a solemn spectacle was exhibited in the 24th year of Henry VIII., when an act was passed to promote the destruction of the crow. How the unhappy bird managed to survive the storm is a mystery, but weather it he did, as there are now more crows in Britain than in any other European country: a singular triumph of the persecuted over the persecutor. Much of this hostility arises from the notion that the crow eats up the farmer's seed and damages his grass lands. No doubt the crow has a judicious liking for a bit of choice grain when other food fails, but as to his injuring meadows, it is a mistake. What is sometimes seen in these said meadows? Great quantities of grass pulled up and scattered about. "Ah! those thievish, plundering crows," cries the farmer; and away he posts for his best double-barrelled gun, looking daggers at the bold crows as they fly about with incessant caw, caw, caw. Now the fact is, that the crows did pull up the grass—that must be admitted—but every such blade had been previously injured by a grub eating up the roots. The crow knows from experience the localities of these grubs, and detects their presence by pulling at those blades of grass which have a sickly colour; if these are loose, he knows there is a grub at the root, and down goes the beak in search; if the blades are firm, the bird *does not pull up such*, but proceeds to others. In all this there is positive good to the farmer; the blades which the crows pull up would have died from the operation of the grub:—so far the crow does no harm;—but that same grub would go on to destroy more grass,—this the crow prevents by destroying the lurking pest. For this service he is reviled and shot at! The gamekeeper has also his charge, and here the carrion crow is, we fear, in a bad case. He certainly does linger about preserves, with a most suspicious poacher-like air, in search of young birds and eggs. The latter he carries off in so ingenious a manner that it proves him an adept at the trade. Inserting the tip of his bill into the shell, away he goes, poisoning the egg as he flies, in a manner most satisfactory to himself and his young. He does also sometimes make sad havoc with unprotected poultry. Waterton resolved to test this propensity, and placed ten ducklings in a pond near to a carrion crow's nest. One by one did the voracious bird swoop them off, till nine had been borne away, when the naturalist, thinking the experiment conclusive, interposed to save the last. No marvel then that the dames of the farmyard give this bird an ugly name. Sometimes quad-

rupeds are attacked, especially young rabbits. On one occasion, "A person walking near a plantation heard a shrill cry, and on running to see whence it arose, discovered a crow fastening itself on a young rabbit, weighing nearly three quarters of a pound, which was making great efforts to release itself, but in vain; for the crow succeeded in bearing it over two or three fields."

On the sea-shore the crow varies his diet by feeding on the fish cast upon the beach by the waves, and also upon muscles and crabs, which it is said he tries to break by dropping them from great heights. These birds are surprisingly fond of ripe cherries, on which they will feed most voraciously, risking all the dangers of the gun to secure such food. As for carrion, this is not often met with by the crow in these times, when the lambs are so carefully tended in the fold, and few parts of a dead animal are left to decay in the open fields. In ruder times, the bird was doubtless fitly named, and then fed much on carrion.

This bird is called a voracious feeder, which is true; but then he works hard for his daily fare, being the earliest of our birds on the wing in the morning, and the last at night, excepting the owl. The rook is not a bad riser, but the crow is at work before him. Often is his hollow croak heard when the first faint dawn is on the East, and that sound reaches the cotter when all besides is hushed in the quiet hour of eve.

The following lines from a recent publication allude to these late evening journeyings of the crow:—

"Say, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus, at the dusky hour of night,
Sends through the midway air,
Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?"

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
They call on Heaven and thee for food,
Blask,—on some cliff's neglected tree:
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight—
It is the chilling hour of night,
Fit hour of rest for thee!"

The crows are shy during winter, but become bold at the approach of spring, often venturing within a few yards of human habitations. This change is caused by the desire of procuring food for the young, which are voracious enough to tax the unremitting industry of the parents. The nests are generally built on the old branches of the oak or fir, which trees are preferred by the bird for nesting purposes.

The crow has little home-love in it, as the nest once used is never visited again; a remarkable contrast to the local habits of the raven and rook.

Though the carrion crows usually keep in pairs through the year, they have a tendency to become gregarious in autumn and winter, when forty or fifty are sometimes seen in a flock.

Some speak of this crow as unfit to be eaten, on account of his carrion habits. Now it is not pretended that the flesh is food for epicures, but it is quite as good, when young, as that of the rook. Let a pie be made of young crows, the probability is, that most who partake of it will suppose they have eaten pigeon-pie. This has been tried as an experiment.

The name, "carrion crow," is sufficiently clear, and tolerably correct as expressive of the bird's natural habit; in some parts it is called flesh crow, and also the gore crow, which is shortened to gor-crow, as in Ben Jonson,—

"Vulture, kite,
Raven and gor-crow, all my birds of prey."

Other names are applied by the peasantry, such as black-neb, corby-crow, and midden-crow.

The geographical range of the carrion crow, though less than that of the raven, is wide; extending through

England, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and along the south of Europe to the Black Sea. It has also a home in the western hemisphere, if the American carrion crow is included in our calculation; but this bird is not of the same species with our member of the Corvidæ family.

III. THE HOODED CROW, (*Corvus Cornix*).—This species is not a constant resident with us, but arrives in the autumn and departs in spring: we might thus call it the winter crow. These birds are supposed to come from Norway or Sweden to the south of England, but abound in the northern and western isles of Scotland throughout the year, and were formerly so numerous in those parts that regulations were established and money paid for their destruction. Four or five hundred may sometimes be seen together on these islands, and many are also found in the Scotch Lowlands.

The term *hooded* is applied to this crow from the grey plumage which covers the upper part of the body like a mantle or hood, from which it is called *hoody* in the Orkneys, and in some parts the grey-backed crow, or dun crow. The old name was Royston crow, as it was supposed to be peculiar to the district round that place.

Some have erroneously ascribed the grey coating of the bird to age, and supposed it to be an old carrion crow; this guess has now departed, with a host of kindred fancies which formerly flitted to and fro over the field of natural history. The ignorant amongst the peasantry may still persist in giving the coat of grey to the ancient carrion crow.

But though a distinct species, the hooded crow much resembles the carrion in its habits, feeding upon eggs and young poultry, to which it not unfrequently adds fish, especially muscles and limpets. These last sometimes destroy the crow instead of being themselves destroyed, as when the bird seizes the fish the latter drags the crow under water; a result not in the least surprising when the great tugging force of some limpets is remembered; which often amounts to more than a weight of twenty pounds.

Some naturalists have observed a peculiar note uttered by the hooded crow in the quiet of the early morning, a plaintive sound in an ascending minor third, which may be called the bird's morning song.

IV. THE RED-LEGGED CROW, (*Corvus Graculus*).—This bird is not considered a *true* crow, but a link between such and the starling family; it is, however, classed with the corvidæ, which it resembles in most of its habits. It is often called the Cornish *chough*, from a supposition that it was peculiar to that country; this is not the case, as the bird is found on many parts of the Irish coast, in the Scottish western islands, and in the hilly parts of France, Switzerland, and Spain. It does not in general depart from the sea-shore, though a few have been seen on Mitcham-common, Surrey, and in some other inland districts.

Some appear to have frequented Dover cliffs in the time of Shakspeare, whose allusion favours such a supposition.

"The crows and *choughs* that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles."

This bird is of some note in Cornish history, as it was borne in the arms of ancient families in that part of England.

Its appearance is singular and striking, for whilst the general colour of the body resembles the raven's bluish-black, the beak, legs, and toes, are a vermillion red; presenting a beautiful relief to the dark tints of the other parts. The beak is more slender than in the other corvidæ, indicating more peaceful habits than the bill of the raven or rook; hence it is less addicted to attack other birds, preferring to feed on insects, berries, and grain.

Its inquisitive habits are equal to those of any crow. Colonel Montague gives an account of a tame red-legged crow kept by one who had abundant opportunities of

marking its inquisitive disposition. The bird's curiosity is described as beyond bounds, never failing to examine anything new in house or garden. No gardener could prune the trees in peace with the crow near, as the nails disappeared from the nail-box with a most unpleasant rapidity. Was a ladder left against the wall, up went the bird and took a survey of the country from every part of the garden wall. No window could be left open within his reach, for then no room was safe from a general scrutiny. If hungry, he soon forced the inmates of the kitchen to admit him, or quickly the windows were broken by the rapid and smart taps of his bill. The endless meddling of this crow with every moveable object is thought to have sometimes occasioned the destruction of houses by fire, in consequence of lighted sticks being plucked from the stoves and carried about the dwelling by the bird. This, however, may be a fancy; it is not likely to have happened often.

This crow has several names, being called, in some parts, the Cornish daw, and Cornwall kae, in others the killigrew, chauk-daw, and market jew-crow.

We have now described some of the most characteristic habits of four species of crow; endeavouring to set before the reader the true bird-life of each variety, without encumbering the page with useless technicalities, or with those anatomical descriptions which, though beautiful to the scientific man, are not found to interest readers unacquainted with the complicated mechanism of animal bodies.

If one just view of nature has been gained, or one erroneous sentiment removed by contemplating the facts here presented, then has the true education of our hearts and understandings been so far promoted, and our minds prepared for a juster appreciation of all things beautiful and true.

Our next article will conclude the history of the crow family, and illustrate the habits of the rooks, jackdaws, magpies and jays.

THE POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

August.

This is the eighth month of the year. In the Alban Kalendar it was the sixth, and thence named *Sextilis*. Numa gave to it the place which it now occupies. It was denominated August by the Roman Senate, in honour of Octavius Cæsar, better known as Augustus. The Saxons termed it *Ern* or *Barn-monat*, "intending thereby the then filling of their barns with grain;" also *Wood-monat*, to express the beauteous clothing of the ground in harvest. August is pictured in their Kalendars as a carter standing near a wagon laden with corn. "In later times," says Brady, "men mowing grass was the emblem of the month; and still nearer our own period, but of old date, August was delineated as a young man with a fierce countenance, dressed in a flame-coloured garment, bearing a victim, and crowned with a garland of wheat; having on his arm a basket of summer-fruits, and a sickle stuck through his belt." Spenser says:—

"The eighth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found.
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after wrong was lov'd, and justice sold,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heav'n extoll'd."

On the 23d of this month the sun enters the sign *Virgo*, the Virgin, to whom the poet alludes in the above stanza, and honours by converting her into Astrea, the goddess of justice, "who," observes a modern writer, "seems to return to earth awhile, when the exuberance of the season presents enough for all."

The beginning of August is hot, and usually fair and calm. The rich glow of summer is seldom in perfection till now. There is abundance of dew. The moon is particularly beautiful in this month, and is called "the harvest moon," because in the harvest season she rises for a week, when she is full, sooner after sunset than at any other time of the year.

August has been described as that debateable ground which is situated exactly upon the confines of summer and autumn; and it is difficult to say which has the better claim to it. It is dressed in half the flowers of the one, and half the fruits of the other; and it has a sky and a temperature of its own, and which vie in beauty with those of spring. "This," says an author before cited, "is the month of harvest. The crops usually begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with peas and beans. Harvest-home is still the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit. Thank Heaven there are, and must be, seasons of some repose in agricultural employments, or the countryman would work with as unceasing a madness, and contrive to be almost as diseased and unhealthy as the citizen. But here again our holiday-making is not what it once was. Our ancestors used to burst into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and appear even to have mingled their previous labour with considerable merry-making, in which they imitated the equality of the earlier ages. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers, they sung, they shouted, they danced, they invited each other, or met to feast, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and, what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the commoner wisdom that may seem to lie on the top of it, every one that had been concerned, man, woman, and child, received a little present—ribands, laces, or sweetmeats."

August is also, in some parts of England, the season of *hop-picking*. The hop is a climbing plant, sometimes growing wild in hedges, and cultivated on account of its use in making malt-liquors. Hops are planted in regular rows, and poles set for them to twine upon. When the poles are covered, nothing can make a more elegant appearance than a "hop-garden." At the time of gathering, the poles are taken up with the plants clinging on them, and the scaly flowering heads are carefully picked off. Kent, Sussex, and Worcestershire, are the counties most famous for the growth of hops.

About the middle of August, the young goldfinch broods appear, lapwings and linnets congregate, birds resume their spring song, and rooks begin to roost in their nest-trees. At this time also the puffin, swift, cuckoo, turtle-dove, and wry-neck, leave our shores, and the mountain-finch, sanderling, siskin, gull, godwit, cross-beak, and plover arrive. At the end of the month the red-breast is heard; and bulls make their "shrill autumnal bellowing." Insects still abound during August. Moths, flies, crickets, beetles, and glow-worms, are numerous; and the swallow-tailed, the red admiral, Camberwell beauty, painted lady, clouded sulphur, and peacock butterflies are to be seen. The number of flowers is now greatly diminished. Those which bloomed in June and July are running to seed, and have but few successors. Among these are *nigella*, *zinnias*, *polyanthuses*, *Michaelmas daisies*, &c. The additional trees and shrubs in flower, are *tamerisk*, *althæa*, *Venetian sumach*, *pomegranates*, the *passion-flower*, the *trumpet-flower*, and the *virgin's-bower*, or *clematis*. *Heaths*, *fern*, and *saffron*, are also in bloom; and the commons are in their chief beauty, and glow with green, purple, and gold. Some of the choicest fruits are now ripe.

"The sunny wall
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig."

Grapes and apricots are also in season.

In the Alban Kalendar August consisted of twenty-eight days; in Romulus's, of thirty, of one of which Numa deprived it; Julius Cæsar restored to it the thirtieth day; and Augustus Cæsar (desirous that the month which bore his name should not consist of less days than that to which the name of Julius had been given) appropriated to it another, which it has retained ever since.

August 1.—Lammas Day.

Antiquaries differ concerning the origin of the above epithet. "In the Roman Kalendar," remarks Brady, "the first of August is known by the name of the Feast of St. Peter ad Vincula, or St. Peter in Bonds, being the day of the commemoration of the imprisonment of that holy Apostle. [Instituted A.D. 317.] Hence some antiquaries consider, that the day obtained its appellation of *Lam*, or *Lamb-mas*, from a conceit entertained of St. Peter having been the patron of lambs, owing to the metaphorical expression of our SAVIOUR, 'Feed My Lambs,' and that, therefore, a mass was instituted in order to procure the Apostle's benediction, that their lambs might escape the danger of cold after being shorn at this season." Other writers suppose that the first of August is so called because on that day the tenants who held lands of the Cathedral Church of York (which is dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula,) were bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high-mass. Others, again, imagine the name *Lammas* to have been derived from the Saxon *Hlaf-Mass*, i.e. Loaf-Mass, or Bread-Mass, which signifies a feast of Thanksgiving for the first fruits of the corn. "It seems," says Brand, "to have been observed with bread of new wheat; and, accordingly, it is a usage in some places for tenants to be bound to bring in wheat of that year to their lord, on or before the first of August. New wheat is called *Lammas* wheat. Vallency observes that this day was anciently dedicated in Ireland to the sacrifice of the fruits of the soil; that *La-ith-mas*, the day of the oblation of grain, is pronounced *La-ce-mas*, a word readily corrupted to *Lammas*; that *ith* signifies all kinds of grain, particularly wheat, and that *mas* signifies fruits of all sorts, especially the acorn. Skinner thinks the day was called *Lamb-mas* "because lambs then grew out of season." Dr. Barnard imagines "that it is a corrupt mode of expressing *Lat-mas*, a summer festival;" and Johnson supposes it merely a corruption of *Lattermath*, "whereas," writes Brady, "it would rather appear that it was a corruption of *Latter Lammas*, or in other words, of that period which was allowed to tenants to bring their wheat to their lords in backward seasons: an indulgence which, however requisite at times, was often abused, and at length occasioned it to be stigmatized in the old proverb, 'He will pay, or he will perform his promise, &c. at *Latter Lammas*,' that is, *never*."

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

From very early times till about 1762, a singular festival was annually celebrated on *Lammas* Day in all the country within the distance of six miles west of Edinburgh, by the young persons employed during summer in tending the herds at pasture. The herdsmen, within a certain district, towards the beginning of summer, formed themselves into bands, sometimes to the number of a hundred or more. Each of these companies agreed to build a tower in some conspicuous place, near the centre of their district, which was to be their place of rendezvous on *Lammas* Day. This tower was usually formed of sods, generally square, about four feet in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to a point at the top, which was seldom above seven or eight feet from the ground. A hole was left in the centre for the insertion of a flag-staff and colours. The tower was commenced about a month before *Lammas*, and was reared slowly by successive additions from time to time, being seldom

entirely completed before the first of August, though the party who finished theirs soonest, and kept it standing the longest time before the above day, were always considered to have behaved in the most gallant manner, and acquired most honour by their behaviour.

From the moment the foundation of the tower was laid, it became an object of care to the whole community to whom it belonged. Disgrace was thought to attach to those who suffered it to be defaced; so that they resisted with all their power any attempts that were made to demolish it, either by fraud or force; and as the honour that was acquired by the destruction of a tower, if effected by those belonging to another, was in proportion to the disgrace of suffering it to be demolished, each party endeavoured to circumvent the other as much as possible, and laid plans to steal upon the tower unperceived, in the night time, and level it with the ground. Great was the honour that such a successful exploit conveyed to the undertakers; and though the tower was easily rebuilt, and soon put into its former state, yet the news of its overthrow was quickly spread by the successful adventurers through the whole district. To ward off this disgrace, a constant nightly guard was kept at each tower, which was made stronger and stronger as the tower advanced, and frequent skirmishes ensued, but were seldom of much consequence, as the assailants rarely came in force to make an attack, but merely to "succeed by surprise;" as soon, therefore, as they saw they were discovered, they retreated with all speed. Every person was armed with a "tooting-horn," with which he gave the alarm on these and other occasions. This instrument is a horn perforated at the small end, through which wind can be forcibly blown from the mouth, so as to occasion a loud sound; and, as every one wished to acquire as great dexterity as possible in the use of it, they practised upon it during the summer, while tending their herds; and towards *Lammas* they were so incessantly occupied in this manner, answering to, and vying with each other, that the whole country rang continually with the sounds. As *Lammas* Day approached, each community chose one from among themselves for their captain, and they prepared a stand of colours to be ready to be then displayed. For this purpose, they usually borrowed from some of the farmers' wives within the district, a fine table napkin of the largest size, and to ornament it, they also borrowed ribands, which they tacked upon the napkin in fanciful devices. Early in the morning of the first of August, they marched forth, dressed in their best clothes, and each armed with a stout cudgel, and, repairing to their tower, there displayed their colours in triumph; blowing horns, and making merry. About nine o'clock they sat down upon the green, and each taking from his pocket bread and cheese, or other provisions, made a hearty breakfast, drinking pure water from a well, which they always took care should be near the scene of banquet. In the meantime, scouts were sent out towards every quarter, to bring them notice if any hostile party approached; for it frequently happened, that on that day the herdsmen of one district went to attack those of another district, and to bring them under subjection to them by main force. If news arrived that a hostile band approached, the horns sounded to arms, and their owners immediately arranged themselves in the best order they could devise; the stoutest and boldest in front, and those of inferior prowess behind. They seldom waited the approach of the enemy, but went out to meet them, the captain of each company carrying the colours and leading the van. When they met, they mutually desired each other to lower their colours in sign of subjection. If there appeared to be a great disproportion in the strength of the parties, the weaker usually submitted to this ceremony without much difficulty, thinking their honour was saved by the evident disproportion of the match; but if they were nearly equal in strength, neither would yield, and the parley ended in blows, and sometimes bloodshed. It is related

that, in a battle of this kind, four were actually killed, and many disabled from work for weeks. If no opponent appeared, or if they themselves had no intention of making an attack, at about mid-day they took down their colours, and marched with horns sounding towards the most considerable village in their district; where the girls, and all the people, came out to meet them, and share in their diversions. Boundaries were immediately appointed, and a proclamation made that all who intended to compete in the race should appear. A bonnet, ornamented with ribands, was displayed upon a pole as a prize to the victor; and sometimes five or six started for it, and ran with as great eagerness as if the guerdon was a crown; the prize of the second race was a pair of garters, and the third a knife. They then amused themselves for some time with such rural sports as suited their taste, and dispersed quietly to their respective homes before sunset. When two parties met, and one of them yielded to the other, they marched together for some time in two separate bodies, the subjected body behind the other; and then they parted good friends, each performing their races, &c. at their own appointed place. Next day, the ribands and napkin that formed the colours were carefully returned to their respective owners, the tower was left to take care of itself, and the country returned to its usual state of tranquillity.

Lammas Day is celebrated in London by a rowing match on the river Thames, instituted by Thomas Dogget, an old actor of celebrity, who, in the year after George I. came to the throne (1714) gave a waterman's coat and a silver badge, to be rowed for by six watermen on the first of August, being the anniversary of that king's accession. This he continued till his decease, and also bequeathed a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually for ever to the purchase of a similar coat and badge, to be rowed for by six young watermen whose apprenticeship had expired the year before. The claimants set out at a given signal when the current is strongest against them, and row from the Old Swan, near London Bridge, to the White Swan, at Chelsea. At Exeter, the day is signalized by a fair, the charter of which is perpetuated by a glove of immense size, stuffed, and carried through the city on a very long pole, decorated with flowers and ribands, and attended with music, parish beadles, and "the mobility." It is afterwards placed on the top of the Guildhall, and then the fair begins; on the removal of the glove the fair terminates.

August 6.—Our Blessed Lord's glorified appearance on Mount Tabor, is commemorated on this day in the Anglican Kalendar. The Greek Church instituted the festival of the Transfiguration so early as the year 700; but the Latins did not celebrate it until 1456, when Pope Calixtus III. passed a decree for its general observance to perpetuate the remembrance of the raising of the siege of Belgrade by Mahomet the Second. It is alleged, however, that this feast was observed at Rome in the fifth century.

August 8, in the current year, is the Saturday after Lammas Day, on which the inhabitants of Ripon, Yorkshire, commence their annual festival in honour of their patron St. Wilfrid, by going out to meet his effigy, which is brought into the town with great ceremony, and preceded by a band of music. The following day is dedicated to St. Wilfrid.

"A few summers ago," says Mr. Hope, in his admirable "Essays." "I was journeying through Yorkshire, and spent a Sunday at Ripon. A beautiful day it was, and the sun shone bright on the grey minster of that quiet city; and this day was the anniversary of the dedication of that famous church by St. Wilfrid, nigh twelve centuries ago, still called Wilfrid Sunday, still observed as a season of universal rejoicing; and in the walls of that late-made Cathedral Church I first heard the praises of that great Saxon Saint proclaimed by him who then and still occupies the decanal stall." On

the Monday and Tuesday there are horse-races, for small sums only; though formerly there were plates of twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty pounds. Women were formerly the riders at one of the races, as appears from an advertisement in the "*Newcastle Courant*" of August 28, 1725.

POETRY.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

LITTLE JANE.

By Mrs. TOOGOOD.

AN orphan girl was little Jane
When scarcely her sixth year went by;
And like a flower upon the plain,
And like a star upon the sky,
And as a joyous bird is seen,
That flits upon the lonely green,
To smile and sing from shrub or tree,
Such Jane was in her infancy.

Her mother was of meekest mind,
And careful was she day by day
The narrow path of truth to find;
And early Jane had learnt to pray,
And honour'd was the Sabbath's rest,
As though 't had been a princely guest,
And honoured was the Church's chime,
As Nature's self had fixed the time.

Up o'er the hill and down the lane,
In summer as in winter bare,
The mother walked, and little Jane,
Toward their ancient house of prayer;
She busy-minded in such wise
To frame her words and her replies,
With all instruction strict and mild,
That well might guard her little child.

And when that gentle mother died,
Her kindred offered Jane a home,
And thus were solaced, side by side,
To tend the orphan with their own.
But faces strange the maiden found,
On strangest things she gazed around,
And all her words were checked by fear,
For no sweet mother now gazed near.

And once upon the Sunday morn,
Their Church's bells again came ringing,
Up upon the breezes borne,
Gaily through the country singing:
Upon that little ear they came,
And Jane went forth—for 'twas the same
As ever she had done before,
And quietly she left the door.

She did not think that she should find
Her mother in that Church again;
But something was there in her mind
About her mother, nought of pain.
The hill and lane she travelled o'er,
From bee and butterfly a store
Of kindness and comfort she
Was drinking in, all silently.

Across the churchyard now she went,
Above the tombstones scarcely seen,
The little maiden, all intent
Upon her pilgrimage had been.
The Church-door open wide and high
Now stood before the maiden's eye;
Most wide and high, but all serene
Was little Jane on entering in.

The congregation with surprise
The orphan see—and all alone;
And many were the wondering eyes
The little one now looked upon;
Her calmness turned to dread and awe
At all she heard and all she saw:
Straight to her mother's place she led,
And showers of tears the maiden shed.

MUIR-SHOOTING.

M. H.

He's awa', awa' ow'r the heathery hill,
Exulting i' freedom o' power an' will;
He roams the wild muir wi' a joyous tread,
An' the muir-fowl spring fra' their purple bed;
At the whirr o' their wing glints his marku' e'e,
An' the puir wild bird for his sport maun d'e.

O! blithe is the sportsman's heart i' the morn
An' lightly's the gun ow'r his shoulther borne;
He recks not o' death to the puir wild bird
When the airie hymn o' the wind is heard,
When the hum o' the wild bee, the low o' the kye,
Wi' the whimplin' burn join their melody.

He recks not o' death when the noontide glare
Mak's the bield o' the shielin' sac welcome there,
As, stretched i' the silent an' lazy noon,
He counts the bankies his head aboon,
When the kye, an' the wind, an' the wild bee are still,
An' a' thing is hushed save the flow o' the rill.

He recks not o' death when a fuery dream
Keeps time to the music o' th' ripplin' stream,
An' partly i' slumber, i' mockery part,
He dallys wi' images dear to his heart,
Till a distant shot the slight glamour breaks,
An' starting afresh fra' that dream he wakes.

He's awa' ance mair ower the heathery brae
To follow his sport till the gloaming gray;
Till shadows come flittin' across the muir,
An' the croonin' wind strives to raise the stoor;
Till drap after drap fra' the black clouds fa'
An' wearied he turns to his Hieland Ha'.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

FOR the attainment of correctness and purity in the use of words, the rules of grammarians and of critics may be a sufficient guide; but it is not in the works of this class of authors that the higher beauties of style are to be studied. As the air and manner of a gentleman can be acquired only by living habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with classical writers. It is, indeed, necessary for our information, that we should peruse occasionally many books which have no merit in point of expression; but I believe it to be extremely useful to all literary men, to counteract the effect of this miscellaneous reading, by maintaining a constant and familiar acquaintance with a few of the most faultless models which the language affords. For want of some standard of this sort, we frequently see an author's taste in writing alter, much to the worse, in the course of his life; and his later productions fall below the level of his early essays. D'Alembert tells us, that Voltaire had always lying on his table the *Petit Carême* of Massillon and the tragedies of Racine; the former to fix his taste in prose composition, and the latter in poetry.—*Stewart*.

WOMEN, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane: they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and prudent, and they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action; more liable, perhaps, to err than men, but in general more disinterested, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than men. In my extensive wanderings in foreign climes, if hungry, thirsty, wet, cold, or sick, Woman has ever been friendly to me, most uniformly so.—*Levyard*.

GETTING money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.—*Johnson*.

It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences on the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness; and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies; for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way. Christ and the Church were no ingredients in their choice.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor*.

SUICIDE is not to fear death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemn death; but, where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live; and herein religion hath taught us a noble example, for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parellel or match that one of Job.—*Sir Thomas Brown*.

NEVER do any thing that can denote an angry mind; for, although every body is born with a certain degree of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call "out of humour," yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying any thing that you may wish unsaid.—*Lord Collingwood*.

HIS wit did not require the foil of deformity to give it splendour; its brilliancy was best displayed in illustrating beauty, for which he had the keenest relish. He possessed one of the most amusing faculties of wit, a lively sense of the ridiculous; but he would laugh at folly, without exciting anger or fear; could be just, without an air of severity; entertaining, without satire, and brilliant, without sarcasm. No man ever lived more in society, or shone more in conversation; yet it would be difficult, I should say, impossible, to ascribe a sentiment, or even an original sentence to him, the least tinctured with envy, malice, or uncharitableness.—*Life of Mackintosh*.

WE may certainly conclude that God would not remove good men out of this world, were this the happiest place.—*Sherlock*.

THE common course of things is in favour of happiness: happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.—*Paley*.

I CONSIDER very testy and quarrelsome people in the same light as I do a loaded gun, which may by accident go off and kill us.—*Goldsmith*.

EVERY one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own.—*Locke*.

MANY men take a great deal more pains for this world than Heaven would cost them; and when they have it, do not know how to live to enjoy it.—*Sherlock*.

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See page 238.

THE CINQUE PORTS.

INTRODUCTORY.

KENT—the scene of so many high and stirring memories—Kent—

“that doth advance

Her haughty brow against the coasts of France;”

Kent—the arena of many of the bloodiest conflicts in which Britain ever engaged—the scene of many of her noblest victories—the spot of many of her most glorious triumphs—the theatre of her highest renown, of her proudest achievements—“the lock and key of the whole island”—and, more than all, the honoured pathway through which traversed the feet of them “who brought glad tidings”—Kent, as might be predicted from all these circumstances, is peculiarly happy in natural position. She is literally, as well as metaphorically, the “garden of England.”

The general aspect of Kent is very beautiful, from the inequality of surface, the diversity of scenery, the variety of verdure with which the whole country is robed, and the magnificent ocean which foams and dashes around

her shores. Her hills are lofty, healthy, breezy, and yet so happy in climate as to give no idea of the sterility or frowning horror which invests the mountains of the less favoured northern counties. Here, what may be lost to the eye in sublimity, is fully atoned to the heart in fertility and beauty. Her vallies are soft, fertile and luxurious; varied and adorned by flowing sparkling rivers, luxuriant meads, waving corn-fields, productive hop-gardens, (the English vineyard,) and teeming orchards.

“The commodities of Kent,” says Leland, “are fertility, wood, pasture, catel, fish, fowle, rivers, havens with shippes among the V. ports most famous, and royale castelles and townes, and the faith of Christe there firste restorid. Cæsar, in V. libro de Bello Gallico, prayeth the humanite of the Kentisch men. The kyng¹ himself was born in Kent. Kent is the key of all Englande.”

This ever reiterated characteristic of Kent, the “key” of England, is partly, no doubt, caused by a natural peculiarity. Her lofty cliffs, if not terrific, are yet most

(1) Henry VIII.

noble; they breast the ocean, and extend a shield of defence over the mother land; and precisely where the ancient, and heretofore inveterate, enemy of England has, as it were, a pathway to conquest, they raise this natural barricade to prohibit his course.

Yet is this not unbroken. Graceful curves modulate the coast, and some fairy glades wind even to the shore; and, at intervals, rich plains slope to the edge of the ever-heaving waters, and invite, as it were, the approach of alien feet. And here and there, instead of the foaming billows dashing against hoar cliffs, wanton waves gently trill along the sparkling sands, whilst pensive mermaids, rising from their emerald homes, and borne along to the sounding music of the booming waves, or the tuneful clang of the attendant Triton's shells, seem to court the notice of the merry-footed elves and coy fairies of the inland glades, even in the very heart of their green retreats.

Yet, if Nature have thus indulged her fitful fancies to what may seem the prejudice of the soil, deem not that the genius of the Isle has left her work incomplete. Though the means be varied, the end is yet fully attained; and, if the coast be somewhere assailable, a more efficient barrier than chalky cliffs has been maintained in the indomitable valour of the men of Kent. The "Men of Kent" have been a proverb—a proverb handed down from countless generations; ay, even from the time when the dauntless Briton stood on his native cliff, and fearlessly exposed his unsheltered body to the steel-clad host whom Caesar brought to his home.

So dauntless was the valour of the Kentishmen, so unvarying, and so abiding, that at length it was conceded to them by the whole country that they should have the front in battle at all times. "In reward for that illustrious valour which our Kent displayed with vigour and perseverance against the Danes, it has still the honour of the foremost rank and the first charge in all battles." And all historians concur in affirming that this was the enduring habit of ages.

The Kentishmen make it their boast that they were *never conquered*; and that, even when the universal conqueror, the Norman William, came, they alone were not dictated to. It is, indeed, somewhere mentioned, that, on William's advance into the island, an apparition met him, somewhat similar to that which paralysed the doomed Macbeth. For, as Birnam Wood did come to Dunsinane, so, it is said, was the Norman astonished by the sight of a forest moving towards him; but, on his inquiries, was told that it was the "men of Kent," each man bearing a bough before him, who were coming to "treat" with him; a style of arrangement somewhat novel to the haughty Conqueror. But they succeeded in their object, and so it hath since been written, "The county of Kent saith, that in the said county every one shall be free of this grievance; for it saith that this county was never conquered, like the rest of England, but submitted by *treaty* to the Conqueror's dominion, reserving all its liberties and free customs antiently held and used."

But in their wreath of honour the Kentishmen twine likewise the myrtle with the bay. They have been, and this is not a very usual circumstance, they have been ever as remarkable for humanity and civilization as for bravery.

Cæsar so speaks of them: "Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi, qui Cantium incolunt;"¹ and, in confirmation of this, William of Malmesbury: "The rustic, yet civilized people of Kent, more than the rest of the English, still breathe a consciousness of their ancient nobility, being the foremost to exercise acts of respect and hospitality, and the last to resent injuries."

It seems but a reasonable and natural result of these peculiarities of soil, situation, constitution, and government, that Kent should present some features distinct from those which characterize the country at large.

(1) "Of all these, the inhabitants of Kent are by far the most civilized."

Such features are the Cinque Ports, which, from their vast national importance, are frequently called in old writers, "locks and keys of England," as the county itself, Kent, is often termed, *par excellence*, the Key. This honourable appellation is also sometimes applied to Dover. Four of these ports are in Kent, and amongst these the one from which the Lord Warden assumes his title of honour. And connected with, or branching from, or influenced by these Cinque Ports, are many features and circumstances of general interest, which it is our "pleasaunte travail" now to describe.

The great historian of the county, Hasted, thus characterizes Kent. "It has four of the ancient Cinque Ports; the Court of Shipway; the castle of Dover. (the lock and key of Britain;) four of the docks of the Royal Navy; the archiepiscopal see, the metropolitical city of all England; and another diocese still, within its bounds. Also, it had ancient London, when it was at the south side of the Thames. It has great freedom of tenures and customs."

These Cinque Ports, now little more than a name, have been not merely the "locks and keys," but the heart and soul of our England. It is true that their high and palmy days are sped, their glory is departed; but shall all memory of them therefore be lost? Shall we forget that to these now dim and desolated and choked up havens we owe it that our native queen now sits on the throne of her ancestors; that the noble sons of our soil yet preside in the lofty castles, or repose beneath the aged oaks, which were erected and reared by their sires of generations long gone by; that the fair-haired daughters of our island have yet the unchanged and unblemished lineaments of the beautiful race from which they sprang? If from the changing processes of never-sleeping nature these havens have lost the natural characteristics they once possessed; if from the meliorating influences of civilization, and the ever progressive changes of society, they are, for the most part, become unavailable or unnecessary; and if Time, with stealthy and silent footstep, but swift and certain pace, is fast effacing every lingering remnant of their by-gone history, is it—can it be—an unprofitable, an unholy task, to endeavour to beguile some trifles from his leaden grasp? to endeavour, however feebly, to record not only that the Cinque Ports *were*, but that they were the fountain from whence sprang, or the channel through which passed, the chivalry and nobility, the grandeur, the glory, the wealth,—and that which alone could sanctify these privileges,—the religion of the days of old?

"There is a sanctity in the Past." Such is the spell of memory, such is the influence of historical association, such is the dream-like but most potent power of imagination in a land where every hill and every valley has its recorded history—where every mouldering ruin is hallowed by some tradition, and every stream is haunted by some legendary tale—that, in the new world, as we are told by travellers, the magnificent prairies, the gigantic mountains, the majestic rivers, the mighty forests, the novel association of everything great and beautiful in nature, the magnificent creation which floods the earth with glory and beauty, and the striking picture of her many-hued sons,—all these—a combination of nature's marvels—all these do not impress the mind, or win on the affections, as one of those ivy-grown abbey or shattered castles which, in the old world, are rich in the memories or hallowed by the associations of bye-gone days.

Reader! how shall I woo you to travel with me? Shall I lead you among the "Saxon swine," who drowned the land with wassailry, or among the "Danish wolves," who deluged it with blood? Shall I display to you the iron walls with which the once mighty Roman guarded the land; or, "bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste," shall we ride to the gory battle-field, where the Norman arm prevailed? Or, like you not the red field of fight, shall we lead you where

"The beautiful forms of ancient faith
Were lingering round?"

aye! even round this very blood-polluted spot, when, purified and assuaged by penitence and prayer, it became the sanctuary of charity and love.

Noble are the companions to whom we would introduce you:

"Kings, warriors, high-soul'd poets, saint-like sages,
England's illustrious sons of long long ages."

Such, and so lofty, are the associates to whose intimacy we invite you while listening to "a tale of the times of old."

THE CINQUE PORTS.

The origin of the Cinque Ports is plainly referable to an institution of the Romans for the protection of the south-eastern shore, always the most exposed and most assailable coast of Britain. For though, on their departure from the country, the Britons sank into apathy and sloth, though castles and fortifications were suffered to decay, though civilization declined, and the rising arts were lost, and barbarism returned—still that principle of order and military arrangement which Rome had introduced in the island, though it often lay dormant, was never entirely eradicated. And one of the most advantageous and most enduring fruits of this revivifying germ was the institution and subsequent incorporation of the Cinque Ports.

The Roman governor in Britain assigned the military jurisdiction of the province to three great officers: the "Comes Britanniarum," who superintended the interior of the island, and probably the western coast; the "Dux Britanniarum," who defended the north against the Picts and Scots; and the "Comes Littoris Saxonici," the Count of the Saxon shore, whose jurisdiction extended along that south-eastern coast, which, even in the fourth century, was so infested by piratical Saxons as to be called from its dangerous proximity to them, "the Saxon shore," and to require an officer with the appropriation of a specific portion of troops to maintain its independency.

The jurisdiction of this officer was very extensive, stretching over Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, and Hampshire. He presided over nine ports, some of which even now present ruins of Roman fortresses, and are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the now Cinque Ports.

On the departure of the Romans the fortresses and castles which they had erected sank to decay; their military regulations (to an active participation in which the Britons were but very charily admitted) were discontinued, the "Comes Spectabilis Littoris Saxonici" was no more heard of, and the Saxons "insulted" the degenerate British shore at will.

When, at length, under their entire domination, South Britain was divided into seven kingdoms, each prince protected his own division of the coast, which, indeed, till a later period of the Saxon rule, would probably be tranquil. But scarcely were the kingdoms of the Heptarchy united under one head (or before this time) than the Danes began to retaliate on the Saxons the annoyance the latter had heretofore caused the Britons, and for two centuries and upwards the bleeding island suffered every extremity of cruelty and insult which these ruthless barbarians could inflict. Of course, during this period, the scourged, but unconquered English, took all available means of defence, and they often fitted out large fleets of ships to meet and encounter their fearful enemy. It seems natural to suppose that such ports, or the immediate neighbourhood of such ports (then in recent memory, as the Romans, masters in the art of defence, had selected for a precisely similar purpose, should now be chosen by the English as the principal depôts of their naval armaments.

Whether this were the case or not, we are distinctly

told that some particular ports, on the south-eastern shore, had so often, during these weary times, contributed nobly to the defence of their country, had been so indefatigable in their services, and so unwearied in their exertions, that in Edward the Confessor's days they were signalized and rewarded with great privileges and immunities. These distinguished and favoured ports were Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe—the five or Cinque Ports. But they are not mentioned collectively even in Domesday Book; and the names of Sandwich, Romney, and Hythe only occur there as privileged ports; though King John, in his charter to them, says that he has seen charters extending as far back as the time of the Confessor. Hastings, though not mentioned in Domesday, has always taken precedence of the other ports, but it is possible that the favour of the Conqueror may have effected this; or the port might, in fact, be both existent and notable, and yet chance to be omitted in the specification.

A high authority, Lord Coke, says, that Dover, Sandwich, and Romney were the ports of especial note before the Conquest, and that William the Conqueror added to them Hastings and Hythe, and afterwards annexed thereto the two ancient towns of Rye and Winchelsea.

At an early period the armaments equipped at these ports were subject to the command of the various admirals from time to time appointed; but the Conqueror appointed a governor of Dover Castle, (which he looked upon as the key of the kingdom,) and he likewise first gave the title of warden or guardian to the supreme officer of the Cinque Ports, whose jurisdiction, in the nature of admiral as well as chancellor, extended over the five ports, with the two ancient towns (Rye and Winchelsea), and those inferior limbs or members which, coveting the immunities of the Cinque Ports, were, from time to time, admitted to a share of their privileges, on paying a premium to the head port, and bearing their quota of the general expenses. These limbs are first mentioned in the Red Book of the Exchequer, and the Domesday of the Ports; but they are not named in the Charters till the time of Edward the Fourth.

In the charter of William the First, the ancient rights of the Cinque Ports are distinctly recognised, various additional privileges are conferred, and their own duties are more distinctly specified. This charter has been renewed with various additions and alterations by most of our succeeding monarchs. The last charter was granted by Charles II. and confirmed by his successor.

The important service the due performance of which invested the Cinque Ports with the high privileges they enjoyed, (and which will be briefly noticed,) was to provide yearly for the king's use fifty-seven ships, each containing twenty-one able-bodied men, properly equipped for service, and a *bag* called a *gromet*.¹ They were to be ready on a summons of forty days, and were to remain in the king's service on their own costs and charges for fifteen days from the time they first hoisted sail for their appointed destination, wherever it might be. The fifteen days expired, they were still bound to the king's service, but their expenses were defrayed by the Government. Dover and its members usually furnished twenty-one ships, and the remaining quota was divided proportionably between the other ports, the number assigned to each varying with circumstances; and when they were intended for fighting, a certain number of soldiers was provided by the king for each ship, with suitable arms and accoutrements.

But, after the Royal Navy was called into existence, (for originally the Cinque Port ships were the Navy of the kingdom,) and there was a great and rapid improvement in the style, and build, and size of ships of war, these Cinque Port vessels became, in time, small, out of date, and comparatively useless. But the spirit and

(1) Extr. "5th of Henry VIII.—Every person that goeth into the Navie of the Portis, shall have a cote of white cotyn, with a red crosse, and the armes of the portis underneathe, that is to say, the halfe lyon and the halfe shippe."

patriotism of the Portsmen did not flinch. They built fewer vessels, but of a larger size, and of at least equal expense, and they unflinchingly performed their duty of "guarding the narrow seas," and assisting their Sovereign in all emergencies; such, for instance, as occurred at the period of the dreaded Spanish Armada. On this occasion the Ports fitted out six ships of 160 tons each, each one attended by a pinnacle of thirty tons; an equipment which cost them 43,000*l*.

Many and great were the privileges conferred on the Ports in requital of the services performed by them. An extract from the charters themselves, or even from the authorized translation of them, would hardly be intelligible to the modern reader. In familiar phrase, however, we shall refer to a few of these privileges.

The Barons¹ of the Cinque Ports were exempted from the payment of all duties on wares and merchandise, whether imports or exports; and their own vessels had liberty to harbour in any other ports in the kingdom, without payment of customs.

They were also exempted from tolls for repair of roads; from tolls on horses and carriages; from duties paid on rivers; and from those paid on bridges.

They were exempted from any attendance at the shire or county courts, nor were the Portsmen compelled to serve at assizes, or on juries out of the Ports, against their will; nor as constable, bailiff, &c.

They had the power of trying all actions, civil or criminal, treason alone excepted; and all thieves and felons belonging to the Ports or their precincts, wherever captured, were brought back to the Ports to be tried.

They had the right of marrying their heiresses without the king's consent. This in the feudal times, was a great privilege.

By the charter of Richard II., all fines and penalties for trespasses, misprisions, extortions, conspiracies, and all other offences whatsoever, which, in other parts of the kingdom, appertained to the king, were granted to the Ports.

They were discharged from military duties in the fields.

They had all *warfs, strays, and treasure-trove*, or treasure found hidden, which by the law of England belongs to the king.

They had many liberties and privileges in the Yarmouth fishery, &c.

The office of Warden of the Cinque Ports, was one anciently of great power and importance. He was intrusted with the keeping of all the authentic copies of the ancient laws and customs of the Five Ports and their ancient towns, and the conservation of their privileges from any encroachment was his peculiar care. To him lay an appeal to judgment, passed in any of the mayors' courts within his jurisdiction; and this judgment he had the power to reverse. The Barons of the Cinque Ports were amenable to him for any abuse or misapplication of their privileges, and for every act of lese majesty. When on his appointment to his high office, the form of the oath was read to him, he, holding up his hand to his breast answered—"YEA;" for, being a knight, and of the king's council, this attestation was considered sufficient, and he was not required to place his hand upon the Evangelists, the usual mode of taking an oath.

The Lord Warden, as chancellor and admiral of the coast, holds his various courts where he thinks proper, but now usually at Dover, in St. James's church. The Court of Admiralty has frequently, however, been held at Sandwich, and also at other Ports. But the Supreme Court of the Cinque Ports is that held at Shipway, a place near Hythe, supposed to have obtained that name from lying in the way to the haven where ships were wont to ride. Here all the most important business of the Ports in past days has been transacted; and it was

here that Prince Edward, (afterwards Edward I.) in his office of Lord Warden, in the year 1265, exacted from the Barons of the Ports their oaths of fidelity to his father Henry III., against the maintainers of the Barons' wars.

The records of the Cinque Ports were formerly placed in a room appropriated to the purpose in Dover Castle, but a great proportion of them is lost or destroyed.

A highly valued privilege which the Cinque Ports have possessed from time immemorial, is that of transporting the person of the Sovereign, whenever his affairs called him from England.

Another privilege of a very attractive nature, known by the term of their "honours at court," is mentioned in the charter of Edward I., not as then newly granted, but as confirmed to the Ports. These "honours," consist in the privilege of bearing a canopy over the head of the king and queen at a coronation, and of having allotted to them at the coronation banquet a table on the king's right hand. The gold cloth of which the canopy was composed, was formerly usually offered by the barons, (whose perquisite it was,) to the shrines at Chichester and Canterbury. The pulpit-cloth now in the church at Hastings is composed of part of the canopy borne over Queen Anne at her coronation.

There are records extant relative to the "honours at court" of the Cinque Port freemen, from the time of Richard II. to our own day; but at the coronation of William IV., and of her present Majesty, many of the ancient customary ceremonies at this august inauguration were abandoned, and the canopy of the Cinque Ports was not required.

The present Warden of the Cinque Ports is the Duke of Wellington. We shall refer to his appointment hereafter, in the more detailed sketch of each port which will succeed this brief general introduction.

JACQUARD, THE SILK WEAVER OF LYONS.

The stranger who visits Lyons and becomes acquainted with the manufactories of that great mercantile city of France, is struck by the contrast that he sees there, between the luxurious furniture prepared for the dwellings of the great, and the poverty of those employed in its production.

The silk weaver may generally be known by his pallid complexion, his narrow chest, and his emaciated limbs, which are the natural results of excessive labour and insufficient nourishment; but, thirty years ago, these, his melancholy characteristics, were far more remarkable than they are now. Lyons and its suburbs contain at least ninety thousand artisans, who work from four in the morning till nine at night, crowded into large factories that resemble bee-hives with their tiers of cells. They are full of windows, each of which lights a machine, and, till within the period we have mentioned, these machines, used for brocaded silks, were complicated and difficult to manage, loaded as they were with numberless cords and pedals, by which the body was forced into the most distorted and unnatural attitudes. The weaver was mounted on a high stool, and directed the thread of the chain, and formed the pattern, by striking out his legs from right to left; but, besides his part of the work, one or two others were necessary to guide the cords and pedals; and these were usually young women or children, who were obliged to preserve the same painful attitudes through the whole day, and they frequently became deformed for life, and more often still they were hurried to the grave. Many, who witnessed so much misery, longed earnestly for such a revolution in the state of mechanical science, as should free the children from work to which their own health and the moral feeling of their parents were alike yearly sacrificed; but amongst all who pitied their sufferings, who had the power to relieve them? The honour of accomplishing

(1) Or Freemen. Every freeman of the Cinque Ports has the title of Baron.

this task was reserved for Jacquard, an unpretending artisan, the Genius of the loom, the Child of the people. Florence and Venice, with all their boasted improvements, acknowledged the superior skill of the poor working man, and bowed down their industrial banners at his feet.

Joseph Marie Jacquard was born at Lyons on the 7th of July, 1752; his father was a master weaver of gold and silken tissues, his mother was a pattern-reader, another branch of the same trade; as for himself he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and proved a clever and tasteful workman. At the end of some years he married, and, having inherited a small house from his parents, he established himself as a straw bonnet manufacturer, and was succeeding very well, when the French revolution broke out, and brought his prosperity to a close. In 1793, during the memorable siege which Lyons so nobly sustained against the republican armies, his house was burned to the ground, and, when the savage proconsuls came with orders from the Convention to decimate the inhabitants whom the brutal soldiery had spared, Jacquard's name was on the proscribed list, and he found himself obliged to leave his native country. He owed his safety to a son he had in the ranks of the Republican army. This young man, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, dressed his father in uniform, inscribed his name on the list of the battalion of volunteers to which he himself belonged, and, placing a musket in his hand, marched with him to the French frontier. They reached the borders of the Rhine together, but there Jacquard had the great misfortune to lose his beloved son, who fell by his side, struck by a cannon ball, and soon afterwards expired in his arms. When France was restored to some degree of order and tranquillity, Jacquard, wearied with his military profession, for which his advancing age began to unfit him, was desirous to return to his former quiet life; he had found protectors amongst the very men by whom he had been proscribed; and he now established himself once more at Lyons, and gave up his time to the study of mechanics: a strong inclination led him forward in the pursuit of knowledge, and circumstances developed still further his natural genius.

The peace of Amiens had re-established communications for a short time between England and France, and during this season an English newspaper happened to fall into the hands of Jacquard; he read there the announcement of a prize that was to be bestowed by the Royal Society in London for the construction of a machine for making fishing nets, and also for the nettings used on board ship. From that moment he became conscious of his vocation, and thought of nothing but how to fulfil the required conditions. After groping long in the dark, he discovered the secret of the machine; but the satisfaction he derived from his success was the only reward he chose to receive; the difficulty once overcome, he thought no more about it, and contented himself with giving a piece of the net he had woven, to one of his friends. This friend, however, showed it as a curiosity to several persons, and it passed from hand to hand, until it was sent at last to Paris by the Lyonnese authorities.

Jacquard had long forgotten his invention, when, one day, to his great surprise, he was summoned before the prefect of Lyons, who asked him whether he had not turned his attention to the manufacture of nets on mechanical principles. Jacquard did not remember the circumstance to which the magistrate alluded, till the identical piece of net was produced that he had given to his friend. The prefect then desired to see the machine on which it had been made. Jacquard asked for three weeks wherein to repair and complete his apparatus, which then lay neglected in a corner of his dwelling; at the end of that time he carried it to the prefect, who was able himself to count the number of meshes, to strike the bar with his foot, and to continue the web that was already begun.

When he had recovered from his astonishment, he dismissed Jacquard, assuring him that his name would soon become known. The machine was sent off to Paris, and presently an order arrived that Jacquard himself should be sent after it. This order was so peremptory that the authorities of the town, mistaking its real import, laid hold of the honest artisan as a conspirator, and treated him accordingly; without allowing him time to go home and make preparations for his journey, he was hurried into a post-chaise and conveyed rapidly to Paris, under the escort of a gendarme. Jacquard had never seen the great capital. On his arrival, he was taken to the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, and the first persons he saw there were Bonaparte, and his minister, Carnot; the latter, addressing him with the blunt severity which was natural to him exclaimed, "Is it you, then, who pretend to do what with Heaven is impossible, make a slip knot upon a tight thread?"¹

Jacquard, abashed by the presence of the master of half Europe, and still more so by the manner of his minister, only answered by setting his machine to work, and soon showed the possibility of what they had thought incredible. In this strange way was Jacquard's first essay made known. Napoleon, who knew how to appreciate genius wherever he found it, encouraged him, and promised him his protection; and in a few days after this interview, he was regularly installed at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*.

Jacquard's joy may well be imagined when he found himself in the midst of the wonders of art, and enabled to pierce through the arcana of mechanical science, which, hitherto, for want of books and of education he had had no means of doing; he had now the experience of others to stand upon, and the keys of knowledge were in his hands for fresh experiments. He soon set to work, by order of government, upon machinery which was to produce brocaded silk, at less cost, and more easily, than any then known; he combined two principles which were due, the one to the celebrated Vaucanson, and the other to Talson, the engineer, and succeeded beyond all expectation.

This famous machine which was destined to immortalize the name of its inventor, appeared at the Exposition at Paris, in 1801. The First Consul, perceiving at once the advantageous change which it was about to produce in the state of French industry, rewarded this admirable discovery by a pension of 6,000 francs. The jury, however, whose province it was to judge of the utility of all such inventions, showed themselves less clear-sighted, and awarded only a bronze medal to Jacquard, "the inventor" (said the report) "of a machine by means of which one workman the less would be required in the fabrication of brocaded tissues."

Less wonder will be excited by this verdict of the Parisian jury, when we further relate, that at Lyons, the whole face of whose commerce was to be entirely altered by Jacquard's discovery, no gratitude and no admiration were called forth by it. He returned there with his machine, and found himself, like Galileo of old, overwhelmed with suspicion and obloquy. He, the man of the people, the child of the loom, was portrayed in the darkest colours to the ignorant and passionate multitude as their inveterate foe; one who, for his own ambitious and selfish purposes, was about to ruin their craft, and to increase the distress of their families.

From all parts of the district furious mobs assembled against him, and his life was three times in imminent danger; this blind hatred rose at last to such a height that the Lyonnese authorities gave way before the storm: and the new machine was broken to pieces by their orders, in the great square of the town, while the people loudly applauded the ridiculous scene enacted before

(1) "Un nœud avec un fil tendu." This machinery has of late years been applied to lace, and Nottingham owes to it the chief successes of its trade.

them.—“The iron” (to use Jacquard's own words) “was sold as old iron,—the wood, for fuel.”

It was not till France began to feel the fatal effects of foreign rivalry, that the silk-weavers of Lyons regretted the narrow prejudices which had prevented their reaping the benefit themselves of Jacquard's discovery; they then perceived that they had destroyed the machine which would have spared their labour, and infinitely multiplied their resources. In the meantime a few more enlightened manufacturers, among whom were Dépouilly and Schirmer, having adopted the machinery of Jacquard, had so abundantly profited by it, that its fame spread rapidly through Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and America, where a new opening to industry, and a fresh means of increasing wealth, were joyfully hailed.

Manchester, essentially a manufacturing city, received the Jacquard machinery in 1813, with popular enthusiasm; and the name once denounced in every factory is now honoured throughout Europe. By slow degrees did this reward reach Jacquard; he had it, after a twenty years' struggle against ignorance, envy, and selfishness; and all that time he knew that he had succeeded, that he had created a mighty agent for the prosperity of his native country, and that a day would surely come in which he should see it at work. He was gifted with perseverance and rectitude of purpose in proportion to his genius; his disinterestedness was such, that he would take out no patent to appropriate the benefits of his discoveries, and he constantly refused the magnificent offers made to him by foreigners; simply but firmly he refused to devote to them the services he believed were due to France, and waited patiently till she should be ready to receive them at his hands. We have seen the humble mention made of him with the bronze medal he obtained in 1801; it was not till 1819 that a better informed jury proclaimed the superiority of his machinery over the costly and unhealthy processes which it was intended to replace, and awarded to him the silver medal: the cross of the Legion of Honour completed this national recompense.

Towards the close of his life, Jacquard, having lost his wife, who had been a sharer in all his anxieties, and for whom he had the strongest affection, retired to the pretty village of Oullins, about three miles from Lyons, and took up his abode in a small house, the use of which had been left to him by will, for his life. There he received the visits of many illustrious travellers; statesmen, and men of letters came to converse with him, and to wonder that a man, whose reputation was European, should be found spending his old age in solitude, and dividing his time between religious duties and the cultivation of a small garden. He died on the 7th of August, 1834; he never saw his great invention appreciated in his native city, and yet he had lived long in hope, and in his latter days in perfect peace; his work was done, and at eighty-four

“The weary springs of life stood still at last.”

The morning after Jacquard's death, a few friends, and a very small number of admirers, accompanied his remains to the Cemetery of Oullins, and buried him by the side of Thomas, the Academician: the inhabitants of the village consecrated a marble slab in their church to his memory, which mentions simply and modestly his pure life and his industry.

In his lifetime, like most other great men, Jacquard found little but persecution, neglect, and indifference, in his own country; it was only after his death that he was really known, and his memory duly honoured. The municipal authorities at Lyons opened a subscription for the purpose of raising a statue of the celebrated mechanic, and, while the City owed chiefly to him its yearly increasing wealth, it was long before many thousand francs were collected. The statue of Jacquard, from the chisel of Foyatier, was raised at last on the 16th of August, 1840, in “la place Sathonny,” where had

been placed already the bust of the Abbé Rozier, another benefactor to the city of Lyons.

It is refreshing, in the midst of the feverish strife of mere opinion, to turn to the example of Jacquard. Humble and prosaic as his life may at first sight appear, he stood alone with his genius, surrounded by ignorance and tumult, waiting patiently until his discovery should be permitted to produce the great results in commerce which it could not fail of effecting when once it was fairly tried. While doubtless a thousand voices were raised to procure a hearing for fresh schemes and new doctrines in science, he expected silently the hour in which his knowledge should be most usefully employed for the benefit of his country. Jacquard and his machine were alike realities, and the world has now acknowledged them as such. E. O.

THE SPINSTER'S HEIR.

BY MRS. ABDY.

MISS PAULET was the possessor of an income of two thousand a year, and an only nephew; the first she managed very well, the latter very indifferently, or, more properly speaking, not at all. I must not be understood to intend any reflection on Miss Paulet by this declaration, inasmuch as she only failed where all the rest of her sex must fail.

Women are in high consideration at the present day, and scores of beautiful little hot-pressed silken-bound volumes have been published on the exhaustless subject of their intellect, sweetness, social and domestic qualities, all tending to prove that the super-excellence of the fair sex has been a branch of natural history hitherto most unaccountably and blameably neglected. It is certain that the intellect of the present race of women far surpasses that of the notable dames of old, when the still-room constituted their study, the cookery book their album, and they cared for no autograph save their own on a sampler. The women of the nineteenth century can do many things which would have astonished their great-grandmothers, such for instance as writing a tragedy, driving four-in-hand, or legislating (on paper) for the nation, but there are points at which a woman's intellect stops short, even in the present day; she cannot navigate a ship, manage a steam-engine, or keep in order an unruly boy. Miss Paulet was the kind friend of many people, and the pleasant acquaintance of many more; in her dealings with servants and tradespeople she preserved the golden mean between lavishness and niggardliness, she returned visits punctually, gave parties admirably, all the human race seemed pliant as reeds in her hand, except Robert Vernon, and he was the source of constant trouble and annoyance to her, his watch-word was opposition, he was “wild as colt untamed,” he smiled at persuasions, and laughed at threats. Miss Paulet gave up the contest in despair; like a fairy deprived of her wand, she could only sit and weep over her lost power, without making any endeavour to regain it.

Perhaps my readers will think that I have bestowed more than necessary praise on Miss Paulet's accurate management of her income and establishment, but she really deserved praise for it; she was not born to fortune, but it was “thrust upon her;” and ladies, who are suddenly visited by a shower of gold, are very apt to bestow it on a fortune hunter, buy it into the Spanish funds, lay it out in the purchase of land in New Zealand, invest it in railroad shares, lend it to a particular friend, or pursue some other easy way of getting rid of it as soon as possible. Miss Paulet and her sister Mary had been cast on the mercies of the world by the death of their parents; they had then reached the mature ages of eight-and-twenty, and thirty; their education had not qualified them to be governesses; their fingers were not suffi-

ently young and pliant to acquire the flying celerity of sempstresses; accustomed to a small house and a solitary servant, they had neither experience nor dignity enough to be housekeepers;—they had nothing to hope for but to be engaged as humble companions. This object was not easily attained; humble companionships are about as difficult to be met with as writerships to India. Most people in either case have poor relations of their own, whom it is eligible and convenient to promote to the situation. At last, however, the posts of honour were procured, and every body said that the orphans had been extremely fortunate. Miss Paulet shared the handsome house, and had a seat in the well hung chariot, of a rich old maid, who had sufficient shrewdness to detect the mercenary motives of the many pretenders to her hand, and whose whims, taunts, and fits of ill-temper, were not at all more than every humble companion who knows the world should hold herself prepared to endure. Mary was the companion of a sickly fretful dowager of rank; she received a handsome stipend, slept on down, and trod on velvet carpets; the winds of heaven were never permitted to visit her too roughly, because the sashes, firmly closed even in summer, did not permit a breath of air to enter the apartments which she inhabited. She inhaled a perpetual atmosphere of ether and rosewater, and, had she been a sentimental young lady, might have banqueted solely on the chocolate drops, lavender lozenges, dried fruits, and candied lemon-peel, which were as plentiful as articles of household food in the abode of her patroness.

Five years passed: the sisters retained their situations, not because they liked them, but because they were wise enough to know that there was such a thing as changing from bad to worse. At the end of that time Mary's prospects began to brighten; she received an offer of marriage from Mr. Vernon, a rising young lawyer of exceedingly good character and amiable disposition; the dowager honoured her with her approbation, a lace veil, and a silver tea-pot; and the young couple were married. They set out prudently with a small house, and a proportionally limited expenditure, but there is an old saying "where there is room in the heart there is room in the house," and Mrs. Vernon, with the approbation of her husband, offered a home to her sister. Miss Paulet declined; she could not bear to be a burden on the slender means of another; she occasionally obtained permission to visit her sister, and felt all a maiden aunt's pride and delight in the beautiful little nephew, who in the course of a twelvemonth was presented to her. Sometimes a sigh escaped her when she contrasted her own lot with that of the beloved wife, giving and receiving happiness in her cheerful home; but she soon suppressed every feeling of discontent, rejoiced in the good of Mary's situation, and endeavoured as far as possible to overlook the evils of her own.

A change was at hand, which once more reversed the comparative destinies of the sisters; several years had elapsed since Mary's marriage, unmarked by any event more striking than the birth of her child, and his progressive accomplishments of walking, speaking, and spelling, when two events most important to the sisters took place in the course of the same week. Mr. Vernon was carried off in the prime of life and usefulness, and Miss Byfield, the wealthy old maid, who had refused so many offers, and disappointed so many expectations, expired in the arms of her humble companion, after an existence of idleness and selfishness. Two wills were to be read. Mr. Vernon bequeathed his all to his wife; this "all" consisted of three hundred pounds in the funds, and a very moderate collection of plain needful furniture. Miss Byfield was found to have bequeathed her all to her humble companion; handsome furniture, rich plate, valuable paintings, several cases of jewellery, and two thousand a year. Miss Paulet received this legacy with heartfelt gratitude to Providence, and with sincere thankfulness to her benefactress; she blamed herself for not having been more patient, more gentle, more

conciliating; but she blamed herself without cause; she had been all that she ought to have been, and her good conduct had made an impression even on the stony heart of her patroness. Miss Byfield had not a relation in the world, and she judged well and wisely in bequeathing her riches to the tried and firm good judgment of her faithful and self-denying companion.

Miss Paulet immediately took to her home the widow and her son, and Mrs. Vernon passed a year of peace and tranquillity, although her health and spirits had been thoroughly and irreparably shaken by the loss of her husband. During the illness which preceded her death, she repeatedly commended her son to the kindness and care of her sister, who promised to show him the fondest affection, and performed her promise only too well; she was too kind, too indulgent, too deeply attached to her nephew. He knew his power, and abused it. Two preparatory schools sent polite notes to Miss Paulet at the beginning of vacation-time, signifying that the high spirit of Master Vernon required a more rigid system of discipline than was exercised in their respective establishments. Two private tutors gave him up in despair, and a subsequent "academy" would have followed their example, had not the young gentleman fortunately bethought himself, that, as he had a quick study, and a retentive memory, the consequences of endeavouring to acquire knowledge would not be so unpleasant to him as the consequences of remaining in ignorance for the term of his natural life; he was also strongly imbued with the spirit of contradiction; and, as several of his aunt's friends, especially a severe old bachelor of the name of Carleton, had predicted that he would be a dunce, he resolved to show them their mistake.

There was no difficulty about choosing a profession for young Vernon. There are some families who consider it a matter of course, that the first-born son should inherit the calling and the Christian name of his father; and, however objectionable the former, or discordant the latter, the good old rule is to be made absolute, and all endeavours to negative it end in a defeat. Mrs. Vernon would no more have thought of bringing up her son to any profession but the law, than she would have thought of giving him any other name than Robert. Miss Paulet thought and acted as her sister would have done, and young Vernon offered no opposition to the arrangement. He gave his companions a piece of information quite needless for them to receive: that "he should read just as much or as little as he pleased. Mr. Dornford, the solicitor to whom he was to be articulated, was so excessively active and energetic, that he could never require his assistance; and doubtless at a proper time his aunt would come forward with a handsome sum; he should be taken into partnership, share half the profits, and get on amazingly well with Mr. Dornford, with whom he should make it a point never to interfere." Thus tinting with *couleur de rose* the frowning aspect of the law, Vernon dutifully told his aunt that he meant to accede to her wishes; at the same time reminding her how peculiarly thankful she ought to be, that she had not a nephew who was bent upon going into the army or navy.

Miss Paulet was as thankful as she was expected to be, and quoted this speech soon afterwards to her friend and privy-counsellor Mr. Carleton, whom she wished to think well of her nephew, but who persisted in thinking very ill of him.

"It would have been a good thing," replied the impracticable old bachelor, "if Robert Vernon had gone into the navy, or had been compelled to go there. All sensible people send good-for-nothing graceless lads to sea: in fact, the navy is made up of very little else."

"How, then, is it," asked Miss Paulet, quietly, "that the British tars are so celebrated in song and story for generous, kind, and noble qualities? If they are mostly good-for-nothing and graceless before they go to sea, would not the association of so many evil characters with each other be more likely to increase the bad pro-

penalties of every individual, than to convert them into excellences?"

Mr. Carleton was seldom unprovided with an answer, but he had not one ready on the present occasion; and therefore contented himself with taking refuge in the general and conclusive assertion, that "ladies could not understand anything about such matters," and whistling a few bars of "The Lass that loves a Sailor."

Mr. Carleton was wealthy, maintained a handsome establishment, subscribed to many of the public charities, was lavish in his donations to the poor of his parish of coals and blankets at Christmas, and half-crowns and good advice all the year round; and was known, at stated periods, to purchase his savings into the three per cent. consols. No wonder, then, that Mr. Carleton was popular. A score of blooming damsels had assailed his heart when he first came to settle in the neighbourhood, but without success; to them succeeded a dozen buxom young widows; and when these in their turn were discomfited, a bevy of elderly spinsters took the field, who discreetly surmised, that "Mr. Carleton might wish to settle suitably, but did not like giddy rattling young flirts." Mr. Carleton, however, did not succumb to wrinkles and grey hairs, any more than he had done to roses and ringlets; but he was still welcomed in society: he gave well-ordered entertainments, had seen much of the world, was clever, and had a decided self-possessed manner, which made him appear still more so than he was in reality. He was also kind-hearted. Some people called him "everybody's friend;" others again maintained, that this was a daring figure of speech, and that "everybody's friend" was a character as much out of human nature as the hero of an hundred years old novel could be. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Carleton was everybody's adviser; and, as his advice was in his own opinion very valuable, it is charitable to conclude, that he felt real friendship for the happy numbers to whom he proffered it.

Miss Paulet was one of his great favourites; she had never annoyed him by making advances to him; he liked her conversation, and esteemed her good qualities; but Robert Vernon was the constant object of his censure. The youth, good looks, and vivacity, which atone for half the faults of a headstrong stripling in the eyes of an elderly lady, are only so many aggravations of his offences in those of an elderly gentleman; and Mr. Carleton and Miss Paulet, well as they agreed on politics, literature, the fine arts, village gossip, and things in general, were perpetually at issue on the question of the merits or demerits of the Spinster's Heir.

Vernon literally fulfilled the second part of his declaration to his friends concerning his studies; he "read as little as he pleased." Mr. Dornford, however, made no complaints; he was naturally very easy and good tempered, and the frequent baskets of fruit, game, and poultry, which he received from Miss Paulet, had the effect of wonderfully softening his heart to the failings and indiscretions of his new clerk. Miss Paulet flattered herself, that, because her nephew's progress in the law was slow, it must also be sure; and she was delighted with his duty in coming over so often to see her.

The town where Mr. Dornford resided lay about midway between Miss Paulet's villa and the "Great Metropolis." It is true, that, for one visit Vernon paid to the former, he paid three to the latter place. He gave his aunt, however, so delightful an account of the lectures, oratorios, and *copperations*, that he attended in London, that she was glad to think he was enriching his mind with so much useful knowledge; and turned a deaf ear to Mr. Carleton's insinuations about the attractions of cigar-saloons, and the Olympic theatre!

At length, however, came Christmas, and brought in its train an abundance of bills to Vernon. He begged the several applicants to have patience; and, knowing

that he was to be the spinster's heir, they kindly consented to oblige him, and had patience till Easter, at which period they transferred their accounts to the spinster herself.

Poor Miss Paulet! she seemed to live in a new region. Her villa suddenly became a rallying point for odd-looking strangers; some with sharp eager visages, some with compressed lips and bent brows; some talking of their bad debts, some of their large families, some of the trust they had given, some of their determination to do what all young poets resolve to do (at least in verse), "trust no more;" and one and all having "little accounts" to make up about that time, which rendered the immediate settlement of the little account of the individual in question, not only desirable, but positively necessary. Miss Paulet called in the aid of her prime-minister, Mr. Carleton. He advised severely taxing the exorbitant bills of the tradespeople, defraying them under the positive assurance of never defraying any others, and reducing Vernon's allowance one-half. Miss Paulet said what thousands of people have said before her, that "the advice was very good, but that she had not nerve and spirit to follow it." She paid the tradespeople in full, received the compliment generally given by the lower orders to liberality and profusion in their superiors, that "she was a perfect lady," and then sent for her nephew, lectured him as she thought unmercifully, cautioned him against ever letting such a thing occur again, and, on her next visit to London, purchased for him, at the Soho Bazaar, a beautiful little case, purple morocco without, and white satin within, with "Bills Paid," printed in gold letters on the back of it!

A year passed by, and Miss Paulet persuaded herself that Vernon was quite a reformed character; he paid frequent visits to the village, not altogether however on his aunt's account. Mr. Anson, one of her neighbours, had just received a beautiful daughter from boarding school; the fair Helena was evidently pleased with the attentions of Vernon, and Miss Paulet trusted that he was too busy in making love to find time to run into debt. Alas! the good spinster little knew how much time may be found for various things, by an active-spirited young man, who never devotes any of his hours to his professional calling. Christmas came again, and this time the tradespeople did not take in their accounts to Vernon, but wisely thought it would be a saving of time and trouble to convey them at once to their ultimate head-quarters, the villa of his aunt.

Miss Paulet was shocked and astonished. Mr. Carleton declared that he felt no surprise at all. "They are just twice the amount of those of the former year," he drily said, after looking them over,— "should they increase every year by a similar system of arithmetic, your property will become enviably small and easy to be reckoned about ten years hence." Miss Paulet wept, but declared her resolution to pay the bills; she however suffered Mr. Carleton to tax them, and they were reduced about a third, by the discovery of the many glaring impositions contained in them; in consequence of which scrutiny, Miss Paulet's lady-like character sustained an irreparable shock in the opinion of her nephew's creditors.

Mr. Carleton called on Vernon. "Will you oblige me," he said, "by showing me the morocco case, that was presented to you last year by your aunt for the preservation of paid bills?" Vernon opened his writing-desk, and took it out; it was wrapped in its original silver-paper, the morocco was uncreased, the satin was unrumpled; it had evidently never been profaned by the presence of even a solitary bill! Upon this hint, Mr. Carleton spake, and his speech was long and energetic,—sound and wise. Mr. Carleton, however, was unfortunately among that class of persons who hold Mrs. Malaprop's opinion, that "nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity." Vernon was unaccustomed to be found fault with, and replied in

resentful language to a remonstrance, which, if couched in civil terms, would at least have won from him an answer in kind.

Mr. Carleton left him, to renew his endeavours to harden Miss Paulet's heart against her rebel heir; and Vernon, anxious to soften the heart of the same lady, (who, even *he* acknowledged, had some little reason to complain of him,) sat down to indite a penitential letter to her. He had not proceeded beyond the first line, when it occurred to him that an address to her in poetry would be far more suitable to the exigencies of the case. He had occasionally produced a few molting stanzas, which had given full satisfaction to Helena Anson; and the partiality of the elder lady to him being quite as decided as that of the younger one, he was in hopes of finding in her at least as indulgent a critic.

He was rather puzzled how to entitle his production. An aunt is certainly the most unpoetical of all relationships. Fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, all fill up part of a line smoothly and delightfully; grandfathers and grandmothers, with their silvery hair, venerable aspect and wise sayings, may be brought in with great effect; even a cousin does very well for lively poetry, witness the pretty little song, beginning,—

"Pray, had you ever a cousin?
Did your cousin happen to sing?
Sisters we've all by the dozen,
But a cousin's a different thing!"

An aunt, however, can be done nothing with; she is eminently prosaic; she may be a very excellent personage in real life, but she is incapable of figuring in a stanza. Consequently Vernon resolved on entitling his poem, "Lines to a very dear friend," and he praised the benevolence of his aunt so enthusiastically, and poured such an unsparing storm of indignation on his own head, that the poor spinster actually shed tears over it, and declared that nothing so affecting and beautiful had ever been written since the days of Lord Byron's "Fare thee well, and if for ever." Mr. Carleton's complaint of Vernon could not have been offered at a worse time. Miss Paulet was "certain that a young man who had such a fine taste for poetry, and such a very humble opinion of himself, would eventually turn out an admirable character." Mr. Carleton next essayed his eloquence on Mr. Anson, and endeavoured to persuade him that a young man who never paid his bills was a very ineligible suitor for his daughter, but Mr. Anson, "good easy man," was disposed to let things take their course. "No doubt," he said, "Miss Paulet would enable her nephew to make a suitable settlement on any lady he might select; Mr. Vernon had an excellent temper and understanding, and was just the sort of person for whom a judicious wife would be likely to do wonders." Mr. Carleton, baffled in all his efforts, now sat down to investigate, more narrowly than ever, the bills which Miss Paulet had defrayed for her nephew; it struck him that they included not only the superfluities, but the necessities of life; what then could have become of Vernon's liberal allowance? Mr. Carleton determined privately to interrogate an individual in Vernon's service, whom some would denominate a page, some a tiger, and some a footboy, according to their respective modes of phraseology, as to the pursnits and whereabouts of his master. The "little page" indignantly refused half-a-crown, cast a relenting glance upon five shillings, acknowledged that he had some misgivings about his master at the sight of half-a-sovereign, and, when a whole one was put into his hand, made a full, true, and particular confession of every thing in his power to reveal. Vernon was in the habit of frequenting a gaming-house in Regent-street; how he was first led there the little page could not tell, but, as the circumstances of his introduction to that scene of vice may convey a useful warning to some of my readers, I will narrate them.

One evening, Vernon was walking down Regent-street with two young men of good character, and irreproachable habits; the one had recently arrived from the country, and his friend had, with praiseworthy perseverance, been escorting him to all the sights of London;—he had been stunned with music, stupified by lectures, bewildered by architecture, dazzled by paintings; not a talking canary, learned flea, or domino-playing dog had been suffered to escape him! "I have seen everything in London but a gaming-house," was his remark to his friend. "Then you shall be very shortly enlightened," replied the other, "I have once been shown the outside of a place of that description, and I am sure it is not more than twenty doors from us." "Nay," said Vernon, "do not let us expose ourselves to temptation; it is culpable to encourage by our presence that which in itself is so manifestly wrong, and we can neither wish to enrich the worthless frequenters of such a place at our expense, nor to win from them (as perhaps they would allow us at first to do) a portion of their ill gotten gains." "My conscience is quite at ease on that score," replied his companion, "I will deposit a very low stake, and if I win it, will give it in charity to the next 'Case of Real Distress,' that is properly authenticated in the newspapers; as for the encouragement of my presence, if that be deemed very valuable by the ruling powers of the establishment, the mortification will be proportionably great when they find that I never pay them a second visit." The visitor from the country expressed his acquiescence in these opinions, Vernon was restrained by false shame from offering any further opposition, and the trio entered, and received a ready welcome. They remained there for an hour; the country novice had lost a trifle, which he said he should willingly enter in his pocket-book as one of his initiation-fees for seeing the curiosities of London; his friend had won a small sum, of which he declared he should only consider himself the steward for the next "accredited case of real distress" in the Morning Post. Vernon had won more largely; his eye was kindled, and his cheek flushed, by success, and it was with difficulty his companions could persuade him to leave the fatal temple of vice which they had beguiled him into entering. This reckless and unadvised visit produced no evil to two of the party in question; the one regarded it as an evening exhibition, and a very stupid one;—the other had a natural aversion to cards and dice, and when he played a game at piquet with his mother, or a hit at backgammon with his father, considered that he had been making a noble sacrifice of inclination at the shrine of filial duty. Vernon, however, had in him all the elements of a gamester; the excitement of the scene appeared to place him in a new existence; he had also been somewhat annoyed by having exceeded his allowance, and imagined that the *rouge et noir* table was to open to him a mine of inexhaustible wealth; he again visited the house, was again successful, till at length his fortune changed, or more properly the plans changed of those who had from policy allowed him to be fortunate; he was plundered and victimized, and resolved to play till he should recover back his losses, but, instead of lessening the amount of them, he only added to it. How cautious ought we to be, not only to avoid temptation ourselves, but to avoid leading others into it. The snare may not be hurtful to our peculiar tastes and propensities, which may be fatally injurious to those of our friend; we should persist in walking in the narrow way, even although we rely on regaining it after a short deviation from it, for the sanction of our example may induce others to stray, who will never again have firmness to return to the path from whence they have wandered.

Mr. Carleton lost no time in proclaiming the evil deeds of Vernon, and his communication met with all the success which he wished. Mr. Anson forbade Vernon to continue his addresses to Helena, and Miss Paulet was absolutely stunned by the intelligence; she had no

idea that gaming ever existed in middling life, but had thought that its professors were entirely confined to earls and marquises on the one hand, and swindlers and black-legs on the other. Vernon was remonstrated with, admonished,—promised to amend, relapsed, and had too much candour to deny his relapse when questioned on the subject. Mr. Carleton had a long private interview with Miss Paulet, there was a word which he had frequently uttered in the course of it which kept ringing afterwards in her ear, even as though it had been some cabalistic spell constantly repeated by a mysterious voice;—that word was—"Disinheritance!"

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

August 16.—St. Roch's Day.

HARVEST HOME.

THE "Golden Legend" relates of St. Roch, or Rock, that he was healed of a pestilence by revelation of an angel; and afterwards, with touching and blessing, cured all the sick in the city of Placentia: that, being imprisoned, and about to depart this life, he prayed that he might live three days longer, in contemplation of the Passion, which was granted him; and that on the third day an angel came to him, saying, "O! Rock, God sendeth me for thy soul; what thou now desirest thou shouldst ask:—that St. Rock implored, that whoever prayed to him, after his decease, might be delivered from pestilence; and then gave up the ghost: that anon, an angel brought from heaven a table, whereon was divinely written, in letters of gold, that it was granted,—"That who that calleth on St. Rock meekly, he shall not be hurt with any hurt of pestilence;"—that the angel laid the table under St. Rock's head; and the people of the city buried him solemnly, and he was canonized by the Pope gloriously. The expression "sound as a roach," may have been derived from familiarity with the above medieval legend of this saint. He was esteemed the patron of all afflicted with the plague, and they believed in his ability to make them as "sound" as himself.

Among the churchwardens' accounts of St. Michael, Spurrier-gate, York, is the following entry:—

"1518.—Paid for writing of S. Royke Masse, 0l. 0s. 9d.," which "writing" was probably a new copy of the music appropriated to St. Roch's Day.

In Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," London, 1630, under that of the Franklin, he writes,—“He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. Rock Monday, and the wake in summer, shrotings, the wakeful ketches on Christmas Eve, the hoky, or seed cake, [*i.e.*, that which is distributed to the people at harvest home,] these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery.” A few years earlier, a poet sings:—

“I'll duly keep for thy delight, *Rock Monday*, and the wake,
Have shrotings, Christmas gambols, with the hoky and seed cake.”

St. Rock's Day was formerly celebrated in England as a general HARVEST HOME, a rural holiday, to which we have elsewhere briefly adverted, and which has been well styled, “the great August festival of the country.” The phrase “Harvest Home,” from the Saxon, *harfest*, or herb-feast, is defined to be, “the last load of the harvest, the feast at the end of the harvest, a song sung at the end of the harvest; the opportunity of gathering harvest treasure.” This festivity is of the most remote antiquity; probably, indeed, as old as agriculture itself. Among the heathens, the masters of families, when they had got in their harvest, were accustomed to feast with their servants who had laboured for them in tilling the ground. The antiquary, Bourne, is of opinion, that

the Pagans copied this usage from the Hebrews. In Christian countries, the rustics have always feasted and rejoiced at the close of harvest. In France, *temp.* Henry IV., the peasants at this season fixed upon some holiday to meet together, and have a little regale (by them called the *Harvest Gooling*); to which they invited not only each other, but even their masters, who pleased them greatly when they condescended to partake of it. Harvest Home was joyously celebrated by our ancestors, and has continued to be so among us to our own days. A traveller in England, in 1598, speaking of Windsor, relates,—“As we were returning to our inn, we happened to meet some country people celebrating their Harvest Home; their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which, perhaps, they would signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid-servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can, till they arrive at the barn.” A writer in 1661, observes, “The furmenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers; the battle of the field is now stoutly fought. The pipe and the tabor are now busily set at work; and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. O! 'tis the merry time wherein honest neighbours make good cheer, and God is glorified in His blessings on the earth.” In Herrick's *Hesperides* are the following verses on the “Hock cart” [*i.e.*, that which brings home the last load of corn to the barn], or Harvest Home:—

“Come, sons of Summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil,
By whose tough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing Harvest home;
Come forth, my lord, and see the Cart,
Drest up with all the country art.
See here a Mawkin, there a sheet,
As spotless, pure, as it is sweet:
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies
(Clad, all in linen, white as lilies),
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the Hock Cart crown'd.
About the Cart, hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the Cart; some kiss the sheaves;
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some cross the fill-horse, some, with great
Devotion, strike the home-borne wheat;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glittering with fire, where, for your mirth,
You shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef:
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal;
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer.”

Such was an old English Harvest Home, in the “merrie” days of Charles II. The usages now, or, till lately, observed at this festival in various parts of Great Britain, are too numerous to be described at large; we must, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief account of such as seem most deserving of notice. A Scotch writer, in 1797, remarks, that it was the custom, till very recently, at Longforgan, in the county of Perth, to give what was called a *Maiden Feast*, upon the finishing of the Harvest; and to prepare for which, the last handful of corn reaped in the field was called the *Maiden*. It was generally contrived that this should fall into the

On the following day the party (having various

coloured ribands on their hats, and steeple or sugar-loaf formed caps, decked with coloured paper, &c.) go round among the neighbouring farmers to taste their horkey beer, and solicit largess. The money so collected is usually spent at night in the alehouse, where tobacco and ale are consumed by the men, and a tea table set out for their wives and sweethearts. In Kent, at the end of the harvest, a figure is composed of some of the best corn the field produces, and called an *ivy-girl*. This is afterwards curiously dressed by the women, and adorned with paper trimmings cut to resemble a cap, ruffles, handkerchief, &c. of the finest lace. It is brought home upon the wagon containing the last load of corn, and the reapers suppose that it entitles them to a supper at the expense of their employers. In Gloucestershire and Suffolk, when the last load enters the farm-yard, he who has the loudest and the clearest voice, mounts upon a neighbouring shed and shouts:

"We have ploughed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip, *Harvest-home!*"

A correspondent in Hone's *Every Day Book* gives the following picturesque description of the Hock-cart and its accessories at Hawkesbury, on the top of Cotswold. "As we approached the isolated hamlet, we were 'aware' of a may-pole—that unsophisticated trophy of innocence, gaiety, and plenty; and as we drew near, saw that it was decorated with flowers and ribands fluttering in the evening breeze. Under it stood a wagon with its full complement of men, women, children, flowers, and corn, and a handsome team of horses tranquilly enjoying their share of the finery and revelry of the scene; for scarlet bows and sunflowers had been lavished on their winkers with no niggard hand. On the first horse sat a damsel, no doubt intending to represent Ceres; she had on, of course, a white dress and straw-bonnet—for could Ceres or any other goddess appear in a rural English festival in any other costume? A broad yellow sash encompassed a waist that evinced a glorious and enormous contempt for classical proportion and modern folly in its elaborate dimensions." Dr. E. D. Clarke relates that in Cambridgeshire, at the *Hawke*, as it is called, "a clown dressed in woman's clothes, having his face painted, his head decorated with ears of corn, and bearing about him other symbols of Ceres, is called the Harvest Queen, and carried in a wagon, with great pomp and loud shouts, through the streets, the horses being covered with white sheets." Herrick, as we have seen, in the verses before cited, informs us that the last-named practice was prevalent in his time.

RAMBLING RHYMES.¹

THE author of the volume of poetry bearing the above title, which now lies before us, is one of a class of men whose contributions to our poetical literature we receive, for the most part, with very peculiar feelings—with an interest strongly shaded by anxiety and misgiving. He is a labouring man,—a journeyman printer, we believe, in Edinburgh. In reviewing the works of men belonging to this class, the prevailing inclination with every critic of generous feeling is to praise, to overlook or dwell gently upon imperfections, which in no case are more pardonable, and to award with overflowing liberality commendation upon beauties and excellences, which, when they do appear, are no where more undoubtedly indicative of the existence of real native genius. The only counteracting feeling to this generous inclination is the fear lest injudicious praise, or the withholding of needful censure, should help to divert the

energies of the poetical aspirant from pursuits more conducive to his real welfare, to one in which he may have no ground for hope that he shall attain that high degree of excellence, which alone can compensate for the sacrifice of other and more practicable means of worldly advancement which he must make in entering upon it; or should foster sensibilities which, as unsuited for a social condition from which he has no means of emerging, must be a fruitful source of much discontent and unhappiness.

To men in a humble station in life, who belong to what we commonly call the labouring classes, and whose material enjoyments are therefore restricted to the bare necessities of life,—whose supply of these even is painfully irregular and uncertain, and the subject of many a feeling of distressful anxiety, of which, at least in relation to such matters, those in more favoured circumstances have no experience, the poetical temperament is either a very great blessing, a ray of heavenly light, gilding the homely furniture of their humble dwellings, and lighting up the gloom which surrounds them—a gift of ownership in the world of beauty and joy, whose lords are the nobility of Nature's creation,—or it is a very serious misfortune, causing an unfitness for their proper business in life, and creating feelings and tastes out of harmony with their actual condition; it is the one or other of these, according to the kind of it which they possess, and to the degree in which it is subordinated to the restraints of reason and judgment.

It is no easy matter to be a poet in the present day. The standard of poetical excellence is now placed so high—the faculty of writing very fair verses, chargeable with no striking defects of thought or expression, has become so common, that it is difficult to gain any share of public attention for compositions which in other times would have established an undoubted claim to a very respectable place in the roll of poets. Upon none does this depreciation in the value of secondary poetry press more heavily than upon the verse-stricken sons of toil. They have peculiar difficulties to contend with. Their education has necessarily been imperfect; their command of language is apt on that account to be insufficient to give adequate expression to the thoughts that struggle for utterance within them; their taste can seldom have been chastened and corrected by the habitual contemplation of the best models of ancient and modern times; and they have not the advantage of having their minds filled with those stores of classical allusion, which in many cases go far to conceal the absence of real poetical inspiration. Add to this the consideration that, in all ranks of society, among the educated as well as the uneducated, poetical feeling is far more common than poetical genius; that a keen susceptibility to those impressions of the objects by which we are surrounded, which constitute the materials of which the poet builds, is often possessed to a considerable extent, with a very slender share of ability to make any effective use of them,—with little of that creating and combining power by which the mind of the poet throws back all the impressions it receives in ever new and varied forms of beauty and sublimity,—and we shall not wonder that we so seldom receive from among the uneducated or imperfectly educated aspirants for poetical fame, anything which we should feel earnestly desirous of preserving for its own sake. It is not that poetical genius is more rarely to be found among them, or that the world is less willing to render it due homage when it does appear; but that that inferior gift, which approaches but does not reach to the elevation of genius, must in their case go forth unsupported by the artificial aids, and unclothed with the factitious ornaments, which enable the more favoured mediocrity of other classes to pass muster for a degree of excellence to which it has intrinsically no better claim. The highest praise which can often be bestowed in such cases, is that it is very sweet—very pretty—really wonderful, considering—Poor meed of praise for the young enthusiast, whose

(1) *Rambling Rhymes*. By Alexander Smart. Edinburgh: Menzies. 1845.

dreams by night and day, have been of bursting out into sudden blaze! Sad withering of all the fair blossoms which promised to his ardent hopes so luxuriant a harvest, and which he watched over and tended so fondly to the neglect of more worldly-profitable cares! To the rich or easily circumstanced poet, an unfavourable verdict from the critical tribunal is but a passing disappointment—the shock of a shower-bath—rude and unpleasant enough in its first encounter, but soon over, and leaving no injurious effects behind it. To his less favourably circumstanced brother it is a sentence of death—he has cast his all upon the die which has turned up against him; and desolate indeed is the feeling—sad and unavailing the regrets, with which he is thrown back upon the complaint—

“Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use
To——”

have done anything else whatever?

The circumstances of the poor man's lot are seldom favourable to the healthy development of poetical feeling. The world, as we have already remarked, with all its sordid cares and anxieties, presses daily and hourly upon him with a closeness of immediate and engrossing interest, of which those in more favourable circumstances can have little conception. The questions “what shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed?” are to him of almost daily recurrence, as matters of serious doubt and anxiety, leaving his mind little leisure or inclination for expatiating in the world of imagination. The things, too, with which he is placed in close connexion are in themselves ill fitted to suggest the thoughts and feelings which are most fitly shaped into poetic forms. Often living in a narrow and dirty street—in a dark and unhealthy dwelling—surrounded by rude and noisy, or dissipated and squalid neighbours—with few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life about him—there is little external to him, from which the poet of humble life can select fit subjects for his muse. In such circumstances we cannot wonder that we should find the poetical temperament most frequently presenting its darker aspect, giving a keen perception of beauties which can never be realized, and a relish for enjoyments which can never be attained, and rendering to its possessor the inevitable circumstances of his condition an object of disgust and discontent. Poetical genius can, indeed, create beauty for itself amid the most unseemly and unlovely scenes—can hold converse with nature through every chink in the walls by which it is hemmed in—can attract towards itself the genuine feelings of human hearts, and clothe them in fitting forms of expression, even in the vilest haunts of misery and vice—will seek out everywhere in human faces for the image of God—if repelled from men and women, will find it in innocent children, in fair and yet uncontaminated young maidens, nay, though obscured and defaced, in some corner of many a heart deep sunk in debasement and sin. It can find a soul of good in all things evil, and throw its own light upon, and give its own colour to, the worst forms of evil by which it may be surrounded. It is “its own place, and of itself,” we might almost say, “can make a heaven of hell.” But such genius is a rare endowment, and, in the absence of it, poetical feeling can merely discern, and that with extraordinary keenness of perception, the deformities by which it may be surrounded—their want of harmony with the ideal of beauty with which itself is filled. Are we wrong in saying that such a gift, without the higher gift of genius, is no enviable possession for a poor man?

It would be doing great injustice to the author of the poems now before us, were it to be supposed that the unfavourable picture which we have drawn of the effects of the possession of poetical sensibilities without poetical

genius, by men in humble station, has been suggested by anything either in his personal history or in the character of his poetry. Of the former we know nothing, but we should infer from the cheerful tone of his writings that his lot has been one of fair average happiness. He writes like a contented man,—like one whose recollections of the scenes of his childhood and youth are associated with no painful remembrances, and who now, in the evening of his days, (for he has a son who is also a poet, and he cannot therefore be a very young man,) looks alike upon the past and the present with “the quiet of a loving eye.” We have no indications of remorse for past errors, or regret for disappointments. Every line bespeaks a healthy, well-balanced mind, understanding clearly its own position, and satisfied with it, and not likely to have suffered itself to be led astray by vivacity of temperament into any very devious paths. We should be much surprised, indeed, if, were we to make inquiry, we should not learn that Mr. Smart is a man of regular and domestic habits, of a gentle and kindly disposition, and of strong Scottish good sense.

But his poetical merits are of no mean order. Most of his poems being written in the Scottish dialect, will, of course, be better appreciated by his countrymen than by Englishmen, although in none of them is the Scotticism so broad as to be either unpleasant or unintelligible to an English ear. They are throughout distinguished by remarkably good taste, pervaded by a gentle and kindly spirit, and a genial sympathy with nature and natural feelings. Nothing more clearly evidences to us the genuineness of Mr. Smart's poetic talent, than the fact that he has not felt it necessary to look for his subjects beyond the range of familiar objects to be met with every day in that walk of life where his lot has been cast; he has not been driven by poverty of internal resources to regions which, having acquired by prescription a poetic character, claim it as of right, for whatever makes them or what pertains to them its theme, there to pick up the cast-off finery of former poets, wherewith to hide the defects of his own halting muse. Knowing that a true poet will find the soul of poetry wherever the face of nature is seen, and the voice of nature heard, he has felt his poetic vocation to be where it has pleased God to cast his worldly lot. But he has himself described the character of his poetry better than we can pretend to do, with a modest confidence, and a just appreciation of his own true place as a poet, which are very pleasing. “The author,” he says, in his preface, “can have no pretensions to the loftier attributes of song; and many of his pieces are of that class that does not admit of much poetical embellishment. But the harp of Apollo has many strings, and the field of poetry is as varied and boundless as universal nature. He must beg, therefore, to dissent from the opinion of those who cannot tolerate, or recognise as poetry, any strains but such as are of the highest order. Surely that wide world of humanity, the hopes and fears, the thoughts and affections, of the industrious poor, who form the great bulk of the human family, may be sung in unpretending strains of natural simplicity, that may find an echo in many a feeling breast; and though neither soaring into sublimity nor sinking into dulness, may still, in their true exposition of life and character, be impregnated with the best elements of song—the poetry of the human heart.”

We must here mention that a very favourable judgment of Mr. Smart's poetry has been pronounced by one of the highest, perhaps the very highest, critical authority now living,—Lord Jeffrey. In a letter written to the author in acknowledgment of a copy of a former edition of this work, his lordship thus expresses himself:—“I had scarcely read any of your little book when I acknowledged the receipt of it. I have now, however, gone through every word of it, and find I have more to thank you for than I was then aware of. I do not allude so much to the very flattering sonnet

you have been pleased to inscribe with my name, as to the many passages of great poetical beauty, and to the still greater number expressive of (and inspired by) those gentle affections and just and elevated sentiments which it is so delightful to find in the works of persons of the middling class, on whose time the calls of a necessary and often laborious industry must press so heavily. I cannot tell you the pride and the pleasure I have in such indications, not of cultivated intellect only, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste in the tradesmen and artisans of our country; and you will readily understand, therefore, both why I feel obliged to you for this new and remarkable proof of them, and disposed to do anything in my power to gratify and serve those in whom you take an interest." With such an attestation to his merits (as creditable to the heart and feelings of the eminent man from whom it emanates, as it is flattering to the humble poet to whom it is addressed,) Mr. Smart may well feel independent of inferior criticism.

The poems in this volume are classed under the following general heads:—Hobby-horses, Opinions, Recollections of Montrose (the author's native town), Rhymes and Songs for the Nursery and Miscellaneous pieces. Of these, decidedly the best in our opinion, are the Rhymes and Songs for the Nursery—a rather inapplicable title by the way; for the Rhymes and Songs, though suggested by the Nursery and circumstances connected with it, are anything but studiously levelled to the capacities of children. They paint, with a very happy vein of mingled humour and pathos, scenes such as the memory of all of us will readily recall, but in a style quite as well fitted to convey pleasure and instruction to parents as to children. But we shall let our readers judge of them for themselves by presenting them with two specimens. The first we have been so pleased with that we shall try whether our publisher cannot find an artist to place the sweet little errand-runner in proper person before us.

THE LITTLE ERRAND RUNNER.¹

I NEVER saw a bairnie yet,
An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,
And O she's proud the praise to get,
When hame she trips as light's a fairy.
In ae wee hand the change she grips,
And what she's sent for in the ither,
Then like a lintie in she skips,
Sae happy aye to please her mither.
She never stops wi' bairns to play,
But a' the road as she gaes trottin',
Croons to hersel what she's to say,
For fear a word should be forgotten;
And then as clear as A B C,
The message tells without a blunder,
And like a little eident bee,
She's hame again—a perfect wonder.
It's no for hire that Mary rins,
For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye;
The best reward the lassie wins
Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.
If bairns would a' example tak',
And never on their errands tarry,
What happy hames they aye would mak',
Like our wee errand-rinnin' Mary!

The next is in a more solemn strain, but very beautiful.

A BROTHER'S DEATH.

I had a brother dear who died
In childhood's opening bloom,
And many a sad and tender thought
Springs from his early tomb;
And still the sad remembrance comes,
With all its former woe,
Although my little brother died
Full thirty years ago!

(1) See Illustration, p. 225.

It comes with all the tenderness
Of childhood's gentle hours,
When hand in hand we roved along,
To cull gay summer flowers;
Or wandered through the old church-yard,
Beneath the smiling sky,
And played among the lowly graves
Where he was soon to lie!

I see him yet, with locks of gold,
And eyes of heavenly blue,
With pale, pale brow, and ruddy cheeks—
Twin roses bathed in dew;
And when he pined in sore disease,
I thought my heart would break,
I could have laid me down and died
Most gladly for his sake.

And well do I remember still,
Beneath the starry sky,
In childish fancy I have traced
His bright abode on high;
I knew his spirit was in heaven,
And from some lovely star
I thought his gentle eye looked down,
And saw me from afar!

In solitude, at evening hour,
I've found it sad and sweet,
To muse among the dear old scenes
Trodden by his little feet;
And many an old-frequented spot,
Where we were wont to play,
Was hallowed by remembrance still,
In manhood's riper day.

A bank there was with wild flowers gay,
And whins¹ all blooming round,
Where once upon a summer day,
A small bird's nest he found;
I haunted so that sacred spot,
And paced it o'er and o'er,
My well-worn foot-prints on the grass
For many a day it bore.

And I have gazed upon his grave,
While tears have dimmed my eye,
To think that one so young and fair
In that low bed should lie;
Should lie unconscious of our woe,
Of all our love and care;
Unconscious of the summer sun,
That shone so sweetly there.

And I have lingered on the spot,
When years had rolled away,
And seen his little grave upturned
To mix with kindred clay.
Cold dust alone remained of all
Our former joy and pride,
And they who loved and mourned for him,
Now slumber by his side.

One or two of the poems in this volume are by Mr. Smart's son, a young man of high poetical promise. One of these, an ode, "To the Primrose," our readers have already seen in this magazine,² and, we are sure, admired, as indicating powers both of thought and expression of a very high order.

THE USE AND VALUE OF SMALL BIRDS IN A NEWLY CLEARED COUNTRY.

THERE was a large portico in front of the house, with a few steps leading up to it, and floored like a room; it was open at the sides, and had seats all round. Above, was either a slight wooden roof, painted like an awning, or a covering of lattice-work, over which a transplanted wild vine spread its luxuriant leaves and numerous clusters. These, though small, and rather too acid till sweetened by the frost, had a beautiful appearance. What gave an air of liberty and safety to these rustic

(1) Furze, in England.

(2) See No. 1, p. 16.

porticos, which always produced in my mind a sensation of pleasure that I know not how to define, was the number of little birds domesticated there. For their accommodation there was a small shelf built round, where they nestled, sacred from the touch of slaves and children, who were taught to regard them as the good genii of the place, not to be disturbed with impunity.

I do not recollect sparrows there, except the wood sparrow. These little birds were of various kinds peculiar to the country; but the one most frequent and familiar was a pretty little creature of a bright cinnamon colour, called a wren, though little resembling the one to which we give that name, for it is more sprightly and flies higher. Of these, and other small birds, hundreds gave and received protection around this hospitable dwelling. The protection they received consisted merely in the privilege of being let alone. That which they bestowed was of more importance than any inhabitant of Britain can imagine. In these new countries, where man has scarce asserted his dominion, life swarms abundant on every side; the insect population is numerous beyond belief, and the birds that feed on them are in proportion to their abundance. In process of time, when their sheltering woods are cleared, all these recede before their master, but not before his empire is fully established. These minute aerial foes are more harassing than the terrible inhabitants of the forest, and more difficult to expel. It is only by protecting, and in some sort domesticating, these little winged allies, who attack them in their own element, that the conqueror of the lion and tamer of the elephant can hope to sleep in peace, or eat his meals unpolluted. While breakfasting or drinking tea in the airy portico, which was often the scene of these meals, birds were constantly gliding over the table with a butterfly, grasshopper, or cicada in their bills, to feed their young, who were chirping above. These familiar inmates brushed by without ceremony, while the chimney swallow, the martin, and other hirundines in countless numbers darted past in pursuit of this aerial population, while the fields resounded with the ceaseless chirping of many gay insects unknown to our more temperate summers. These were now and then mingled with the animated and not unpleasing cry of the tree frog, a creature of that species, but of a light slender form, almost transparent, and of a lively green; it is dry to the touch, and has not the dank moisture of its aquatic relatives: in short, it is a pretty, lively creature, with a singular and cheerful note. This loud, and not unpleasing insect chorus, with the swarms of gay butterflies in constant motion, enlivened scenes to which the prevalence of woods, rising shade above shade on every side, would otherwise give a still and solemn aspect. . . . Round the house were different enclosures, which were all surrounded by simple deal fences. Now let not the genius that presides over pleasure grounds, nor any of his elegant votaries, scowl with disgust while I mention the unseemly ornaments which were exhibited on the stakes to which the deals of these same fences were bound. Truly, they consisted of the skeleton heads of horses and cattle in as great numbers as could be procured, stuck upon the aforesaid poles. This was not mere ornament either, but a most hospitable arrangement for the accommodation of the small familiar birds before described. The jaws are fixed on the pole, and the skull uppermost. The wren, on seeing a skull thus placed, never fails to enter by the orifice, which is too small to admit the hand of an infant, lines the pericranium with small twigs and horse hair, and there lays her eggs in full security. It is very amusing to see the little creature carelessly go out and in at the aperture, though you should be standing immediately beside it. Not satisfied with providing these singular asylums for their feathered friends, the negroes never fail to make a small round hole in the crown of every old hat they can lay their hands on, and nail it to the end of the kitchen for the same purpose.

You often see on such a one, at once, thirty or forty of these odd little domiciles, with the inhabitants busily going out and in. Besides all these salutary provisions for the domestic comfort of the birds, there was, in clearing the way for their first establishment, a tree always left in the middle of the back yard, for their sole emolument, this tree being purposely pollarded at Midsummer, when all the branches were full of sap. Wherever there had been a branch, the decay of the inside produced a hole; and every hole the habitation of a bird. These were of various kinds, some of which had a pleasing note, but, on the whole, these songsters are far inferior to ours.¹

THE SHEPHERDS OF LES BAS LANDES.

In the south-western portion of France, bounded on the west by the Atlantic, and on the south by the lower Pyrenees, is the barren and sterile tract, that from the number of its heaths has conferred the title of *Les Landes* on the department to which it belongs. Its superficial extent amounts to 3,600 square miles, but its population is so thinly scattered over the surface as not to exceed 240,000.

Being generally a level district, covered with heath, and intermixed with swamps, it may be naturally described as the most desolate and dreary portion of *La Belle France*. A few spots, like the oases of Africa, are to be found at long intervals of space, and near to these only can a little rye be grown, the rest exhibiting a dreary waste, dotted with heath, firs, or cork trees. The climate is very inimical to health; the heat in summer being scorching, and in winter the marshes being enveloped in dense fogs. From the level nature of the land, and from a considerable portion of it being under water, the shepherds have recourse to stilts, as represented in our illustration, and the dexterity which is manifested in their management, has often elicited wonder and admiration from the passing traveller, who may happen to encounter one of these wanderers of the wild in his progress. It however seldom occurs that any one, save the stilted shepherd of the *Landes*, breaks upon the appalling solitude of these melancholy regions. Except in the immediate vicinity of the rye-farms, the traveller would encounter but few traces of life or civilisation; no living forms would brighten the gloominess of the prospect but the slow movements of the herdsmen, and no sounds greet his ear but the subdued lowing of the herd. All around is "flat, stale, and" literally "unprofitable." The Shepherds of *Les Bas Landes* are particularly careful of their flocks, whose docility is remarkable. Not less so is the good understanding subsisting between the sheep and the dogs. The celerity with which the shepherds draw their scattered flocks around them is not more astonishing than the process by which they effect it is simple and beautiful. If they are at no great distance from him, he gives a peculiar whistle, and they leave off feeding, and obey the call; if they are afar off and scattered, he utters a shrill cry, and instantly the flocks are seen leaping over the swamps, and scampering towards him. When they have mustered around him, the shepherd sets off on his return to the cabin, or resting place he has secured, and the flock follow behind, like so many well-trained hounds. Their fine

(1) From Mrs. Grant's Memoirs of an American Lady.



The Shepherds of Les Bas Landes.

looking dogs, a couple of which are generally attached to each flock, have nobler duties to perform, than that of chasing the animals together, and biting the legs of stragglers. To their protection is confided the flock from the predatory expeditions of wolves and bears, against whose approach they are continually on the watch, and to whom they at once offer battle. So well aware are the sheep of the fatherly care of these dogs, and that they themselves have nothing to fear from them, that they crowd around them as if they really sought their protection, and dogs and sheep may be seen resting together in perfect harmony. Thus habituated to scenes of such gentleness and magnanimity, the shepherds themselves are brave, generous, and humane, and though, as may be imagined, for the most part plunged in the deepest ignorance, are highly sensitive among themselves

to the slightest dereliction from the strict paths of true morality.

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, priced 1s. 3d.

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ON THE MANNERS AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE SCANDINAVIANS.

THE records of mankind in every age show that the gradual progress of religion and civilisation has been from the east, the first seat of the human race; not growing in proportion to its advance, but leaving comparative darkness behind. When the light of the gospel dawned upon earth, Asia was already sunk in sloth and degradation; Greece retained only the reflection of departed glory; and in Rome was established the empire of the west, and the power that ruled all nations. Yet still further, on the extreme boundaries of the known world, amid the barren mountains and stormy seas of Scandinavia, there already existed, in no mean power and civilisation, the race whose posterity were destined, in the course of time, to spread over nearly every part of Europe; and, thence extending their might over the globe, to bring the knowledge of God to all lands.

The English trace their descent from this origin by two distinct branches, the Saxons and Normans, (to which may be added the Danes,) who successively ruled and peopled our island, leaving to the Celtic preoccupied of the soil scarce more than the coast of Wales and Cornwall. But of those ancestors of our greatness there is little commonly known. Their annals are too obscure, and, it might be said, too barbarous, to excite general interest; yet, though we are not indebted to this source for arts or science, classical literature or the records of Divine Revelation, it may be not without advantage to make some inquiry into the character and habits of a race from whom we have derived our very nature, and the energies which have accomplished so high a destiny; to learn how from the rudest fierceness grew up that spirit of invincible freedom, and by what untaught faith, or moral sense was the way prepared for the full comprehension and acceptance of that gospel, whose brightness, like a torch kindled amidst noxious vapours, soon languished and grew dim in the gross and impure atmosphere of the regions wherein its sacred fires first shone.

We cannot here attempt more than to point out a few traits preserved in the history and ancient literature of the Scandinavians, which appear to have distinguished them from remote time by virtues and heroism that were elsewhere unknown among the heathen. As with the Greeks, and most other nations whose early traditions have been preserved, their history and mythology are closely interwoven, and both are indebted chiefly to the fictions of later poets for the form in which they have descended to posterity. The oldest of their sacred books is said to be the *Voluspa*, or prophecy of *Vola*, from which the first *Edda* was compiled in the twelfth century of the Christian era. Of the latter only a small part has been preserved; and the second

Edda is the chief source of what knowledge we possess of their origin, and leaves, as may be supposed, abundant room for antiquarian doubts and conjecture. According to the most generally received tradition, *Odin*, the father and founder of the race, when involved in the defeat of *Mithridates* by the Roman arms, led his warlike tribes from the Asiatic plains, on the borders of *Lake Meotis*, to the wild and scarce-inhabited regions bound by the north seas. He became, after death, the object of their hero-worship, and either was, or is confounded with, their principal deity. He was the type of warrior excellence; his immortal mansion, the *Valhalla*, was open only to those who died in battle; and valour, whether victorious or defeated, was extolled as the highest virtue—the favourite theme of the *Skalds* or bards, whose office it was to incite to and record its exploits.

Friga, the wife of *Odin*, and their sons, together with a host of inferior gods, shared in his divine honours; but, in the midst of this wild idolatry, there arose a far deeper and juster sense of the Eternal. They felt that these deities of their own creation were but shadows, and that, though triumphant for a time over the powers of darkness, *Lok* and his giant brood, yet they also must yield at last to the universal law of destruction and death.

Above even *Odin* in knowledge and power were the three mysterious sisters, the *Nornas* or *Fates*, *Urda*, *Varanda*, and *Skulda*, the Past, the Present, and the Future, to whom alone were confided the destinies of earth and heaven; a more sublime conception than that of the Grecian *Parce*, with whom they have many points of resemblance. Yet supreme over these, and beyond the scrutiny of human thought, they acknowledged One omnipotent Being, the All-Father, alone immutable and omniscient. This faith shines through the darkness of a creed so mournful in the consciousness of its own imperfection, and brightens the futurity to which unassisted reason could discover no surer termination than utter oblivion. Accustomed to nature in her sternest mood, the grandeur of rocky mountains, the gloom of interminable pine forests, tempestuous waves, and dark inclement skies, whose brief summer might recall the cherished traditions of their ancient southern home—the ever sun-bright *Asgaard*; removed from all that can minister to sensual indulgence, and in the habitual pursuit of danger and violent death, the thoughts and imagination of this people appear to have dwelt with peculiar intensity on the life to come; looking beyond the grave for the rest and joy they disdained to seek on earth. The same causes tended to produce elevation and refinement of moral feeling; and it is remarkable

(1) The *Nornas* must not be confounded with the *Valkyrs* or *Choosers of the slain*, the "Fatal Sisters" of *Gray*; whose office more nearly resembled that of the *Parce*.

that with habits so exclusively warlike, and counting valour as the highest virtue among men, the Scandinavians attained to the sense of something yet more sacred in purity and gentleness, and were distinguished above every other race by veneration towards women—a sentiment the most ennobling to human nature, and one which cannot exist in a depraved, a barbarous, or a luxurious state of society.

If the following passage from the Edda conveys, as we are told it does, the pristine creed of this people, then had they preserved in greater purity than any other heathen nation the primæval knowledge of God and his law: its language nearly approaches to that of Scripture. "God made the heavens and the earth, with all that they contain; and especially man, to whom he gave an immortal soul, although his body perish in the dust, or be reduced to ashes. The just shall live for ever with Him in heaven; but the wicked shall be cast down to hell. Heaven shall remain when the skies and the earth have been consumed by fire; and there good and holy men shall dwell for ever." The tradition of an universal deluge, from which one single family was preserved, is found here, as, indeed, it exists in every part of the world; but even in minuter particulars the resemblance to the records of revealed religion is remarkable. Lok, the antagonist of the gods, the evil one, is described as a liar, and the father of lies; his three children are the wolf, Fenris, the serpent, Midgard, and Hela,—destruction, sin, and death. Here, also, we find mention of the sign of the cross as a religious symbol, the use of water in naming a child, and the occurrence of the triune form of worship. These, however, may, for the most part, be referred to an Oriental origin; and since the learned are agreed that the Scandinavians derived their language from the Sanscrit, it is reasonable to suppose that they borrowed their earliest religious doctrines from the same source.

In the fable of Balder, which is closely interwoven with the whole system of northern mythology, modern writers have discovered or imagined a singular resemblance with, and, as it were, a foreshadowing of the mission and death of Christ. This comparison is beautifully, but perhaps somewhat too fancifully, drawn out in several of the popular tales of Fouqué and Frederika Bremer, which have recently become so well known to the English reader. Balder is described in the Sagas as the son of Odin, the most beautiful and beloved among the deities. He was the impersonation of light, of wisdom, and of benevolence; and the judgments he has pronounced can never be altered. His dwelling was called Bredablik, or wide-shining; wherein nothing base or unholy could enter. He was slain by Lok, through the agency of his brother, the blind Hodur, and his death was the type and the forerunner of the destruction of the gods, the reign of universal night. But Balder is again to rise from the dead, together with Hodur, who had deprived him of life, and who perished for the deed; and they will both live together in a new and fairer dwelling, sprung from the wreck of earth and sky. An allusion to this story is contained in Gray's ode from the Nofse, "The Descent of Odin," in which the "king of men" is described as entering the drear abode of Hela, for the purpose of inquiring from the "prophetess of evil," Angerbode, into the fate of his beloved son, and the manner in which his death should be avenged.

The anger of the gods was at length so violently kindled against Lok, that they all united together for his overthrow; and, having seized him, notwithstanding his many subterfuges, he was confined in a cavern under ground, and bound with a sevenfold chain of iron, and a serpent, dropping perpetual venom, was suspended over his head. But the "twilight of the gods," the end of all things, must at last arrive. That day will be preceded by years of strife and misery, of desolating winter, of crime and war. The sun and moon will be extinguished, the stars fall from heaven; then Lok

and his evil progeny break forth, and with the giants attack the dwelling of Odin; and thus begins the great battle, which concludes in the extermination of both parties, and the destruction of the world. Hear how this is described in the words of the ancient Voluspa:—"What is doing among the gods? what is doing among the genii? The land of the giants is filled with uproar; the deities collect and assemble together. The dwarfs sigh and groan before the doors of their caverns. Oh! ye inhabitants of the mountains, can you say whether anything will yet remain in existence? The sun is darkened; the earth is overwhelmed in the sea; the shining stars fall from heaven; a vapour, mixed with fire, arises; a vehement heat prevails even in heaven itself." "But how," asks the inquirer in the Edda, "can this be reconciled with the assurance that mankind shall live for ever?" Then follows a description of the new earth, and of the abodes of joy or misery, prepared for the good and for the evil, in a future state. The highest and best of these is Gimle (or Heaven), and here again we may quote the saying of the Runic Sybil:—"I know that there is a place brighter than the sun, and entirely covered with gold, in the city of Gimle: there the virtuous are to reside; there they shall live happy throughout all ages."

Even these few extracts are sufficient to show the opinions held by our northern forefathers on that most important subject, the existence after life; and to prove how sublime, and often just, were their speculations, whom we are accustomed to look upon as barbarous. Mixed up with much that is wild or trivial, the Edda, and the still more ancient poems from which it was compiled, contain many passages worthy of attention, for the nobleness of their sentiments, and their moral wisdom and truth. We find here the rudiments of those qualities which, directed by the perfect law of Christianity, and polished by civilisation, blazed forth over Europe in later times, in the splendour of chivalry; in the enthusiastic heroism of faith, which lifts man above the earth, and makes even his passions subservient to a more exalted destination. Neither can we fail to regret that so little should be preserved of a literature and religion containing much that is admirable, and that the study of what remains should be so generally neglected, while the more corrupt paganism of Greece and Rome has been carefully made familiar to our minds, and its language permitted too often to usurp the place of truth and common sense.

H. L.

OLD RECORDS OF NEW ROADS.

No. II.

THE South-Western train is to start in an hour from Nine Elms, and we have yet to cross some of the many bridges of which the English are so justly proud. Fortunately none of them are now obstructed by rows of shops on either side, as London Bridge formerly was, and as the Rialto of Venice and the Ponte Vecchio at Florence still are. Nor is it easy to imagine what further improvement modern invention could devise in these magnificent viaducts. One of the titles most honoured in the sovereign of the Papal States is that of "the great bridge maker;" and, whether applied positively to this world or metaphorically to the next, it certainly lays claim to our gratitude. So must every one feel who rolls on in uninterrupted facility across any of the bridges that contribute equally to the convenience and the ornament of our capital.

The one nearest to the Nine Elms is that of Vauxhall, so called from a manor in the parish of Lambeth, to which it gives entrance. Dr. Ducarel states that this

manor once belonged to him whom Pennant styles "that desperate miscreant, Guy Faux or Vaux." Mr. Lysons, on the contrary, asserts that the traitor was never lord of that manor, which he says was the property of Fowkes de Brent. But the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot certainly held their meetings in a private house at Lambeth, which, by a strange coincidence, was destroyed by fire, two and thirty years afterwards. (1635.)

And now,—On, on, we drive! till, as we approach the goal, we find ourselves in a throng of carriages, all merging like rays towards a common centre; gigs, cabs, coaches, chariots, clarences, broughams, vehicles of every size and denomination, many of which were unknown even by name to our grandfathers, all hurrying onwards with their respective loads of anxious and inquisitive countenances. Then here comes a monster omnibus—the megatherium of conveyances; proud equally of its size and its capacity, it looks down upon all lesser equipages as if it alone was the glory of modern invention. Alas! like other mushroom grandeurs, the insignificance of its origin is forgotten in the magnitude of its present pretensions.

In the latter end of the last century a gentleman of the name of Moore invented a kind of coach which was, in truth, an embryo omnibus; it is described to have been "a common coach reversed, containing six passengers, swung between two large wheels nine feet six inches in diameter;" the driver was placed on the top, and one horse in shafts is stated to have "carried these seven persons with the greatest ease from Cheapside to the top of Highgate hill." (1770.)

But drive on! we shall be too late! hurry and excitement is the order of the day. We pass through the ticket room, scarcely stopping to ascertain if the change for our sovereign is correct, or how much of our luggage is left in the conveyance that brought us hither; and we are almost inclined to grumble if there is a pause of a few moments, before we start on our impetuous career.

And this is the Nine Elms! The place so long noted as one of the limits of the parish of Lambeth in the borough of Southwark. In Chamberlain's Survey, printed in 1769, it would appear that even then, that suburb of London was almost a rustic village, as he describes the boundaries of Lambeth parish to be "from the landing-place northward and eastward along the water-side to the Old Barge House, and thence on to the corner of St. George's-fields, and so on the western side of the ditch to near the Dog and Duck, and thence cross the fields (leaving the ditch on the left hand to Kennington, and thence southward to Kennington Common,) to the cross digged there in the ground, and then cross the fields to the back of Newberry Garden, where they mark on an oaken tree. Thence to Camberwell town through a lane near Dulwich, and so to Delper, also Woodsfadne; and thence near two miles southerly to Friar's Oak, at which oak meet the parishes of Lambeth, Camberwell, Streatham, and Battersea; and from this oak they go to Norwoods Gate, and then to Streatham Common to avoid a wood; and thence to the Windmill House, and through a wood to Cole's farm; which, leaving to the S. E., they pass to the road leading from London to Croydon; which, crossing, they go to Blake Hall and thence to Broom Hill; and thence they go the road that leads to Kennington, and along that road to NINE ELMS; and thence towards Battersea, and thence backwards into the road, and through Havershall to the Thames, and so along the water-side to the plying-place at Lambeth; being, in the whole, a circumference of fourteen miles and a-half."

Where are now the "fields" and the "commons," and the "Friar's oak," and the Windmill house with its adjacent woods? Even the Nine Elms live but traditionally, as there is little connexion between their rural appellation and the substantial and extensive edifice that, under that name, now forms the terminus

of the South-Western Railway; while the St. George's Fields, where, in comparatively recent times,

"Men and maids came out to play
On a sunshine holiday,"

had become, even in Pennant's time, "the wonder of foreigners approaching by this road to our capital, through avenues of lamps of magnificent breadth and goodness." "I have heard," says he, "that a foreign ambassador, who happened to make his entry at night, imagined that 'these illuminations' were in honour of his arrival, and, as he modestly expressed, more than he could have expected." Be it remembered, too, that this outpouring of national pride was written by Pennant before the days of gasometers.

In St. George's Fields, tessellated pavements, coins, and other relics of the Romans, have been discovered; and it is supposed to have been the site of one of their summer lounges, as these fields, from their distance from the river, might have admitted of a temporary occupation; although "its neighbour, Lambeth Marsh," was, on the arrival of the Romans, an extensive lake. The remains of the embankments made by them to reclaim the land are still to be recognised in the names of "Bankside," "Narrow Wall," and similar designations of streets and lanes, now existing. Nevertheless, in the 17th century Lambeth Marsh was overflowed with water; and, even so late as within the last eighty years, the abstracts of accounts laid before the Court of Aldermen by the Blackfriars' Bridge Committee included a charge for "Seventy thousand loads of rubbish laid on the Marsh grounds, on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge, towards making the new roads from thence, by the Magdalen Hospital, to the turnpike, in order to give it a solidity before gravelling."

Six and thirty years afterwards, (1806,) the ground had improved so much, that, it was computed, at least two hundred and fifty acres of Lambeth parish were occupied by market gardeners; but since then, buildings have multiplied in such an incredible ratio, that, like the railways, the calculation of them for one year will scarcely form a datum for that of the ensuing one.

This parish has been the scene of many interesting events in English history. In the ancient royalty of Chenintuna, (now Kennington,) stood a royal mansion, where Hardikanute met his death—some authors say, by poison; others attribute it to his intemperance; as he is said to have usually indulged "in four meals of meat a day."

Spede, who dedicated his Chronicle to James I. (1632), thus mentions the circumstance:—

"At the celebration of a great marriage contracted betwixt a Danish lord, called Canute Prudan, and Lady Githa, the daughter of a nobleman, whose name was Osgot Clappa, (Lord of the Manor of Clapham,) in a solemn assemblée and banquet, at Lambeth; revelling and carousing amidst his cups, he sodainely fell downe, without speech or breath; whose losse was the lesse lamented for his excesse, riotousnesse, and vnwonted exactions. . . . Yea, so farre were all sorts from bewailing him, that, in regard of the freedome from the Danish yoke, which they attained ever since by his decease, ever since, among the common people, the day of his death is annually celebrated with open pastimes in the streets, (as the old Romans kept their fregalia for clearing out of their rings,) which time is now called Hocktide, or Huextyde, signifying a time of scorning or contempt, which fell upon the Danes by his death."

Some writers have conjectured that this feast commemorates the great slaughter of the Danes in the time of Etheldred, "they being all slain throughout England in one day, mostly by women;" whence it comes to pass that the women, to this day, bear the chief rule in this feast, stopping all passengers with ropes and chains, and laying hold on them and exacting some small matter of them; with part thereof they make merry, and part

they dispose of to pious uses, such as the reparations of their churches, &c. Accordingly, in a book of accounts of the Churchwardens of Lambeth, are several entries of the sums collected in each year, at the Hocktyde season, such as—

	S.	D.
1516-17.—Item, for Oke money of the men	v	
Item, for Oke money of the wives	vi	iv
1520-1.—Item, of my Lady of Norfolk, for Hokmoney	xxxii	0 iii ob
1556-7.—Item, of Godman Bundell's wife, Godman Jackson's wife, and Godwife Tegg, for Hoxcemoney by them received for the Church	xii	0

Hocktyde was celebrated on the Monday and Tuesday in the second week after Easter; the first day being devoted to the men, who "then hocked (or bound) their wives, knowing that, by the usage of Hocktyde, they were to be publicly subordinate to them on the Tuesday." The latter feast was considered the most solemn, thence called Binding Tuesday, the name of Hocktyde being derived, by some etymologists, from the bonds of wedlock, in "Hochzeit," or wedding.

Although, at the time of the Reformation when these sources of Church revenue ceased, many sports and pastimes fell, consequently, into disuse, yet in comparatively recent times Shrove Tuesday was celebrated in many parts of England by a kind of dance, "wherein men and women used to bind one another;" and to this day a graceful dance, called the "Handkerchief Dance," is common amongst the lower Irish, which appears, at least in its movements, to resemble the Hocktyde of other days.

But to return to Lambeth. At this palace of Kennington the usurper Harold, without any formality, snatched the crown, and placed it on his own head; and in after times Henry III. here held a solemn Christmas, and also a Parliament. Subsequently Henry VIII. exchanged the manor of Kennington and its palace, with Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, for certain houses in the Strand; and thenceforward the royal mansion was called Carlisle House. Several small houses are now erected on its site, which still belong to that See.

The parish of Lambeth also contained another remarkable manor, which, at the time of the Conquest, (1066,) belonged to the Countess Goda, or Garda, sister to William of Normandy. She bestowed it on the Church of Rochester, in whose possession it remained till the reign of Richard I. (1197,) when the Bishop and Church of Rochester granted "their manor of Lambeth, with the advowson, to Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his successors, in exchange for the manor of Durente," &c.

This Archbishop Walter, and his immediate successors, made the North manor, or Rochester House, (as it was then indifferently called,) their Episcopal residence, and so enlarged and improved it as to give it a just claim to be called Lambeth Palace; but by degrees it was suffered to become ruinous in the troublous times of King John, till a singular incident in the life of Archbishop Boniface occasioned its preservation.

That Prelate being of a wrathful and turbulent disposition, insisted (1292) on assuming the duties of Visitor of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, to which office he had no right; and, on the monks respectfully assuring him that those duties did not belong to the Archbishops, the exasperated prelate rushed on the superior, knocked him down, beat and buffeted him, tore the cape off his back, and stamped on it like one possessed, whilst his attendants similarly maltreated the unfortunate monks. This intemperate ebullition of passion brought down on Boniface not only the censure of Pope Honorius III., but also such popular odium,

that, in deprecation of both, he made compensation for his violence by voluntarily rebuilding a great part of Lambeth Palace, and expending considerable sums in its embellishment. His successor, the munificent Archbishop Chicheley, who had been educated by William of Wykeham, and imbibed his taste, further improved it; and, amongst other additions, he built the Lollards' Tower, which subsequently became the horrible prison of the followers of Wickliffe.

From the time of Richard I. to the present, Lambeth has always been the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the single exception of those years of anarchy and civil war, when that holy office was suspended. The year before King Charles's martyrdom, the parliament, (1648,) in the intoxication of its powers, caused "Lambeth House (as they designated it) to be put up to sale, and it was purchased with the Manor for the sum of 7073*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*, jointly by Thomas Scott and Mathew Hardy. The former was Secretary of State to the Protector, and one of the persons who sat on the King's trial, for which he was executed at Charing Cross in 1660. On dividing the purchase between them, the palace fell to the share of Scott, who turned the chapel into a dancing-room, and sacrilegiously opened the tomb of Archbishop Parker, who had been, at his own request, buried beneath the altar. The leaden coffin in which he lay was sold to a plumber, and his corpse was thrown into a hole in one of the outhouses, from whence, however, it was subsequently recovered and re-interred. Such were the enormities committed by these fanatics in the name of Religion! their pretext for these outrages being that, at the time of the Reformation, the protestant Archbishop Parker had, with true Christian charity, given an asylum to the Roman Catholic Bishops, Tunstal and Thirlyke, both excellent and learned men, who were deprived of their dignities on account of their adherence to the Church of Rome.

1660.—At the Restoration, when the venerable Juxon was appointed to the see of Canterbury, one of his first works was to restore Lambeth Palace to more than its pristine splendour. He rebuilt the Great Hall on the old model,—it is 98 feet long by 38 feet broad, and has a Gothic roof,—it alone cost him 10,500*l.* Here the Archbishop, when at dinner, sat with his chosen guests at the high table, where none but nobility or privy counsellors were admitted. The Steward with the servants, (who were gentry of the better rank,) sat at the table on the right hand of his Grace; the Bishops, Clergy, and others were placed at the Almoner's table on the left; whilst the idle poor, who waited in crowds outside the gate, were fed with the meats which were left from the rich man's feast.

Years rolled on, and Juxon died. He was called to prove the truth of his own observation to King Charles on the scaffold, "There is but one stage more to carry us from earth to heaven." The place of his glory knew him no more, and other priests and other rites succeeded. But whilst Sancroft and his contemporaries were reveling in that gorgeous hall, what breaking heart sought an asylum in the humble parish church of Lambeth, whose plain gothic tower rises a few paces distant from the palace?

It was on an inclement night in December 1688, that Mary D'Esté,—the unhappy queen of James II.—fled with her infant boy from the palace of Whitehall, and took refuge under the walls of this venerable church. The rain fell in torrents whilst she waited a long hour, till a common coach was procured from the nearest inn to convey them to Gravesend, whence she sailed never to return. During that agitating hour of aggravated misery, how might the bereaved wife—the dethroned Queen—have looked with envy on the tombs of the great and good, by which she was surrounded! How might she have moralized on the monuments of Tunstal, and Thirlyke, and others! But the moral availed not, and Mary D'Esté left the

church, to wander, another example of the wretchedness which bigotry and ambition inflict whenever they prevail!

And now the signal is given,—the boiler steams and hisses,—the doors of the carriages are authoritatively slammed to, and we rush forwards without horses—without wings—apparently without any extraneous aid, and, before we are well conscious of having left what an old writer calls “the Village of Lance-hithe (dirty harbour),”—behold we have glided over Battersea fields! In our transit we *might* have seen Chelsea Hospital, and Hampstead, and Highgate,—we *might* have beheld the beautiful dome of Saint Paul's, or the windings of the silvery Thames; but here there is no opportunity for “long and lingering looks behind.”—The train is shot like an arrow up a gradual rise of half a mile,—is carried over the road from Clapham to Battersea,—and, “brief as the lightning in a collied night,”—behold! we are at the Wandsworth Station.

The village of Wandsworth not only owes its name to the little river Wandle, on which it stands, but to it, likewise, owes the manufactories for which it has been long celebrated. Of these, the most ancient appears to have been one of brass plates for frying-pans and other culinary vessels, established by some Dutchmen centuries ago, who long kept their craft a mystery. Perhaps to that mystery was owing the value set upon these utensils in former days, as we find that spits, gridirons, and other articles of kitchen furniture, are included in the list of Crown Jewels, so late as Henry V.,—as well as “1 frying-panne, 1 salice, and 1 laddell d'argent.”

A manufacture of hats was also established at Wandsworth, by some French Protestant Refugees, in the reign of Louis XIV., or more properly in that of Madame de Maintenon; and, at this day, on the banks of the Wandle are established various other branches of industry, dependent on the different mills and other machinery turned by its stream, which, before their erection, was no less remarkable for the excellence of its fish as eulogized by Izaak Walton.

Wandsworth is also noted for having been the birth-place of that singular character, Henry Smith, commonly called Dog Smith, from having been always accompanied by one of that species. This eccentric man, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was originally a silversmith in London, where he made a large fortune, but to increase it he took up the trade of begging, in which he continued till his death (1627). In his life-time he gave to six different towns, “one thousand pounds a-peece to buy lands in perpetuity, for the relieve and setting poore people on work.” He left by his will legacies to several of the nobility, besides charitable bequests to an incredible amount; and he further left large sums to his poor kindred; “such as were aged, impotent, and unable to help themselves, and especially to the poorest of his sister's children.” A monument is erected to his memory in Wandsworth church, on which these bequests are specifically recorded.

There are but few historical reminiscences connected with Wandsworth, except that, in the reign of Richard II., the citizens of London, who had been deprived of their privileges, sent a deputation of four hundred members of their Corporation to meet his Majesty at that town on his road from Shene, and to implore his pardon, which he graciously granted; and, upon their earnest entreaty, he rode through the City of London on his return to Westminster, on which occasion, the grateful citizens received him with extraordinary magnificence.

Perhaps it may not be irrelevant to observe, that the ancient Palace of Shene was, according to Camden, so called from its shining, or splendour. “Here it was,” he continues, “that the most potent prince, King Edward III., after he had lived long enough both to glory and nature, dy'd of grief for the loss of his warlike son. Here also dy'd Anne, wife of King Richard II.,

sister to Wenzeslaus, Emperor, and daughter to the Emperor Charles IV. She first taught the Englishwomen that way of riding on horseback which is now in use. Whereas formerly, their custom was, (though a very unbecoming one,) to ride astride like the men. Her husband laid her death so much to heart, and mourned so immoderately, that he neglected and even abhorred the very house. But King Henry V. beautified it with new buildings, and in Shene, (an adjoining little village,) he founded a monastery of Carthusians, which he called Bethlehem. In Henry VII.'s time, this royal seat was quite burnt down by a most lamentable fire, but, like a phoenix, sprung again out of its own ashes by the assistance of the same Henry, and took the new name of Richmond, from that country whereof he had been Earl, whilst a private person. This Henry had scarce put the last hand to his new structure, but he ended his days here. From hence it was, also, that ninety years after, his grandchild, the most serene Queen Elizabeth, after she had, as it were, glutted nature with length of days upon earth, (for she was about seventy years of age,) was received by Almighty God into the Heavenly Quire.”

This, I acknowledge, is rather a wide digression from the line of the South-Western Railway. But as Shakespeare says:—

“I must have liberty,
Withal as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please,—for so fools have.”

And now to return to Wandsworth: one of its hamlets is that of Garrett, where, till within this last century, it was customary to hold a mock election on the occasion of every new Parliament. This burlesque exhibition consisted of the representation of several assumed characters by individuals in low life, who were furnished by the publicans and others with fine clothes, and gay equipment; and, so provided, went round the parish as candidates for the Mayoralty. This burlesque custom gave rise to Foote's well-known farce of “The Mayor of Garrett.” The hamlet itself, about two centuries ago, contained only one house, which was called “the Garrett,” now it consists of more than a hundred.

Formerly miles were counted by hours,—in those days we reckon them by minutes! We have passed under the road from Wandsworth to Tooting,—and over Garrett Lane and the river Wandle (or Vandal). We have apparently cut in two the road from Wandsworth to Merton, and lo! we already hear “Wimbledon Station” re-echoed from side to side.

ON THE SUPPOSED POWER OF CERTAIN ANIMALS TO SEE IN THE DARK.

THE popular belief that cats see in the dark derives abundant support from the recorded opinions of eminent naturalists. Buffon says, “the eyes of the cat shine in the dark somewhat like diamonds, which throw out, during the night, the light with which they were, in a manner, impregnated during the day.” Valmont de Bamares says, “the pupil of the cat is, during the night, still deeply imbued with the light of the day;” and again, “the eyes of the cat are, during the night, so imbued with light, that they then appear very shining and luminous.” Spallanzani says, “the eyes of cats, polecats, and several other animals, shine in the dark like two small tapers,” and he asserts that this light is phosphoric. M. Dessaignes, in his Memoir on Phosphorescence, says, “the eyes of certain animals have the faculty of inflaming, and of appearing as if on fire in the dark.” Treviranus says, “the eyes of the cat shine where no rays of light penetrate, and the light must in many, if not in all cases, proceed from the eye itself.” The same authority also records the case of two Albinoes, a boy and a girl, whose eyes were, as he calls it, phosphorescent. Late in the evening they

displayed a yellowish brightness, which darted forth in fiery coruscations or globules from the interior of the eyes. Michaelis relates, that, for many years, during the interval between day and night, and during the night itself, he observed irradiations of light issuing from his eyes, sometimes so strong that he could read the smallest print.

Without venturing to place in the above category the assertion of another naturalist, that "a person is said to have recognised a robber by the light produced by a blow on the eye," and being strongly of opinion that the effects described by so respectable an authority as Michaelis proceeded from disease, we would remark that the other authorities speak, not from experiment, but from cursory observation and the reports of others. That the eyes of the cat do shine in the dark is to a certain extent true; but we have to inquire whether by *dark* is meant the entire absence of light; and it will be found that the solution of this question will dispose of several assertions and theories which, during many centuries, have perplexed this subject.

A few years ago, Dr. Karl Ludwig Esser published in Karsten's Archives the results of an experimental inquiry on the luminous appearance of the eyes of the cat and other animals; and about the same time M. Prevost also produced a Memoir on the same subject.

Dr. Esser is careful to distinguish between such animals as really evolve light, and those which only reflect it. Among the former he recognises the myriads of medusæ which often light up large tracts of the ocean's surface; and luminous insects. He also admits that among the higher animals a real phosphorescence often occurs: such is the light emitted by the eggs of the lizard; the luminousness of the perspired matter in men and horses; the electrical light evolved by stroking the back of the cat, &c. He next proceeds to inquire whether light is actually evolved from the eyes.

Having brought a cat into a half-darkened room, he observed from a certain direction, that the eyes of the animal, when opposite the window, sparkled very brilliantly, but that in other positions the light suddenly vanished. On causing the cat to be held so as to exhibit the light, and then gradually darkening the room, the light entirely disappeared when the room was made quite dark.

In another experiment, a cat was placed opposite the window in a darkened room. A few rays were permitted to enter, so as to fall upon the face of the animal, while the observer stood with his back to the window. The light of the cat's eyes was of a beautiful green colour, but it vanished entirely when the observer turned his head, or the cat her eyes, a little on one side. By adjusting the light, one or both of the cat's eyes were made to shine. In proportion as the pupil was dilated the eyes were brilliant. By suddenly admitting a strong glare of light into the room, the pupil contracted, and then suddenly darkening the room, the eye exhibited a small round luminous point, which enlarged as the pupil dilated.

The eyes of the cat sparkle most when the animal is in a lurking position, or in a state of irritation. Indeed, the eyes of all animals, as well as of man, appear brighter during rage than in a quiescent state; a circumstance not forgotten by Collins, in his Ode on the Passions, where he describes Anger, "his eyes on fire." It is said to arise from an increased secretion of the lachrymal fluid on the surface of the eye, by which fluid the light is rendered more brilliant in consequence of increased reflection.

Dr. Esser examined the eyes of cats while under the influence of rage and irritation; as also while they were pleased and enjoying their food, and while they were perfectly tranquil; but, in places absolutely dark, he never discovered the slightest trace of light in the eyes of these animals, and he has no doubt that in all cases where cats' eyes have been seen to shine in dark places, such as a cellar, that light penetrated through some

window or aperture, and fell upon the eyes of the animal as it turned towards the opening, while the observer was favourably situated to obtain a view of the reflection.

To prove more clearly that this light does not depend upon the will of the animal, nor upon its angry passions, experiments were repeated on the head of a dead cat. The sun's rays were admitted through a small aperture, and falling immediately upon the eyes, caused them to glow with a beautiful green light, more vivid even than in the case of a living animal, on account of the increased dilatation of the pupil.

Dr. Esser remarked that black and fox-coloured cats evolved a brighter and more conspicuous light than grey and white ones; that the eyes of dogs, horses, sheep, and hares, shone in dimly lighted places, but that the light differed in colour and intensity in the different animals. He also mentions the case of an Albino whose eyes were luminous; he suffered so much from the dread of light that he never ventured abroad except in twilight.

On inquiring into the cause of this luminous appearance, Dr. Esser dissected the eyes of cats, and exposed them to a small regulated amount of light after having removed different portions. The light was not diminished by the removal of the cornea, but only changed in colour. The light still continued after the iris was displaced; but on taking away the crystalline lens it was greatly diminished both in intensity and colour. "It now struck me," says our ingenious authority, "that the tapetum in the hinder part of the eye must form a spot which caused the reflection of the incident rays of light, and thus produced the shining. This was the more probable, as the light of the eye now seemed to emanate from a single spot. After taking away the vitreous humour, I observed that in reality the entire want of the pigment in the hinder part of the choroid coat, where the optic nerve enters, formed a greenish silver-coloured changeable oblong spot, which was not symmetrical, but surrounded the optic nerve in such a manner that the greater part was above, and only a small part below it, and, therefore, the greater part lay beyond the axis of vision. It is this spot, therefore, that produces the reflection of the incident rays of light, and beyond all doubt, according to its tint, contributes to the different colouring of the light, to which, nevertheless, the remaining parts of the eye, when conjoined, seem to be no less necessary."

The above quotation will be more intelligible if, without entering into the anatomy of the eye, it be simply explained that the interior of the eye is coated with a black pigment, which has the same effect as the black colour given to the inner surfaces of optical instruments; it absorbs any rays of light which may be reflected within the eye, and prevents them from being thrown again upon the retina, so as to interfere with the distinctness of the images formed upon it. The retina is very transparent, and if the surface behind it, instead of being of a dark colour, were capable of reflecting light, the luminous rays which had already acted on the retina, would be reflected back again through it, and not only dazzle from excess of light, but also confuse and render indistinct the images formed on the retina. Now, in the case of the cat and many other nocturnal animals, this black pigment, or a portion of it, is wanting; and those parts of the eye from which it is absent, having either a white or a metallic lustre, are called the tapetum. The smallest portion of light entering the eye is reflected by it as by a concave mirror; and hence it is that the eyes of animals provided with this structure are luminous in a very faint light. Many animals which hunt their prey by night are furnished with a white, instead of a black pigment, whereby the action of the luminous rays upon the retina is increased.

Dr. Müller enumerates the animals in which the tapetum is present, and whose eyes, consequently, shine in the dark; these are the ruminating animals, the

pachydermata, cetacea, owls, crocodiles, rays, and sharks. It is wanting in man, in apes, glires, cheiroptera, hedge-hogs, and moles; in birds, except owls, and in osseous fishes. But the rodent animals, bats, the hedge-hog, and the mole, all obtain their food more by night than by day; and many of them behave in the deepest darkness as if they were directed by light. But it has been suggested that the sense of touch, indefinitely extended, or some other sense, new to us, may assist these animals. Spallanzani deprived bats of the use of their eyes, and they flew about, through hoops, &c., precisely as if they saw. The genera that see by night have so irritable a retina that they can only see during a very feeble light, but in those animals which see as well by day as by night, the retina is less irritable. In the former case the tapetum is spread over the whole of the choroid, as is the case with the cetacea, owls, and some amphibia and fishes; but in carnivorous and ruminant animals this shining envelope occupies only the upper portion of the choroid. M. Prevost has noticed the shining of the eyes of some insects, among which he names the death's-head moth. He also notices the colour of the tapetum in different animals. In the ox it is of a beautiful gold green, changing into sky blue; in the horse, the goat, the buffalo, the deer, of a silvery blue, changing into violet; in the sheep, of a pale gold green, sometimes bluish; in the lion, the cat, bear, and the dolphin, of a pale gold yellow; in the dog, the wolf, and the badger, of a pure white edged with blue. He is also disposed to doubt the opinion of Spallanzani, that cats, polecats, and some other animals, move with promptitude and certainty in a medium totally deprived of light. In a state of nature they are never placed in such circumstances, nor is it probable that total darkness ever occurs to them in a domesticated state; for, wherever they may be, there is always a certain amount of light, however small, and, in order to be able to see, they only require to have their pupil susceptible of great dilatation, and their retina of an extreme sensibility. It is said that a man shut up for a long time in a very dark dungeon, becomes at length able to read in it. The nocturnal birds which Spallanzani reared saw very well in a place in which he himself could distinguish no object, and he admits that the eyes of these birds do not shine in the dark. Besides sheep, cows, horses, and several other animals which have shining eyes, would, no doubt, find themselves much embarrassed in absolute darkness. If some animals do move with promptitude and security in complete darkness, it is certainly not to their eyes that they are indebted for it, but to some other sense. The bats, in which Spallanzani discovered this faculty, owe it according to him to a sixth sense, of which we have no idea; and according to Cuvier, to the extent of the membrane which their wing presents to the air, and which renders it capable of feeling its resistance, motion, and temperature.

It appears certain that Albinos are never sensible of the light in their eyes, which is visible to others; and that, on the contrary, the flashes of light perceived when the retina is irritated, are unattended by any emission of light, and are, therefore, never visible to any other person than the subject of them.

The foregoing experiments and observations seem sufficient to prove, first, that the shining of the eyes of the cat and of other animals does not arise from a phosphoric light, but only from a reflected light; that consequently, second, it is not an effect of the will of the animal or of violent passions; third, that this shining does not appear in absolute darkness; fourth, that it cannot enable the animal to move with security in the dark.

CHARACTER OF FENELON.¹

SUCH was the extraordinary charm of Fenelon, and the irresistible ascendancy which he obtained over every one who approached him, that neither differences of age, nor preeminence of rank or titles, nor even the superiority of talents and knowledge in those branches of science with which he was unacquainted, were able to prevent his friends from becoming his disciples; and from interrogating him as an oracle which was invested with an authority to direct all their thoughts and all their actions. Such is the character of him, as it is delivered down to us by his contemporaries; and their testimony is the less likely to be partial, as it proceeded from persons whom difference of opinion, or a certain malignity of mind, would incline to judge Fenelon with severity.

The chancellor D'Aguesseau has given us, in his memoir of the life of his father, the following interesting portrait of Fenelon:—

"The Archbishop of Cambrai was one of those uncommon men who are destined to give lustre to their age, and who do equal honour to human nature by their virtues, and to literature by their superior talents. He was affable in his deportment, and humorous in his discourse, the peculiar qualities of which were a rich, delicate, and a powerful imagination, but which never let its power be felt. His eloquence had more of mildness in it than vehemence, and he triumphed as much by the charms of his conversation, as by the superiority of his talents. He always brought himself to the level of his company; he never disputed, and appeared to yield to others at the very time that he was leading them. Grace dwelt upon his lips; he seemed to discuss the greatest subjects with facility; the most trifling were ennobled by his pen; and upon the most barren topics he scattered the flowers of rhetoric. A noble singularity pervaded his whole person; and a certain indefinable and sublime simplicity gave to his appearance the air of a prophet; the peculiar, but unaffected mode of expression which he adopted, made many persons believe that he possessed universal knowledge as if by inspiration: it might, indeed, have been almost said, that he rather invented what he knew, than learned it. He was always original and creative; imitating no one, and himself inimitable. His talents, which had been long hidden in obscurity, and not much known at Court, even at the time when he was employed upon the mission of Poitou, burst forth at length in consequence of the King's choice of him to educate his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. The theatre was not too spacious for the actor; and, if his predilection for the mystics had not developed the secret of his heart and the weakness of his mind, there could have been no situation to which public opinion would not have destined him, nor any which would not have appeared inferior to his talents."

The Duke of St. Simon says, "He was gifted with a natural, a mild, and a florid eloquence; with persuasive politeness, but yet dignified and discriminating; and with a fluent, perspicuous, and agreeable power of conversation, which was combined with that precision so necessary for rendering the most complicated and abstract subjects intelligible. He was a man who always appeared to have just as much mind as the persons he might be conversing with; he stooped to their level, but without appearing to do it; this put them at their ease, and excited in them a lively sentiment of delight, so that they could neither quit him, nor, when absent, help returning to his company. To this rare talent, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, we must attribute the steady fidelity of his friends, who remained attached to him all his life, even after his fall, and which, when they were scattered through society, reassembled them together, to speak of him, to wish for him, and to attach themselves to him more devotedly."

(1) From Bausset's Life of Fenelon.



Childhood.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat :
 Here did I love at evening to retreat,
 And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
 Hesper, aspiring, showed his golden light.
 Here once again, remote from human noise,
 I sit me down to think of former joys ;
 Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
 And once again each infant walk explore :
 While, as each grove and lawn I recognise,
 My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

* * * * *

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls
 In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
 The village matron kept her little school,
 Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
 Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien ;
 Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean :
 Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair,
 Beneath her chin was pinned with decent care ;
 And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
 Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
 Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes—
 A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
 These does she guard secure, in leathern case,
 From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.
 Here first I entered, though with toil and pain,
 The lowly vestibule of learning's fane ;
 Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,
 Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
 Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
 When I was first to school reluctant-borne ;
 Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
 To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed ;

And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence her praise,
Talked of the honours of my future days.

* * * * *

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-winged minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starched,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we marched;
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms, we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We stormed some ruined pigsty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols and our boyish gear.
Still as she looked, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound.
When tired with play, we'd set us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide,)
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she showed with pride
To strangers, still her thriftiness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much, in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.—*H. K. White.*



THE SPINSTER'S HEIR.¹

BY MRS. ABDY.

Six months passed away: Miss Paulet's neighbours and friends were gazing with more grief than neighbours and friends usually feel on such occasions, on her funeral procession passing through the village; she had been useful and agreeable to many, dangerous and annoying to none; and the little world in which she lived had not even the excitement of pitying her for having died of a broken heart, from the misconduct of her nephew, for Miss Paulet had fallen a prey to a fever which had been prevalent in the village, and had proved fatal to several of its inhabitants. Vernon was the chief mourner,—and truly did he mourn. How ardently did he wish that he could recall the dear friend whose feelings he had so often wounded, and whose trust he had so often deceived! how many resolutions of reformation did he make! how fervently did he promise to himself that not a spare five-pound note of the spinster's property should ever find its way to the *rouge et noir* table in Regent-street! Alas, poor Vernon! his promise was pretty sure to be kept; the wheel of fortune, although he did not know it, was turning round with him, and spare five-pound notes were, from this time, to be rare and unlooked-for guests in his exchequer.

I have just said that the village sadly wanted some excitement on the subject of Miss Paulet's death: that want was soon supplied. After the funeral, the will was read; small legacies were left to friends and servants, and sums of trifling value to the charitable institutions of the neighbourhood. Vernon's name was not mentioned. Vernon was disinherited! The whole property of Miss Paulet, after the above-mentioned legacies were paid, was bequeathed to her sole executor and residuary legatee.

"And who," inquired fifty voices, "was this favoured person? Had Miss Paulet an unknown lover, or had she been privately married?"

By no means; Miss Paulet's sole executor and residuary legatee was well known to the whole village. Mr. Carleton was the distinguished individual; Mr. Carleton was "The Spinster's Heir!"

This news excited various feelings. Some commiserated Vernon, and some thought he was rightly served. Mr. Anson congratulated himself that he had forbidden him to enter his house, and told Helena how rejoiced she ought to be at her escape; but Helena was in no mood to be rejoiced at any such thing; although generally very mild and charitable, she violated the good old rule of never finding fault with the dead, and censured the unforgiving and barbarous disposition of Miss Paulet in very explicit terms. To make matters even, however, she expressed herself with still more severity of the living, and declared her firm conviction that Mr. Carleton must have worked on the mind of the spinster by a series of the most artful and unwarrantable calumnies, before he could have prevailed upon her thus to injure and wrong her beloved nephew. The ladies of the village, in general, were, however, very indulgent to Mr. Carleton; they surmised that hitherto he might not have considered himself rich enough to marry, but that the coffers of Miss Paulet would put him quite at ease as to the ways and means of providing for a family. He was certainly rather waning in years, but the leading lady of the place, who was the mother of eight unmarried daughters all turned of thirty, avowed that "she considered gentlemen old at no age; and that she had an uncle who cut a tooth, married a young wife, and had the heaping cough in his seventieth year!" This anecdote she took occasion to mention before Mr. Carleton, but was somewhat

disconcerted by his reply, that "the conduct of the old gentleman proved that, at all events, the tooth in question was not a wise tooth!"

Mr. Carleton added not even a poney or a page to his establishment; his second courses had not one extra dish, nor did he give away a blanket or a half-crown more than he had been wont to do. It was evident that Miss Paulet's two thousand a-year were destined to join company with his savings in the Three per Cent. Consols, there to gather, like a gigantic snow-ball, for the future benefit, probably, of some hospital or alms-house; the village fair ones became indignant; they began to pity Vernon; and the younger ladies, particularly, did not scruple to assert that "it was better to squander money than to hoard it." All who knew Vernon's impetuosity and irritability predicted that he must be violently enraged at the late events, expressing himself indignantly of the dead, and vowing vengeance against the living; but all were in the wrong. Vernon was humbled, not angered, at his disinheritance; he acquiesced in the justice of his sentence, and, although he avoided all communication with Mr. Carleton, he did not give way to any bitter observations concerning him. "My aunt's property," he said, "has deservedly been placed beyond my reach; it is therefore immaterial to me on whom she has bestowed it; she has, at all events, given it to one who will not employ it in any disgraceful manner." Neither would Vernon suffer any disrespectful mention of Miss Paulet from another; and, when one of his gay companions condoled with him for suffering under a calamity alluded to by Lord Byron,

"A bad old woman, making a worse will,
Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted,"

some portion of Vernon's former spirit flashed forth, and he indignantly declared that "he would never listen to a slighting word applied to one whose long and unwearied kindness to him had been repaid with such reckless ingratitude."

Indeed, Vernon's gay companions were now anything but acceptable to him; his mind was sobered by misfortune, and his heart was touched by penitence; he resolved to reform. This he had often done before, but he now prayed to his Almighty Father to give him strength to persevere in his resolutions, and his prayer was mercifully heard and answered. Mr. Dornford proved to him a true and kind friend; he counselled him to exertion, industry, and study. Vernon still kept his promise to his friends, that "he would read as much or as little as he pleased;" but his pleasure now was to pass many hours in reading and reflection. London was seldom visited by him, and his own peculiar village not at all. Miss Paulet had defrayed all his out-standing debts a short time before her death; he added no new ones to the amount. His fine and comprehensive mind, devoted entirely to the intricacies of his profession, enabled him to surpass all the expectations even of the hopeful Mr. Dornford; he became useful, valuable, respected; his simple wants were more than supplied from his own labours. The remembrance of Helena Anson prevented him from wasting any of his hours on the contemplation of bright eyes, slender waists, and silken ringlets. No sonnets and sketches were to be found among his law-books, like poppies among the corn, at once ornamental and injurious to their neighbours; adversity had undone the mischief of prosperity, and Vernon might have been gazed on with approval by the shades of his father and grandfather. He was an indefatigable lawyer's clerk!

Seven years had elapsed; Mr. Dornford was good and kind-hearted as ever, but no longer the active and buoyant man of whom Vernon once said "he should make it a principle of duty never to interfere with him, since he could do so very well without his assistance." Mr. Dornford had suffered a stroke of paralysis, and was earnestly warned by his physicians to avoid any exertion which might tend to accelerate a return of it. These injunc-

(1) Concluded from page 234.

tions he was willing to comply with, for he had, to use his own expression, "an invaluable partner,"—one whose intellect was superior to his own, and who, in perseverance and activity, equalled himself in his best days. "My clients," he was used to say, "are all perfectly satisfied with Vernon; the business will not only be kept up by him, but improved. As he frees me from all responsibility and labour, I consider it but just that he should enjoy the larger share of the remunerations during my life; and he shall become the possessor of the whole of them at my death."

It is not surprising that rumours of these changes and events should be carried to the village where Vernon's ladylove resided. She had received several offers of marriage, but had refused them all; and Mr Anson, who, I am afraid I must acknowledge, was, although of the nobler sex, as manœuvring and calculating as any worldly mamma who has ever figured in the pages of a modern novelist, began to surmise that she was probably still thinking of Vernon, and that, as old Dornford could not live long, and the business was known to be an excellent one, she perhaps "might do worse after all."

Some entertainment was about to take place in the village. I really forget whether it was a Fancy Fair, an Archery Meeting, or a Review; but it was one of those occasions which shrewd fathers and mothers of families lay hold of to invite young men to their houses, trusting that the bevy of Marias, Kates, and Julias, who have failed to do execution in the ordinary routine of life, may suddenly become irresistible in the act of selling a pincushion, handling a bow and arrow, or starting and shrieking at a peal of musketry. The note was short, and merely contained a formal invitation; but to the heart of Vernon it spoke whole bookshelves of eloquence. He indited a joyful billet of compliance; obeyed the summons; found Helena more charming than ever; recognised all his old friends with a good grace, feeling that he need not shrink from their scrutiny; and even commanded himself so far as to exchange bows with Mr. Carleton, and return an unqualified acquiescence to that gentleman's observation on "the exceeding fineness of the day." It was indeed a day of unmingled sunshine to Vernon; and half-an-hour's walk with Helena in her own shrubbery was worth all the rest of it. The next day he came again without any invitation, requested a private interview with Mr. Anson, made known his circumstances and prospects, and sued for the love of his daughter; and Mr. Anson, whose habits of selfish expenditure enabled him to give his daughter very little, and to leave her still less, kindly granted Vernon permission to prefer his suit, at the same time putting him in mind that he was doing him a great favour, and that "his daughter's attractions and good qualities might command the first match in the kingdom," a bold asseveration, which Vernon was so far from feeling inclined to dispute, that he expressed the most ardent and ready concurrence in it. Vernon had another interview with Helena, still more delightful than that of the preceding evening. He returned home by moonlight, and made glad the benevolent heart of good Mr. Dornford by the account of his success. Early the next morning he was seen to enter the shop of a neighbouring jeweller, and the young ladies of the town, who for some time had settled in their own minds that Vernon, although disinherited, would be no despicable match, were doomed to have their hopes effectually crushed by beholding the hand on which they were speculating publicly invested with an engaged ring!

It was the wedding morning of Helena and Vernon; the service had been performed, and the carriages had returned from church,—a small number of friends and relatives were assembled round the breakfast table, and the health of the bride and bridegroom had just been proposed,—when a ring at the bell was heard, and Mr. Carleton was ushered into the room, having, as he informed the doubting servant, "come upon particular business." Now, Mr. Carleton's entrance at this parti-

cular time was very much out of good taste, and he could scarcely have calculated upon a cordial reception. Mr. Anson, although he had given a ready consent to his daughter's marriage with Vernon, and had thought and said that she "might do worse," was also perfectly aware how much better she would have done had Vernon not been disinherited; and, consequently, the sight of the person who enjoyed, or, more correctly speaking, possessed, the wealth which should have been Vernon's by right of inheritance, was anything but agreeable to the ambitious father-in-law. Vernon also, happy as he felt, could not help thinking that he should feel much happier were it in his power—as, but for his own indiscretion, it would have been—to have offered to his lovely bride the luxuries as well as the comforts and conveniences of life. He could indeed contrive to clothe her in "silk attires," but not to "braid w' gems her hair;" he could place a poney-chaise at her disposal, but he longed to transform it to a well appointed harouche; she had been used to spacious rooms, but those of the house he had engaged were of moderate size, and had provokingly low ceilings; she had been accustomed to pleasure-grounds and a shrubbery, and his garden was somewhat less than half-a-quarter of an acre. Can it be wondered at, then, that he looked with some coldness on the spinster's heir, and, with the deference proper to a son-in-law, precisely imitated the stiff distant bow with which Mr. Anson received his visitor? The bride, however, had no share in these feelings,—she had never known the value of money from the want of it; she was truly happy to be united for life to the object of her sincere and constant attachment. To her the poney-chaise was a car of triumph, and the narrow house in the noisy street a fairy palace of delight. She wished not for the riches of Mr. Carleton; for was he not an old bachelor, with nobody to love him, and therefore more to be pitied than envied? And she replied to his congratulations by a gracious smile of welcome, and felt no anger at his intrusion, no anxiety for his absence.

"I shall proceed to business," said Mr. Carleton "without further delay, for I perceive that I am about as welcome a guest in this room as the spectre of Alonzo the Brave was at the nuptials of the fair Imogene and her magnificent baron. I must, however, do the 'fair Imogene' in question the justice to say that she bestows on me more kindly glances than I meet with from the rest of the party, and I trust that I may prove myself in some little degree worthy of them."

"Pray sit down, Mr. Carleton," said Mr. Anson, whose principle it was to take all he could get, and who imagined, from this exordium, that Mr. Carleton must at least have come provided with a pearl chain, or a diamond brooch, as an offering to the bride. "So far," said Mr. Carleton, seating himself, "from being an evil spectre, I rather deserve to be considered as a good genius. I think I have some skill in reading thoughts; you, Mr. Anson, and your son-in-law, have already been ruminating for some time this morning on the contents of a certain will, and you are now wondering at the assurance of the insidious double-dealing heir, in thus forcing himself on the presence of the disinherited."

Neither of the gentlemen thus addressed defended himself from the accusation, but tacitly confessed the justice of it by looks rather more bordering on sullenness than quite befitted a wedding morning. "Behold me, then," continued Mr. Carleton, "willing to realize my character of a good genius; you regret the loss of the wealth of your late aunt, Vernon; you are now capable of employing it wisely, and it awaits your commands." A murmur of approbation arose from the company at this unexampled act of generosity, and Mr. Anson commenced a speech of thanks to the munificent donor, but broke down in the second sentence of it, and finished, as most bad orators very wisely do, by taking out his handkerchief, and protesting that "his feelings were too much for him." Helena said nothing; she fixed her soft blue eyes on her beloved Vernon, to

inquire what he thought of the matter; she was not long kept in suspense. "Greatly as I am indebted to the liberality of Mr. Carleton for his offer," said Vernon, with some hauteur, "I must beg leave to decline it. I cannot deny that I should feel gratified in possessing the property of my aunt, had such been her pleasure, but the past cannot be recalled; she deemed it right to deprive me of my expected inheritance; I have never called in question the justice of her decision, and I am determined to abide by it." "If such be your scruples," replied Mr. Carleton, "lay them aside, now, and for ever; it was never the wish of your aunt that any one but yourself should inherit her property." "Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Anson, with unwonted energy, "I went to Doctors' Commons and paid a shilling to see the will immediately after it was lodged there, because I did not choose to take the story of Vernon's disinheritance upon hearsay."

Mr. Anson stopped short, and looked rather confused; his furtive visit to Doctors' Commons had hitherto been a secret locked up exclusively in his own breast, and he had by no means intended to betray it, especially before his daughter and son-in-law; but all were too much excited by the present scene to give any heed to his confession. "Am I to conclude then, sir," asked the bridegroom coldly of Mr. Carleton, "that our eyes and ears were all deceitful, and that you are not Miss Paulet's residuary legatee?" "I acknowledge that I am Miss Paulet's residuary legatee," said Mr. Carleton, "nay more, I avow that her will was made under my advice and direction!" The guests looked at each other in consternation; there was not an individual among them who had not privately believed that Mr. Carleton had suggested this will in his own favour, but his bold avowal of his treachery seemed to strike them with as much amazement as if they had previously considered him a paragon of integrity.

Mr. Anson was the first to recover from the shock; he reflected that whatever unjustifiable measures Mr. Carleton might have employed to gain possession of the property, he had expressed his willingness to give it back to Vernon again; and he accordingly poured out with his own hand a glass of pink champagne, and expressed a hope that the past might be forgotten, and that Mr. Carleton would drink health and happiness to the young couple. "Not yet," replied Mr. Carleton, eyeing the declining effervescence of the champagne as calmly and unconcernedly as a tea-totaller of ten years' standing could have done. "I must first convince this high-minded young gentleman that he is not receiving the property of his aunt from me as a gift, but as a right. I was undoubtedly the residuary legatee of Miss Paulet, but my gains were very small indeed, when all the legacies were duly paid; and, such as they were, I scrupulously added them to the bulk of her property, which she had placed under the care of myself and three other trustees, to hold after her death in charge for her nephew, making it over to him when his reformation should be clear and apparent. The deed is at your service which accompanied this transfer, and you will find in it that your worthy relative entrusted to me the power of watching over you, assisting you from time to time with money, if I thought it advisable so to do; supporting you, if you reduced yourself to want; and enriching you, if you raised yourself to comfort and respectability. I had always told her that you would never be wise or happy till you had graduated in the school of adversity, and the event has justified my prediction; thrown upon your own energies, your excellent talents developed themselves; you shook off the fetters of selfish sloth, and have obtained independence by your unassisted exertions. Had I not persuaded Miss Paulet to visit you with seeming disinheritance, your property might now have been in the hands of the base and designing, and the heart of your young bride have been broken by your neglect and dissipation. Her truth is now tried and proved; seven

years have not taken one charm from her person, and have added many to her mind; you have shown yourself deserving of her, and have honourably and fairly won her. I have only to add, that the trustees associated with myself are all personally unknown to you, and that the kindness you have received from Mr. Dornford, and other friends, has entirely arisen from genuine feeling for the disinherited, and a hopeful reliance on his reformation."

Well indeed had Mr. Carleton fulfilled his promise of proving himself the good genius of the wedding-breakfast, and many were the thanks and praises bestowed on him; but the heart of the young heir was too full for words, and he could only press the hand of his wise and faithful friend in tearful and silent gratitude.

At length the guests separated, the greater part of them to pay visits to their particular friends, and recount the events of the morning; Mr. Carleton, to receive from the whole village population assurances that he was what they had always believed him to be, and what, in his secret soul, he had always believed himself to be, the most sensible and well-judging man in existence; and Mr. Anson to write letters to several of his family, extolling his own excessive disinterestedness in having bestowed his daughter on a man of small income, and relating how his virtue had met with its appropriate reward, by finding the aforesaid small income converted into a large one. The bride and bridegroom meanwhile proceeded on their intended honey-moon excursion, the former heaping reproaches on herself for having ever thought and spoken ill of "that dear Miss Paulet, and excellent Mr. Carleton," and the latter, happier than even bridegrooms are privileged to be on their wedding-day; and, when he knelt in prayer that night, and returned thanks to Heaven for all its gifts, how fervently did he trust that the spirit of his dear aunt might be permitted to look down on the world, and see how thoroughly her plan for his reformation had succeeded, and how deeply grateful he felt for the mercies and blessings which surrounded him, and which would never have been his, had he known himself seven years ago to be "The Spinster's Heir!"

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

August 22 is the anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth field, which was fought on this day, 1485. Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., landed at Milford-Haven on the sixth of August, and arrived at Tamworth on the eighteenth. On the nineteenth he had an interview with his father-in-law, Lord Stanley, when measures were concerted for their further operations. On the twentieth, he encamped at Atherstone. Richard III. entered Leicester with his army on the sixteenth, having the royal crown on his head; he slept at Elmeathorpe on the night of the seventeenth. On the eighteenth he arrived at Stapleton, where he continued till Saturday the twenty-first, during the whole of which his army and that of the invader were in sight of each other. The number of his forces exceeded sixteen thousand, those of Richmond did not amount to five thousand. On each side the leader made an oration to his troops, which was scarcely finished before the fight commenced. The first conflict of the archers being over, the armies fiercely engaged with swords and bills, and at this period Richmond was joined by Lord Stanley—a junction which determined the fortune of the day. In this battle, which lasted little more than two hours, above one thousand of Richard's adherents were slain. Of Richmond's troops scarcely one hundred fell. Richard is universally allowed to have performed prodigies of valour, and is said to have perished at last by treachery. He was the only English monarch, since the Conquest, that died in battle, and the second that fought in his crown. That circlet of sovereignty was discovered in a

bush after the combat, by Sir Reginald Bray, who placed it on Henry's head.

August 24.—Feast of St. Bartholomew.

This saint suffered martyrdom about A. D. 72, at Albanople, in Armenia, where he was flayed alive by order of Astyages, brother of Palemon, king of that country, according to the then barbarous custom of the East. It has a "horrible celebrity" in connexion with the massacre of the protestants in France, which commenced on this festival, A. D. 1572, by order of Charles IX. In Paris only, ten thousand are said to have been butchered in a fortnight, and ninety thousand in the provinces, making together, one hundred thousand.

OLD CUSTOMS.

An author in 1688, observes that "it is customary for all journeymen-printers to make, every year, new paper windows about Bartholomew tide, at which time the master-printer makes them a feast called a *way-goose*, to which is invited the corrector, founder, smith, ink-maker, &c., who all open their purses and give to the workmen to spend at the tavern or ale-house after the feast: from which time they begin to work by candle-light." The paper windows no longer exist, but the *way-goose* is still maintained, and usually held at some tavern in the neighbourhood. Mr. Gough, in his "History of Croyland Abbey," mentions an ancient practice there "of giving little knives to all comers on St. Bartholomew's Day. This," he says, "was abolished by Abbot John de Wisbech, in the time of Edward IV., exempting both the abbot and convent from a great and needless expense. This custom originated in allusion to the knife wherewith St. Bartholomew was flayed. Mr. Hunter had great numbers of them of different sizes, found at different times in the ruins of the abbey and in the river." At Dorrington, Lincolnshire, it was formerly customary on the morning of this festival, for a number of maidens, dressed in their best attire, to go in procession to a small chapel, then standing in the parish, and strew its floor with rushes; from whence they proceeded to a piece of land called the "Play Garths," where they were joined by most of the inhabitants of the place, who passed the remainder of the day in rural sports, such as foot-ball, wrestling, and other athletic exercises, dancing &c. On St. Bartholomew's day, in the "olden time," the youths of the different Grammar Schools were wont to meet for the purpose of disputation, and to try their proficiency in learning. In the early part of the last century, this practice was not quite extinct in Yorkshire. The disputations and examinations were carried on at Lee Fair, where, early in September, an annual wake and mart for cattle and various kinds of goods, is held. The disputants were the scholars of Leeds, Wakefield, and other places in the vicinity.

August 29 is set apart for the commemoration of the decapitation of St. John the Baptist, in the Kalendar of the Church of England. The Latin Church observes this day as a solemn feast, by the title of *Festum Decolationis*, being a corruption, according to Durandus, of "*Festum Collectionis S. Johan. Baptistæ*," or the feast of gathering up St. John the Baptist's relics, which are stated to have performed numerous miraculous cures in the fourth century.

THE SHEPHERD.¹

FROM the poetry let us turn to the prose of a shepherd's life. He has to stand all weathers; and, though in summer he certainly has the advantage over those whose occupation is more locomotive, this tells the other way in winter. Great must be his powers of endurance, to stand the whole day, always early, and sometimes late, in pinching frost, and piercing wind, and drifting snow, and drenching sleet and rain. He has not the

rests and shelters enjoyed by ordinary labourers at their meals; for he takes his cold meal out with him to the distant down. Nor has he society, except his sheep and his dog. No one more welcomes a chance visitor than a shepherd. The present system of folding the flock in succession upon every acre of tillage, not a little aggravates the hardships of a shepherd's life. He has not the choice of sheltered situations. What must be the cold, when snow, six inches deep the day before, is swept away clean by the wind into the dikes and gullies, till the uniform coating has quite disappeared, and every flint the size of one's hand has a drift behind it a yard long? We have known an instance of bread freezing hard as stone in the pocket of a shepherd's great-coat. His clothing, by the way, had need be something more than usually substantial: he deserves this from his fleecy charge. The shepherd prepares himself against rain and wind, with a thatched hurdle to retire to every now and then, if the sheep are not folded; with an immense great-coat, a thick cloth apron, and hay-bands twined round his legs. Unfortunately, in very rainy weather, his coat and apron are never dry; he puts them on every morning heavy with yesterday's rain. The thickness of their texture makes them long retain the damp; and he will not dry them by the fire, if he had fire enough for the purpose, because fire-dried cloth is said not to throw off the rain; so he lives in hope of sunshine and wind. Happy is he if he does not attempt to fortify himself against the inclemency of the skies, by means ruinous to his health and his substance, and utterly inefficacious in the long run. Throughout the lambing season, which lasts some weeks of the roughest weather in the year, he has frequently to watch whole nights together. There is another part of his task not to be omitted, and that is, pitching the folds. He is continually advancing over the fields his moveable enclosure, constructed with fifty or a hundred hurdles, secured by as many poles or stakes driven into the ground. He prepares the holes for these stakes with a ponderous bar of iron, which he raises in both his hands, then drops, assisting its falling momentum, and then works so as to enlarge the hole sideways. All this is well enough when the ground is in its usual state; but, in seasons of hard frost, the shepherd is sometimes a quarter of an hour making a hole large and deep enough for a stake to stand in; and he has fifty such stakes to plant before the fold is completed. There is a still greater drawback than any we have mentioned. The sheep require tending and folding on Sundays as well as week-days; so the shepherd has the greatest difficulty of all labourers in getting to church. Unless he has boys old enough to take his place, and young enough to be at his disposal, he has to pay sixpence for a substitute every time he goes to church,—as much, perhaps, as a third of his day's pay. But he usually contents himself with a little desultory piety instead,—cutting the Lord's Prayer in the bark of walking-sticks,—writing texts in a pocket-book, and learning a few hymns. We lately heard of a shepherd, who confessed on his death-bed that he had not been in church, or in any place of worship, for seven sabbaths of years.

And here a word on a very important subject,—the qualifications, the requisite talents, attainments, and skill, of a useful agricultural labourer. Writers who have advocated the cause of the artizan, commonly allege that he ought to have considerably better wages than the labourer, because he is master of a greater art and craft; because he has learnt more, and is cleverer, and so forth. Now, we cannot admit that a good labourer, in any department of husbandry, is to be considered a man of no science, or skill, or craft: he need not, indeed, be a good calculator, or a good mechanic. But let us look to a good shepherd, with his average of eleven or twelve shillings a-week, all the year round. His powers of bodily endurance are considerable; he "is so hard, that nothing can hurt him but a flint stone,"—as we have heard a veteran describe himself.

(1) From an essay "On Agricultural Labour and Wages," in a late periodical.

This deserves payment. He has various good moral habits; such as alacrity, patience, and affection for his flock. He knows every individual of his charge; and especially the delicate ewes, and the weakly lambs, of which there is a proportion always. He knows exactly what they thrive upon, and what hurts them: he can tell, in a day or two, whether they are falling off or gaining ground; an important point, as it takes more time to recover flesh, than to lose it. He knows the quality of the soil, and where and when the sheep are apt to take the rot. He carries in his head the whole stock of hay, and turnips, and green food, for the whole year, and the daily consumption of the flock: he has many tricks of craft, receipts and remedies. Through his management, a hundred lambs, or a hundred ewes, may be saved or lost in a single season. If his master is wise, he will leave him a good deal to himself, and not even harass him with too frequent visits to the fold.

To be a good shepherd, then, implies moral and intellectual attainments of a very high order; as high not only as those required to be a good weaver or tenter, but as those of a good factory over-looker or engine-man. Yet his pay is probably not half the latter's; and his chances of accident, illness, and shortened life, almost, if not quite as great.

THE FAIRIES.

WHAT a poverty there is in the literature of the present day, as compared with that of the olden time! The light of reason and knowledge, the spread of science, the dicta of "the school-master," have destroyed all the entrancing charms of ancient days, and have acted on the literature of our ancestors, much as a solar microscope does on a drop of water. We used, in our ignorance, to drink water as the purest and simplest beverage; we know now that it is—*faugh!* a mass of horror, and that, with every glassful we swallow, we convert our stomachs into nurseries for embryo crocodiles, alligators,—in fact for

"All monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire."

In like manner does the light of modern research dispel all the beautiful illusions which gilded the literature of the olden time, like the refraction of sunlight on hoar frost, imparting to the coldest and most tame of objects, a tissue of glory and brilliancy which Iris' self alone could weave. Where are the giants, the dwarfs, and the genii? Where the ogre fell, the potent necromancer, the fearful ghoul, the perturbed ghost, the midnight spectre? Gone, all gone, vanished in the light of reason's rays. Where are the enchanted gardens, the magic caves, the spirit-haunted fountains, the crystal palaces? Alas! they are "proved" to be mere *châteaux en Espagne*. A "talking bird" is now a mere parrot; the "golden fountains" are only waters on which an every-day sun is shining. A boy in swaddling clothes, if his intellect be properly cultivated, will tell you that Sinbad's "little old man of the sea," who used to frighten us so fearfully, was a *monkey*; ere his first lustre is expired, he will refer to his "Catechism of Science," and will find that the rock which drew the nails from the vessel was no marvel, but that the occurrence was only the effect of powerful magnetic attraction; and, by the time he has completed his second lustre, he will tell you that the winged hippogriff, whose flights were to us so marvellous, so enchanting, and so *real*, was

merely a clumsy impersonation of that "Huma of the mind—imagination." The magical feats which wrapt the senses in awe, were but chemical illusions; the awful oracles which emitted responses of mystical import, were merely well-contrived pieces of mechanism, which now any well educated youth can prate about. Oh! it is sad, very sad, this march of intellect: for,

"Though wild the fable, and rude the rhyme,
Yet dear was the tale of the olden time:
Those days of marvel and mystery,
Those days we never again shall see."

And, perhaps, of nothing has literature been robbed, which imparted such a fascinating grace to it, as of that race,

"The orphan heirs of fixed destiny,"

the FAIRIES. From earliest time they have beguiled the imagination and gratified the taste. What were the graceful, benignant beings,—the aerial ministrants at springs and fountains,—the shadowy wanderers amid trees and woods, or on mountains, the gleaming of whose silvery robe beguiled the toil-worn wanderer onward, on his perplexed and tangled path, but *Nymphæ*, whom our classical ancestors honoured with especial reverence? And if, in the mutations of centuries, these magnificent beings have become somewhat dwarfed in their proportions, mental and personal, can we say that it is otherwise with ourselves? They have, indeed, through all ages and in all countries, accommodated themselves to the tempers and habits of those with whom they had to deal, in a way that may well claim the grateful tribute of posterity.

How exquisitely beautiful is the Fairy of the Eastern world, that mild benignant sylph,

"Who i' th' colours of the rainbow lives,
And plays i' th' plighted clouds,"

who subsists only on the odours of flowers; who lingers tearfully, yet hopefully, without the golden gate of heaven, till the term of her probation be ended, and she be re-admitted within its courts!

How beautifully, in the chastest and purest strain of his muse, has Mr. Moore portrayed the exertions of one of these "fairy creatures of the element," to regain the heaven which a moment's lapse had lost:

"Nymph of a fair and erring line,
One hope is thine—
The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven."

Instinct with hope, the Fairy wings her flight to earth, whither, however, her gentle ministrations had, heretofore, oftentimes brought her, but never with the radiant joy which now she felt. Sedulously she peruses its shores, and at length, on the burning soil of India, she beholds a brave and noble youth, sacrificing his life at the shrine of liberty, the only survivor of a gallant band. Eagerly she caught the last drop of blood which flowed from his heart, and bore it to Heaven's gate. No: "holier far" must be the offering.

Again she wanders, and on the arid coast of Africa she sees a gallant man, stricken by the plague, lay himself solitarily, as he hopes, to die. But no, it is not so. She who has plighted her faith to him, follows and succours him, though knowing that death must be the inevitable result. The Fairy bears her last sigh to Paradise.

"High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in."

But no:—

—"holier far
Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
That opens the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Our readers know the result: the Fairy's next offering was a PENITENT'S TEAR, and it was successful.

The fairies of our own land, and to them alone was it our intention to refer, are less gorgeously radiant than the Peri of the Persian: they are, in fact, more domestic, more suited to that home and domestic life which has ever been a proud characteristic of England. But alas! they are essentially a shy, a gentle, and a timid race, and they have fled amain from the terrors of modern research. It may be, that amid some of the sequestered glades of Wales, the secluded, and as yet *untourized* lakes of Cumberland, or the wild dingles of Lancashire, where, if the impressions of our childhood be correct, we have heard them fluttering on many a leaf, and fancied them hidden in many a flower, and where the sound of the spinning jenny has not yet penetrated, they may yet hold their revels; but their existence even there is almost as problematical as that of a scion of the Ancient Britons in Cornwall, or of the lost tribes in Africa or America. Yet we have it on indubitable authority that our merry island was once crowded with them. In *olde dayes*, says Chaucer,—

"In olde dayes of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons spoken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The Elfuene, with her jolie compaignie,
Danced ful ofte in many a grene mede."

and the same author tells us of "a doughty swain" Sire Thopas, who was resolved to marry a fairy:—

"All other women I forsake,
And to an Elfuene I me take,
By dale and eke by down:"

showing, at any rate, that they were to be had for the asking. In fact, by a proper and scientific disposal, such as was then well understood, of certain apparatus—as a Venice glass three inches square, the blood of a white hen, holy water, hazel rods, and cabalistic words, anybody might catch a fairy; the only difficulty seems to have been to retain her.

Of yore the fairies were a very chivalric race. Chaucer was permitted to see them in all their pomp of arms,¹ and nor Cressy's field, nor Agincourt's, could boast a more magnificent display of chivalry and valour than was thus betrayed to the rapt vision of the favoured poet. But, alas! England's chivalry, as we all know, declined fast after the death of the gallant young king, Henry the Fifth, and whether it were from sympathy, we know not, but the chivalrous characteristics of the fairies declined likewise; and in Elizabeth's day the knightly demonstrations in the air, as on the earth, were little better than raree-shows. There is, indeed, on record, a duel of King Oberon, which shows that the ancient animus of chivalry still existed in some choice spirits, after its sun of glory was sped; as indeed, in like manner, appeared on the earth, in the person of the brave and early lost Prince of Wales, son of James I.; but, usually speaking, the

Fairies at this time had betaken them to more domestic and matter-of-fact occupations, and had much of the common-place loves, and fears, and jealousies of every-day life. Their Court, and the personal belongings of the royal family were, however, still exquisitely arranged: and when we read of will-o'-th'-wisps, and luck-pennies in shoes, of pinching maids, and upsetting churns, and so on, we are to understand that these were the freaks and frolics of some of the menials of the Court. Oberon, the "glass of fashion" of his time, had a soul above them.

In fact, the only drawback on this monarch's character seems to have been jealousy of his queen, and a rather undue gallantry on his own part, which propensities indeed, in our own sphere, are often found conjoined. He was brave and chivalrous, and his dress and habits were refined in the extreme. For example; the heaviest and most substantial food that ever seems to have approached his table, the beef and mutton course of the banquet, was,—

"The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome with music:"

—(Titania preferred the brains of nightingales):—other usual dishes were the unctuous dew of snails stewed between two nutshells, which was considered remarkably easy of digestion; gnat's thighs stewed, and, occasionally, a pickled maggot.

Then his beverage! how coarse in comparison the nectar of Olympian Jove! It was—

"A crystal pearl of infant dew,
Brought, and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet."

His costume was equally *recherché*:—

His shirt was formed of the film of a cobweb, and his waistcoat—except in very warm weather, when a lighter material was substituted—was a troutfly's gilded wing; his upper garments, of a most delicate tint, were "dyed in a maiden's blush," and his mantle was of gossamer. We would gladly have omitted all reference to the remaining article, but we are *honest* biographers.

"His cap was all of ladies' love,
So passing light that it could move,
If any humming gnat or fly
But puff'd the air in passing by."

Queen Titania, or Mab, as she is more familiarly called, was equally *point device* in her state and accompaniments, though we need not dwell on them so particularly. Her usual residence, though she was rather fond of rambling, was in a palace belonging to her husband,—

"Somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it."

The walls were made of spider's legs, the windows of the eyes of cats, the roof of the skins of bats gilded in moonshine. Shakspeare describes her chariot as an "empty hazel nut," and so, on common days, it was; but on state occasions it was a snail-shell, the hammer-cloth being composed of the wing of a pied butterfly, and the wheels covered with thistledown to prevent the rattling on the stones. This carriage bore the same comparative appearance to her every-day one, which the Lord Mayor's state coach does to his private chariot.

The worst trait in Queen Titania's character was a

(1) See "The Floure and the Leafe."

tendency to flirtation, which we cannot justify, and which set the worst example to her maids of honour, and caused King Oberon great uneasiness; indeed, on one occasion, had well nigh cost him his life. This was his duel with Pigwiggen; but as, doubtless, our readers are well acquainted with the circumstances of this celebrated fracas, we need not here enlarge upon them. We shall have pleasure, however, in doing so hereafter, should it be desired, and also in referring more particularly to some of the remarkable personages of King Oberon and Queen Titania's court circle.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

MARY'S MOTHER.

FIVE little girls there are who sing
In simplest village grace,
Glad Christmas carols; and they bring
A pride upon the place.

On Christmas eve they take their round,
And every household greet;
And kindness stirs at that old sound;
And friendly looks they meet.

Each mother gazes on her own,
And while the stream runs on,
Sweet expectation often smiles,
And present cares are gone.

And when the children go away,
They turn, and with a sigh,
'Tis not of grief—but one would say—
For mere sobriety.

Six little girls there were before
Young Mary died; now five.
Her mother met them at her door,
When Mary was alive.

And straight toward her cot they take
Their usual pathway still;
They pass beside the tranquil lake,
And then ascend the hill.

And Mary's mother raised her head,
This little band to see;
She loved them every one, but said,
"Let them not sing to me."

And quick despatched a messenger,
Who bid them not to come;
And she uprose and shut the door
Of that small quiet home.

And round the vale, with merry cheer,
They sung where'er they're known,
While Mary's mother shed a tear,
For she was all alone.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

FAME CONTEMNED.

ALL men are fond of glory, and even those philosophers who write against that noble passion prefix their names to their own works. It is worthy of observation, that the authors of two religious books, universally received, have concealed their names from the world. The "Imitation of Christ" is attributed, without any authority, to Thomas A' Kempis; and the author of the "Whole Duty of Man" still remains undiscovered. Millions of their books have been dispersed in the Christian world. To have revealed their names would have given them as much worldly fame as any moralist has obtained—but they contemned it! There, religion was raised above all worldly passions! Some profane writers, indeed, have also concealed their names to great works, but their motives were of a very different cast.—*D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."*

SLANDER.

OF the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles himself out as a criminal, or even once takes it into his head that he adds to the number? or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge? If he has the symptoms ever so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—he sees what no one else sees, some secret and flattering circumstance in his favour, which no doubt makes a wide difference betwixt his case and the parties which he condemns. What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life; and, being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd, that where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.—*Sterne*.

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as his journeyeth on his way, misses nothing that he can fairly lay his hands on!

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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Thomas the Rhymer.

(See page 271.)

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL, IN THE REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

CONSIDERABLE sensation was excited some years ago, by the destruction of a fine old collegiate church, and the removal of the establishment connected therewith, to make way for the new docks, now known as St. Katherine's. A new site was chosen for the establishment, on the east side of the Regent's Park, where the Church and Hospital of St. Katherine are beautiful and conspicuous objects. This is the oldest ecclesiastical community in England which has survived the Reformation, and presents in its history several remarkable particulars.

In the year 1148, Queen Matilda, with the consent of her husband, Stephen, King of England, founded and richly endowed, upon the east side of the Tower of London, and on the north bank of the river, a hospital

dedicated to St. Katherine, "in pure and perpetual alms," to secure the repose of the souls of her children, Baldwin and Matilda, who were buried within it before her own decease. The foundation consisted of a master, brothers, sisters, and alms-people. The Queen purchased the site, together with a mill, from the Priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate, in exchange for a yearly rent of six pounds, out of the manor of Braughing, in Hertfordshire. This monastery, consisting of canons regular, of the Order of St. Austin, then newly brought into England, was very rich, possessing property in not less than eighty-eight parish churches within the city of London. These monks being then in high repute, Queen Matilda granted them the perpetual custody of this hospital, reserving to herself and her successors, the future queens of England, the nomination of the master, or custos of the hospital, upon every vacancy.

Soon after the establishment was settled, William de Ypres granted a tract of ground, called "Edredeshede," since named "Queenhithe," to the Priory of the Holy Trinity, charged with a payment of 20*l.* to the Hos-

pital of St. Katherine; and thus it continued till the year 1255, when Queen Eleanor, consort of Henry III., brought a suit against the prior and convent, in order to deprive them of their interest therein. By the civil jurisdiction the right of the prior and convent was confirmed; whereupon the Queen addressed letters to the Bishop of London, stating that the patronage of the hospital had belonged to her and her predecessors; that it was become destitute of all discipline; that the goods thereof were wasted by the prior and canons of the Holy Trinity; that her many complaints had produced no amendment; and she concluded by praying the bishop to make due inquiry. This was accordingly done, and in the course of it, it appeared, amongst other things, that the brothers of the hospital were frequently inebriated and very quarrelsome. The result of the inquiry was a decree published by the bishop, excluding the prior and convent from all further concern with the hospital.

In the year 1261, in consequence of some further proceedings, but chiefly by intimidation, the hospital and the estates thereof were surrendered to the Queen. She did not, however, dissolve the hospital until 1273, when, by her charter dated 5th July of that year, she did so, and founded the present royal hospital, also dedicated to St. Katherine, for a master, three brethren, three sisters, ten poor women, called *bedes-women*, and six poor scholars¹ with endowments; and she reserved to herself, and the Queens of England, the nomination of the master, three brothers, priests, and three sisters, upon all vacancies. The *bedes-women* were to receive their sustenance from the alms of the hospital, and lodge within it, for which they were required to pray for the foundress, her progenitors, and the faithful. She also directed that, on the Feast of St. Edmund, (the 20th of November, that being the day of her husband's decease,) one thousand halfpence were to be distributed to one thousand poor men.

During subsequent reigns the hospital was enriched with many benefactions, the most interesting of which need only be noticed here. In the beginning of the reign of Edward III., Raymond Lully, the famous alchemist, resided in or near the hospital. Oldys says of him, that "being a famous alchemist, he pretended to have found out the art of making gold, but happening to counterfeit the coin of this kingdom, he is said to have been banished by the king."

Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III., was a great benefactress to this hospital. She enriched it with further endowments, and gave statutes for its regulation. These statutes, which are valuable illustrations of the manners of the period when they were promulgated, contain, amongst other things, directions for the clothing of the brethren and sisters, their diet, stipend, the number of masses to be said daily, the visitation of the sick, and many other regulations. Our space will not admit of more than two short extracts from these statutes. And first, respecting the costume of the brothers,—"They shall wear a strait coat or cloathing, and over that a mantel of black colour, on which shall be placed a mark, signifying the sign of the Holy Katherine; but green cloaths, or those intirely red, or any other cloths tending to dissoluteness, shall not at all be used. And that the brethren or clerks there assembled, shall have the crowns of their heads shaved in a becoming manner."

The following relates to the diet of the sisters:—"Each of the sisters shall receive her whole allowance in her chamber, to wit, every day two loaves, one of them to be white, of the weight of sixty shillings, and the other brown, of the same weight, and one flagon of ale, or one penny in lieu thereof; and two pieces of different sorts of flesh meat, of the value of one penny and a halfpenny, or fish of the same value, and besides, a pittance or portion of the value of one penny." Fif-

teen days in the year were appointed on which a double portion was to be given.

The statutes also notice the rebuilding of the church by William de Eridesby, master of the hospital, who began that work about the year 1340; to which building the queen was a liberal contributor. They also direct that all savings which should be made out of the revenue of the hospital, and such benefactions as should afterwards be obtained, should be laid out in completing the church.

Queen Philippa died in 1369, and in 1376 Edward III. erected in honour of her memory a chantry, dedicated to St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, and endowed the chaplain thereof with an annual stipend of ten pounds.

In the reign of Henry VI., Thomas de Beekingham, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, was appointed master, and he proved a most liberal benefactor. Finding the revenues of the hospital insufficient to maintain the members, he obtained from the king a charter, whereby the precincts were clearly defined, and declared free from all jurisdiction, secular and ecclesiastical, except that of the lord chancellor. The king also granted this hospital an annual fair, to be held upon Tower-hill, for twenty-one days, with protection to all merchants and their goods coming to it. The king also granted to the master a Court-leet,¹ and view of frank pledge,² within the limits of the said hospital. Several other privileges were also granted, which at the time were valuable.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the guild or fraternity of St. Barbara was founded here by the King, and by Queen Katherine, his first wife, on the 1st December, 1518. It was governed by a master and three wardens, and consisted of many of the nobility of both sexes.

By an account of the revenues of this hospital, taken from the royal survey, twenty-sixth Henry VIII., 1534, it is probable that the king intended at the time to dissolve this house, which it is supposed escaped suppression at the request of Queen Anne Boleyn.

In the time of Philip and Mary (1558) Calais being taken by the Duke of Guise, together with Guisnes and the castle of Hames, and the English being compelled to depart from Calais, many of the inhabitants of the two other places followed them, and settled within the precincts of this hospital, in a place which then acquired the name of Hames and Guisnes Lane, afterwards, by a strange corruption, called *Hangman's Gains*.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Dr. Wylson, one of the Queen's secretaries, was appointed master of the hospital, and abused the trust reposed in him. He surrendered up the great charter of Henry VI. and obtained a new one, in which was omitted the right to hold the fair granted to this hospital. The object of this omission was to enable him to sell the fair to the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of the City of London, for seven hundred marks (466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*) which he appropriated to himself. He was also about to dispose of some other of the property of the hospital, when, in October 1565, the members presented a very spirited petition to the secretary, Sir William Cecil, which had the effect of stopping Dr. Wylson's proceedings. The original petition is still in the State Paper Office.

In 1705 a school for the education of poor children belonging to this precinct was instituted. Thirty-five boys and fifteen girls were taught reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic. They were annually clothed, and at the termination of the school course the boys were apprenticed, and the girls sent to service. The school was not part of the institution, only that the chapter, in December 1705, granted a lease to the trustees for the purpose of building a school on some

(1) A court of record, having the same jurisdiction within some particular district, as the sheriff's court has in the county.

(2) The office which the sheriff in his county court, or the bailiff in his hundred, performs in looking to the king's peace, and seeing that every man be in some pledge. The 'view of frank pledge' now exists only as a form.

(1) No persons answering to this description have formed part of the institution for a very long period.

ground adjoining the Chapel, at a rent of 6s. 8d. a-year, which was "to buy a Bible to be given to the most deserving boy or girl of that year."

In 1780, during the riots with which the name of Lord George Gordon is identified, the collegiate church of St. Katherine was nearly destroyed by the mob. The perverse reasoning which guided the rioters in this instance seems to have been, that this church, though consecrated to Protestant worship, yet having been built in the times of Popery, ought to be destroyed. It was, however, rescued by the gentlemen of the London Association.

It will be seen from the foregoing particulars, that this house was never intended to be a monastery, since by the charter of foundation the brothers were secular priests, and the sisters made no vows nor took upon them the veil; but were so far from being confined that they were permitted to go abroad in the city or elsewhere, with leave of the master, but not to stay out after the ringing of the church bells for putting out the fires, commonly called *couvre feu* or *curfew*; their time was to be occupied in hearing mass, praying for their benefactors, visiting the sick, and performing other charitable acts.

The Queens Consort of England are by law the perpetual patronesses; this hospital being considered as part of their dower, and indeed the only ecclesiastical preferment in their gift. They nominate the master, the brothers, and the sisters; and may increase or diminish their number, remove them, alter any of the statutes or make new ones, at pleasure, their power here being unlimited.

When there is no Queen Consort the king nominates the master, brothers, and sisters. But the Queen Dowager has no power or jurisdiction when there is a Queen Consort.

The business of the house is transacted in chapter by the master, brothers, and sisters, and it is remarkable that the sisters have a vote therein equally with the brothers. No business can be done without the votes of at least four of the members, one of each class; thus the master and three brothers or three sisters would not do; there must be the master and either two brothers and a sister, or two sisters and a brother. The other officers of this house, which now no longer exist, were elected by a majority of votes, and their patents confirmed under the chapter seal. Such were the commissary, or official principal, the registrar, the steward, the surveyor, the receiver, the chapter clerk, the clerk, sexton, &c.

To this precinct two courts were annexed, one spiritual, and the other temporal.

The spiritual court was a royal jurisdiction for all ecclesiastical causes within the precinct. Here, as in other ecclesiastical courts, were granted probates of wills, administrations, marriage licenses, &c. All appeals from the judge of this court were made to the Lord Chancellor only (who is the visitor) and therefore came directly to the Court of Delegates. To this court belonged a registrar, ten proctors, and an apparitor.

In the temporal court, the High Steward of the jurisdiction of St. Katherine presided, heard and determined all disputes or litigations arising within the precinct, held court leets, &c. To this court belonged a high bailiff, and a prothonotary. A prison was also attached to it.

The church attached to the royal hospital was formerly surrounded by the master's and brothers' houses on the north, and by the sisters' houses on the south side. This beautiful old structure had been peculiarly unfortunate in the various repairs it had undergone. Numerous additions were made to it early in the seventeenth century. It consisted of a nave and two aisles, the work of Thomas de Beckington, master, about 1443. Before the west door was a modern porch, on which was erected a square tower for the purpose of a belfry. In the porch were heads of Edward III. and

Queen Philippa, in stone, sadly defaced. There were five divisions for the aisles, formed by clusters of four columns, and hollows between each. The choir, the work of William de Eridesby, and John de Hermes-thorp, master in 1369, became narrower, and ran on a line with the clusters of columns in the nave. On each side of the choir were clusters of small columns placed against the walls in four divisions, with a large window between each division. On each side of the entrance within the west end of the choir were four stalls, and within the first two divisions, north and south of the same, were nine stalls. In the third division, on the north side, was the magnificent monument and chantry of John Holland, duke of Exeter.

The pulpit was a curious structure. It was built in the reign of James I. and was a benefaction of Sir Julius Caesar, when he was master of this hospital. It is covered with the representation of "four views of the hospital in its very ancient state," and round its six sides is this inscription:

EZRA, THE SCRIBB
STOOD UPON A
PULPIT OF WOOD
WHICH HE HAD
MADE FOR THE
PREACHIN: NENE". CHAP. VIII. 4.

The number of houses in this precinct in 1821, was 427, inhabited by 685 families, amounting to 2,624 persons. The whole precinct was the property of the hospital. The houses were holden by lease; and the chief estate and maintenance of the church and hospital were derived from fines at the renewal of the leases and ground rent. Dr. Ducarel states that the brothers had annually 40*l.* each, the sisters 20*l.* each, and the bedes-women, 8*l.* each.

In the year 1825 the St. Katherine's Dock Company having obtained their Act of Parliament, the directors entered into an agreement with the Chapter, which acted under the direction of Lord Chancellor Eldon, for the purchase of the hospital and precinct estate, upon payment of the following sums, by way of consideration for the same; 125,000*l.* as the value of the precinct estate; 36,600*l.* to be laid out in building a new hospital, and 2,000*l.* for the purchase of a site. Various minor sums were also to be paid as compensation to certain members and officers of the hospital, for the loss of fees and emoluments, which would cease on removal to a new site. The court leet and profits and perquisites of the court were assigned to the Dock Company. Such part of the property as was not wanted by the Dock Company remained in the possession of the hospital, and it still forms a valuable portion of the estate. The directors also agreed to remove to the new site, at the expense of the Company, the pulpit, font, organ, clock, bells, stalls, altar, railing, monument, tombstones, &c.

The church and other buildings having thus become the property of the Dock Company, they were advertised for sale, preparatory to the ground being cleared. On Sunday, the 30th of October, 1825, divine service was performed in the church for the last time. In the morning the congregation was very numerous. A sermon, alluding to the circumstances, was delivered by the Rev. R. R. Bailey, from the words of James iv. 13, 14, "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow." The uncertainty of human projects, and the frailty of our best formed designs, formed the theme of the discourse. The approaching destruction of the temple by the "unfeeling and encroaching hand of commerce," was briefly but touchingly remembered. The service was concluded with a hymn sung by the "sixty poor children of the precinct," and the melody received a great increase of interest from the reflection that the fine-toned and celebrated organ was on the morrow to be pulled down. In the afternoon's

discourse no allusion was made to the demolition of the church. "After the concluding 'Amen,' the whole congregation pressed forward through the arch which once sustained the rood-loft, to the chancel, and that portion of the building soon exhibited a moveable mass of people filling up every corner." The people expressed their regret at the fate of the building, "and more particularly when the majestic organ, to be broken up on the morrow, pealed forth the anthem of God save the King. So warm were the feelings of the admirers of the old church, that even a relic of it seemed a valuable acquisition; and some paltry modern Gothic ornaments attached to the altar rails were eagerly snatched off by the first who could get them; and a piece of red velvet at the altar, with a tarnished glory, was pulled down and distributed among the many who sought for a remembrance of the venerated building."

The new site chosen for the hospital was on the east side of the Regent's Park. Mr. Poynter was the architect who completed the buildings as they now stand. The west front of the church and the houses of the brothers and sisters, comprise the three sides of a quadrangle, the public road being the fourth. The chapel is built in the style of architecture which prevailed at the commencement of the fifteenth century. It consists of a nave only, without side aisles, the small wings seen from the outside, which have the appearance of side aisles, being the chapter house and school of the establishment. The magnificent west window is a correct and elegant composition. The houses of the brothers and sisters are built in the domestic style of the sixteenth century, of brick, with stone dressings, producing a very pleasing effect. In front of the chapel is a pump, a neat design executed in stone, and has the appearance of an ancient conduit. The master's house is erected on the other side of the road, facing the college buildings. It is in the same style as the brothers' and sisters' houses, but more highly decorated. It stands upon two acres of ground, which is laid out in ornamental gardens and shrubberies. In the conveyance of the site for all these buildings by the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods and Forests, the sum of 2,000*l.* paid by the Dock Company for the purchase of a site, was presented to the hospital.

Some time after the buildings were completed, the foundations were found to be insecure, and large sums of money were expended in repairing them. The dry rot was found to have made considerable progress in the houses of the master and brothers.

The ancient and valuable monuments transported at the expense of the Dock Company to the Regent's Park, were restored at an immense expense: the Exeter monument alone cost more than 1,000*l.* to restore and re-edify. Indeed, the chapter found it necessary, in addition to the grant by the Dock Company, to expend large sums on the interior of the chapel, and upon certain ornamental works and improvements about the grounds and buildings.

In the year 1837, the Commissioners of Charities published a report on this hospital, from which we gather some additional particulars respecting this interesting establishment.

It appears that the establishment still consists of a master, three brothers, three sisters, and a certain number of bedes-people. The late master was Sir Herbert Taylor. According to Stow, "the masters have formerly been of the clergy, and which seems to be required by the foundation; but the considerable benefit accruing to the masters made it desired and sought for by persons of quality of the laity, and such have of late times held it." The master has a yearly allowance of 1,200*l.*, together with a house and ground.

The brothers are clergymen of the Established Church, and are not restrained from marriage. Each brother has a separate house, and a yearly allowance of food. One brother is required to be in residence constantly, in order to conduct the service of the chapel,

in which he is assisted by a gentleman called the reader, who is paid 100*l.* a year.

The sisters are usually spinsters: instances have occurred of a widow being appointed, but they are rare. Each sister has an annual allowance of 200*l.* and a separate house, but they do not in general reside in the hospital, in consequence of a privilege, or rather an indulgence, sanctioned only by custom. They are allowed to let their houses, and at the period of the inquiry two of them were let at 90*l.* a year each, which the sisters received in addition to other emoluments and privileges.

At the time of the inquiry, the yearly income of the hospital amounted to 5,504*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* derived from land, houses, and funded property. In many instances the rentals were found to be the same as at the time of the survey in the reign of Henry VIII., the increase being in the amount of fines received on the renewal of leases. Such fines, which sometimes amount to large sums, are distributed in certain proportions between the master, brothers, and sisters.

At the time of the removal of the hospital to its present site, the Dock Company took possession of the school, and allowed it to be carried on in a spot adjoining the old site, until the remaining scholars were provided for, when it ceased altogether. It was, therefore, recommended, in order to add to the respectability of the establishment, and the extension of the objects for which the endowment was originally made, to appropriate a portion of the surplus income to the support of a school of thirty-six boys, or twenty-four boys and twelve girls, to be clothed and educated free of all charge to their parents, and to be apprenticed in the proportion of six in each year, with premiums of from 15*l.* to 25*l.* It was further recommended to add to the establishment ten bedes-women, and twenty bedes-men, at 10*l.* each. These suggestions were adopted on the proviso, that the two situations of bedes-men and bedes-women should not be held at the same time by any two persons standing in the relation of husband and wife to each other. The annual charge for the forty bedes-people is 400*l.* and for the school and apprenticing, 300*l.* The bedes-people are appointed solely by the master: they consist, for the most part, of decayed small tradespeople, old servants of good character, and infirm aged people. They have no residence in the hospital, and no duties to perform, but simply an annual allowance of 10*l.* each.

The children attend divine service in the chapel on Sundays, and between the services they are allowed a dinner of cold roast beef and pudding.

In speaking of this school, the commissioner, Mr. Gunning, in his report, expresses a hope that the number of the children may be kept up, "and that nothing will be allowed to interfere with this beneficent and excellent application of so small a part of the extensive funds of this hospital; but on the contrary that there will be found every inclination on the part of those possessing the power, to carry out this interesting branch of the charity to its fullest extent. With respect to the increased annual expenditure of 300*l.* sanctioned by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, for the creation of thirty additional bedes-people, it does certainly appear useless in comparison with the benefits which would probably have resulted from the application of a similar sum to the purposes of education, by extending the school; and in any future scheme for applying the surplus income of the charity, it will be most desirable that this important subject should have due consideration, and the utmost encouragement."

ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.

No. I.

I REMEMBER an instance of a gentleman, who, being on the borders of Italy, procured a carriage to drive him half-a-day's journey into that classic land and back again, that he might say he had been there. I remember another who crossed to Boulogne, ate his dinner, and came back again that evening, with the view of being able to say he had been in France. Lastly, I remember a lady who stated that she had been nineteen times to the top of Ben Lomond, and regretted pathetically that her advanced age prevented her attempting it again, so that she might say she had been there twenty times. This passion for doing things that we may say they have been done, seems to be inherent in British nature, and has, I suspect, been peculiar to this island from time immemorial. I am quite certain that many of our doughty knights tramped off to the Crusades with big crosses on their shoulders, and never a cross in their pockets, for no other purpose than to say they had been there; and from that time to this the same system has prevailed; it has been caricatured, laughed at, written at, but all in vain. John Bull cannot think that any one should have seen anything which he has not seen, or done anything which he has not done, so he 'en tucks his stick under his arm, takes his hands out of his pockets, and sets off, to grumble, anathematize, and be miserable for the allotted period; his sole, but supreme, satisfaction all the time being, that when it is all over, he can say he has done so and so.

Perhaps the most striking exemplification of this peculiar phenomenon of the British mind is the rage which has of late years been manifested for what is technically termed, "going up the Rhine," that is to say, crossing from London to Ostend or Antwerp, rushing on to Cologne, embarking on board the steamer there, and dashing up the river as fast as the engine can work against the stream, stopping now and then to sleep, or to look at a ruin. This is going up the Rhine, and coming down is a still easier matter, for the steamer goes three times as fast down the stream, and, of course, you need not look again at what you have once seen. "Oh! three weeks will do it easily; three weeks, why, you may see everything in a fortnight or less, so Mrs. Gumbs says, and she ought to know, for she went to Vienna last year, and slept there a night, and came back again all in three weeks. Now really Mr. W." continues Mrs. Waddilove, "since it takes such a very short time, I do think we should go." Mr. Waddilove shakes his head; it will be very expensive; but then he does not like not to have been up the Rhine as well as Gumbs, and the Misses Gumbs always seem to pity his daughters for not having been on the Continent, so he makes up his mind to do the deed; the family spend a fortnight of delight and misery on board dirty steam-boats and in comfortless inns, and return home, thanking Heaven that they can say they have been "up the Rhine."

"Nay, now you are really carrying matters a little too far: do you mean to say that these people have no pleasure in seeing the magnificent views—in visiting the interesting ruins of Rhineland? Do they obtain no advantage from their journey but that of being able to say they have made it?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir, they do derive pleasure from seeing all you allude to, but the main foundation of that pleasure is the power of saying they have done so. If there were any extrinsic interest in such matters, do you suppose that ninety-nine out of the hundreds of Waddiloves know any thing more about Cologne than that it produces the veritable Eau, or have heard of any other

celebrated Roland than he of the Macassar? Then, as to the contingent advantages they will derive from the journey, the young ladies no doubt will, on their return, be entitled to say 'Ach Gott,' and the young gentlemen to wear moustaches and long hair for a while, but further than these I am not aware of any beneficial results. No, I have made a careful calculation, and I believe that perhaps one-fifth of our countrymen who are to be found on the Rhine every autumn, go there on their road somewhere else, or for health, or really to see the country and the people; as to the other four-fifths, I declare my solemn conviction, that they had much rather stay at home, but that they *must* be able to say they have been 'up the Rhine.'

These considerations were forced strongly on my mind as I sat one afternoon in the garden at the back of the Coursaal, at Wiesbaden. It was a very fine day—we had eaten a very good dinner for twenty-pence, at the table-d'hôte kept by the Grand Duke, who, on Sundays, presides himself, in the character of Boniface,—and were now drinking coffee and smoking our cigars in all the luxury of the half-hour after dinner. Dozens of people, of all nations, ages, sexes, were around us, engaged in the same manner. There were rosy little children playing at hide and seek in the bushes, or feeding the ducks in the ponds, whilst their fat mammas and fatter papas walked about, or sat under the shade of enormous umbrellas, of various colours—red, blue, green; the Germans are, at any rate, gay in their umbrellas. One gentleman, in particular, I remarked, of peculiarly short and corpulent habit, with a delicious greasiness of face, and an expression of plethoric sentimentalism, who carried an umbrella of a delicate roseate pink colour; he was, doubtless, a metaphysical novelist of the new romantic school.

It was here, I say, that the considerations recorded above were forced into my mind; and for the very reason, that I had made acquaintance with, and was now sitting opposite to, one of the true Waddilove school. He came from London, and had been living for six weeks on the Rhine, and yet he had no ostensible object in doing so—he did not like it—he was much more comfortable at home, he repeated again and again. Then why did he ever come abroad? He declared his reason honestly enough—it was to say he had been up the Rhine! And as to the amount of additional knowledge he had gained, that may be inferred from the fact, that, though he had been six weeks at Baden, looking on at the gaming-tables, he had not the least idea of the principles of roulette—he knew not a syllable of the language; and though he must have heard the words fifty times a day, he *would* call Mannheim, Mainham; and in speaking of rouleaus of money, called them either rollers or rollos, reminding me of a venerated old lady, who once applied to me, as an indisputable French scholar, to know whether Paris should be pronounced Payris or Payree. This gentleman, however, had taken six weeks to his tour, and the principal information gained thereby was, that too much Rhine wine gives one the stomach-ache. What information those gain, who take as many days for the journey, may be more easily imagined than described; or rather it may be very easily described—by a cipher.

I consider it perfectly certain, that any one may see quite as beautiful scenery, by taking twenty shillings worth on the top of a coach, through Kent and Surrey, as by a week's run up the Rhine, and may see it, too, far more agreeably. But then you will say—"Consider the people—you have an opportunity of studying the German character." Well, I do consider the people, and I say that there can be no greater libel on the people of Germany, than the taking those on the banks of the Rhine as a fair specimen, for they are not Germans. Centuries have passed since they were so—for hundreds of years back they have been a mixture of French and Germans, and refugees of all nations; and of late, in consequence of the travelling mania, they have been

inoculated with the vices, without being benefited by one of the virtues, of the shoals of foreigners who swarm about them—so that if a modern Diogenes were to set out in search of honest men, the Rhine is the last place he should go to, to look for them; for I doubt if there is an individual deserving that character along the whole river. Not that I blame them for it. Is it to be supposed that something of the old spirit should not still remain in the bosoms of the descendants of the gallant old robbers, who formerly garrisoned those innumerable castles, once so romantically terrible, but which now only furnish sketches for enthusiastic young ladies, and subjects for ballads by poetical young gentlemen? These same old robber knights were wont to levy contributions from all who came within their territory; and their successors follow up their system quite as effectually, though in a different way—but it is this very difference that I complain of. There would be something romantic, or, as we used to say at school, some fun, in being seized by a party of gentlemen in huge hessian boots, broad belts, and flapped hats, which, I understand, has always been the classical costume of German bandits from time immemorial; in being carried off to the neighbouring castle, built at an inaccessible height, and there plundered and thrust into a dungeon from which you are finally rescued by the baron's daughter, a young lady of resplendent charms and superior moral character—there would, I say, be something in this; but to be robbed, thaler by thaler, and stiver by stiver, by innkeepers, waiters, boatmen, commissioners, is quite another thing; there is all the injury, without any of the romance; it is not the loss so much which afflicts, as the dishonour of the thing. And, in truth, all that was once romantic on the Rhine has wellnigh disappeared; for who, I should like to know, can associate anything beautiful with scenes, to which he is led, like an ox to the slaughter, by a shabby, snuffy-nosed *lacquy-de-place*, in the midst of a crowd of similarly bear-led miscreants, or can call up poetical ideas, when that same rascal is pouring into your ear, in the regular drawling showman-tone, the hackneyed legend of the place, all his stories having one and the same moral, namely, that you should give him something extra for the immense local knowledge possessed by the guide you have been so fortunate as to obtain? It may be an illiberality on my part, but I cannot feel the same interest in any place, however interesting *per se*, when I know that it is drivelled over, and poked into daily, by hundreds of individuals, who came to see because others have seen, and to admire because they ought to admire: and I cannot help thinking, that this age, which has revived the love of the truly picturesque and poetical, has, by the very excess of the passion, done more to destroy the possibility of such feelings, than any age for centuries back.

"Do you mean, then, to say that there is nothing worth seeing on the Rhine?" By no means. I merely say, that you should not post up and down it as if you were doing a match against time: if you do, you will come back disappointed; you will not allow you are so, I know, but the truth that you are disappointed will lie at the bottom of the well of your heart, and you will be afraid to look down steadily, for fear you should see it. No; if you wish to enjoy, if you wish to see, you must see by yourself and for yourself—go and spend some weeks there, explore the lovely little valleys which lie along the banks, the beautiful streams which run into the mighty flood—stop a day or two here, and a day or two there—mingle with the country people, who have not yet been contaminated by the influx of strangers—take time to see, and digest what you see—and you will gain much knowledge, and more enjoyment.

I well remember the first time I saw the Rhine: it was at Cologne. I had just arrived from Aix-la-Chapelle, and wandered down to the river side to have one view of it before night set in. It was a lovely evening;

the last faint rays of the sun yet glimmered on the houses, and sparkled on the topmost windows of Cologne—the dark trees cast a black waving shadow on the water—behind and beside lay the ancient city, with its battlemented walls, its countless spires, and its still sturdy relics of those buildings which the haughty Roman erected there in the plenitude of his power—before me rolled the vast river, turbid but calm in its resistless course, honoured for centuries as the boast and the bulwark of the old German name. It was years since I had seen so mighty a stream, and yet, looking back into the dim vista of time, I conjured up before me an often-seen vision of a river, to which this was but a streamlet; palm leaves rose along its sandy banks, boats of strange shape glided over its waters, and the imagination became more and more vivid, till I scarcely knew if I was standing beside the Ganges or the Rhine. The long solemn swell of a church bell aroused me from my dream, and the true reminiscences of the place came upon me. I was viewing that river renowned in story since the days when Herman vanquished the legions of the haughty Emperor of the world—on whose banks Charlemagne had sat enthroned in all the barbaric splendour of the young northern race—which had witnessed the struggles of one generation of warriors after another, and still rolled on in primeval majesty, whilst they, and almost their names, had been swept away by the rushing stream of time, like the idle weeds borne down to silent oblivion by the mighty flood before me. As I mused, the night settled darkly down; the lamps on the opposite side began to twinkle out one by one, and the bridge across was only marked by the row of lights, which stretched along in a glittering line, and were reflected in the dark waters, glimmering transiently like the thoughts of Heaven and of higher things which float dimly on the turbid soul of man. I went into the hotel, and tried to make a supper of Rhine salmon, which I was told was superb, and was, I have no doubt, highly prized, as, from the length of time it had evidently been kept, it must have been quite an heir-loom in the family.

Cologne is a place plagued with a swarm of guides and commissioners; they stand at every corner, and offer you their services; and I do not know a more laughable sight than that of a party of Englishmen led by one of these tormentors to see the lions: the placidly unhappy way in which they trudge along, melancholy but enduring, whilst their guide screams into their ears a long tissue of jargon of which they do not understand one quarter, is extremely edifying; and, after all, they are quite right, for in such places, which swarm with lions in every street, I hold it to be flat heresy in any one to maintain the propriety of leaving the least unvisited. Of these the Cathedral is, of course, the lion *par excellence*; and, unfinished as it is, one cannot but feel that, if ever it were possible for man to raise a temple suited to the dignity of religion, this is it. It is at present undergoing the process of renovation and completion. The lovers of art are, of course, delighted; but I could not help thinking that the gaudiness of the new paintings and freshened windows destroyed the religious solemnity of the time-hallowed edifice; besides, the time for these things is gone by. When Cologne was the Rome of the North—when monarchs crowded to it in pilgrimage, and its Archbishop was an elector and a prince of the Holy Roman Empire—they were realities—the Cathedral then was a Cathedral: now it will be a mere fine building; and, in my poor opinion, it is far better to let the old memories of the past cling around the ancient fragments, than to brush them away, and furbish up a new and glittering, and maybe a complete, but yet an unmeaning, edifice. With such sentiments, it jars painfully on one's feelings to be obliged to go and look at the skulls of the Three Kings of the East, crowned with gold and gems, and listen to the long farrago of nonsense told about their pilgrimages and their miracles. And yet, what can

one do!—to have been at Cologne, and not seen the Three Kings, is like having been in Egypt and yet never ascended the Pyramids.

Cologne is famous, too, for the ill odour of its streets. Every body knows Coleridge's unsavoury stanzas on the subject; and, though I am not sure that I have not encountered quite as much olfactory annoyance in Paris, yet the city of the Rhine is bad enough in all conscience; and you feel it more particularly on a hot day, trotting after a guide up one street and down another in search of churches. I suppose it was this peculiar fragrance of the atmosphere of their town which drove its inhabitants, in despair, to the manufacture of their celebrated scent, which is undoubtedly the only good, and the only wholesomely smelling, water to be got in Cologne. This, however, in passing;—those who wish for a full account of the rest of the lions of the town, such as the picture of St. Peter with his head downwards, Rubens' house, &c., may read the full account of them in Murray's Hand-book.

For myself, I must confess that nothing, not even the Cathedral with its Three Kings, gave me such unmixed satisfaction as the sight of the churches of St. Ursula and St. Gereon, where are exhibited the bones of that celebrated lady and her eleven thousand virgins, and of St. Gereon and his Christian legion of martyrs. It was something to see the length to which human credulity and human absurdity can go; but it was still better—it was absolutely delicious, to see the superhuman gravity with which the exhibitors related their legends,—the perfect absence of a smile, whilst they pointed out the skulls of the various officers of the legion, and of the principal ladies in St. Ursula's train. Had Cæsar heard them, I am sure he never would have wondered at two augurs being able to meet each other without laughing.

I would advise every one who cares for pictures to visit the Museum—not that it contains many by the great masters, though there are some very pleasing ones, but simply on account of one picture, which I am astonished has not been mentioned by any of the guide-books. It is said to be by Albert Dürer, and I have no doubt is so. It is small, and painted on wood; the subject, two musicians, one of the figures evidently being a portrait of Dürer himself; the colouring is excellent, and the drawing still better. The whole expression of the picture is so light and graceful, so perfectly free from vulgarity, and yet so merry, that, with the exception of a woman and child by him at Vienna, it is my favourite of all the works I have seen of this master. If this notice should induce any one, while in Cologne, to visit this picture, I am sure they will be amply repaid for their trouble.

Cologne and Bonn are the two usual points of embarkation for those going up the Rhine. I would advise every one, unless labouring under the *embarras de richesses*, and absolutely yearning to throw away his money, to eschew the latter place most carefully. There is absolutely nothing to be seen there, except the rooms which were hallowed by the residence of Prince Albert, when at college, and a few uncouth looking, and only half German, students; on the other hand, the charges at the inns are marvellously adapted for raising a gentleman's bill, and lowering his cash.

THE FROZEN SUB-SOIL, OR GROUND-ICE, OF SIBERIA.

OBSERVATIONS hitherto made under the surface of the ground, all tend to prove that there is a stratum, at the depth of from 40 to 100 feet, throughout the whole earth, where the temperature is invariable at all times and seasons, and which differs but little from the mean annual temperature of the country above. At the equator that stratum is said to be at the depth of little

more than a foot, in places sheltered from the direct rays of the sun; but in temperate climates it is at a much greater depth. In the course of more than half a century, the temperature of the earth, at the depth of 90 feet, in the caves of the Observatory at Paris, has never been above or below 53°, which is only 2° above the mean annual temperature at Paris. "This zone, unaffected by the sun's rays from above, or by the internal heat from below, serves as an origin whence the effects of the external heat are estimated on one side, and the internal temperature of the globe on the other."

During the last hundred years a vast number of observations have been made in the mines of Europe and America, which agree in proving that the temperature of the earth becomes higher in descending towards its centre. To this interesting subject we propose to offer some further details hereafter; our present purpose being to notice a curious phenomenon connected with the inquiry; viz. that in the cold regions of the earth's surface, the soil, to a certain depth, is *always* frozen, whatever may be the temperature of the air and vegetable soil above, or of the strata below. That this is the case, to some small depth, has been long known in Siberia; but it is only recently that the great thickness of the frozen stratum has been ascertained. Gmelin, in his Travels in Siberia, states that at Yakutsk, shortly after the foundation of that town, about a century and a half ago, the soil was found frozen at a depth of ninety-one feet, so that the inhabitants were obliged to give up the sinking of a well. Persons were sent out by the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, about the middle of the last century, to make observations on this subject; they all concurred in the general facts, but appear to have been discredited by men of science. Von Buch, so late as 1825, said, "I am fully convinced that the accounts of the soil being frozen in summer to the depth of many feet, in districts capable of maintaining the growth of shrubs and bushes, are not to be relied on, and that Gmelin's statement that the soil was frozen in a well at Yakutsk at the depth of 100 feet, ought no longer to be quoted in elementary works upon natural philosophy." It will be seen, however, that a much more striking statement than that of Gmelin is now believed by natural philosophers.

A few years ago, a merchant at Yakutsk, of the name of Schargin, began to sink a well, but found the ground frozen so hard that he was about to give up the attempt. Admiral Von Wrangel, the celebrated traveller, advised him however to proceed until he came to the bottom of the icy ground; he did so, and sent to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg a record of his proceedings. He had to dig through a depth of 382 English feet, before he arrived at the loose and unfrozen soil; the whole of the vast intermediate mass of earth being at a temperature below the freezing-point, and almost totally uninfluenced by summer heats. The temperature was about 18° Fahrenheit (14° under the freezing-point) at a few feet below the surface of the ground; and gradually increased with the depth until the freezing-point was attained at about the depth mentioned above.

This observation being deemed worthy of credence, the philosophers of Russia and Germany have been anxious to collect additional facts of a similar kind, in order to determine the limit of frozen soil; that is, the latitude at which the heats of summer become sufficiently powerful to thaw the *whole* of the ground frozen in winter. Humboldt has found the soil frozen at a depth of six feet in lat. 60°. Near Beresov, Erman has found the temperature of the soil, at a depth of twenty-three feet, only just above the freezing-point; and a dead body was found there, which had been buried upwards of ninety-two years in a bed of frozen soil, without showing signs of decomposition. Towards those parts of Siberia which border on the Pacific Ocean, no frozen soil has been found; but in the interior many records have been collected of ground permanently frozen.

It is desirable to explain somewhat more fully what is meant by "frozen soil," or, as it is sometimes termed, "ground-ice," especially as the latter expression is often used in a very different sense. Professor Von Baer, in a communication to the Geographical Society of London, describes the state of the frozen ground very clearly. If the ground be totally free from moisture, it cannot be frozen; but the ground in high northern latitudes is never in this state. Even the sand, though in the arctic summer its surface may now and then be perfectly dry, is always saturated with wet, before the winter begins. If ground be examined which contains only very little moisture in a frozen state, it is very difficult to detect the ice, as it forms an extremely thin partition between the single particles of the earth. Should the moisture be somewhat more considerable before the freezing comes on, small pieces of ice are perceivable in the frozen earth, wherever the spaces between the particles of the soil are large enough to admit them. "These bits of ice," says Professor Baer, "which look like small crystals, I have particularly noticed between the upper layer of soil, which is thawed, and the lower layer in a frozen state. But in the flat marshy districts of the high northern latitudes, which in Russia are called *Fundun* (originally a Finnish word), there is so much water in the ground, that the quantity of water frequently exceeds that of the soil mixed with it. If in the summer you drive a pole into the turf, which is here formed by the grass or the moss, dirty water, mixed with soil, spurts up in a stream, to a considerable height." He also states, that in *Nóvala-Zemlia*, the ground is frequently penetrated by perpendicular clefts or shafts of ice, never more than four inches in thickness, and occurring, principally, in loamy soils. The ground in that region is penetrated by fissures in all directions, which are the result of contraction produced by the frost. In these fissures, which are usually from one to three inches in width, water is collected in summer, and frozen in the following winter; if the fissures go to any considerable depth, the water is never thawed. This is especially the case if the spot be gradually overgrown with a layer of moss.

The term "ground-ice," which is certainly appropriately applied to this frozen soil, is however sometimes applied to ice which forms at the bottom of rivers under certain circumstances, and which it has been suggested to term "bottom ice," to distinguish it from the former. That ice, which is lighter than water, should be formed at the bottom of rivers, while the liquid current flows over it, though often asserted by some, has been strenuously denied by others; but recent observations have confirmed the fact as a real occurrence; and, as the mode of explaining it has some connexion with our present subject, we will briefly allude to it. Different observers have found, that, at the bottom of very rapid rivers, in cold climates, when the bulk of the water is only just above the freezing point, ice may be seen, generally in small crystalline pieces, and apparently attached to the ground by a slight cohesive force. Sometimes the pieces, without any visible cause, become detached from the bottom, and rise to the surface of the water, bringing with them adherent fragments of sand and stone. M. Weitz, the superior officer of the Imperial Russian Mining Corps, observed this phenomenon with great attention in one of the Siberian rivers, and in a Memoir, since translated from the Russian by Colonel Jackson, he thus states his views of the cause of this apparent anomaly. "I conceive that the intensity and long continuance of the cold may freeze the soil to the depth of the bottom of the river, particularly where it is not deep, and that there the diminished velocity of the water permits its congelation, particularly if there be any hollows where the water remains stagnant. So long as the congealed masses continue small with regard to the volume of water immediately above them, they adhere as if rooted to the bottom, but when by degrees they increase in bulk, the difference in their specific gravity operates to overcome their adhesion to the bot-

tom, and they rise, bringing with them such gravel and stones as we find attached to them."

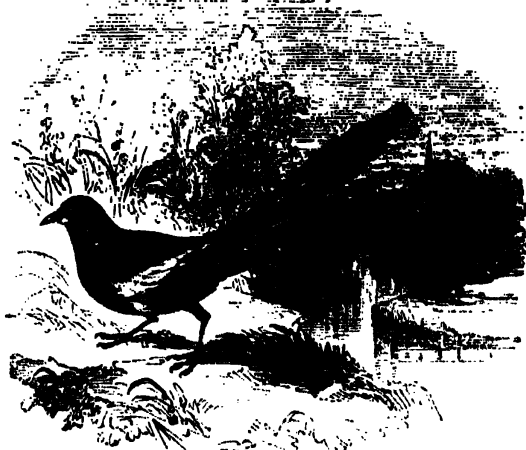
With respect to the depth at which the Siberian ground is frozen, Professor Baer remarks that its determination would throw great light on the nature and formation of springs; because most of the Siberian springs, which have their source at a small depth below the surface, cease to flow in winter, as if their very sources were frozen up; whereas others, which flow all the year round, are supposed to have their source in the warm strata beneath the frozen ground. That the Siberians are familiar with the fact of the drying up of small streams in winter, was shown by an odd incident which occurred to Admiral Wrangel a few years ago. He was riding (to the north of Yakutsk, in about 65° N. lat.) over the ice of a pretty considerable river, when the ice suddenly gave way, and his horse sank: he was himself saved by being thrown on the ice, at the moment his horse fell. He was lamenting the loss of his horse to the Yakutskers who accompanied him, as he knew not how to get another; but they laughed at him, and assured him they would soon get his horse back, and with a dry skin too. They procured some poles and broke away the ice, under which the bed of the river was perfectly dry, as well as the horse and his pack. The cause of the phenomenon, which appeared to be well understood by the natives, was this—the surface of the river had become frozen before the spring itself, but when the latter froze likewise, the supply to the river was cut off, and the river emptied itself, and left a hollow shell of ice where the surface of the water had once been.

The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, desirous of ascertaining how far the influence of the air and of summer heat affects the frozen ground, caused a number of thermometers to be buried in the earth at the sides of the deep well sunk through the soil at Yakutsk. The thermometers were placed at the depth of 1, 3, 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 150, 200, 250, 300, and 350 feet, two at each depth, the bulb of one immersed in the side earth to the depth of a foot, and the other to that of a fathom. These thermometers were to be observed daily for a long period, and there will doubtless be some valuable results obtained from their indications.

Professor Baer has pointed out the desirability of tracing a line round the northern hemisphere, beyond which, northward, there is permanent frozen soil, or ground-ice: and also of determining the depth to which the surface soil is affected by the heat of summer, and the depth of frozen ground beneath. To aid in these investigations, he solicited the cooperation of the Royal Geographical Society of London, at whose suggestion Dr. Richardson, the able and enterprising Arctic traveller, has drawn up a series of instructions for the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The object is to collect information from every part of the Company's vast territories in North America, respecting the state of the soil at various depths from the surface, and in various latitudes. Investigations of this kind are now being carried on in the northern parts of both continents, and we may confidently look forward to the acquisition of much valuable information on this interesting subject.

TRUE HUMILITY.

If we can forbear thinking proudly of ourselves, and that it is only God's goodness if we exceed other men in any thing; if we heartily desire to do all the good we can to others; if we do cheerfully submit to any affliction, as that which we think best for us, because God has laid it upon us; and receive any blessings He vouchsafes to confer upon us, as His own bounty, and very much above our merit; He will bless this temper of ours into that humility which he expects and accepts.—*Lord Clarendon.*



THE MAGPIE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.

No. V.

THE CORVIDÆ, OR CROW FAMILY. (Concluded.)

IN the preceding paper the habits of a large portion of the Corvidæ were described; four species, the raven, carrion-crow, hooded, and red-legged crow, have passed before us from their woodland haunts, or rocky homes on the sea-coast. Let us now turn to the fifth division of the crow family.

V. THE ROOK. (*Corvus Frugilegus*.)—This bird is continually confounded with the crow, even by persons who are accustomed to see both birds every day. There is some little excuse for this error, as the appearance of the two Corvidæ is nearly the same, though their habits are sufficiently distinct to prevent such a classification by naturalists. When the rook is full grown, it may be distinguished by a peculiar bareness round the lower part of the beak, as if the constant habit of digging in the ground for insects had worn off the feathers; not that such is the case, as we shall presently see: This bareness gives a white and scaly appearance to the base of the bill, which may be readily observed, even at a distance. The colour of the bird is a rich glossy black, relieved by bluish tints on the sides of the neck and head.

Linnaeus gave it the name of *frugilegus*, which term signifies a collector of grain, and was deemed an appropriate designation for a grain feeder. The appellation would be correct did the rook live wholly on grain, but this is not the case, as the food of the bird consists chiefly of insects; certainly, it feeds as much on them as on grain. *Frugilegus* is, therefore, scarcely more appropriate to the rook than to the crow.

Some have lately tried to elevate the rook by giving him a new name, which is, however, more objectionable than the old-fashioned Linnean appellation. This new term is *predatorius*, a word of bad sound, implying the possession of savage qualities, habits of prey, and a thievish disposition. To all these charges the rook may plead "not guilty." The term *frugilegus* may not be sufficiently descriptive, as it comprehends only one of the bird's feeding habits, but it is true as far as it goes; whereas *predatorius* conveys a wrong notion, and is more appropriate to the hawk or vulture than the rook. The name of *grain-collecting-crow* is certainly more applicable than that of the *preying-crow*; the term *frugilegus* has, therefore, been retained in this article, as more appropriate than *predatorius*, to this bird. For though the rook does sometimes engage in battle with hawks, this is for the protection of its young, not from a predacious disposition. The food of this bird may be inferred from the perseverance with which it follows the plough as it turns up the bottom of the heavy clods.

How seldom do we see the plough-share at work without the attendant rooks following with watchful eyes the plough-man's track! Mark how the birds descend into the furrows, how repeatedly the powerful bill searches into each freshly turned up clod! What is the object of this scrutiny? Not grain, certainly; but abundance of worms and grubs are thrown up from their former hiding places, and exposed to the keen eye of the hungry rook. When we consider the clouds of rooks which, in the course of a year, descend on the lands of one parish, it must be evident that myriads of insects and grubs are annually destroyed by these birds. In those instances, the rook is certainly a friend to the farmer; such hosts of insects would quickly reduce his most promising field to a waste. But the services of the *corvus frugilegus* are not over when the ploughing season has passed. The daily wants of the bird force him to a perpetual seeking for food, and it so happens that the grubs and insects most destructive to vegetation are eagerly sought for by the rook. When the young wheat springs up, it is exposed to the depredations of numerous grubs, which feed on its roots, and soon render the plant sickly. Now these grubs are the rook's prized morsels; he quickly discovers the fields where they lurk, and attacks the subterranean depredators. The rustic, seeing the rooks descend on the wheat lands, and dig up the wheat, fancies the birds are destroying the hope of the future harvest, and immediately attacks his valuable auxiliaries with powder and shot. He does not probably detect the appearance of disease in the wheat, and is ignorant of the important services the dreaded birds are rendering.

The agriculturist may be certain of one thing, that the rook is more beneficial than hurtful to his crops; the bird never *prefers* grain; it would much rather feed on insects; and in spring these are generally abundant, consequently the rook has then little temptation to attack the newly sown seeds. This may sometimes be the case in frosty weather, when insects cannot be procured; or in dry seasons, when they are too deep in the ground to be reached by the rook's beak. Wheat-ricks are then attacked; but this is an extraordinary event, and, therefore, no criterion by which to ascertain the food most preferred by the rook. Those who have tamed these birds, always find insects eaten in preference to seeds; indeed, grain is uniformly rejected when an insectivorous diet is procurable. The farms in our southern counties are often infested by the grub of the cockchafer; these are eagerly sought by the rook, which thus removes a source of mischief from the land.

Those who have seen a field of turnips perishing from the attacks of insect myriads, can estimate the advantages derived from the destruction of the eggs, from which so terrible a pest has issued. The good services of the rook are nevertheless often overlooked, and his whole species persecuted to death by the farmers in some places. What is the result of these rook-slaughters? Abundance of grain, plentiful crops, and full barns? Let us see what happened in our own country not many years ago. Some Devonshire agriculturists, having brought themselves to regard the *corvus frugilegus* as the destroyer of their corn, combined for the annihilation of all such birds within their district. Powder and shot soon began their work; the surprised rooks fell in thousands, and their gothic destroyers exulted over the effects of their skill and valour. The birds had no chance in such a war; whole colonies perished, and the caw of a rook was almost as great a rarity as the scream of an eagle. The farmers were in high glee; village boys had reaped a harvest of pence for their efforts in the grand extermination: but the time of retribution came; the laws of nature had been disregarded by such a destruction in one of her kingdoms, and the results appeared in a shape most unexpected by those who had neglected the great truth, that nothing has been formed for evil. For three years the crops failed, insects and grubs of every order

increased, and the *Corvidæ* at last awoke to some perception of their egregious blunder. Every attempt was then made to attract rooks to the neighbourhood, and some landholders went so far as to procure numbers of the birds from a distance to replenish the desolated rookeries of the district. These efforts at last succeeded: though some time elapsed before the consequences of the great slaughter were checked. Such lessons have often been taught to those men who are ever regarding nature as their foe. It is impossible to estimate the benefits derived from the operations of the rooks upon ploughed lands, from which millions of grubs are extracted by these birds. It has been calculated that sixty thousand acres of wheat are destroyed every year in England by the wire-worm only. The employment of boys to pick out the grubs has frequently cost the agriculturist large sums of money; fifteen thousand have been taken from a single acre by boys, each of whom collected six hundred a day. How much more effective a flock of birds, on such lands, than a troop of boys! How rich is the appearance of the ploughed fields, when the pale golden light of the evening sun casts its mellowing tints over a thousand furrows! How little do we suppose that tens of thousands of destructive grubs are lurking in those smiling fields to destroy the farmer's hopes! For their destruction various flocks of birds are provided in the system of nature; and the rook is not the least efficient amongst such agents.

Few peculiarities in the habits of the rook have attracted more observation than those colonies, called rookeries, which so frequently impart a charm to ancient English parks. The traveller hears, amid the evening stillness, the cawings from some crowded establishment break upon the solitude; the rooks seem engaged by thousands in some "faction tumult," starting, by their multitudinous voices, the prowling fox, or flitting owl. There are certain times of the year in which these rook-argumentations are more frequently heard; the beginning of April is particularly signalized by such *conversaciones*. Probably the various little pifflings then committed by the less honest birds upon the nests of others may contribute to these evening tumults. We can imagine a pair of rooks labouring through the day to build a comfortable house for their young, and conceive their rage upon finding, at their return from a long journey, the half-formed nest despoiled of the materials collected with so much toil. At once the alarm cry is raised, the whole rookery responds, till at length a thousand aerial tocsins send their echoes for miles around. At other times these combined cawings are of a more peaceful character, as if the rooks were enjoying a pleasant consultation over the events of the world beneath, before retiring to their nightly rest.

What tranquil and pleasing feelings are called up, when these soothing sounds are heard in the happy quietude of some half-park, half-forest district! An avenue of ancient elms, planted in the time of James I. forms the noble approach to an old manorial residence, the foundation stones of which can tell us somewhat of the days when the Third Edward brought within the halls of Windsor the chivalry of England. The home of an ancient family is in ruins, gnarled and gigantic ivy trunks prop the weary walls like faithful adherents of a departed lord, and wild flowers, growing on the turrets, wait their fragrance over the desolate courtyard.

Here, for ages, amid changes of royal dynasties, the rooks have held their homes, faithful to their ancient trees. Oft, at fall of evening, their melancholy cawings sound in peculiar unison with the plaintive and never-ending voice of the distant water-fall. Such sounds suit such places, and produce in feeling minds all the effects of rich and tender poetry. The writer has often felt the power of those melancholy rook-notes, in the solemnly beautiful church-yard of St. P—; there, in the calm days of May, the voice of the bird sounds

mournfully soft over the numerous hillocks and tombs which mark the undisturbed homes of many generations. It is marvellous that persons can be found to destroy rookeries beautifully placed on an estate, and furnishing, throughout all seasons of the year, innumerable matters to delight and interest the owner. Still it is not easy to destroy a rook-kingdom; the birds will submit, age after age, to constant attack, and annual slaughterings of their young, preferring their ancient homes with perpetual dangers, to a new settlement with peace.

The rooks are certainly fond of noises, either produced by themselves or human beings; they appear also to take pleasure in the operations and busy works of man, and frequently establish themselves in the heart of a crowded city, where, from their high places, they observe, with an amusing gravity, the pomp and circumstance of earth, the triumphal march and funeral procession. Many rookeries are found in and about London, though its vast extension, and the destruction of many clumps of old trees, have diminished the corvine colonies. Rooks cannot, it is presumed, have any particular sympathy with legal pursuits; the customs of common law comprehend no privilege for them, nor do statutes recognise their rights; but these birds did formerly honour the lawyers in the Temple with their company, and amused by their tricks many a pupil of Themis. Probably those who have described what they facetiously, and with a sly reference to Westminster Hall, called "Rook Courts," (a jabbering assemblage of quarrelsome rooks,) in which we are gravely told a thievish bird is formally tried, condemned, and punished, by its fellow rooks, may find a good reason for the existence of rooks in the Temple. Such solemn proceedings must have required some little acquaintance with Temple studies, if not with the practice of the Old Bailey Court or Westminster Hall! Whether the moral notions of the rooks received a shock from their intimacy with gentlemen learned in the law, or they suffered persecution from the templars, is a nice question, into which the reader must not be drawn. These birds are no longer heard in the Temple, and the future Attorney-general, or Chancellor, must be contented with the occasional view of some passing over the spot which all must regret to see abandoned by such companionable bipeds.

The desire for nearness to human habitations is sometimes singularly manifested by the rook. Some have been known to build on the tops of weather-cocks, as was the case in Newcastle, in Welborne, and other places. Many of those who read these accounts have, perhaps, seen an engraving representing a rook's nest built on the vane of the Exchange in Newcastle. The print brings before the eye a spire surmounted by a tall weather-cock; on the vane is a nest, on the nest a rook is sitting, and round it a flock of young rooks are circling in sportive flight. The construction of a nest on such an ever-moving foundation may be represented as a proof of the perfection of bird instinct; into this metaphysical sea we are not about to sail; the fact is only adduced to illustrate the rook's determination to be at times a very near neighbour to man. Vast numbers of rooks made their dwellings in the ancient walls of Windsor Castle, trusting to the immunities secured by the vicinity of royalty, and laying under contribution the wide domain of that rich part of Berkshire. In the early dawn, on a still summer's morning, were their countless cawings heard by the sentinel pacing the ramparts, and thousands of dark wings swept over the keep, long before the royal standard of England opened its rich folds to the rising sun.

The extensive repairs undertaken by George IV. led to the expulsion of the rooks from their castellated homes, though large rookeries are yet abundant in the vicinity of the Castle. These rookeries are not increased by the influx of birds from other settlements, the laws of these republics being most rigid in the exclusion of foreigners. No sooner does a stranger attempt

to settle in an old colony than he is furiously attacked and beaten off by the natives. A rook wishing to change his home must, therefore, retire into solitude, construct a lonely nest, and become the founder of a new colony. No opposition is ever made to the settlement of the young broods in the rookery, but these frequently depart in flocks to form small rook-states in the neighbouring trees. The fondness shown by the rooks for their nests does not keep the birds to their lofty homes through the year; after the young have flown, the rookery is for a time deserted; both old and young preferring the freedom of the fields and woods to the limits of their settlement. In this respect we may liken the rooks to those wild Indian tribes who pass one period of the year in their wigwams, and the remainder in the hunting-grounds.

During the bright flush of summer's beauteousness the rooks range hills, plains, and woodlands, giving themselves up to the gladsome spirit of that happy time. The first cry of the autumnal storms sends the rooks to the shelter of the forest; but, when primroses steal softly out on the sunny banks, and the violet peeps from her leafy nooks, then the birds return to their winter-shaken nests, which are quickly put into a habitable condition.

Notwithstanding the preference evinced by the rook for the neighbourhood of human beings, it has an unmistakable objection to come very near to men themselves. Those who attempt to shoot these birds know the extreme difficulty of getting within gun-shot distance. The sight of a stick carried over the shoulder is sufficient to send an immense flock from the most prized feeding-ground. A passenger going along the road suffices to set a thousand wings in motion. This wariness arises from the constant attacks made upon the young birds, which naturally retain some dread for anything in the shape of a gun. The rook is a migratory bird in high northern latitudes, where he does not object to pass the summer, but departs on the approach of the winter storms. This bird visits Siberia on the approach of summer, soothing the Russian exile with its long drawn note, and sweeping with busy wing over the extended northern plains.

When winter sounds his approach in whirlwinds and snow, the rooks gather in vast flocks, and sail towards more temperate regions. With us the bird remains the whole year, enjoying the luxuriance of our summer, and sustaining the severity of winter with little harm.

Sometimes a hot summer destroys a great many, as no insects can then be obtained except at the earliest dawn, when the freshening dew sparkles on millions of light green blades, and attracts to the surface numerous worms. But such a time is too short for a satisfactory meal, and the rook is unable to procure nourishment from the parched soil. It is at these times that the rook becomes injurious to the farmer. He will then dig up young potatoes and turnips, and also steal grain from the stacks. Thus, when we are delighting in the gorgeous splendours of rich landscapes, and the summer-tinted foliage of ancient forests, the rook is starving in the midst of all this beauty, which is to him a desolation.

There is one peculiarity in the rook which has caused numerous disputes amongst naturalists. The lower part of the beak in young birds is covered with feathers, which fall off in August. The question which has been raised is, whether the feathers fall off *naturally*, or in consequence of the *friction* caused by the beak entering the earth in search of food. The latter supposition does not seem worthy of much credit, as the same effect is not produced in birds which thrust their beaks into the ground quite as deep as the rook. The carrion-crows, magpies, and jays, use their beaks for spades in a most effective manner, without depriving themselves of their feathers. If friction produces such a bareness in the rook, how do those birds retain their plumage? The feathers have been found to fall out at the proper time

in tamed rooks, which had not used their beaks to dig for food. In this case the feather-dropping cannot be ascribed to friction. If the loss of the feathers arose from friction, they would appear again after moulting, which is not the case. The bared part is covered by a whitish and rough skin, indicating a complete alteration in the bird's system. The reason of this peculiar organization is not known, though some important end must be answered by such a change.

VI. THE JACKDAW. (*Corvus Monticola*.) This bird has a great resemblance to his brother the rook in habits and voice, and Cowper might not improperly say of it,

"There is a bird who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow."

In size, the jackdaw yields, of course, to the crow or rook, being seldom above thirteen or fourteen inches long; but in activity and cunning is surpassed by no member of the feathered tribes. If the reader has ever crept into a turret inhabited by these birds, he may have seen something of the manners of these loquacious strutting *corvidæ*. The appearance alone entitles it to some little attention. It has not certainly the brilliant-coloured coat of the parrot; but its grave colours partake of the sprightliness pertaining to the bird's air and habits. His coat may be called black, but pleasing bluish tints give richness to this black, which is further relieved by a greyish colouring on the neck and breast. This is the general dress of the jackdaw; sometimes a member of the family wears a garb wholly black, whilst others appear in grey apparel. It is pleasant to see a flock darting about some time-worn tower on a sunny day, when their bright bodies flash out many brilliant hues as they dart to and fro. Most birds show a preference for certain localities, away from which they are not happy. Some delight in the deep solitudes and gloom of pathless woods, others choose the caverns of sea-beaten cliffs, where the surges ever beat and foam. The jackdaws have also their favourite dwelling places, in the choice of which they evince a disposition to become the companions of man. Where cathedral pinnacles point heavenwards, there may these birds be found; where college towers rise from ancient homes of learning, the gowned student hears their incessant converse. Gothic spires, and castellated ramparts afford many a retreat for the jackdaw, which sometimes, however, will stoop to inhabit chimneys and such like places of refuge. At Cambridge the jackdaws are nobly lodged, having appropriated the towers of that glorious pile, the chapel of King's College, for their homes. There, in the silence of the "long vacation" they enliven the place; often, when the stranger is hastening to attend the chapel service, his attention is arrested by flocks of jackdaws darting from those regal towers.

However interesting such a spectacle may be to the student or townsman, it cannot be said that the keepers of the neighbouring botanical gardens have much reason to like the proximity of these jackdaws. The birds have found the pieces of wood, on which the genus and species of each plant are marked, well suited for the construction of their nests, and have drawn them from the ground in such numbers, that the most phlegmatic gardener might be excused for wishing "death to the jackdaws." The extent of this annoyance may be judged from the fact that eighteen dozen of these label-sticks were at one time taken from a chimney in the neighbourhood of the garden. They had been collected there by a pair which, from some jackdaw whim, or, perhaps, from quarrels with their fellows, preferred a nest in the sooty receptacle to a more elevated home in the chapel turrets. The quantity of materials sometimes used for a nest, and the skill shown in its construction, were demonstrated by one raised in the bell-tower of Eton College

(1) Perhaps it is needless to inform the reader that Henry VI. founded this college.

Chapel by a pair of jackdaws. They had built their house on the ledge of a narrow opening left in the turret wall for the admission of light. A flight of stone steps leads to the top of the tower; one of these steps was under the nest, and upon this a large pile of sticks had been raised, until the summit touched the base of the nest, which was rather wider than the ledge. The birds did not require this cartload of sticks for the nest, but for the construction of the column of support. The process by which the jackdaws were led to raise such a pile may thus be exhibited. The birds having finished the nest, found the ledge on which it had been built too narrow for a safe support. The nest required a prop; this was quickly supplied by the stack of twigs and sticks raised on one of the turret stairs, and continued upwards against the wall until it reached the bottom of the nest, which was then securely fixed. This supporting column was ten feet high, and occupied the laborious birds seventeen days in the spring of 1842. The jackdaws did not long enjoy the fruit of their labours; their curious bit of architecture attracted so many visitors that the little constructors became frightened, and abandoned the place. Cowper has humorously alluded to the love of the jackdaw for church towers, steeples, and similar places, in the lines translated from the latin of Vincent Bourne, whose piece beginning "*Nigras inter aves avis est*," is thus modified by the English poet:—

"There is a bird, who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

"Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up, your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
And chooses it the rather.

"Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease."

The jackdaws soon become on familiar terms with man, who sometimes suffers from their incessant pilfering habits; for the jackdaw, with all his agreeable qualities, is rather unmindful of human laws in his appropriations of property. Often some elegant bit of lace, frills, handkerchiefs, gloves, and even pieces of money are found in the nests. Such objects, when placed on a bush to dry, or left on the grass, are soon seized upon by the meddling bird, which seems unable to resist the temptation to steal bright and attractive articles. This bad character belongs to the jackdaw in all countries frequented by the species, so that little hope exists of amendment.

Jackdaws remain in England through the year, but only visit the northern parts of Europe during summer; for, unlike some members of the crow family, they love an easy life of bright sunshine, in pleasant climes, where insects, worms, and fruit abound.

This species is general throughout Europe, and abounds in Ceylon, where it performs the work of the carrion-crow, consuming the offal and other decaying substances. For these services it is protected by the natives, and leads a secure and happy life, unmolested by guns or snares. These birds keep in pairs through many years, and, perhaps, as some assert, for life; thus presenting, amidst a multitude of mischievous propensities, one quality which betokens affection and steadiness. The eggs have a bluish or greenish tinge over which many dark brown or black spots are scattered.

VII. THE MAGPIE. (*Corvus Pica*.) Few would, perhaps,

reckon the magpies amongst the crows, to which family their habits unite them. Certainly, the dark crow differs much from the variegated magpie in appearance; but in temper and mode of life they will not be found to differ. The magpie is a beautiful bird, and few sights are more interesting to him who walks at eventide in a lane shaded by rich foliage, than the sudden appearance of the pied wings glancing in the golden sunset. There are two varieties of this bird, the larger, called by some the tree-magpie, the smaller, the bush-magpie. The tree-magpie displays a more brilliant plumage, and is much heavier and stronger than the other variety, from which it is easily distinguished by an attentive observer. The beauty of the magpie cannot be clearly discerned during the short time of its appearance on the wing, when, startled from some leafy retreat it flies heavily to the nearest sheltering copse or brake. We see then only the black and white plumage; but could we approach sufficiently near, various brilliant hues of violet, green, and purple would appear. These bright tints are lost in the tamed magpie, which has not a sufficiency of the excitement necessary to preserve the perfect colours of the plumage. As an Indian taken from his woods or wild savannahs to a dungeon loses the fierce air, and bold carriage, of his tribe, so do certain birds lose, in a restrained state, the vivacity and beauty which belong to them in their native haunts. The magpies are fond of dwelling in the neighbourhood of human habitations, though careful not to approach too near to man himself, a distrust taught by a too free use of the gun against their race. In Norway, where they are from some cause respected, numbers perch on the dwellings in the towns, building their nests about the houses and churches as swallows do with us, and are seen in the church-yards, perching on the grave-stones, and chattering amidst the solitudes of the tombs.

One peculiar custom prevails in Drontheim at Christmas, when the inhabitants place a sheaf of corn outside the houses for the magpies, that they may share in the festivities of the season.

In some parts of the North of England the birds, being little molested, build close to farm-houses, where a pair will dwell year after year, growing in familiarity with the residents.

The magpie's nest has long been celebrated for its beautiful construction, and some marvellous stories are told of the ingenuity displayed in its formation. Whatever we may think of such tales, the architectural skill of the magpie is indisputable.

This bird is placed amongst the dome-builders, in consequence of an arch-like structure thrown partly over the nest; the object of which is, probably, to secure additional protection for the eggs or young against the attacks of predacious birds.

The construction of the nest attracted the observation of the earliest writers on Natural History, and Albertus Magnus, a bishop and voluminous writer of the thirteenth century, makes two assertions, which yet engage the attention of Naturalists. The first supposes the magpie to construct a hole in that part of the nest which is immediately opposite the entrance, through which back-door the bird escapes from an enemy attacking the front entrance. For hundreds of years, has this been reported of the magpie's nest. Is it true? One assertion may safely be made. All magpies do not so form their houses; for in many nests no such opening can be detected. On the other hand, some magpies' nests exhibit something like an opening, through which the bird in a moment of danger might make its escape; and Mr. Jesse states distinctly, that a magpie once escaped from him through such an aperture; remarking that it was not a well-defined hole, but sufficient for escape. This writer very justly doubts whether all magpies form their nests on this plan, and is disposed to ascribe such nests to the bush-magpie, which, from building in low shrubs, is more exposed to danger than

the larger species. If the two-doored structure be admitted to exist, it shows a peculiar application of bird-instinct; and to deny it wholly seems unreasonable. May not this imperfect opening be a result of the bird's sitting on the nest? The bush-magpie, in whose nest the hole occurs, has a tail longer, in proportion to its body, than the tree-magpie; and, the nests being deep, the tail of the bird must press strongly against the side. May not this constant pressure displace many twigs, and produce an opening, through which the bird darts, when the true entrance is blocked up by an enemy? We are also told by some that the magpie aims to deceive those who search after its nest, by building a number of false nests in the vicinity of the true. May not these nests have been abandoned for some reason by the birds? The magpie, undoubtedly, evinces much caution in the choice of a place for its nest, which requires the densest foliage to conceal it, as the diameter from one *outside* to the opposite is full twenty-five inches, the sides being very thick. We accordingly find these structures in the centre of impenetrable masses of briars or thorns, which defy the approach of the naked human hand; or so concealed in the heart of tall thorns, or ancient ash-trees, that few eyes have a chance of detecting the bird's home. This combination of skill and prudence was the origin of the following fable, which depreciates the architecture of other birds, as much as it praises the skill of the magpie.

"As the magpie alone knew the art of building a perfect nest, many of the feathered tribe came to him for instruction, upon which he began: 'First of all, my friends, you must lay two sticks across, thus.' Said the crow, 'I thought that was the way to begin.' 'You must then lay a feather on a bit of moss.' 'Certainly,' said the jackdaw, 'I knew that must follow.' 'Then place more straw, feathers, sticks, and moss, like this.' 'Yes, doubtless,' said the starling, 'any one could tell how to do that.' At last, when the magpie had gone half way, finding every bird seemed to know as well as he did what to do, he said, 'Gentlemen, I find you can all build nests, so you need not my instruction; and away he flew. So to this day, none but the magpie can build more than half a nest.' This bird has never fallen into a like bad repute with the raven or owl; but the peasantry in many parts regard the magpie's motions with superstitious feelings. Some imagine that all cattle will quickly die, on which the bird has perched, though, with a peculiar logic, they infer the safety of a house, on the roof of which a magpie has been seen. Should one of these birds cross a bridal party on the road to church, sad are the apprehensions of all. The magpie's food resembles that of the carrion crow, consisting of eggs, which the bird carries off on its bill, young birds, leverets, fish, frogs, mice, carrion, and grain, to which last it only resorts when hungry. Rats are often killed by magpies, which thus compensate for any little tax which they may lay on the game preserves. Magpies often hide for the future the food which may not be required for present use, and great stores have sometimes been discovered by workmen. These birds inhabit an extensive range, being found in most European countries, also in China, North and South America. The variety of their food, and active habits, evidently fit them for such diversities of climate. The Irish think their country was formerly without magpies, and an old versifier sings—

"No pies to pluck the thatch from house,
Are bred in Irish ground."

The magpie has now found its way thither, and the above lines can be sung no more by Irish harpers.

The magpie is exceedingly watchful during the night, when it is aroused by the least noise, and is suspicious of evil in any unusual sound. Thus orchard-stealers have been detected in consequence of the clamorous outcries raised by the frightened bird, and Waterton mentions the detection of a thief by himself from the

same cause. The bird's concern is, of course, for its nest or young, which plunderers approach nearer than is agreeable to the magpie's notions of safety.

If one pair can arouse a whole house at night by their sharp angry notes, the reader may imagine the tumult caused by undue intrusion into their winter haunts in woods, where hundreds of magpies collect during the severe weather.

The eggs of these birds are of a pale yellow, spotted with brown and slate coloured-marks. Such are the usual markings, but those acquainted with birds are aware of the differences constantly occurring between eggs of the same species. Thus the magpie's egg has sometimes a greenish, in place of a yellowish ground. These varieties are as much to be expected in the eggs belonging to the same species of birds, as in the complexion of children of the same race or country.

The space appropriated to these articles compels the writer to close at this point his notices of the *Corvidæ*.

He had intended to furnish some account of the jays, (*Corri glandarii*), but the descriptions already given of the crow-family, will, it is hoped, suffice for the reader's introduction to this division of the bird-world. The *Corvidæ* are the first family of the order *Insectorum*, (perching birds,) as yet noticed in this series; others of this large order will follow, disclosing many of those principles of adaptation and beauty by which the world of life is ever ruled.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.¹

A LETTER from Captain Sturt, dated the 21st of December, states, that on the preceding day he had reached the Darling, after a most perilous journey from the depôt, a distance of 270 miles. He effected his retreat with great difficulty, the first water being 115 miles from the depôt. He was absolutely forced to make the attempt, for the only other alternative was to remain and "rot at the old post." The heat was perfectly horrible; and had they not been providentially visited with a change of wind and a shower of rain, which cooled the air and ground, they would have perished. They did not, as it turned out, lose even a sheep. After this account of the retreat, Captain Sturt proceeds to detail the transactions from the time when he was last heard of. It may be remembered that it was his intention to proceed to the north-west, in the hope of finding an inland sea. He says:

"I went from the old depôt to Lake Torrens, hoping to find a country affording a practicable route to the north, but was disappointed. I returned to the depôt to make a more extensive excursion to the north-west. On the 14th of August I left the camp with Mr. Brown and three men, taking fifteen weeks' provisions; but after penetrating to latitude 24° 30' and longitude 138°, I was obliged to return, from the failure both of water and grass. Mr. Brown also suffered greatly from scurvy, but was too high-minded to complain. He is indeed an estimable young man, and has been as a brother to me.

"We passed over a country of alternate sandhills and flats, until I struck upon a creek, beyond which the country was more open, and more subject to floods; we crossed over extensive plains subject to deep inundations, but soon again got on sandhills. From them we descended to a stony plain of boundless extent, on which the horses left no track, and where no object was visible on the horizon from which take to bearings. Cross-

(1) From a recent No. of the Adelaide Observer.

ing these, we descended to flats like a ploughed field, on which water had subsided, stretching to the north-east and south-west, further than the range of vision, and without a blade of vegetation. From this we again ascended sand-ridges of a most formidable description, and found the country to the west so bad, where we attempted to penetrate in that direction, and surface-water so scarce, that we were obliged to turn to the north at 50 miles, with only two small puddles to depend on. I struck a creek, which I traced up 60 miles, when I got on a country of salt formation, covered with samphire, and other salsolaceous productions, with numbers of dry beds of lagoons, all white as snow with salt. Passing this, we once more found ourselves among sand-ridges, perfectly insurmountable, and so close that the base of one touched the base of another—the whole country sand. The sandhills were of a fiery red, and they ran for miles and miles in parallel rows, with points like the vanishing points of an avenue. But there was neither grass nor water to be found; and after trying all points of the compass, I gave it up, and returned to the depôt, after an absence of seven weeks, and a ride of 924 miles.

"The men were all knocked up, and the horses completely leg-weary; but I was dissatisfied with this journey, and there was little time for hesitation. Therefore, after giving the animals six days' rest, I left the camp, with Mr. Stewart, leaving Mr. Brown in charge of the camp, whose readiness to do any thing I wished lightened my labours. I took two men and nine weeks' provisions, my object being to try to enter the tropics, to ascertain if there was any water between me and the north coast, or if the desert extends to the very tropics. I went due north, and struck a most splendid creek at 123 miles from the depôt. Here I had a thunder-storm that lasted half an hour, and left some surface-water, dependent on which I crossed it, and ran out 170 miles without finding a single channel for conveyance of water. I dug five wells, but had little hope of benefiting from them. I was at length brought up by a stony desert, that stretched before us in absolute boundlessness. Where there were sandhills in it before, the sandhills were now covered with stone, similar to the plain itself. I was in the centre of a dark and adamant sea, without an object by which to steer my course. I was 41 miles advanced in this gloomy region, and 52 from water. My horses had already been one day without water, and I could not hope to reach the other water under a day and a half, including part of the night; yet I hesitated to turn back. It was an irresistible influence that drove me back, certainly contrary to my own inclinations. I was well nigh too late. I lost three horses, but that was of no consequence on such an occasion. I got back to the creek, after having reached latitude $25^{\circ} 45'$, and longitude $139^{\circ} 13'$.

"From the creek on which I was I had seen high and broken ranges to the north-east, and I now determined on examining them and the creek. I therefore went up the latter 120 miles; but I found that it was leading me away from the ranges, and I ultimately got to its termination, or rather head, in some extensive plains. The creek was as large as the Darling, and was flanked by a box-tree forest, in grassy land, to a considerable distance from its banks. Here I fell in with a numerous population, passing three or four small tribes every day; but the news of our kind treatment of them had spread through the country, and they evinced no alarm, but did all they could to serve us.

"On October 3d, I was at the head of the creek, and all at once found myself in presence of about 270 or 280 natives, encamped on a rising piece of ground under a large sandhill I had descended. On seeing us they set up a great shout, but when I rode slowly down the hill there was a dead silence; then I dismounted, and, giving my horse to one of the men, walked over to the

natives, who received me very kindly, brought me troughs of water and baked seeds, and invited me to sleep at one of their fires; but, observing a small clump of trees about 50 yards away from the native camp, I told them that I would sleep there, to which they gave a ready assent, and carried over firewood for our use, which was very scarce. These people were the finest I have seen in Australia. Many stood six, several more than six feet high. They were well made, and had not the pot-bellies of the natives in general. They were frank and merry people, and told me all they could. They assured me there was no water to the east or north, and were quite distressed when I persisted next day in going to the eastward. The women were engaged to a late hour in bruising seed for cakes, and the noise they made was like the working of looms in a manufacturing town. At ten o'clock all was hushed, and, for the remainder of the night, no one would have known that there were so many human beings near.

"From this point I turned westward, and, taking up a branch creek, went towards the ranges; but I got into a terrible country, and found that the effects of refraction had deceived me with regard to the ranges, and that they were nothing but masses of sand or rock, 300 to 500 feet high. I saw that I was getting near the scene of the greatest turmoil, where the water passed over this dreary waste, and left the shivered fragments of mountains behind it. Here again water and grass failed me; and I was forced to abandon this trying task on the 9th of November, being unable to contend against the season and country. I had done all that I could do, and had again run the risk of being altogether cut off; indeed, so near was it, that I drained the last drop of mud—for it was not water—out of a pool that four weeks before was 150 yards broad, and 200 to 300 long. I lost two horses, and regretted them very much. I reached the depôt (which Mr. Brown had been obliged to move during my absence, in consequence of the putridity of the water) on the 17th, having ridden 843 miles in five weeks, less three days.

"I had been exposed for twelve weeks to an excessive heat, had had insufficient food, had drunk loathsome water, and at length my iron constitution, under disappointment, anxiety, and weakness, gave way. The day I made the camp I had been eighteen hours on horse-back; and when I dismounted, the spasmodic action of the muscles of my thighs was so violent as almost to throw me forward. I had, in truth, ridden all day in great pain. The next day the scurvy, latent in me for eleven months, seized me. The muscles of my thighs contracted, and I was laid prostrate on my mattress. I am still unable to walk or stand, but I am otherwise well in health; and I hope that, with all the good things my friends have sent me, I shall get round."

Another note says:

"The Ana Branch of the Darling, Jan. 5, 1846.

"I have, as you will hear, done nothing but toil through a desert that I believe is unequalled in the world. My investigations, however, were geographical, not with any direct view of finding good land; and as far as the geography of the interior goes, I think there will not be much difficulty, from the data I shall be enabled to furnish, in making a pretty good guess as to what the greater portion of it is. All I can say is, that this has been one of the most difficult and anxious tasks that could have fallen to the lot of any man. For myself, thank God, I am getting better. Six weeks are quite long enough to be deprived of the use of one's legs; but I am yet thankful it is no worse. I hope to be in Adelaide about the end of the month. I cannot at present ride, but shall be able to do so in a week or ten days."

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.¹

"The earth has bubbles as the water hath."
SHAKESPEARE.

I.

Where green and fair, around a crystal lake,
Its flowery banks an endless fragrance fling,
Where birds, untired, perpetual music make,
And all the year is fresh unfading spring;
There lies the land, if ancient tales speak truth,
Of Elf and Fay—the wondrous "Land of Youth."²

II.

Oft sits the Mermaid, when the sun is high,
Beside that stream, and combs her golden hair,
Watching the waters with unwearied eye,
Which tell, how truly, that her form is fair.
While, all in arms, O'Donoghue the Brave
Spurs his white charger o'er the crested wave.³

III.

'Tis said, they dwell beneath the silent stream
In unseen palaces, and sunken domes;
There the Elf-Queen her sceptre sways supreme,
And rules the revels in the fairy homes:
And hence the moon recalls them from their mirth,
To work their pleasure on the Sons of Earth.

IV.

Their pomp and joy there are who lightly hold,
And say their feasts are fictions for the eye:
Not such the tale the Truthful Rhymer told,
Who fix'd his love, and not in vain, so high.
O that his harp were in my hand, to tell
The wondrous tale as truly and as well.

V.

He sate at noon beneath the Eildon Tree,⁴
Musing perchance on ancient prophecies,
When lo! a maiden, passing fair to see,
Brightest of visions, passed the minstrel's eyes;
Around her form a grass-green mantle flow'd,
Shrouding the milk-white palfrey that she rode.

VI.

Well might his heart such moving charms confess—
He laid his hand upon her broider'd rein,
And ask'd one kiss upon her lips to press;
But long besought the maiden's love in vain.
"Ah, no!" she said; "for should I grant the boon,
The charms you praise would change and vanish soon."

VII.

Yet still so warily and so well he wooed,
Won by his prayer the blushing maid relented:
Sprang from her steed, and as she dubious stood,
The fatal kiss was given—and repented.
Sad was the change! a wrinkled hag, and old,
Toothless, and bald, the Rhymer's eyes beheld.

VIII.

No time for wond'ring grief—she bids him fly,
Mounted behind her, on a perilous chase,
And leaving the green earth, and sun, and sky,
Swiftly they sped through dark and pathless space;
Nor sight nor sound of earth was in their course,
Save a deep rushing as of waters hoarse.

IX.

At length returning light a garden show'd
From whence three paths to different regions led;
And gliding swiftly down the narrowest road,
Mid marvels strange, to Fairy Land they sped:
Nor drew they rein till at a castle's gate
Their palfrey panted with its double freight.

X.

"Here, 'neath the waters," said the maid, "I dwell,"
(And lo! in all her former charms she stood!)
"Yon is the road to Heav'n, and yon to Hell!"
And there the Tree of Evil and of Good;
The realm around my lightest word obeys,
For I am monarch of the Elves and Fays.

XI.

"And hence of old, above the rippling wave,
I raised my arm to give the mystic brand,
Which Arthur claim'd, the bravest of the brave,
What time his own had shiver'd in his hand."⁵
'Twas through you rock the Prophet Merlin came,
Drawn to my empire by an Elfin dame.⁷

XII.

"Now, see my subjects pass before thine eyes."
With ebony wand she smote the palace gate,
And forth the fairies troop'd in various guise,
Giant and dwarf, of every form and state;
They seem'd no fewer than the dead leaves cast,
Rustling and dancing, by the autumn blast.

XIII.

Puck first advanced, the blithest elf of all.
"Whence art thou, Boy?" the Queen of Enery cried.
"Hither and thither at my duty's call;
Eastward and West I've flown," the elf replied;
"In every form to every coast I've been,
To work the bidding of my gentle Queen."

XIV.

And next came many a most mis-shapen sprite,
Who toss'd above them their dismember'd heads;⁸
Their task it was to frighten thieves by night,
And crouch in ugliness on misers' beds,
With goblins all in arms to whom 'twas given
To meet and combat knights who rode unshriven.⁹

XV.

There too was seen the Banshee, boding ill,
Who roams the earth, a minister of death;
Piercing the air with warnings harsh and shrill,
That claim the tribute of a mortal's breath:
While Jack O'Lantern danced along the way;
The same who leads benighted swains astray.

XVI.

They pass'd, and vanish'd from the Prophet's glance,
Each to his pleasure, or his toil on earth;
Round the green fairy-rings to tread the dance,
Or make their sport of those of mortal birth;
While some, right willing, on the mushroom's head,
Uncerthly dainties for the banquet spread.

XVII.

"Now rest we, Bard," the Queen of Elf-land said,
"On this green bank, for I have much to tell;"
Thus, then, they sate, the minstrel's favour'd head,
Borne on the maiden's knees, and listening well;
And there she told him all the varied lot,
In future wars, of Southron end of Scot.

XVIII.

"And now," she said, "a tongue of truth I give,
Henceforth thy lips shall never utter lie;
More would I say, but mortal may not live,
Who lingers here to see to-morrow's sky:
A demon comes, who seeks thee for his prey;
True Thomas, fare thee well, away, away!"

XIX.

Fain had he linger'd in that land of flow'rs,
For though he reach'd it three long years before,
Those pleasant years seem'd scarce as many hours,
And gladly had he spent as many more;
But suddenly he saw the vision flee—
And lo!—he sate beneath the Eildon Tree.

(1) See Engraving, page 257.

(2) Scott's Demonology. Croker's Fairy Legends.

(3) Hall's Ireland.

(4) See the Introduction to "Sir Tristrem."

(5) Introduction to Sir Tristrem.

(6) "La Mort d'Arthur," ch. xxiii.

(7) Ibid. ch. lx.

(8) Croker's Fairy Legends.

(9) Leyden's Elfen King. Marmion, Canto iii.

XX.

Thus speak old legends of the land of youth.
But where are they of whom true Thomas told?
There lacks all witness to his tongue of truth,
Save the dark elf-rings where they danced of old.
Enough, they lived—for bards shall never fail
To weave their history into song and tale.

POEM TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind,
As dew upon the purple bell,
As perfume on the wind;
As music on the sea,
As sunshine on the river;
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.
I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thralldom free;
Yet 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me:
In slumber I behold
Thy form as when on earth;
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear in solitude
The prattle kind and free,
Thou utter'd'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

AGAINST HASTY OPINION.

THERE are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence with any justice can be passed upon him. A man may have different views, and a different sense of things, from what his judges have; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever. A man, through bodily infirmity or some complexional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertencies—to starts—and unhappy turns of temper; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark: in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent;—at least, an object rather to be pitied than censured with severity and ill-will. These are difficulties which stand in every one's way, in the forming a judgment of the character of others.

It is interesting and useful, though often very painful, to retire into ourselves, after the first tumult of excited feelings has subsided, and consider the probable consequences of our words and actions. We may indeed frequently be mistaken, and magnify or diminish the importance of what has occurred; or look forward to events that may never happen; but by endeavouring to connect the past and the future, we strengthen a habit of thoughtfulness, and are able to trace more easily the secret sources of the sufferings which so frequently arise, apparently from the ignorance or selfishness of our fellow-creatures, but in reality from some error in ourselves.—*Gertrude. Edited by Rev. W. Sewell.*

It is a bitter consciousness—(none can tell how bitter but those to whom it has been given)—when we are wakened from our youthful dream of happiness by some stern reality, and know that from henceforth it may never be indulged again—when an all-powerful, though all-merciful, hand has passed over the beautiful vision we so fondly cherished, and its dazzling colours have faded beneath the touch, and we see that the form is the same, but the lustre can never be recalled. We may have thought that our minds are ready for the change,—we may have pictured it to ourselves, and sorrowed for the inevitable hour, and even prayed for strength to bear it,—but the experience of one real grief will teach us what no preparation will impart. It will show us our own weakness, and the vastness of that mercy which stooped to share a nature endowed with such capacities for suffering. It will force us to look upon the unknown future with a chastened and a thoughtful eye; and whilst it bids us bear thankfully in our hearts the remembrance of our early joy, as the type granted us by God of the blessings reserved for us in heaven, it will tell us that from henceforth the warfare of human life must be ours; and that, till the grave has closed upon our heads, we may hope but for few intervals of rest.—*Gertrude.*

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty: on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, *purely for conscience' sake*, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company, can do for them.—*Paley.*

He had learnt a most useful principle of life, which was, to lay nothing to heart which he could not help, and how great soever disappointments had fell out, (if possible,) to think of them no more, but to work on upon other affairs, and some, if not all, would be better natured.—*Life of Sir Dudley North.*

Nature has scattered around us, on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it. The pleasures we derive from musical sounds, and the forms of trees, are surely not given us in vain; and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful.—*Basil Hall.*

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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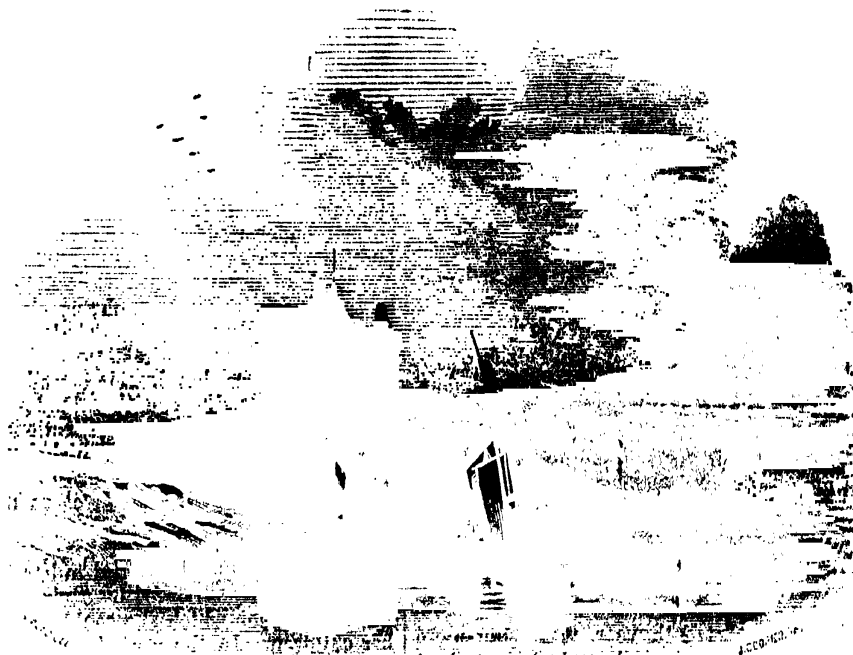
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Portincross Castle.

PORTINCROSS CASTLE is situated in the barony of Ardroneill, a few miles north of Ardrossan, in the county of Ayrshire; but, owing to its retired position, it is little known, and seldom visited either by the antiquary or the tourist.

About the time of Robert II. it, along with the barony, became the patrimony of the Boyds, who shortly afterwards rose to be one of the most powerful families in Scotland, and who retained it in their possession until the year 1737, when it fell into the hands of the present proprietor, John Crawford of Auchnanes.

The only circumstance which renders this ancient fortress at all memorable, is, its having been frequently visited by the first two Stewart kings of Scotland, a fact attested by the numerous charters which received their signatures within its venerable walls.

That these visits were protracted for any length of time, however, seems very doubtful, as even the name would appear to indicate that it was used more as a "port" from which to "cross" to the adjacent shores than a royal residence. This, we may suppose, they had frequent occasion to do, on their way either to Dundonald in Kyle, or Rothesay in Bute, for both of which places this promontory forms a convenient crossing point. From this circumstance its antiquity is undisputed, and generally held to be greater than any other castle about

the place. Notwithstanding the lapse of so many years, its walls are still pretty entire, but the interior completely ruinous. But, besides its venerable age, it particularly claims our attention for the remarkable beauty of its situation, commanding as it does one of the finest prospects the eye could wish to rest upon.

Standing alone on the point of a rocky promontory, not much above the level of the sea, with high precipitous cliffs rising in the background, and looking forth on the Northern Channel, with the Alpine heights of Arran towering in the distance, its situation is at once highly picturesque and solitarily grand. Unaffected by the revolutions of time and the rapid strides of civilization, the face of nature all around still remains the same in all its primitive grandeur and enchanting beauty, although the castle itself, unable to bear up against the same influences, is left a melancholy spectator of its former greatness.

After the dispersion of the celebrated Spanish Armada in 1588, one of the ships having made its way up the frith of Clyde, was stranded on a sand-bank close by the castle. A great many cannons of brass and iron were saved from the wreck; all of which were taken away except one of iron, which still lies on the rock beside the ruin, and on which may still be traced the crown and arms of Spain near the breech of the piece.

REMINISCENCES OF THE COURT OF CAROLINE MATILDA.¹

THE work from which the following particulars are taken, though without the pretension of being an historical memoir, is nevertheless regarded in Denmark, in some degree, in the light of an authentic record. The minute and characteristic traits of the Danish court of that day, handed down through tradition, have enabled the author to give, as it were, a living portrait of Matilda, and successfully to trace the adverse influences by which she was surrounded, from the first moment of her landing upon Danish ground.

The story of Caroline Matilda is a no less interesting page in Danish history, than that of Mary Queen of Scots in our own. The parallel to be drawn, however, should be rather that of circumstances and endowments, than of character. Both were beautiful, calumniated, and persecuted. In the all-important question of guilt or innocence, the cases are widely different; for, while conflicting evidence restrains the sober student of history from according a full measure of sympathy to the misfortunes of Mary, preponderating testimony tends to vindicate the moral character of our royal countrywoman, and to prove that, from close investigation of the conduct which is supposed by some to have been visited by deserved punishment, the only charge that can be established against Matilda is, that with her, impulse was the principle of action, and that the unreflecting character of her mind peculiarly unfitted her to carry out the political reforms she laboured to effect, in opposition to the cherished prejudices of her adopted country.

It is difficult to imagine a more uncongenial atmosphere than that into which the young Queen was introduced on her first arrival at the Danish Court. She was then only in her sixteenth year, possessing more than the ordinary vivacity of youth, and characterised by that peculiar ease and frankness of manner, which is often, as it was in her case, the result of a happy childhood. With a temperament thus disposed to view all around her in the sunshine of her own feelings, it would seem she was wholly unprepared for the trials she was about to encounter, or to comprehend the sacrifice she made, in exchanging the secure advantages annexed to the station of an English princess, for the doubtful ones attending her union with the Sovereign of Denmark. Suitability of years was the only circumstance in which there was not disparity between Christian VII. and his consort. In character they were as unlike as in personal appearance. His pallid countenance, receding forehead, compressed lip, and sunken eye, with a slender and stooping figure, seemed, in some degree, to denote the measure of his moral and intellectual qualities. He appears to have had a keen sense of his royal dignity, and, conscious, perhaps, of being deficient in the qualities which give personal influence, entrenched himself in forms on the one hand, while on the other, contrary to the practice of despotic rulers, he clung to the guidance of his favourite ministers, Struensee and Brandt, with almost the instinctive helplessness of childhood. Matilda's exterior was equally indicative of the qualities within. Her beauty was of a brilliant order, all sparkling and joyous. Unlike her consort and his minister, Struensee, she was endowed with a larger share of moral courage than is usual in her sex. In circumstances under which the spirit of

the King appears totally to have sunk, as, for instance, in the disturbances which the author describes as having taken place at Hirschholm, the Queen displayed a self-possession, as well as care for the lives of the mutinous mob, which left its impression on the minds of the people. Had she been more ambitious, or less generous, it is probable the whole tide of public opinion would have turned in her favour. That she possessed the elements of popularity is certain; it is no less certain, that she never sought to avail herself of them for her own advantage: though it is reasonable to conclude, that some apprehension of this sort was entertained, from the suddenness and secrecy attending her arrest. At Zell, her life seems to have passed unrepiningly in the society of her sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, and as Danish history is silent as to any attempt, emanating from herself, to regain a footing in Denmark, the conclusion is warranted, that her experience of the uneasiness attending a crown had reconciled her to her fate. One tie, however, and that a strong one, still bound Caroline Matilda to Denmark—her children. These, she knew but too well, were deprived, not only of maternal care, but of the fostering influences of relationship. The Dowager Queen, Juliana Maria, had the superintendence of their childhood and education; and facts, notorious in Denmark, make it evident, that the spirit of persecution exercised towards their royal mother, was displayed, as far as circumstances would admit, towards her offspring. The late King Frederic VI., though too young at the time of his mother's death personally to feel her loss, it is well known, cherished her memory with sensitive tenderness; apparently judging from the cheerless recollections of his childhood, of the extent of the wrongs which had embittered the youth of Caroline Matilda. Few, however the world may frown upon them, are yet so desolate as to be entirely without friends: there were still some faithful hearts, devoted to the interests of Matilda, at the Danish court, who ministered to her consolation in the only way in their power, by giving her from time to time reports, on which she could rely, of the welfare of her children. In the work before us, this fact is prominently introduced, and having thus premised, we will at once enter upon its pages, and present to our readers, in company with the author, an old courtier of the days of Matilda, the faithful and devoted Chamberlain, Sophus Norden, who is described as follows:—

"The old gentleman had passed the greater part of his life at Court, and belonged to a class which will soon exist only in traditions of the past, and will ere long be numbered among the extinct species. He especially loved to dwell on the brilliant period of his youth at court, the recollection of which always put him in such spirits, that he was wont to rub his hands, and exclaim, 'That was life, *mon cher!* That *was* a court—there was something worth living for, then!'

"Elderly persons commonly take pleasure in making comparisons between the past and present, when these comparisons are in favour of the by-gone period to which they themselves belong. It would be almost superfluous to add, that he had discontinued his attendance at court, and that it had nearly forgotten him; but he did not, therefore, neglect the observance of a single courtier-like duty or usage, and still continued to portion out his time in the same manner as when he was in office. He changed his dress several times a day, left and received visiting cards, and was acquainted with every detail of the proceedings and ceremonials of court festivities. The only remaining member of the aristocratic court of Caroline Matilda, is the old Chamberlain. He has out-lived his generation. He broods over its relics, like Scipio over the ruins of Carthage; but he is greater than Scipio, for he weeps not over departed glory—he smiles—he is an old courtier. He does not, therefore, mourn the less for what has been engulfed in the insatiable stream of time, and, as he daily comes forth as "the last of the Romans," or at least as the last

(1) Gamle Minder. By Carl Bechard. Copenhagen, 2d Ed. 1840.

representative of that brilliant Decennium, it is with a consciousness that it is incumbent on him to maintain the dignity of the old school, against the attacks of the present thoughtless generation.

"The Chamberlain was a tall slender man, dressed in an embroidered coat trimmed with sable; he moved with a dignity which was neither wanting in grace nor ease; it was just as distinct from the precise military bearing which betrays the veteran officer, as from the careless deportment generally characteristic of the college student; it was at once aged and youthful; it imposed respect, as well as inspired confidence; and it was natural, or at least the force of habit had rendered it a second nature. A deportment like the Chamberlain's is not to be learned from any dancing-master—not in general society—not at court-balls—it was the acquisition of a whole life—a life begun as a page, and ended as a courtier. He leaned on his gold-headed cane in an altogether peculiar fashion; he moved his arms quite differently from all the rest of the world, and this was particularly observable in the position of his shoulders. On accosting an acquaintance he first saluted with his fingers, and waved his hand encouragingly, bowed his head with dignity, rather backward than forward, lastly took off his hat, and to ladies always with especial deference. No one else now bows in this fashion, and no one knows how to express so much in their salutation. With him, history began in the first year of his paghood, and ended five-and-thirty years afterwards. But he had witnessed all that had passed within Christiansborg Palace during this long period; he had known all its inhabitants, from the greatest to the least. He was a living register of the court chronicle for five-and-twenty years, and though his chronology was often confused, he had nevertheless forgotten nothing of what he had seen and heard."

The author having thus introduced the Chamberlain to the acquaintance of his readers, goes on to inform us, that through the medium of frequent conversation, he succeeded in gathering from him more circumstantial information of the events of that period than are yet to be met with in history, thus obtaining, not only a full view of the *dramatis personæ* upon the stage, but gaining occasional admittance behind the scenes. Matilda's history, as may be supposed, is the chief theme of their conversation. The following description of her personal appearance, drawn from the portrait which the Chamberlain had rescued from the fate that had attended most of the portraits of Matilda after her downfall, (when they disappeared as if by magic,) we shall quote. Having ourselves seen the best portrait extant, we can vouch for the likeness. It was painted shortly after her coronation, by an English artist of eminence.

"The portrait represents a lady in a dress of pale blue satin, embroidered in gold and trimmed with lace. The sleeves and the folds of the corsage are of a brownish brocade; around her neck is a closely clasped circlet of large pearls, with earrings to correspond. Her hair is turned back and powdered; and, according to the fashion of the day, shows a height and breadth, larger, in proportion, than the whole face. The contour of the face is oval, and very full; the forehead high, the eyebrows regularly arched, the nose inclining to Roman, the mouth rather large, but the lips red and full; the expression of the clear blue eye is at once mild and serious, penetrating and confiding. I can describe all the minutiae of the dress—each line of the features—but should vainly attempt to portray the peculiar expression, the attractive dignity and loveliness which beam from the youthful face, whose bloom I never yet saw surpassed. It were needless to glance at the crimson mantle trimmed with ermine, to be assured that this is the portrait of a queen—it is altogether queen-like. This had been felt by the painter, for the ermine border of the mantle is so small as to be scarcely noticeable: it seems as if he meant prophetically to imply, 'This woman would be a queen, even without a throne.' I am

perhaps too diffuse in my description; but this portrait has always fascinated me, and from my earliest youth I have shared the old Chamberlain's enthusiasm for Caroline Matilda."

Beautiful as this portrait is, the Chamberlain, as well as the author, seem agreed in the opinion that no portrait could do justice to the original. But it was not so much her beauty, as the kindly qualities of her nature, which had secured the Chamberlain's devoted admiration. Among other traits which bear testimony to the queen's character, we learn that almost immediately after her arrival in Denmark, and before her attention was drawn to the political reforms in which she was afterwards so fatally involved, Matilda took a special interest in the condition of the poorer classes. Not satisfied with ministering relief through the usual channels, she frequently visited, and enquired in person into cases that had been particularly brought before her notice. On these occasions a strict incognito was observed, the queen being accompanied only by one or two of her ladies in waiting.

We have already said that this work is not professedly an historical memoir. The history of the Chamberlain and his early love, Lisette, forms an episode in the book, of much interest, more particularly as being descriptive of the manners of the time, and the Scandinavian character. Did our limits permit us, we should gladly dwell upon it at some length; but, as our object in introducing the work is to convey to English readers the impression universally entertained in Denmark of Caroline Matilda, we shall only select those passages which bear immediately upon the queen's history.

Carl Beonhard, like his predecessor Ingemann, wherever he deals with historical characters and facts, adheres scrupulously to his text; the professed aim of the latter, in his historical romances, is to revive and illustrate the chronicles of Denmark, and, to use his own expression, "awaken the national self-consciousness of his countrymen." The aim of Carl Bernard seems to be the same with reference to Matilda. That he succeeded in his aim, we ourselves can bear witness; happening to be in Denmark at the time of the appearance of "Gamle Minder." It was read as well in the cottage as the palace, and we frequently heard the wish expressed, that a book so calculated to enlist the sympathies of both nations, might be made known to the English public through the medium of translation.

To return to the Reminiscences. It appears that on Matilda's arrival in Denmark she had to conciliate not only the king's step-mother,—the Queen Dowager, Juliana Maria,—but Sophia Magdalena, also a Dowager Queen, who is described by historians as having a mind wholly occupied with the maintenance of court etiquette; one whose thoughts, even on the most ordinary occasions, were always "en grande tenue." We leave it to our readers to judge of the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of bringing into affinity elements of character so uncongenial. Queen Juliana Maria, sister to the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttele, and mother to the king's half brother, was a spirit of a different order. In her character we trace a resemblance to that of Catherine of Russia; inasmuch as they both regarded men and events only as subservient to their schemes of political ascendancy. Denmark and Russia were at that time in close alliance: the Russian minister, Count Philozofov, headed the anti-English party devoted to the interests of the Dowager Queen Juliana, and took every occasion to further her views, and those of his imperial mistress, by fostering intrigues against the young queen. Whilst the latter was absent with her consort and court on a progress through their German dominions, Juliana resided, almost in cloistered seclusion, at the palace of Fredensborg, distant about twenty miles from Copenhagen. Here all the rigid ceremonials of the court were scrupulously observed; it being, apparently, her aim to conciliate the ancient nobility, who viewed with distrust Matilda's avowed

dislike of the stiff etiquettes which then characterised the Danish court. The royal party were magnificently entertained on their progress by some of the principal nobility of Holstein, when, in conformity with the wishes of both Matilda and the king, court ceremonials appear to have been set aside. In such a country as Denmark, this course, at that period, was especially imprudent: the frankness of Matilda's nature rendered her incautious in conversation as well as in conduct. At that day, as at present, English manners, in every class, were characterised by more freedom than coincides with Danish ideas of decorum. A Danish gentleman of the present day, after even some lengthened acquaintance, would think it extraordinary were a young lady to offer him a friendly shake of the hand at the conclusion of a morning call; nothing short of imminent peril would justify a lady, unless betrothed, to accept of a gentleman's arm in a walk. In general society, and at balls, gentlemen and ladies seldom enter into anything like a sustained conversation, without exciting remark; English ladies, therefore, to whom such trammels are unknown, unconsciously expose themselves to unfavourable comments in the fashionable circles of Copenhagen; we may also add, that the topics on which the fair sex are supposed to be qualified to enter, are few in number. We recollect an anecdote which will confirm our statement. A Danish gentleman having condescended to enter into a discussion with an English lady on the subject of reforms much wanted in the education of the poorer classes, lamented to her that no efficient assistance could be expected from ladies, they being mere cyphers in the community. To this remark our countrywoman replied, with a half-repressed smile, "Allow me, Sir, however, to remind you, that it is *cyphers* that give value to *units*."

We shall now quote a letter from one of the ladies in attendance on the queen during her progress.

"From the Baroness Depenau to her Friend Mademoiselle de Reiffenstein, maid of honour to the Queen Dowager Juliana.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You set me a difficult task, and I scarcely know whether I shall succeed to your satisfaction. I am to tell you *all*—but have you considered the full import of the expression? think only! what a chaos of trifles and matters of importance, of justly grounded reflections and unfounded conclusions, are comprehended in that word! The tone which prevails in this modern court is something quite startling to me; it is so opposed to that which was in fashion when I was last in Copenhagen. What a galaxy of youth and beauty, outshining even the pomps of royalty itself! and then the variety of individual character! that mixture of recklessness and principle, of the confidingness of youth, and the suspiciousness of age, in short of the most opposite elements. Count Tannenberg understands the planning of fêtes, and it is easy to see from his happy blending of northern and southern amusements, that he has made the most of his experience of Petersburg and Paris. Each day brings with it fresh schemes of pleasure; new surprises, new tableaux, new acquaintances; indeed we are all, without exception, so smitten with the mania of appearing in disguise, that it is difficult to recognise each other. The pastoral age is revived again. None know the difference between the queen and the peasant girl, the master and the servant, nor distinguish the saloon from the forest, nor day from night. Our system of freedom and equality is perfectly paradisaical, and we live in a perpetual bustle, which it requires *une santé britannique* to keep up with. We have dancing, theatricals, boating, riding, fishing, music, it is impossible to enumerate all our contrivances to kill time, which nevertheless is always too short lived for us. And yet, with all this, it seems to me as if there was a secret gloom among us—a dark demon which shows its claws at times. We are sometimes seized by panic horrors, the rustling of the leaves will suffice to freeze the blood in our veins, we tremble like hares at one

moment, and the next we laugh each other out of countenance like the veriest Bacchantes. We live in a state of perpetual fever, and while I write I am perhaps not free from its influences. You can easily imagine that my attention has been chiefly directed to this *parvenu*, Struensee, who takes his place in society with as much confidence as if he could boast of sixteen quarterings, and undertakes to manage the state as he would treat an *ague*. I must own he has exceeded my expectations; he is not very handsome, but he has good manners, much conversational talent, much conventional tact, and has acquired as much of *our* tone as might be looked for, from his having so long moved in our circles. When I see the king with his declared favourite, I always think of Marshal d'Ancre, of Griffenfeldt, of Cinq-Mars, Lauzun, or others of the same stamp. While these names are fresh in our memory, I cannot comprehend how any one can yield to the temptation of being a royal favourite. We have before us living proofs of the *uselessness* of the study of history; we all think ourselves individually wiser than this ever ancient, yet ever new, volume. All the experience of the past is lost upon us of the present generation; and I know of none who so completely throw away their talents as historians, except, perhaps, it be moralists. As to her majesty, I suspect she is jealous of the king, at least I have often imagined I saw tears in her eyes on certain occasions. But here, where mirth quickly chases away each gloomy thought, it is hard to say whether it is the tear of sorrow, or of laughter, that trembles in the glistening eye.

Farewell, my dear Friend, I wish you a pleasant summer at Fredensborg, and counsel you in your own words 'be circumspect in every thing, for nothing is a trifle in the great world.' Despite the *nécessaire* displayed in this letter, I remain your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE, BARONESS DEPENAU."

Struensee, it is well known, was the son of a Lutheran Clergyman, and for a short time in early life was a medical student. He possessed great versatility of talent, and considerable knowledge. It was his misfortune, however, to be much in advance of his age, and in a country like Denmark, this mainly contributed to his downfall. He seems to have comprehended and admired the spirit of the English Constitution: a prepossession in which the young queen naturally shared, and both seemed equally to forget, in their theories of reform, that it had been the growth of centuries; whilst, in Denmark, despotic rule rested on a foundation equally ancient. The freedom of the press, established by rescript in 1770, was an unpopular and fatal measure, and by its introduction, Struensee furnished dangerous weapons, which were speedily turned against himself. Public opinion, if such might be said to have then existed in Denmark, was influenced by the party writers in the interest of the Queen Juliana, whose views, after this period, seem to have assumed the definite air of effecting the downfall of Matilda, and the obnoxious ministers. Struensee appears to have been a sincere enthusiast in politics, but, like most theorists, completely at fault when called on to encounter practical difficulties. The manner in which he met his fate showed he was not deficient in personal courage, but he was singularly wanting in that presence of mind which enables its possessor to retrieve the consequences of rash measures. That he desired the welfare of the nation cannot be doubted, but so little did he consider popular opinion as the necessary ingredient of power, that he never bestowed a thought of conciliating either the nobility, who never forgot the inferiority of his birth, or the middle classes, with whom, from his office as minister, he had frequent opportunities of intercourse. His contempt of the Danish language and manners was notorious; and this naturally drew upon him general dislike. In personal appearance, he is described as bearing so striking a resemblance to Matilda, that they

(1) In allusion to his having been a medical student.

might have passed for brother and sister, and this resemblance seems to have extended in some degree to the mental qualities of both.

Count Brandt, the faithful friend and colleague of Struensee, was descended from an ancient Danish family, but owed the title of count to the favourite minister. The circumstance of his birth disposed the nobility to view him in a more favourable light. Comparisons were frequently made between them, always in favour of Count Brandt, whose slightest gesture, it was pretended, gave evidence of a noble descent.

According to our author, the count, shortly after their return from Holstein, repaired to the palace of Hirschholm, situated half-way between Copenhagen and Elsinore. Its disappearance has been alluded to with regret, for though Denmark is rich in royal residences, none, like Hirschholm, represented the age of Louis XIV., that culminating point of gorgeous magnificence and human vanity, and was therefore called the Versailles of Denmark. It was pulled down a few years after the attack of Lord Cathcart upon Copenhagen in 1807. Our author's mode of describing the destruction of this edifice is worth quoting:—

"Its foundations were not broken up by the hand of time; its halls were not devastated by fire like those of Christiansborg. No, Hirschholm fell as the proud tree of the forest falls before the rude stroke of the axe. The hammer rapidly loosened stone from stone, the garnered pomp of years was laid waste with ruthless speed. The wind now sweeps over the grassy plain where Hirschholm once proudly towered. A little church is built upon the site. It stands lonely and forsaken, without churchyard or spire; where, through the green waters of the lake are to be seen fragments of broken columns and fractured capitals. It is a vast grave, covered with a trembling turf. Traveller, pause! a palace lies beneath. The white church stands as a monument on the grave of earthly vanity. It is symbolical, for the greatness of man passes away; but whatever is of God shall have eternal life."

The splendid saloons, the ornamental gardens, and high terraces of the palace were the delight of Caroline Matilda. The audience-chamber was particularly splendid, the doors and pannels being inlaid with massive silver, the wainscotings with ebony and mother-of-pearl. Polished crystals and coloured stones sparkled every where. The frames of the large mirrors, and also of the chandeliers, were of silver. In short, it resembled the palaces we read of in fairy tales, raised by an enchanter's wand, and, like all scenes of enchantment, as rapidly vanished from the eyes of the beholders. The mode of life pursued here seemed most in accordance with the queen's taste; and, while at this country residence, she was enabled to form around her a circle of almost domestic privacy. The ladies of the court, in imitation of her example, passed most of their time in either knitting or sewing for charitable purposes; but the author tells us, that from the indifferent air with which this occupation was pursued, it was evident it was rather in compliance with the wish of royalty, than from any real interest for the necessitous class of the community, at all times far removed from the notice of a court. In the midst of peace within, dark storms, however, were gathering from without. The Danish government had been engaged for some time in an unsuccessful expedition against Algiers. A general discontent prevailed among the sailors of the Danish fleet, which Struensee's measures were by no means calculated to remove. More ships of war were ordered to be fitted out, and the workmen, as well as the sailors employed, were compelled to labour without wages. After a lapse of some time, they determined upon seeking either justice or revenge. Several thousand of the malcontents formed themselves into a body, and marched to Hirschholm, resolved to lay their wrongs before the king. The mob surrounded the palace gates, which they presently burst open, and forced their way into the court-yard. On

becoming aware of the tumult, and hearing the shouts with which his presence was demanded at the balcony, the king hastily left the saloon where the royal party were assembled. The queen, being thus left alone, was appealed to, as to the best course to be taken in this emergency. She was strongly urged by the heads of the anti-English party to command the guards to fire upon the mob. This proposal was indignantly rejected by the queen, who, on the contrary, expressed great anxiety that the mutineers should be treated with as much leniency as, indeed, the nature of their grievances appeared to her to demand. Struensee was wholly unprepared for this outbreak of public opinion, and shrinking as well from offering counsel to his sovereign on this occasion, as from facing the mob, appears to have meditated a speedy flight. His colleague, Count Brandt, unlike his friend, displayed both courage and presence of mind. We shall here make a short extract from the book, descriptive of the scene.

"The silence of the saloon was suddenly interrupted by the sound of hastening footsteps. Count Brandt led the king by the hand, and they proceeded to the balcony, followed by several gentlemen. The count's countenance was expressive of undaunted determination, but the king's eyes were fixed on the floor, and there was an evident reluctance in his step, as if the timidity of his character shrunk from obeying the dictates of a sterner will. Struensee also was among those who followed the king, but he paused without the door of the balcony, probably apprehensive lest his presence should call forth renewed expressions of disapprobation. The king hastily stepped into the balcony, followed by his suite, but made an involuntary movement, as if about to retreat, at the shouts of acclamation with which he had been greeted; his nerves being manifestly unequal to encounter the noise of the tumult. Count Brandt, on the contrary, stepped boldly forward, still retaining his hold of the king's hand. He endeavoured to command silence, but, as the shouts continued, the king, after repeatedly bowing to all sides, unceremoniously withdrew his hand from Count Brandt's, and left the balcony with a precipitancy which almost resembled a flight. Brandt was the last to quit his station; he jostled against Struensee as he passed, as if to arouse him from a dream, and when he closed the door of the balcony behind him, it was with a violence that caused the windows to rattle and re-echo throughout the saloon."

The king having thus deserted his post, it was urged on Matilda that her appearance at the balcony was of the highest importance at this moment; but this she refused, alleging, that it was inconsistent with her dignity as a queen, and unbecoming her sex, to step forward and court applause like a stage heroine. The king did not again appear; but the mob, on receiving a royal message, promising the redress of their grievances, dispersed, without exhibiting any of the violence which had been apprehended. From this account, which is received as historical truth, we gain a still further insight into Matilda's character. Had she been desirous of forming or heading a party, what might not have been gained by her addressing the people at this critical juncture? With a spark of ambition in her nature, would it have been possible to resist the impulse which would have prompted her to seize the evident advantage of the moment? Had she appeared at the balcony, how different might have been her fate! And yet we would not venture to say that it would have been a happier one.

We have, we think, detailed some circumstances hitherto not generally known in England. The outline of the concluding chapter of Matilda's short but eventful history, as given in this book, is already familiar to the reader; but yet it may be interesting to be made acquainted with the views entertained by our Danish author of the secret causes that were at work to effect the ruin of the queen and her ministers.

On attentively considering these, there is the strongest presumptive evidence in her favour; and no less strong testimony against the dowager queen and her party. The secrecy with which the whole scheme of the arrest of Matilda and the ministers took place, at the early hour of four in the morning, after a masked ball, (January 16th, 1772), may indeed be considered as an almost conclusive refutation of the charges brought against the queen. The Dowager Juliana's enmity towards her was such, that we cannot doubt, could any delinquency, either moral or political, have been proved against Matilda, her disgrace would have been made as public as her arrest was private. Besides other accusations, she and the ministers were charged with intending to force the king to abdicate, and take the regency into their own hands. At an early hour in the morning, the Queen Juliana entered the king's apartment, and informed him of the treasonable designs meditated against him; though startled at the communication, he does not appear to have given credit to it; and it was only in consequence of the urgent entreaties of his step-mother that he consented to sign the order for arrest, which consigned his young queen to imprisonment in the fortress of Cronborg, and the favourites with whom he had a few hours before been engaged in the familiarity of confiding intercourse, to chains and death.

After Matilda's removal to Cronborg, the queen dowager came prominently forward. Court balls, and festivities of all kinds, celebrated the triumph of her party; perhaps they were encouraged with a view of dissipating the misgivings that would naturally arise in the king's mind. The author winds up his reflections on these events by exclaiming, "Would that this chapter could be expunged from Denmark's history!"

The queen's detention at Cronborg, was of short duration. George III. seems to have consulted Matilda's true interests by removing her from a country where only the gloomiest prospects awaited her. On the 28th of May, three frigates under the command of Commodore Macbride arrived in the Sound, to convey the queen, with her attendants, (among whom was Lady Mostyn,) to Zell. One little anecdote connected with her embarkation is still preserved at Elsinore. From the gates of Cronborg to the quay, the path was covered with crimson cloth. On observing this unlooked-for manifestation of deference, Matilda exclaimed, "This for me! what mockery!"—We shall conclude our extracts from "Gamle Minder," with the author's description of the embarkation.

"Spring had returned in all its beauty—the birds were singing, the bees hummed among the fragrant flower cups, nature unfolded her stores in joyous pride around the gloomy walls of Cronborg Castle—for nature's heart bestows not one sympathising throb on the cares and sorrows of humanity. One morning, towards the close of May, the beach of Elsinore was covered with crowds, gazing with expectant curiosity at three English frigates, with waving flags, anchored in the Sound before Cronborg, where the waters of the North Sea and the Baltic mingle, and besprinkle with their foam the walls of this gothic fortress. A bright summer sun, despite the sadness of the occasion, seemed to give the scene a festal air. The spectators had already waited for some time in silence, unusual in so numerous an assemblage. Meanwhile boats plied backwards and forwards from the frigates to the Castle, and preparations for departure were every where to be seen. At length a murmur spread throughout the crowd; the queen entered the boat. A thick veil covered her features, and concealed the cheeks, bedewed with tears, which she had for the last time pressed to those of her tender infant. When the boat pushed off from shore, the royal salute thundered from the English frigates, and soon shrouded the silent walls of Cronborg in a cloud of smoke, which compassionately withdrew from the sight of the unfortunate queen the prison where she

had parted for ever from a beloved child. It seemed as though the last tie which bound Caroline Matilda to Denmark was audibly rent asunder at this moment. She sank back in the boat with a faint shriek. The smoke undulated in dense volumes, and concealed the boat from the gaze of the assembled crowd, even before it reached the frigates; when it dispersed, the queen had also disappeared, but many a tearful eye was raised towards heaven, and many a loving thought was given to the royal exile. The frigates weighed anchor, their sails filled with a gentle breeze. Slowly they bore away the youthful and beautiful queen from the silent shore of Denmark, which but a few years before had welcomed her with almost idolatrous acclamation. Political death led Matilda to a living grave."

On leaving Denmark the queen had just entered her twenty-first year. She died at Zell, the 10th of May, 1775, of a malignant fever. She retained her consciousness to the last, and shortly before she expired, expressed her perfect forgiveness of the persecutors whose machinations had robbed her of a throne, and of what she far more dearly prized, her fair fame, her children, and her friends. In bidding adieu to Denmark, endeared to her as her children's father-land, the bitterness of death seemed to have passed, and she was resigned, and even cheerful, in the midst of the little court which looked up to her with admiring sympathy and affection. The evening on which the tidings of her death reached Copenhagen had been fixed for a court ball, which, in keeping with the conduct of Matilda's enemies, was not postponed. The Crown Prince, her son, (the late king,) was required to attend. We have reason to think that even at his early age the impression he then received lasted throughout life. He seems to have dwelt with tenderness on the slightest memorial of his injured mother.

We cannot better wind up our article than by quoting the words of the devoted old courtier, as given by the author, expressive of the general feeling on the subject:—

"The sorrow at the queen's death was universal in Zell, where she was almost worshipped for her many deeds of benevolence, and yet in Copenhagen the Court assembled at a ball! Who now bestows a thought on Caroline Matilda? and yet how many did not owe her a debt of gratitude! It may be said both of the queen and of Struensee, that they each possessed great virtues: indiscretion proved their ruin; crime would have rendered their position secure." J. F. G.

ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.¹

No. II.

AND now begins the real sightseer's part of the Rhine—every body gets out his Murray, adjusts his eye-glass, and calls up a stock of expressions of admiration and delight. Young ladies sigh as they pass the Nornenwerth and the Rolandseck, those who have learned German repeating the Ritter Toggenburg, and those who have not Campbell's "Brave Roland," two admirable poems, each with the same important moral, that no irretrievable step should be taken till you are sure of what you are about. Then, too, there is the Dragon Rock, and its long stories about "the horny Siegfried" and the "hapless Krumhelda." But it is further up, when you get amongst the castles, that the real interest of the scene commences. Such a referring to the red books! such a discussing as to which is such a castle, and which is such another! All this has one advantage however, that, if you wish to get into conversation with any particularly interesting camosel, the pointing out of these relics (which, though declared by our Murray to

(1) Continued from p. 265.

be most magnificent ruins, always seem to me to bear a horrible resemblance to broken-down sheepsteeles will generally form an admirable introduction, and the acquaintance can be further cemented by a relation of their peculiar legends, which, of course, can be very easily invented for the nonce. The most curious point about these same castles is their great number. One cannot help thinking that, in former times, the profession of gentleman bandit must have been at least as much overstocked as most of our professions are now-a-days. I suspect, if the matter were investigated, it would be found that these lordly counts and barons, for all their quarterings and their titles, were not so well off as a west-end pickpocket in good practice.

Marksburgh is the castle in best preservation, and is generally visited by travellers with the view of seeing a real Ritterschloss of the middle ages; but there is in it, I think, little besides the usual vulgar accompaniments of dungeon and tower. Those who wish to get an idea of the domestic chivalrous life, will find it better to visit the little castle of Rheinstein. It is a mere plaything, being fitted up as a summer residence by Prince William of Prussia; but the arrangements of the ancient building have been preserved as much as possible, and the whole is done in such good taste, that the reality of it is much greater than is usual in toys of this kind: it is far better, for instance, than the royal castle of Stolzenfels, which has also been renovated after the antique, but in a completely cockney pasteboard style. The great defect of Rheinstein is its very small size; the knightly hall is not bigger than a good-sized China closet, and the other apartments so confined, that the Charivari was not far wrong when it wickedly said, that if Queen Victoria wished to change her stockings, she would be obliged to open the door of her bedroom in order to have space for the operation.

And now, when you have reached thus far—that is, when you have past Coblenz—you cannot wonder that this unfortunate river has been so be-rhymed and be-scribbled. Despite the blasting influence of guides and guide-books—of having it continually dinned into your ears what you are expected to admire, and of being surrounded by dozens who are utterly incapable of appreciating—in spite of all this, it is impossible not to feel the enchantment of such beauty. It is not so much the individual aspects of beauty which strike one; there is far wilder scenery to be found anywhere in Scotland—as much rich pastoral beauty in Kent and Devonshire—as fine specimens of what is called pure riverscenery on any of the English streams: but it is the height to which all these different species of beauty are carried—the constant change of scene—the blending together in an harmonious whole objects and scenery so widely different, that elsewhere you would think it impossible they should be congruously united. It is this bringing into one and the same picture the softest and the wildest, the rocky crag, the swelling meadow, the rushing stream, and the waving wood—it is the continual shifting and changing of the scene, yet retaining all its variety and all its beauty—which constitutes the peculiar charm of the Rhine. Nowhere is this peculiarity more observable than at and near the little town of Bingen! Oh you, who are in haste, and yet wish to stop a day or two at some place, so as to be able to explore one point, take my advice, and let that point be Bingen! You will there find almost all the beauties of the Rhine collected together within a day's labour of pleasure. Go to the top of the hill, on the opposite side of the river—it is not a very difficult climb—and spend an hour or two in looking at the view. You will be told that you see eight independent countries; but that, methinks, is not of much consequence, when half of them are not bigger, nor half so wealthy, as so many English shires; the real point is the extent and magnificence of the prospect. Before you swell the vast plains of France, stretching far away into the distance, fringed by Bingen, with its little tributary stream, and

imbedded in vine-gardens and orchards; there, to the left, is the Rhine, winding down to Mannheim, and then pursuing its devious course amidst the woods and the islets, which every now and then shroud it from view; yonder, on that round brown hill, that huge barn-like building is Metternich's *château*, Johannisberg, ever honoured in the topography of toppers; opposite lies Ingelheim, sunken amongst little vine-clad hills, the favourite retreat of Charlemagne; beneath you sinks a huge precipice, many hundred feet in depth, beside which the Rhine roars along, washing the famous island castle of Bishop Hatto, and then pursuing its noble unswerving course, amidst mountain, and ruin, and vineyard, till the eye loses it as it passes the spires of Coblenz, and the massive, battlemented rock of Ehrenbreitstein. Go and see this view in the afternoon, when the declining sun is pouring a flood of golden radiance over all the Rhine land; look at it as you ought, enjoy it as you ought; and then, in spite of all that has been said at the beginning of this paper, and which I now almost wish had never been said, you will, even though your only object in visiting the Rhine was to say you had been there, you will go home a wiser, aye, and a better man.

Another reason for stopping at Bingen is, that you will find the White Horse a very comfortable inn, which is more than can be said of all the Rhine hotels, in spite of their vaunted magnificence. The town itself, and more especially this inn, is a curious specimen of the change effected in this country by the mania for touring. I met, one day, at the *table d'hôte* there, a very gentlemanly man, a professor from Carlstadt, who told me that he remembered the day when Bingen was a small hamlet of two or three houses, and this inn a public house, with a couple of rooms, whither he and his fellow-students were wont to come to spend a few days in summer. Bingen now is a thriving country town, with several hotels, of which this is considered the second. The landlord seems to have progressed with his house, and is a hale corpulent jolly-looking Boniface of sixty, a fine hearty fellow to talk to, and speaking most execrable French. He took us to see his garden and his aviary, and his tame roebuck; but the pride of his heart, and what he evidently considered a triumph of artistic skill, was a small summer-house on the bank of the river, the windows of which were formed of glass of different colours, so that the landscape might be viewed at pleasure as flaming red or sickly yellow, or again a deep blue.

Those who wish to see a real German watering-place, and one of the most celebrated of them, may reach Wiesbaden in an hour or two from Bingen. I cannot say I have ever found much to interest me in these places. There is, as usual, a great number of narrow, very hot, very dusty streets, with nobody in them; and there is water to drink, which is not very disagreeable, unless you look at the well whence it is drawn, and see the thick dirty-looking scum which gathers at top. There is also the Coursaal, a magnificent building, in the true stucco Greek style, in the colonnades of which is held a small bazaar, where you may buy things of no conceivable use for ten times their proper price. The principal hall, however, is a fine room. Here, on Sundays, the *table d'hôte* is held, and, as I have before mentioned, the Grand Duke of Nassau (who draws his principal revenue from these baths) sits at the head of the table, in order to form an attraction for those persons who may wish to say that they have had the honour of dining with that puissant potentate. Those who are fond of seeing gambling may view the *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir* tables in full operation, for the greater part of the day. To me it is anything but a pleasant exhibition, that of rational beings spending day after day in such a pursuit. It surely argues ill for the moral character of Germany, that men and women, even of rank and respectability, should not be disgraced by being seen at the gambling-table in public. It is most disgusting in the women—

not only as being more unconsonant with their sex, but because the effects produced on them appear to be greater, and are much more apparent. I remember a woman at Aix-la-Chapelle, who seemed to spend her whole time at the *rouge-et-noir* table. She was evidently, from her dress and appearance, of some rank, young, and, though not handsome, decidedly good-looking; but though I have, I believe, had opportunities of seeing some of the most degrading phases of female depravity, I never remember anything which struck me so much as the expression of that woman's face, as she sat coldly marking down the run of play, or as it lighted up when her own turn came—there was in it a demoniacal malignity of cold-hearted satisfaction when she won, and a lurid glare of suppressed fury when she lost, which was perfectly appalling. If there ever was a woman in whom, for the time, every good and holy feeling seemed to have been blotted out, it was she.

From Wiesbaden to Frankfort-on-the-Maine is about an hour's journey, by a tremendously-jolting railway; and travelling by this conveyance has one advantage, that it will give, even to the most unimaginative person, an exact idea of what travelling in a bathing machine must be—if indeed that be an imagination which one would wish to realize.

Frankfort is a town which must be seen by every one who wishes to form an idea of Germany as it was and is; it is the centre of its commercial power, as it is the seat of its principal political engine—The Confederation. Its peculiar position too as one of the few remaining Free Towns gives it an interest; one feels as if going back to the Middle Ages, when entering a town which is in itself a separate independent state, and a state too of no mean consequence. It has a curious mediæval effect, the seeing the town garrisoned by its own burgher troops, hearing people talk of the contingent which the town furnishes to the Germanic army, and being reminded that here are no kings or dukes to be looked to as governors, but simply the burgomaster and his citizen council. But if all this has an antique effect, the town itself does not seem by any means so far back as its institutions. Frankfort is said to be the richest city of its size in the world—a town of millionaires—and, in good sooth, there never was a place which more exactly answers one's idea of a city of merchant princes. The streets are broad, cheerful-looking, and well kept; throngs of people hurry backwards and forwards with that peculiar air of having some object in view, which distinguishes a real business town; the shops are large, gay, and evidently enjoying plenty of custom. But it is in the outer part of the town that the appearance of quiet wealth is most striking. Here are the residences of the principal merchants and bankers. Large white mansions, with green jalousied windows, the side turned to the street, and the entrance by a court-yard—all of these houses are magnificent from their size, and thoroughly wealthy in look, but some of them are perfect palaces! Enclosed in beautiful gardens, adorned with the rarest plants and most beautiful flowers, massively comfortable, and yet tasteful in style, and sumptuous in decoration, these buildings give one an idea of real mercantile power, which is displayed in no other city in the world, London not excepted; for, in London, the gorgeous abodes of our merchants are mingled with those of our nobility, whereas in Frankfort all is commercial splendour. The scene in the public gardens of an evening is curiously characteristic of the town. These pleasure-grounds were originally the ramparts, but are now, as at Hamburg, laid out in beautiful gardens, and of an afternoon, especially on holidays, are thronged by people of all classes. The promenade is very brilliantly attended, but the drive is the most striking feature. Here are to be seen numerous carriages, accompanied by most superb chassieurs, the equipages being such as to surpass anything to be seen on the continent, except at Vienna, and even rivalling those of Hyde Park.

With all this, the society of Frankfort is said to be tainted with the usual defects of mercantile communities, pride of purse, ignorance of all beyond their commercial routine. A curious instance of the sharp eye which the inhabitants of this free town keep to the main chance, is the regulation against allowing paupers to remain in the city. As soon as a person is convicted of pauperism he is forthwith expelled; no matter where he is to go to, he can no longer be allowed to pollute the air of Frankfort with the greatest of all crimes—want of money. On the other hand, as an evidence of the carelessness of every thing but business, I was told a story of a person, who, inquiring what sort of house Goethe's was, meaning that in which the great poet was born, was answered that it was an excellent house, in very good repute, and did a great deal of business; it being supposed that the mercantile house of that name was alluded to. And yet, the people of Frankfort would seem to be great encouragers of art in one way, for their museum contains some of the finest specimens of modern German painting; and the celebrated statue of Ariadne, by Danneker, is in the possession of one of the first merchants there, and is most liberally exhibited to strangers. Perhaps, however, it is not only at Frankfort that the laying out of large sums of money on pictures and sculpture is not a necessary proof of taste for, or knowledge of the principles of, art.

As yet, however, we have only given one view of Frankfort—we have only seen it as the flourishing mercantile city of the nineteenth century, with its millionaire bankers, and peaceable population. There is another portion of it not so unique, but very interesting to those who are not going farther into Germany—I mean the old parts of the town: for those who have more time it is not so important, because other places, such as Nuremberg and Ratisbon, present better specimens of the same style. There is one street, however, quite unrivalled in its way—I mean the Jews' Street, where, in former times, all and now most of the Jews reside. A large portion of the population, and more especially of the richest part of the population, of Frankfort, are Jews; and the most splendid mansions in the new town belong to the Rothschilds, who, in fact, are natives of the place; but it is in the Juden Gasse that the Hebrews most do congregate, and it is, in truth, a most extraordinary scene. Imagine a very narrow long street, of very old high houses, with pointed gables, projecting windows, and heavy galleries, all of a black colour, so as to look as if made of old coffins, swarms of hook-nosed and very ragged children, and numberless very ugly, very dirty, and very old women (by the bye the Mosaic Arab race seems to have a special faculty for producing hideous specimens of the female antique). Imagine the utmost extent of filth, squalor, and wretchedness, and yet apparent contentment and real activity, and you have the Jews' Street of Frankfort. I made a point of visiting it more than once, and always found it interesting. The trade carried on seemed to be much the same as in the generality of Jewish communities—old clothes, rags, old iron, old furniture; such were the staple articles of traffic. The people exhibited the usual shrewdness of their race, mingled with a touch of German openness and humour; they seemed pleased at the curiosity manifested about them, and pointed out anything which they thought most worthy of observation. The age of the houses is evidently very great; one proof of their antiquity being the strength of the doors, and the thick bars before the small windows, marks of a period when to be a Jew was necessarily to stand in danger of life and limb. The mother of the Rothschilds was said still to live in this street, and her house was pointed out to me—whether her residence there be fact or fiction, I can only say it would take a good deal to persuade me to live there, even to be a Rothschild: however, tastes differ.

The other parts of the old town are not so curious, but yet well worth observation. The narrow-paved

streets, with the high houses, the heavy windows, and the lamps hanging across the road, bring one back to those days when the burghers of Frankfort had not unfrequently to buckle on armour in defence of their commerce against the predatory nobles around, when Diets met within the sheltering walls of the town, and Emperors were elected in the old cathedral, and feasted in imperial state in the town-hall. These two buildings are amongst the most curious of the city; with little of architectural beauty to recommend them, they yet have a quaint and imposing air, which at once strikes the spectator, and one cannot help pausing for a moment to reflect on all they have seen, the changes they have witnessed, and the centuries that have passed, since they were the arena of lordly pomp and political strife.

The finest part of the old town, I think of the whole city, is by the side of the river Maine. The houses here are of many stories; and as a friend of mine lived in one a good way up, I had the advantage of enjoying the view from his windows. Here, on the opposite side of the stream, is the ancient suburb of Sachsenhausen (originally a colony of pagan Saxons transported thither by Charlemagne), its venerable looking houses washed by the river; beyond lie gardens and verdant hills, and beneath you is the Maine, crowded with barges, and bordered by the busy wharves—whilst across it stretches the old bridge, one of the most picturesque in Germany, with its huge mouldering but still sturdy piles, overgrown by parasitic climbers. This has always appeared to me one of the finest street views in Germany, and I would advise any one who can to see this view from one of the uppermost stories of these houses; it will amply repay the trouble, to say nothing of the curious character of the houses themselves. They cannot, however, be very pleasant residences in winter, for, if the river rises, they are inevitably flooded;—my friend told me, that, for a considerable time during last winter, he had been obliged to row up to the first floor in a boat, a mode of entry which may be pleasant enough in Venice, but must, I should think, be quite the reverse here.

In the centre of the bridge stands an old statue of Charlemagne, of red stone, and very rude workmanship. Passing it one evening, and observing its appearance of great antiquity, the thought struck me to ask whether there were no traditions as to its being in the habit of walking, a custom to which old statues in all places are so much addicted. My friend, in reply, told me the following story, for the truth of which, however, I do not pretend to vouch.

Once upon a time there dwelt in one of the little streets which run down to the bank of the Maine, a cobbler named Hans Fuchs, or as we should say, Jack Fox. He was a good-hearted merry little fellow, a favourite with every one, and so good a workman that he must have thriven had it not been for one unfortunate failing which threatened to be his ruin. Hans was a great deal too fond of good beer, and many a customer he lost and many a pair of boots he spoiled in consequence. In vain did his mother scold and his wife entreat, Hans could not get over this weakness.

One night the little cobbler was returning home from a tremendous jollification; it was his Saint's festival, and he thought he was in honour bound to be merry on that day; not that he was thoroughly drunk, for, as he kept repeating to himself, it was impossible it should be so, since he was perfectly aware that he was anything but sober. However he staggered along, with some difficulty keeping out of the river, till he came to the bridge. The moon was shining brightly, and the old statue of the Emperor stood out in strong relief against the dark houses on the other side. Somehow the idea struck Hans that he would go and have a look at the figure before finally returning home. Accordingly he walked over to the centre of the bridge, and leaning against the parapet, stood gazing intently at the statue. He was quite alone, and might have remained there a

few minutes, when the cathedral clock solemnly tolled out the hour of twelve. Scarcely had the last stroke died away in the air, when, to the cobbler's astonishment, the stone Emperor nodded, as if beckoning to him; he could not believe his eyes; but the motion was distinctly repeated. Hans, however, could not leave the friendly wall which supported him; there were more reasons than one for this. What then was his horror when the statue, gradually swaying itself to and fro, at length descended from its pedestal, and moved across the bridge to where he stood paralyzed with terror!

"Who art thou, fellow?" asked the figure in a hollow voice, which curdled the cobbler's blood.

"A poor cobbler, Hans Fuchs, please your Majesty," was the tremulous reply.

"Art thou a native of Frankfort?"

"Yes."

"And a good Catholic?"

"Yes."

"Good. Bear up our train, and follow me." So saying, the statue turned, and made as if it would proceed towards the city.

Hans hardly knew how to act. A train carved out of stone was a thing which scarcely required to be borne up; but, on the other hand, the commands of a moving and speaking statue were not to be despised. So, stooping down, he took hold of the train and followed the Emperor; the stiffness of this article of dress having at least this advantage, that Hans, by leaning against it, made a shift to proceed much more steadily than he could otherwise have done. They crossed the bridge, and entered the city, the cobbler wondering all the time what had become of the town-watch, not one of whom was to be seen: the streets, too, were quite deserted,—there was not even a light in any one window. Thus they passed along in silence and solitude till they stood beside the Saalhoof, that huge, gloomy building erected on the site of the old Carolingian Palace. Here they stopped, and the statue spoke again.

"Mortal," it said, "know that here lies a mighty treasure, bound under a tremendous spell, which I alone can loose. The counter spell can be taught only to one who meets me alone at midnight on the bridge, and who must be a native of this town, a good Catholic, and free from taint of drunkenness. Thou art all these three?"

Now, had this question been put to honest Hans on the bridge, he would at once have confessed the state he knew himself to be in, and been glad to have got off so cheap. But he had natural courage enough to say nothing of the Dutch article, and his well-known familiarity with the statue; besides, the treasure—should he give that up for a pardonable fib? Thoughts of Hochheimer and Johannisberg, instead of frothy beer, passed through his mind, and he answered at once,—

"Ja wohl."

"Good, then," replied the statue. "Repeat the verses after me—

'When the night-bird shrieketh dread,
And the graves give up their dead.'"

But the additional courage which Hans now felt had one evil effect,—so long as he was in extremity of terror, he was comparatively sober; but his sobriety fled with his fear, and he now could scarcely stammer out with a hiccup—

"When the dead bird,—what is it? Donnerwetter!"

"Wretch, thou art drunk!" cried the statue, with a hideous frown.

"Not drunk, your Majesty; only jolly," replied Hans with a shout, and an attempt at a reverence.

"Miserable man, receive the reward of thy folly," answered the Emperor; and, raising his heavy stone sceptre, he struck the cobbler such a stunning blow on the head, that he reeled and fell senseless to the ground. As he awoke from his insensibility he felt a sensation

of intense pain in the head—ten thousand lights danced around—and a rough voice called out—

"Fifty thousand, the drunken schelm has fallen against the kerb-stone and cut his head open."

He was lying on the bridge, opposite the old statue, which stood grim and motionless. Around him were some of the city guard, who took him to the watch-house, where his head was bound up.

Next morning Hans went home to his wife, a sadder but a wiser man; for, from that day, he never was intoxicated again. Drink, he said, had been the cause of his losing the spell-bound treasure, and that was an injury which must part the best of friends. Hans' wife said nothing; but, in her own mind, she thought he had got a far greater treasure, for he had got—sober.

So there is my story of the statue on the bridge of Frankfort; and I dare swear it is as genuine a legend as one half of those told in the Guide-books.

THE CAVERN OF YEERMALLIK.¹

The following account of this remarkable natural curiosity will be new to most of our readers, as the book from which we extract it, Captain Burslem's *Peep into Toorkisthan*, has only just issued from the press. After giving an account of his journey from Cabul to the Doab in Toorkisthan, the author thus proceeds:—

"The following morning, as we were preparing to start, I happened to enter into conversation with an aged Moolah, the solitary sicerone of the Doab, who gave us a brief but very extraordinary account of a cavern about seven miles off. Our curiosity was so much excited by the marvellous details we heard, that we determined to delay our departure for the purpose of ascertaining how much of his story was due to the wild imagination of our informant. We accordingly gave orders to unsaddle, and communicated our intentions to the Khan. At first he strongly urged us not to put our plan into execution; declaring that the cave was the domicile of the evil one, and that no stranger who had presumed to intrude upon the privacy of the awful inhabitant had ever returned to tell of what he had seen. It will easily be imagined that these warnings only made us more determined upon visiting the spot. At length, finding our resolution immovable, the Khan, much to our astonishment, declared that it was not from personal fear, but from anxiety for our safety, that he had endeavoured to deter us, but that, as we were obstinate, he would at least afford us the advantage of his protection and accompany us. I confess we were not sanguine in our expectations that he would keep his word, and were not a little surprised to see him shortly after issuing forth from his fort, fully armed, and accompanied by his principal followers. We immediately made all necessary preparations, and started on our visit to his satanic majesty.

A bridge-path conducted us for some miles along the edge of a gentle stream, whose banks were clothed with long luxuriant grass extending on either side for a few hundred yards. We proceeded rapidly at first, keeping our horses at a hand gallop, as the path was smooth, and also to escape from the myriads of forest flies or bloodsuckers, which were perpetually hovering around us, and irritating our cattle almost to madness whenever we were obliged to slacken our pace; our tormentors, however, did not pursue us beyond the limits of the pasture land, so that we were glad to exchange the beauties of the prairie for the stony barren ground which succeeded it. We soon reached the base of a hill, from whence the wished-for cavern was visible, situated

about half way up its face. We were now obliged to dismount, and leaving our horses under the charge of an Uzbek, who could hardly conceal his delight at being selected for the least dangerous duty, we commenced the ascent.

During our ride, I had endeavoured to gather a few more particulars concerning the dreaded cavern, and, as might have been expected, the anticipated horrors dwindled away considerably as we approached it; still, enough of the marvellous remained to keep my curiosity on the stretch. Shah Pursund Khan confessed that he was not positive that the devil actually lived there, but still he said it was very probable; he had first heard of the existence of the cave when he obtained possession of the Doab, twelve years ago, from the very Moolah who was our informant. Urged by a curiosity similar to our own, he had ventured some little distance inside, but suddenly he came upon the print of a naked foot, and beside it another extraordinary impression, which he suspected to be from the foot of Sheitan (the devil) himself; quite satisfied that he had gone far enough, he retreated precipitately, and from that day to this had never intruded again. He argued, that any human being living in the cave would require sustenance, and of course would purchase it at his fort, which was the only one where the necessaries of life could be procured for many miles around; but he knew every one that came to him, and no stranger had ever come on such an errand; he therefore concluded with an appealing look to the Moolah, who was with us. The Moolah, however, had a tale of his own to tell, and seemed to have no great respect for the superstitious fears of his patron. "The name of the cavern is Yeermallik, and the fact of the matter is this," said he, settling himself in his saddle for a long story. "In the time of the invasion, six hundred years ago, of Ghengis Khan the Tartar, seven hundred men of the Husaren tribe, with their wives and families, and a stock of provisions, took possession of this cavern, hoping to escape the fury of the ruthless invader, and never stirred beyond its mouth. But the cruel Ghengis, after wasting the country with fire and sword, set on foot a strict search for such of the unfortunate inhabitants as had fled from his tyranny. His bloodhounds soon scented the wretched Husarehs, and a strong party was sent to drive them from their place of refuge. But despair lent to the besieged a courage which was not the characteristic of their tribe, and, knowing that, if taken alive, a lingering torture and cruel death would be their fate, they resolved to make good their defence at every hazard. The mouth of the cave was small, and no sooner did the invaders rush in than they were cut down by those inside; in vain were more men thrust in to take the place of those slain; the advantages of position were too great, and they were obliged at length to desist. But Ghengis was not to be balked of his victims, and his devilish cunning suggested the expedient of lighting straw at the mouth of the cave to suffocate those inside; but the size of the place prevented his plan from taking effect; so he at last commanded a large fragment of rock to be rolled to the mouth of the cavern, adding another as a support, and having thus effectually barred their exit he cruelly abandoned them to their fate. Of course the whole party suffered a miserable death, and it is perhaps the spirits of the murdered men that, wandering about and haunting it, have given a suspicious character to the place; but," concluded he, rather dogmatically, "the devil does not live there now—it is too cold!"

After scrambling over loose stones, climbing up precipices, and crawling round the projecting rocks, which consumed an hour, we found ourselves on a small ledge in front of the outer aperture, which was nearly circular, and about fifty feet high. We were now in a cavern apparently of no great extent, and, as I could not discover any other passage, I began to fancy that it was for this paltry hole we had undergone so much fatigue, and had had our expectations raised so high.

(1) From "A Peep into Toorkisthan," by Captain Rollo Burslem, London, Richardson, 1846.—A book in which will be found many entertaining particulars regarding a country which recent events have made of much interest in England.

I was about to give utterance to my disappointment when I perceived the Uzbegs preparing their torches, and arranging the line of march, in which it seemed that no one was anxious to take precedence. I now began to look about me, in the hope that there was something more to be seen, and was delighted to observe one adventurous hero with a torch disappear behind some masses of rock. We all followed our leader, and it was with great difficulty that, one by one, we managed to squeeze ourselves through a narrow gap, between two jagged rocks, which I presume I am to consider as the identical ones that were rolled to the mouth six hundred years ago, at the stern command of the Tartar Attila.

I confess that hitherto I had treated the Moolah's account as an idle tale; my unbelief, however, was quickly removed, for, just as we entered the narrow passage, the light of the torches was for an instant thrown upon a group of human skeletons. I saw them but for one instant, and the sight was quite sufficient to raise my drooping curiosity to its former pitch.

We proceeded down the sloping shaft, occasionally bruising ourselves against its jagged sides, until our leader suddenly came to a dead halt. I was next to him, and, coming up as close as I could, I found that one step further would have precipitated the adventurous guide into an abyss, the bottom and sides of which were undistinguishable; after gazing for a moment into this apparently insurmountable obstacle to our further progress, I could just perceive a narrow ledge about sixteen feet below me, that the eye could trace for a few yards only, beyond which it was lost in the deep gloom surrounding us. Our conductor had already made up his mind what to do; he proceeded to unwind his long narrow turban, composed of cotton cloth, and called to his comrades to do the same; by joining these together they formed a kind of rope, by means of which we gradually lowered each other, till at last a party ten in number were safely landed on the ledge. We left a couple of men to haul us up on our return, and proceeded on our way, groping along the brink of the yawning chasm. Every now and then, loose stones, set in motion by our feet, would slip into this bottomless pit, and we could hear them bounding down from ledge to ledge, smashing themselves into a thousand fragments, till the echoes so often repeated were like the independent file-firing of a battalion of infantry. Sometimes the narrow path would be covered, for a distance of many feet, with a smooth coat of ice, and then it was indeed dangerous. After moving on in this way for some minutes, the road gradually widened, till we found ourselves on the damp and dripping flooring of a chamber of unknown dimensions. The torch-light was not strong enough to enable us to conceive the size of this subterranean hall, but all around us lay scattered melancholy proofs that there was some sad foundation for the Moolah's story. Hundreds of human skeletons were strewed around; as far as the eye could penetrate these mournful relics presented themselves; they were very perfect, and had evidently not been disturbed since death. Some had more the appearance of the shrivelled-up remains which we find in the Morgue, on the road to the Grand St. Bernard, and lay about us in all the varied positions induced by their miserable fate. Here it seemed that a group had, while sufficient strength yet remained, huddled themselves together, as if to keep up the vital warmth of which death so slowly and yet so surely was depriving them. A little further on was a figure in a sitting posture, with two infants still clasped in its bony arms; and then again, the eye would fall upon some solitary figure with outstretched limbs, as if hurrying that death which, on the instant, responded to the call. Involuntarily, my thoughts recurred to Dante's beautiful description of the *Comte Ugolino's* children, and their piteous end in the *Torre della Famine*—but here a sickening sense of the dreadful reality of the horrors which, it was evident from these

mute memorials of man's equality to his fellow, had been endured, quite oppressed me, and I wished I had never visited the spot. I felt myself so much harrowed by this sad scene, that I endeavoured to distract my attention; but what was my astonishment when my eye fell upon the print of a naked human foot, and beside it the distinct mark of the pointed heel of the Afghan boot. I hope my reader will give me credit for truth—I can assure him that it was some time before I could believe my own eyes, though I considered that the result of our explorations would explain, in part, the sight which appeared to me so extraordinary, and which tallied so strangely with the footprints which had frightened Shah Pura-hund Khan twelve years ago. I was still absorbed in reflections of no very gay colour, when one of the attendants warned me that if I staid all day among the "dead people," there would not be sufficient oil to feed the torches, and we should be unable to visit the ice caves. I was immediately roused, and proceeded onwards with the party through several low arches and smaller caves. Suddenly a strange glare spread itself about me, and, after a few more steps, a magnificent spectacle presented itself. In the centre of a large cave stood an enormous mass of clear ice, smooth and polished as a mirror, and in the form of a gigantic beehive, with its dome-shaped top just touching the long icicles which depended from the jagged surface of the rock. A small aperture led to the interior of this wonderful congelation, the walls of which were nearly two feet thick; the floor, sides, and roof were smooth and slippery, and our figures were reflected from floor to ceiling and from side to side in endless repetitions. The inside of this chilly abode was divided into several compartments, of every fantastic shape; in some, the glittering icicles hung like curtains from the roof; in others, the vault was smooth as glass. Beautifully brilliant were the prismatic colours reflected from the varied surface of the ice, when the torches flashed suddenly upon them, as we passed from cave to cave. Around, above, beneath, everything was of solid ice; and, being unable to stand, on account of its slippery nature, we slid or rather glided mysteriously along this hall of spells. In one of the largest compartments the icicles had reached the floor, and gave the idea of pillars supporting the roof. Altogether, the sight was to me as novel as it was magnificent; and I only regret that my powers of description are inadequate to do justice to what I saw.

After wandering for some time amongst these extraordinary chambers, we proceeded further to examine the nature of the caverns in which they were found. These seemed to branch out into innumerable series, which again intersected each other. Sometimes they expanded into halls, the dimensions of which our feeble light prevented us from calculating; and again they contracted into narrow passages, so low that we were obliged to creep along them on our hands and knees. Our party had just emerged from one of these defiles, and were standing together on a kind of sloping platform, when the declivity seemed to become more precipitous as it receded from our sight, when our attention was suddenly arrested by the reappearance of the mysterious naked footprints which I had before observed in the chamber of skeletons. I examined them minutely, and am certain, from the spread of the toes, that they belonged to some one who was in the habit of going barefoot. I took a torch, and determined to trace them as far as I could. Had I met with these prints in the open air, I should have decided upon their being quite fresh; but the even temperature and stillness of atmosphere which reigned in these strange regions, might account for the tracks retaining that sharpness of outline which denotes a recent impression. The direction I took led me immediately down the slope I have just mentioned, and its increasing steepness caused me some misgivings as to how I should get back, when suddenly a large stone on which I had rested my foot gave way beneath

my weight, and down I came, extinguishing my torch in my fall. Luckily, I managed to stop myself from rolling down the fearful chasm which yawned beneath, but the heavy, rounded fragment of rock rolled onward, first with a harsh, grating sound, as if reluctantly quitting its resting-place, then, gradually acquiring impetus, down it thundered, striking against other rocks and dragging them on with it, till the loud echoes, repeated a thousand times from the distant caves, mingling with the original sound, raised a tumult of noise quite sufficient to scare a braver crew than our party consisted of. The effect of my mishap was instantaneous. Our followers raised an universal shout of "Shietan! Shietan!" (the devil! the devil!) and rushed helter-skelter back from the direction of the sound. In the confusion, all the torches carried by the natives were extinguished, and had not my friend Sturt displayed the most perfect coolness and self-possession, we should have been in an alarming predicament, for he—uninfluenced by any such supernatural fears as had been excited amongst the runaways, by the infernal tumult produced by my unlucky foot, and though himself ignorant of the cause of it, from having been intent upon the footmarks when I slipped—remained perfectly unmoved, with his torch, the only one still burning, raised high above his head, waiting patiently till the panic should subside. Order was at length restored in some degree, but the thirst of enterprise was cooled, and the natives loudly declared they would follow the devil no farther, and that we must return forthwith.

Shah Pursund Khan, who was just as great a coward as the rest, declared it was no use following the track any more, for it was well known the cavern extended to Cabul!!! Finding it useless endeavouring to revive the broken spirits of these cravens, we reluctantly commenced a retrograde movement, and I was obliged to remain in lasting ignorance of the nature of the mysterious origin of the footprint.

We had considerable difficulty in finding our way back to the ice-rooms. The fears of our followers had now completely got the better of them; they lost their presence of mind, and consequently their way; and it was not till after we had wandered about for more than an hour, that we hit upon the ledge which eventually led us to the drop which we had originally descended, by means of the ladder of turbans. At the head of this drop we had left a couple of men to haul us up. As soon as they perceived the light of our expiring torches, they called out loudly to us to make haste and get out of the place, for they had seen the Sheitan, about an hour ago, along the ledge beneath them, and disappear in gloom beyond. This information raised the terror of the poor natives to a climax: all made a rush for the rope of turbans, and four or five having clutched hold of it, were in the act of dragging down turbans, and torches, upon our devoted heads, when Sturt intervened, and by his firm remonstrances, aided by the fall of a few well-aimed stones upon the heads of the crew, made them relax their grasp, and ascend one by one.

The chief, being the lightest, claimed the privilege of being drawn up first, which was readily agreed to, and so in succession, each when he had mounted assisting in drawing up his companions, till at last we were all safely landed at the top, out of the reach of any ordinary sized devil. We soon emerged into the open air, covered with dust from head to foot like Indian Faqueers, after having been for nearly four hours wandering in the bowels of the earth. Our followers soon regained their courage, now that the danger was past, and each in turn began to boast of his own valour, and sneer at the pusillanimity of his comrade; but all agreed, that nothing on earth or in heaven should ever tempt them again to visit the ice-caves of Yeermallick."

MY COUSIN KATE.

[THE following tale I compile from my diary of a year long gone by. I am old now, but my heart I hope is young. Kate's eldest daughter, a pretty black-eyed girl of fifteen, is my adopted and loving child; my sight begins to fail, so she acts as my amanuensis. She is much surprised to hear such things of the staid lady whom she addresses as mother; and reads in my pleasure, at the memories of these occurrences, hopes for herself in connexion with the handsome heir of William Russell.

Robert and Kate are coming to stay a whole month with me, and will bring me the rest of their children. I must go and superintend the preparation of rooms for them all.]

"I hear the bees in sleepy music winging

From the wild thyme when they have passed the noon;

There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing,

Stirring the white spray with the same sweet tune.

Fragrant the tansy, breathing from the meadows,

As the west wind bends down the long green grass,

Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadows

Of the light clouds pass, as they were wont to pass."

L. E. L.—*A long while ago.*

One evening last August I was in a state of no inconsiderable anxiety. I had been expecting my cousin Kate ever since noon, and she had not yet arrived. Visions of carriages overturned were before me in an instant, but I banished every such thought as soon as I could. My windows were open, and the sweet odours of the flowers were borne in to me by the soft breath of the summer air. I looked again and again from my book down the gravel path which led somewhat circuitously to the lodge. Still no cousin Kate! I surveyed with no little complacency the arrangements of the tea-table, and then I was anxious again. It began to grow dusk. I shut up my book, and was in a reverie, which must have been a deep one, for it was uninterrupted till I heard the sound of carriage-wheels close to my windows. I rushed into the hall; Kate herself was there, and, after a hasty embrace, she disrobed, and we were sitting calmly and happily side by side in the home of our childhood.

I had so wondered to myself whether she would be changed, though she had only been away from me three months; but she was the identical cousin Kate over whom I had shed tears at parting. If possible she had returned more coquettish than she set out, and a little, just a little, fonder of talking.

"A delightful old house, that of the Russells, Emma," said she; "such carved oak stair-cases and long galleries, and interminable vistas of old dark portraits,—I believe I should have grown sentimental if I had not read somewhere that it injured the health. I have read all Scott's novels again, and I don't know how much more; but, dear me, what beautiful jessamine! how fragrant it is!"

I wish I could give Kate's blush when I answered that Robert Westall had left it that morning in expectation of her return, but I cannot. She went on—

"The Russells are inveterate readers; Mrs. Russell had her own particular lamp lighted as soon as it grew dusk, and persevered till she could scarcely keep awake. She being a lady of the old school, had dreams about household duties, which never disturbed Ann and Caroline; they began directly after breakfast. It was really ludicrous at dinner sometimes; some of us had been interrupted in a tournament, others had broken in on the repose of Keats' poetry, to attend to the grosser wants of mortal existence, and each bore the stamp of her separate employment. I was dull for three weeks, though perpetually sitting alone in a library where the books were all strange. The Russells read in their bedrooms, to be beyond the possibility of disturbance. Then Charles and William came home from Oxford, and fine fun we had. Such wanderings by moonlight, such reading, and singing, and talking together; and, in

short, we were quite happy. By the bye, how very handsome William is, and so droll, I am sure I laughed as if tears were imaginary things—not a sad reality. But when the excitement was over, Ann and Caroline read as usual, so the young men and I were left alone. They are so clever! Well, how delightful it is to be at home once more! How very well that dress becomes you, Emma: you look enchanting. And now, pray tell me some news."

"Really, Kate, I have been very quiet since you have been away; I dined once at the Lindens—"

"Yes, and Mr. Morison looked fidgety," interrupted Kate; "and Mrs. Morison kept so strict an eye on the servants, that they did not 'act well,' as engineers say; I understand."

"The Westalls have been at Brighton till yesterday, Kate; they came home at six last night; at seven Robert was here to know if you had returned." [Kate was silent enough now.] "Mr. Westall, of course, could not leave his business, being a lawyer. You know, Kate, people will quarrel and be ill, so lawyers and physicians have never any leisure. But Robert passed his examination just before he came, and wanted recreation. He is very pale. Of course, while you were away Ravenswood was dull enough, so he went to Brighton with the rest; and I have invited him to spend the day in the woods with us to-morrow."

"To-morrow! A day in the woods! delightful! Who is to go?"

"Robert and yourself, Miss Crompton—oh I forgot to tell you, she is at her uncle's for a few weeks again."

"Full of London chatter, of course," said Kate. "Well, who else?"

"Ensign Lavington, Edwin Fenton, and myself."

"Six; that will do. When do we start? Early, I hope."

"Yes; at eight o'clock, after breakfasting here together."

"I am delighted. How do poor Edwin's poetries go on? Symptoms as violent as ever—turn-down shirt collars—and indomitable perseverance in injuring his health by sitting up at nights?"

"I think he is as poetical as ever, love: but really, Kate, you look pale and anxious in spite of your enjoyments at the Russells."

"Pale, Emma; you jest?"

"Not now," said I, kissing her blushing cheek, while I twined Robert's jessamine in her black hair. She was very fatigued, and soon retired. I remained down stairs to superintend the final closing of the house, being rather nervous. When I lay down beside her, the flowers were on her pillow, and I heard her murmur "Robert" in her sleep. What may this betide? thought I.

The morning came. I jumped out of bed, and, having ascertained that it was a fine day, and just five o'clock, soon had my head on the pillow again, and was going off into a magnificent dream, when Kate's kiss awoke me. We congratulated each other on the weather, and, after anticipations of enjoyment for the day, prepared to dress. Without her knowledge I placed a spray of Robert's jessamine in her hair—it was very much faded, for though it had not been very long gathered, its nature was so delicate that the mere cutting it from the parent stem injured it materially. She looked lovely. I hoped from my heart that she would not be mischievous to-day, for Robert and she had not met for six months—he having been studying hard in London long before Kate left. The last interview she had with him was to refuse his offer of marriage; and I really felt concerned, for he was truly amiable and intelligent, with a manly decision of his own, excepting Kate were in the case,—then he submitted directly; but this, I thought, marriage would cure, and I knew a little restraint would improve Kate wonderfully: but really she was such a coquette!

Presently we were seated round the table to which I had so eagerly welcomed Kate the evening before. The only one wanted to complete the party was Miss Crompton, and even she was only half-an-hour behind

her time; but she came yawning in spite of her scrupulous conventional politeness, to show us how much later she rose in London.

While the rest are at the breakfast table I will step aside to give a slight sketch of our companions.

Robert came first. I was distressed to see Kate receive him without the least emotion, as if they had parted only a day or two since; but O! how comforted to see her leave the room, and come back with her eyes rather less bright, but much more tender and beautiful than usual. The Ensign, in all the glory of a spotless uniform and a flaxen moustache, was our second arrival. With an easy condescension he bowed to Kate and shook hands with me, coxcomb that he was! as if he were supremely contented in himself, but just kept up a communication with ordinary mortals out of pure benevolence. He twisted his fair moustache impatiently round his fore-finger, admired our prospect, and avowed his intention of enjoying himself that day. He wished Miss Crompton had commissioned him to call her, he would have thrown stones at her windows, and damaged more panes of glass than the most indefatigable glazier could mend in a long summer's day. Having relieved his feelings about Miss C.'s late rising by this candid expression of them, he applied himself to the dispatch of his breakfast. Edwin Fenton came, looking billious and out of spirits as usual. He considered himself quite a Byron; indeed he confidentially said to me one evening, "Byron! he was a happy man to me! he could get rid of his superfluous excitement by writing it down and selling it; but my fate interferes with such an arrangement. It is all here," (touching his forehead with his finger,) "but it is incommunicable, and that increases my misery." Even this unhappy individual honoured our excursion day with an attempt at a smile, when we painted in glowing colours the delights that were before us. After breakfast the carriage arrived, and after sending, by way of pioneer, a gig carrying a servant and provisions, we set out. Never did I see anything more beautiful than the country that day. It could not be the charm of novelty, these scenes were as familiar to me as my breath. I was born and bred here, the orphan heiress. I was acquainted with almost every tree that grew. Perhaps the cause of my happiness was, that Kate, the being I loved best on earth, (since Robert's elder brother died,) had just returned to me, and I sat with my hand in hers the whole of the way. The hedges yet boasted their beautiful wild roses; the foliage was richly green; here and there a tree shadowed forth to our mind the coming autumn, and it suggested to me a person prematurely wise. The nightingale's song was heard from the wood we were entering; my whole external life breathed poetry, and my heart leaped up and echoed the happiness that was around me. My grief had long lost its boisterous character; it was to me now as a gentle sad companion, in whose presence levity can never come, though much delight may be experienced. I drank the inspiration yielded to me by the high spirits of my companions and the bright weather; but I was as I always am—quietly happy. Kate and the rest laughed, but Kate was unusually silent that day. Once I was going to put my arm round her waist but found myself too late—that position was already occupied by Robert, who sat on her other side. Kate's coquettishness had been my plague, I fervently hoped here was an end to it.

Miss Crompton and the Ensign took wonderfully; he entertained her with an imaginary siege, in which he had performed feats of valour hitherto unheard of. Now, thought I, you have your match for the first time in your life, for certainly his military achievements were not more wonderful than her adventures in London. The prominence of the first person singular, was the most striking feature in each case. Edwin Fenton had chosen to sit with the driver, and I could hear his melancholy opinions about the harvest, the state of the country, &c., and Ben's answers full of ignorant fear. Not that Ben did not know how fine the wheat was about us,

but Edwin staggered him with statistics, which were a species of deception quite above him; and the end was that Edwin worked him up to a promising state of despondency about the coming winter, and persuaded him that Englishmen are the most over-taxed, ill-used, and patient people in the world. At last we came to the springs, and sat down by a clear streamlet whose lulling voice was music to our ears, with the tall trees above us, through the interstices of whose boughs the very sun, made merry by the good he was doing in the rich orchards and sunny vineyards of Europe, played at jack o' lantern on the soft fresh turf. Here each took his own course and did as he chose; Miss Crompton, who likes one beau better than none, and two than one, had somehow drawn Edwin Fenton into her net, so she, the Ensign, and the Poet went off together after a few minutes. We sat still. I had always favoured Robert's suit, but never so much as when I contrasted his manly bearing with the appearances of the other two young men who were with us to-day. It was impossible not to feel his superiority. Solemnly, and half sadly at first, he told Kate of his love—his earnest love; told her that she had in no slight degree been the cause of his present success in life. He said that she had formerly expressed a wish that young men would establish themselves well in life before they thought of marrying. "That wish," said he, "has kept me awake and working many many weary hours. For you, dear Kate, I have studied—done everything. I have the brightest prospects before me; but if you refuse me again, I shall never try for anything on earth afterwards." During all this, Kate had hidden her head in my bosom and was weeping. I gently disengaged myself, and left them together: when I returned they were excellent friends.

I loved to contemplate their happiness. Love to them, I thought, has hitherto been sweet; its very pains have been pleasures. Oh that they may never weep regretfully over the remembrances of the promises made in so much joy to-day! We passed the hours delightfully: all met by common consent at the springs to dine, and our dinner was truly a dinner to be eaten in such a place; a romantic affair, quite different from the servant-encumbered, lamp-lighted, curtain-closed proceeding of in-door life. Cool salads; Robert repeated Sidney Smith's directions how to make a salad for a man of taste, which seemed quite *à propos*; from this we got into a discussion about various things connected with that celebrated man,—creams, such as Milton describes Eve to have made, from "dulcet kernels pressed," and various more substantial preparations well suited to the occasion. My excellent tenant, who occupies the farm we had left about a mile behind, brought us a sylvan feast of fruit freshly gathered. Robert amused himself by garlanding Kate's dark hair with young vine leaves, and then making her look into the stream to admire herself, and he told her with more grace than I can put into so tame a thing as a chronicle, that she had every temptation to imitate Narcissus; but he hoped she would summon her powers of imagination and let him be her image. I need not say the other division of the party had left us long before this. There was something so beautiful in the love of these fair young creatures, that made me glance at my own deep mourning, and think how soon prospects as fair as theirs had, in my case, been blighted for ever, by the death of him who was husband to me in all but name—my dearest friend. I wept, silently and aside, for it would have been a sin to put anything of grief before them now, I was soon calm again for their sakes. We all strolled together along the brook-side, and admired the beautiful water-lilies, which really seem to be each

"An urn; some nymph
Swims bearing high above her head."

The day passed pleasantly away, and when the sun began to tinge the west we bade adieu once more to the wood, now endeared, to three of us at least, by lasting recollections.

"Dear me, Kate," said Miss Crompton, when we were once more seated in the carriage, "where did you get those splendid wild hyacinths? I haven't seen any."

"Common things," soliloquised Edwin, "yet beautiful. Ah! like everything else worth having, they seen fade."

"Pretty things enough," carelessly remarked young Lavington; "but, dear me! nothing to the flowers I saw in India; near our station was a grove of the celebrated 'Rafflesia arnoldi,' and they were so fine that the nectaries of the flowers generally held three quarts."

"Remarkable!" ejaculated Miss Crompton.

Robert said afterwards, he thought she would believe anything from a man in uniform. They were soon deep in another battle scene; young Fenton looked moody and uneasy, as I saw when he turned round and looked into the body of the phaeton. We soon reached home. Next morning I heard that the Ensign and the Poet had taken Miss Crompton home politely and peaceably enough, but that they quarrelled dreadfully about her afterwards; and that Edwin, true to his wretched fate, had given her up to his rival, and vowed himself unfortunate—more unfortunate than Byron.

But I must return to Kate on the evening of this day in the woods. I never saw her so naturally happy as when Robert had tenderly bidden her farewell, and she came up into our own room. What bright anticipations of the future she had! How she wept that she had ever been coquettish to any one so good and true as Robert!

When she found the jessamine in her hair, she laid it on her pillow as she had before done. She threw her arms round me and begged me to pray for her happiness. Indeed I required no great inducement to do this.

The next morning a letter lay on the breakfast table awaiting me, in a legal hand-writing. I knew at once it was from Robert's father. In it he requested me to give him an interview at eleven that morning. Of course I answered the note, and said I should be glad to see him. At eleven precisely, Mr. Westall, scrupulously dressed, as usual, in an unexceptionable suit of black, with a gold chain depending from his neck,—the same bow, so elegant at first, and so suddenly cut short. He was the Mr. Westall of my childish days, and the kind friend and protector of my riper years. Robert, being as open-hearted as a child, had told his father of his success the night before. He, good father that he was! had come to make arrangements for as speedy a marriage as possible, and also to ask my consent to the engagement, formally, as Kate's guardian. I gladly offered him every thing I could in each case.

I went to consult Kate about the "early day," and she, being persuaded by Robert, agreed to that day month. Robert had come while I was engaged with his father, and looked very happy.

Mr. Westall and Robert left Ravenswood for London that afternoon, and after a stay of three days, (during which the postman had to call at the lodge more than once,) returned, bringing news of a capital practice which Robert's father had bought for him.

So the wedding-day came. The weather all smiles and sunshine; Kate all tears and blushes. Robert's temperate exultation and fervent gratitude quite delighted me, and his bride too, I believe. Ann and Caroline Russell came to be bridesmaids. Caroline is very peccol; I really believe she and Edwin Fenton will perpetrate matrimony. Charles and William were there, and were as merry as usual, but Charles confidentially told me he had thought Kate loved his brother; "but, dear me!" soliloquised he, "one may as well prophesy which way the wind will blow, as be sure who such a coquette as Kate would fix on at last!"

After the marriage, Robert and Kate spent a week or two in Devonshire with some of his relatives; they then spent a farewell month at Ravenswood. When they left us for their home in London I felt very dull, and being particularly so one afternoon, sent to borrow the County

Chronicle, where the following announcement met my eyes:

"On the 29th October, in London, Edwin Fenton, Esq., of Ravenswood, to Mary Anne, only daughter of Frederic Crompton, Esq., of that city."

"On the 30th, at Bishopsgate Church, Ensign Lavington, to Caroline, younger daughter of the late John Russell, Esq., of that place."

So I was quite out in my guesses; but I cannot think how Miss Crompton came to prefer Edwin to the Ensign. Ann Russell, who is staying with me, says, "he asserted to her sister, that he never made Miss C. an offer at all; but just wanted to amuse himself, and vex the Poet at her expense."

L.

THE LABOURER.¹

VERY great pains have been taken lately to disabuse the agricultural poor of the notion that they have a certain right in the land. Argument and legislation have both been used. "You are not the landlords," has been repeated a thousand times, and impressed on the imagination by the vivid image of a union workhouse, which seems to say, "Whether you are the landlord or not, you shall not be." The poor have been told they have their labour, the farmer his labour and stock, the gentleman his land. Now a belief so often denied must have a certain universality, and something of a foundation in human nature and in the visible order of things. And in fact we do really think it is not altogether such an absurd and preposterous belief—such a mere chimera—that the poor have a certain sort of right and property in the land. It is always held as natural that what men have made, they should, in some sense, consider their own; and that they should be allowed a certain right of makership, paternity, and ownership, in everything they have helped to create, or reclaim, or improve. If a man has added to the public stock, surely he has a claim upon it, unless he has done something to forfeit that claim; surely he has the world in his debt, unless the world can prove the balance of debt is against him.

Let us now see how this matter stands with regard to land. The labourer has helped to make it what it is; he has watered it with his sweat, and, it may be said, his very blood; he has sunk thereon his whole capital, and devoted to it his little all. He knows the land is now more valuable for his labour; how should he not, then, think he has a right in it? Surely it is no idle dream. No, it is founded in truth and justice; and were it not so, it would not be so inveterate an opinion, so deep-rooted a sentiment. Let us endeavour to express this sentiment in words and images—though words cannot reach what is so deep and heartfelt. Here is an aged labourer, whom Providence has suffered to survive his strength. He was born in the parish, and there was brought up; or perhaps, without being under that obligation to it, he yet gave to it the first-fruits of his labour. His whole life has been one of use and service to the parish. As far as he or any mortal man can strike the balance, he has given vastly more than he has received, and thereby has deserved a blessing. All that he sees or hears tells him of his work, a work which, in the case of most labourers, is a work of love. He knows that he has added to the productiveness of the soil. He sees a present triumph, which is the result of fifty hard-fought battles with Nature. It is no barren victory, but an actual conquest, producing sterling fruits. It is written on the face of Nature, which as the veteran contemplates, he feels that he is the chief part of the tale; he helped to redeem that bog from barrenness; he helped to overcome the obstinate sterility of the moor, and the lean hill side; those fields of wheat which now present such

an uniform though undulating surface of golden ears, rising shoulder high, once would only produce in alternate stripes; half the crop was drowned or starved by standing water,—he under-drained it; he has seen the flock of sheep that feed upon that down gradually increase from five to seven or eight hundred—many a winter month has he toiled knee-deep in mud at those dykes and entrenchments, and assisted to give its present useful direction to that stream, which, in the reeds and willows that now fringe its bed, seems to forget the violence once done to it; he tempered with marl that field of hungry sand; he, when plough and harrow and hoe had failed, dug up with his pick-axe, and tore up with his hands one by one, the myriads of matted and ropy weeds that once incurably infested that northward slope; in some one or other of the numerous processes of modern agriculture, he has traversed a hundred times every square foot of the parish, till he knows every mark and character, natural or artificial, as if it were in his own cottage garden; he first set, and has five times trimmed down to the stocks, those ancient hedges; he helped to plant that belt of forest trees, now grown enough to adorn and shelter the country, and supply both fuel and timber; he helped to make and maintain the roads and the bridges; he has contributed his labour to every improvement, everything that has increased the productive value, the comfort, the beauty of the village and the parish.

What closer connexion can there be than that? It is all in a manner the work of his own hands; the village, the parish, the land, the fields and meadows, the woods, the streams, are part of himself. He is indeed, as he is sometimes insolently called, a clod of the soil; well may he be so called; the trees that grow on the land are not nearer to it. The mere connexion of ownership is nothing to this. Though he, who has thus helped to make not only the yearly produce, but the very soil itself, and the permanent natural qualities and features of the country, should be separated ever so far, it seems as if something must come of it. So infinitely nearer and dearer a tie is it, than a mere right by title-deed to enjoy the produce.

Yet is not all told. This relation of makership, this long partnership with the very powers of Nature, is cemented by suffering, and endeared by the most affecting associations. The poet who tells the British sailor that the spirits of his fathers start from every wave, would only speak the unborn poetry of every rustic breast, if he said the same here. The labourer's fathers, brothers, friends, have all died in this bloodless, though not painless warfare. Perhaps he is the last of a gallant band of companions, the last to tell their deserts, the last to receive in his one person the rewards of many. As for himself, he is not without honourable wounds: his body remembers the elemental strife: his sprained sinews, his aching joints, his blunted organs, recall continually this or that tempestuous scene; many a winter day on the bleak hill side, many a night-watch, many a surprise of flood and storm. Above all does he remember the last time he forgot he was old, and, after a useless bravado of endurance, crept home late one terrible day, from the scene of half a century's labours, never to return to it again. Of his children, some died in their infancy, yet not too young to have tasted the hardships of their condition; a daughter caught a chill in the fields at fourteen, was never strong after, and died at twenty; a son, who had roughed it well enough so far, returned to work too soon after the scarlet fever, and lived an ailing but still a working man, till five-and-twenty. His surviving kindred and offspring live as he lived, labour as he laboured, suffer as he suffered. He still serves his generation through them, and looks for a portion in the fruits of theirs, that is, of his labour.

We are justly proud—too proud, our neighbours say—of our Greenwich and our Chelsea; and take care that all nations shall see, as they come up our noble river,

(1) From an article on Agricultural Labour and Wages, in a recent Periodical.

how we house and maintain the wounded or worn-out soldier and sailor. But in what buildings, and with what uniform, and with what fare, and in what company, and with what terms of designation, are we preparing to treat those equally stout-hearted patriots, who devoted the flower and strength of their days to preserve us from famine and death?

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

STANZAS.

REV. H. THOMPSON.

WHEN Hope, in Possession's proud noon riding high,
Sets quench'd in eternal eclipse,
And, like fruits of Asphaltus, the pleasures we try
Turn ashes and dust on the lips;
When the joys we have nurs'd into bitterness burst,
And the forms we have follow'd are fled,
Oh where shall we find a repose for the mind
That dwells with the wreck'd and the dead?

Oh why was Youth's pathway so gallantly strewn
With flowers of each perfume and hue,
If their beauty and fragrance must waste in the noon
Where fresh in the morning it grew?
Oh why is the scene of existence serene,
As to ardour's young eye it appears,
If its sunshine be warm but to nurture the storm,
That bursts into ruin and tears?

Nay, murmur not, mortal! the fraud is thine own;
Who bade thee a shadow adore?
Earth's blessings were given for thy solace alone;
Thy hopes and affections for more.
Then turn thee from earth to the rights of thy birth,
To the armies of glory on high,
And seek above those the unbroken repose,
The garland that never must die.

Nay, murmur not, man! like Halcyone, thou
Thy nest on the billow hast made;
Thou hast trusted the calm of the summer, and now
The tempest thy trust hast betray'd;
Go, bind on the Rock that looks down on the shock
Of elements combating free,
Where no clouds part thine eye and the ever bright sky—
No woes thy Creator and thee!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

A WONDERFUL CIRCUMSTANCE.

In the small village of Herne Hill, near Canterbury, there is a postman, who is stone blind, yet still, unaccompanied by any dog or companion, he goes his daily round, never omitting a single letter, or giving a wrong letter to any one. The only thing which affects him is snow, after a fall of which he is prevented going his usual round.

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe

and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reins to their good nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villany and baseness.—*Burke*.

BEFORE an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested, it comes too late: there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as an hair, for a comforter to take aim at.—*Sterne*.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind, and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles light as air shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveable within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.—*Sterne*.

It appears by a calculation made by the printer of Stevens's edition of Shakspeare, that every octavo page of that work, text and notes, contains 2,680 distinct pieces of metal, which, in a sheet, amount to 42,880, the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder! With this curious fact before us, the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired, and errata ought more freely to be pardoned than the fastidious minuteness of the insect eye of certain critics has allowed.—*Curiosities of Literature*.

THE Abbé Olivet has described an amusement of Pelisson, during his confinement in the Bastille, which consisted in feeding a spider, which he had discovered forming its web in the corner of the small window. For some time he placed his flies at the edge, while his valet, who was with him, played on a bag-pipe; little by little, the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and issued from its hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and placing the flies at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, to drill the spider by regular exercise, so that at length it never failed appearing at the first sound to seize on the fly provided for it, even on the knees of the prisoner.—*Ibid*.

THE brave only know how to forgive;—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions,—cowards have even fought—nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave: it is not in his nature;—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 6d.

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Fanny Leigh.

See page 303.

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

THERE are none, even of the most imperfectly instructed in the history of this country, who do not know generally, as a historical fact, that, a long while ago, Britain was a Roman province; and any boy of ordinary attainments can tell us, that the Romans first landed here under Julius Cæsar, and that they continued in possession of the country until the Emperor Honorius recalled his troops to Italy, to defend the heart of the empire against the incursions of the barbarians, and so surrendered a sovereignty which he was no longer able to retain. The fact, in this naked outline, most people know,—that the Romans came, and that they departed; but not one in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand—knows much more. The accounts given to us of the Roman occupation of the country form the first and the shortest chapter in every history of England, and the most barren of all detail. There is seldom any attempt to weave it into the general thread of the story, or to trace what influence it may have exercised upon the character or fortunes of the country. We satisfy ourselves with knowing that such a thing once did happen, and there we leave it.

It is when we begin to look into dates, and by their help to measure, with some degree of accuracy, the magnitude of the event in question, that the meagreness of our information, and the languor of our curiosity, respecting this period of the history of the island in which we live, strikes us as remarkable. The date of Cæsar's landing was fifty-five years before the commencement of the Christian era; and Honorius's renunciation of the sovereignty of Britain took place about the year 420. The occupation of Britain by the Romans thus extended over a period of nearly 480 years—no inconsiderable proportion of the age of the world, and an entire fourth of the time which has elapsed since the island of Britain became known to history. But it is when we compare it with some other period, regarding the extent of which we have a comparatively definite impression—for example, the most recent one of equal duration—that we become still more fully sensible how large a portion of the average life of a nation is comprehended in a period which we are accustomed to regard as a mere point, scarcely discernible in the distant horizon by which our view is bounded. Looking back 480 years from the present time, we find ourselves at the year 1386, about the latter part of the reign of Edward III., and at a point considerably more than a century anterior to the Reformation; a time, the interval between which and the present day embraces almost all that we are accustomed to consider of much interest in relation to the constitution or government, the wealth, greatness, religion, or literature of the country. To the Romans of the time of Honorius, then, the landing of Cæsar must have been something like what the achievements of the Black Prince are to us; to the mass of the people a mere tradition, and known only in any of its details to the learned, and even to them as remote from present personal interest, and as deeply buried in the mists of antiquity, as are to us the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, or any of the narratives in the pages of Froissart. The memorials of their presence which the first invaders had left, had most of them, by that time, been long obliterated; those of which any traces remained had become grey time-worn ruins; their places of encampment, subjects of antiquarian controversy; their armour, their coins, their dress, their mode of life, subjects of antiquarian curiosity, pretty much as they are even at

the present day. For so long a period, embracing so many successive generations of men, cannot have run its course without having produced much moral and physical change;—in the case of a civilized people like the Romans, much mental progress. The acorns which were shaken to the ground by the wind which filled the sails of Cæsar's galleys, and bore him to the then unconquered shores of Britain, had become, ere his successors took their departure, aged moss-covered giants of the forest, and furnished, for anything we can tell, the timber of which were built the ships which carried them away. And during the long roll of years in which these were advancing through all the stages of growth, maturity, and decay, with a progress so slow that its perceptible steps are to be marked, not by years, but by decades of years—how much change—how much decay of old things and growth of new—how entire a revolution in feelings, habits, and associations—must have taken place in the living denizens of the soil! To many of the Romans (for it would be violating all probability to suppose a continued succession of legions merely occupying fortified posts for so many hundreds of years, without some, at least, spreading themselves over and into the country, cultivating the soil, and acquiring rights of ownership in it, and its fruits,) Britain must have been much more a home than Italy. The ashes of their fathers and brothers rested in it; their own fondest associations were connected with its scenes, with which all their recollections of infancy and youth were entwined. They must have formed connexions, more or less intimate, with the native inhabitants—intermarriages, in all probability, leading to the necessary consequence of families of mixed blood. With this there cannot fail to have been a partial fusion of feelings, prejudices, and superstitions; a gradual wearing down of the most salient points of difference; an approach to the formation of a mixed dialect, in which the necessary intercourse of the two races could be conducted; and, probably, something like the growth of a new race, neither altogether Britons, nor altogether Romans, but combining the distinctive characters of both. A mere military occupation for a short period—for half, nay, for a whole century—might, perhaps, have consisted with the preservation of an entire separation between the governors and the governed; the former might, for all that period, have continued to be in the country, but not of it; but for nearly five centuries it is scarcely conceivable that any offshoot of a foreign stock should have been in contact with the soil of the country, and not taken root in it,—should have remained so entirely distinct, and free from all entanglement of interest, alliance, and affection, that they should be able to take flight in a body on a sudden call, like swallows at the approach of cold weather, and leave nothing to recall the memory of their presence but a few deserted and mouldering nests; not to mention the other and greater wonder, that, after five hundred years' occupation, they should not have preferred remaining in Britain, and leaving Italy to its fate, to encountering the scarcely doubtful chances of a conflict with the countless swarms which were pouring upon the empire from the inexhaustible hordes of the north. When we reflect upon the actual state of matters, upon the length of time during which the Romans occupied Britain as one of the outposts of their empire, and the consequences which, in conformity to all experience in similar circumstances, must have followed upon that occupation, we cannot help feeling, that to talk of their leaving Britain at the time of Honorius, appears little less marvellous than if we should now talk of the Saxons or Normans leaving it, and returning whence they came at the period of their respective conquests.

And yet this, inconceivable as it is, is the idea we generally entertain. We think of the Romans as having paid this country a passing visit, and, when they

found it necessary to discontinue their intercourse, having left it very much as they found it; and as having themselves in their departure carried with them no trace of their residence among us. We look upon the Roman occupation of Britain as an unimportant episode in the history of the two countries, marking the conclusion of the one, and the commencement of the other; but which might be left altogether out of either history, without leaving any perceptible gap to be filled up. And yet that which we accustom ourselves so to regard,—which we treat with the same contemptuous indifference with which Milton treated the struggles of the kings of the Heptarchy, when he likened them to the contests of kites and crows, is, in reality, when we look at it narrowly, a long tract in the history of a people, every page of whose annals, if rightly written, cannot fail to have been full of interest and importance, and comprehends a series of events extending over a period of time sufficiently long to embrace the entire life of a nation, and entitled to an independent and substantive place of their own in the volume of history. There was space enough in it for a state to have passed through all the stages of infancy, manhood, and decay. It can be no exaggeration to assume that many things in the habits, mode of life, feelings, and institutions, of the two races thrown into contact, which were young long after the commencement of the era we are speaking of, had, after enduring their full period of mature vigour, grown old, decayed, and utterly died out, long before its close. We cannot think otherwise, if we only consider what a much shorter period has done for the greater part of the continent of America.

If then we are, as we apprehend to be the case with even our most learned students of history, almost entirely ignorant of the actual condition of Britain during the long period we have been speaking of; if we know little more than a few of the most worthless and unprofitable of those facts which form the skeleton of history,—the names of successive commanders, and the date of this or that battle, and even these most darkly and uncertainly; leaving all that concerns religion, literature, government, civil polity, domestic institutions, the happiness or misery of the people, one entire blank; we cannot help looking upon that very ignorance as a most remarkable circumstance in connexion with historical literature: not unusual, it may be, and perhaps not wonderful, when we consider how inadequately history has, at all times, and in relation to all countries, performed its noblest function, of preserving, for the benefit of future ages, the really valuable facts in the condition of a people by which the steps of human progress are noted, and the operation of its various causes illustrated; but at all events very mark-worthy, as helping us to understand what history is, compared with what it ought to be. It is not a mere crumb of history that has slipped from our grasp,—a detached corner that has been broken off,—an insignificant islet that has been submerged by the waters of oblivion; a whole continent has disappeared—the annals of an entire race of men have been lost. We should have no right to wonder that, in savage tribes, generation after generation should arise and disappear in long succession, and leave no more lasting trace of their existence, than the leaves of the forest to whose growth and decay the exquisite simile of Homer¹ so touchingly likens them. But Britain, during the time we speak of, was not peopled by mere savages. The Romans were then at the very height of their civilization. They were perfecting that system of law which still lies at the foundation of the jurisprudence of nearly the whole civilized world, and which, for its sound principles of equity, and its refined adjustment of the most complicated questions of right, continues to be the theme of universal admiration. That law un-

doubtedly they administered in Britain; and it is morally impossible that any tribes, however rude and barbarous originally, could have remained long with such a system brought to bear upon their daily transactions, and their various social relations, without having their minds quickened, refined, and cultivated by it. The unearthing of the civil law in the twelfth century from its long burial, gave the first decided impulse to the civilization of Europe after the dreary night of the dark ages; the practical working of its principles could not have failed to produce an effect something similar upon the aboriginal tribes of Britain, when they were subjected to its influence. There must, therefore, have prevailed throughout the whole of that part of Britain over which the Roman power extended, a considerable amount of civilization—there must have been some degree of social order—an established relation of rights and obligations—the idea of property distinctly implanted in the minds of the people, with its cognate ideas of rank and power—all these opening a field for the exercise of the moral and intellectual energies, and rendering it impossible that the habits of the people should be the mere unvarying obedience to animal impulses which constitutes the whole history of savage life.

Wherever there is such an amount of civilization, there must, we conceive, be the materials for a history worth knowing something about. There must have been conflicts of rights, struggles between right and might, the decay of one kind of power and the growth of another, the gradual development of principles originally latent in the relation established between the two races, as operated upon by their respective national, physical, and religious peculiarities; there must have been a gradual forming and perfecting of institutions,—there must have been patriots and tyrants, aristocrats and demagogues, poets and philosophers,—all the various forms into which the activity of the human mind, forcing its way from under the weight of controlling circumstances, and shaped and directed by individual and national tendencies, throws the several elements into which a society becomes divided. It cannot have been otherwise, on the supposition that there existed those seeds of progress which the residence of a civilized race cannot fail to have implanted in the rudest soil, giving play to the vital energies of the popular mind, and so rendering such progress, and the varied succession of events arising out of the conflicts of feelings, passions, principles and interests, which constitute the materials of history, unavoidable. Let us grant all that can be asked of the corruption of the Romans, of their lapse from the lofty nobility of character which marked the purer period of their Republic—let us make every allowance for the illiterate rudeness of a mere soldiery, such as most of those who were successively sent to Britain may have been; still whatever their vices, and whatever their ignorance, they had at least, and were able to communicate, that kind of civilization which, derived from a familiarity with artificial relations, keeps the mental energies in play, and so necessarily gives birth to social progress and change.

It is well known that, under the Empire, the Romans of the upper classes were extremely luxurious, and that everything connected with their houses, tables, and persons, was carried to the highest pitch of refinement. We cannot suppose, then, that the patricians by whom the Roman legions were officered could have endured a lengthened residence in a province, in which they should be condemned to the primitive and uninviting fare of which Cæsar has left us a description, or even to much abstinence from any of their accustomed enjoyments. We know that they did not do so in other provinces, for the extravagant luxuriousness of the proconsuls was the never-ending theme of fashionable gossip at Rome; and there is no reason for supposing Britain an exception to the general rule. But luxury cannot be

(1) *Iliad*, Book VI. l. 146 to 150.

maintained, especially in a country like Britain, where luxuries are not of spontaneous growth, without a variety of artificial institutions, necessarily resulting in a certain amount and kind of civilization. There must have been commerce; and commerce, even in its rudest form, requires a variety of arrangements and provisions made for carrying it on, absolutely incompatible with the primitive rudeness of barbarians. It cannot subsist without ships, warehouses, and harbours, these implying the possession of mechanical and scientific skill, and the cultivation of various arts. It cannot be carried on for any length of time without the existence of merchants as a distinct class, and that alone is a sufficient guarantee for civilization. A commercial people is necessarily, by the very fact of being so, a civilized people. The peaceful intercourse with other lands which commerce opens up,—the acquaintance which it gives with their manners, resources, and wants,—the stimulus which it imparts to the inventive powers in order to create subjects of exchange which may make it a source of profit,—the habits of industry which it forms, and the superiority which it gives to such habits, as well as to the qualities of sagacity and foresight, over mere physical strength—all these necessarily "*emolliunt mores, nec sinunt esse feroces*,"—they create that state of the public mind which prepares the way for progressive improvement in the conditions by which men are united to each other in society,—in other words, for civilization. The continued residence, therefore, for a long tract of years, of men of luxurious tastes and refined habits in Britain, must have made it a kind of necessity that many of the more complicated arrangements of an advanced state of society should have been adopted and observed in it.

We may carry our suppositions still further, without overstepping the bounds of probability. What more likely, in such a state of matters, than the existence of educational institutions, in the benefits of which those of the higher classes at least participated? Latin, the language of the conquerors, would be cultivated from motives of policy by the conquered, and, in the works which existed in that language at the time of Cæsar, with the successive additions made to them in the long period which followed, they had an ample store of whatever in literature is most fitted to ennoble the mind and enlarge the faculties.

Political institutions, it is probable, there were none, for there was no political liberty; but there must have been courts for the administration of justice, with the apparatus necessary for carrying their sentences into effect. They had, in the civil code of the Romans, as we have already remarked, one of the most complete, and, in its general principles, most soundly constructed bodies of law which ever existed. Having such laws, no doubt they had lawyers, sage jurisconsults, whose *dicta* contributed to swell the mass of authority which has been creamed off for the benefit of posterity in the Pandects of Justinian. In addition to this, as a necessary consequence of a fully developed system of law, there must have been a more or less thoroughly organized system of public records. The impossibility of trusting to mere tradition for the safe preservation of the evidence on which those rights rest, which it is the business of law to determine, and the necessity for guarding against the written evidence of them being destroyed, mutilated, interpolated, or forged, would suggest, in a very short time, the establishment, either in connexion with the general government, or with each separate court, of records to which, as permanent evidence of rights already adjudicated upon, future appeals might be made with certainty. A refined system of law without public records, would be a moral impossibility: and no nation ever yet had public records whose history had not something worth preserving.

But to conclude the enumeration of circumstances from which we infer the condition of Britain during the period of its occupation by the Romans to have

been one worthy of a larger place in history than it is now possible to assign to it, we must mention, as one of the most important, the state of religion. At what time, and by whom, the Gospel was first preached in Britain, is a question into which we shall no further enter, than to say that there can be no reasonable doubt that that event took place within the first century, and that, long before the time of Constantine, Christianity had obtained a firm footing in the hearts of a great proportion of the people. For, immediately after the conversion of that emperor, we find, according to the most credible accounts, the Church in Britain flourishing in a vigour indicative of a long establishment as one of the institutions of the country, as well as of the present enjoyment of courtly favour. The island, we are told, was covered with churches. And the Church in Britain was of sufficient importance to have its bishops to represent it at more than one General Council. The Church has been from the first, in every land in which it has been planted, the most effective instrument of civilization. In no country can it have subsisted for the shortest period which it is possible to assign to its establishment in Britain, previous to the fall of the Roman Empire, without having exercised the most marked influence upon the character, the general habits, the civil and political institutions, and the social condition, of the people.

It is not difficult to explain why Britain, during this period, with all that we have said, and much more that we might have said, but have no room to say, of the advances which it must have made in refinement and civilization, should occupy but a slender space in general history. It was but a province, and, considering what things alone it is that history generally troubles itself to record, a province can have little or no history of its own; all is absorbed in the history of the parent or dominant state. Who of us at the present day knows much of the history of Jamaica? Or how much of its internal history during the last two hundred years will be known to any one some centuries hence? The inhabitants of this country are as much interested in, and much better acquainted with, the proceedings of the parish vestries of St. Marylebone or St. Stephen's Walbrook, than with those of the House of Assembly of Jamaica, although it represents the interests of an island not much smaller than Great Britain. The interest which we take in public events, and on account of which we give them a place in history, necessarily gravitates around the centre of government, where the great interests of the state are represented. The local and sectional interests which are to be found at the extremities are excluded from history, and the facts which concern them remain unknown to us, for the same reason that the heroes who lived before Agamemnon continue unknown to fame, *carent quia vate sacro*, because history has had its hands full elsewhere. Still, if it was natural that the Romans should have forgotten all about such a mere corner of their dominions, we (the Britons) might at least have been expected to retain some memory of so much of our history for ourselves; for we think the considerations we have here dwelt upon tend to show, that if history has been almost entirely silent as to the period we have been speaking of, it has not been because there were not matters which it might have well taken the trouble to preserve. We have ourselves felt these considerations, as often as they came vividly before us, rebuke an erroneous apprehension lurking in our minds regarding the real extent and importance, in relation to the history of Britain, of its occupation by the people who were so long the masters of the world, and have, therefore, imagined that it might not be amiss to offer some suggestions fitted to correct such misapprehensions if existing anywhere else. If important facts are lost for ever, it is at least something, and preserves the truth of our views of history, to keep before us the empty places which they should have occupied.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

THIS celebrated sculptor, painter, and architect, was the son of Ludovico Buonaroti Simoni, a gentleman of small fortune, but descended from an ancient and noble family. Michael Angelo was born in the year 1474, in the castle of Chiusi, in the territory of Arezzo, in Tuscany, where his parents then resided, and he was placed at nurse in a village called Settignano, about three miles from Florence.

The inhabitants of Settignano were principally sculptors and stone-cutters, so that Michael Angelo used to say that he imbibed the art of sculpture with his sustenance when an infant, for his nurse was the wife of a sculptor.

At the proper age he was sent by his father to Florence to be educated: but his genius for sculpture and painting soon developed itself, and caused him to neglect every other pursuit; for which he was often chastised by his master, and reprimanded by his father, who considered the vocation of an artist as derogatory to his rank. Michael Angelo continued, however, to seize every opportunity of studying the art which his ardent disposition impelled him to practise; and having become acquainted with a young artist, he borrowed models from him, which he copied with indefatigable zeal. At length his father was persuaded to allow him to become a disciple of Domenico Ghirlandaio, a painter who was much esteemed, not only at Florence, but throughout Italy.

Michael Angelo was then fourteen years of age, and, being at liberty to follow the bent of his genius, he applied himself so zealously to his art, that his master was astonished at his rapid progress. In a short time the disciple surpassed his instructor; and on one occasion, having observed some defects in a design of a female figure, drawn by Ghirlandaio, he pointed out, and corrected them, to the great surprise of all who witnessed this proof of the young artist's superior talent.

Nor was his skill confined to drawing and painting: his powers were equally remarkable with regard to sculpture. When only sixteen years old, he executed figures in marble which called forth the admiration of all who saw them, and caused him to be considered as a prodigy.

Lorenzo de Medici, surnamed "The Magnificent," who was the patron of genius and industry, observing the superior qualities of the youthful Michael Angelo, took him under his protection, and employed him in several noble works, particularly in statuary, by which he gained universal applause.

At the death of his generous patron, Michael Angelo quitted Florence, and after visiting Venice and Bologna, he repaired to Rome, where his extraordinary talents were highly appreciated and extolled. Being solicited by his friends to return to Florence, he did so, and there sculptured several statues. It was at this period that his fame became increased by the production of a figure which is considered to be one of his masterpieces, and even worthy of being compared with the works of the

ancients. This beautiful marble statue represents David with his sling; and it is related that Pietro Soderini, who purchased it, remarked that he thought the nose was too large, which observation proved his want of judgment, for it was in exact and delicate proportion. Michael Angelo, however, being willing to gratify Soderini, appeared to assent to his remark, and taking some marble powder in his hand, with the chisel at the same time, he began apparently to work on the nose, dropping gradually some of the powder as he proceeded. The deception was not discovered by Soderini, who, when the sculptor laid down his chisel, exclaimed with delight, that those touches had given life to the statue.

Michael Angelo was also engaged at this period in designing some pictures, which he intended to paint in conjunction with Leonardo da Vinci; but he was summoned back to Rome by Julius II. to erect a magnificent monument, which that Pope destined for himself. Michael Angelo was twenty-nine years of age when he commenced this great work, which, however, was soon interrupted. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some writers have attributed it to the impetuous temper of the sculptor; others to the no less irritable disposition of Julius: but, whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that the mausoleum was never finished, and that, after it was begun, Michael Angelo suddenly quitted Rome, and was absent for some time.

On his return to that city, he was employed, by order of the Pope, in other works, among which were the frescoes¹ in the chapel of Sixtus IV. in the Vatican. Michael Angelo did not wish to be thus employed; and he was not only willing, but anxious to recommend Raphael as his substitute: but Julius was inflexible, and Buonaroti was compelled to abandon the completion of the superb tomb which he had commenced, (which was a work quite in conformity with his genius for sculpture) and to devote his talents to the embellishment of the Sistine chapel.

Having once undertaken this important task, the illustrious artist wrought with his accustomed ardour; and, not choosing to be interrupted or intruded upon during his labours, he invariably declined to admit any person into the chapel whilst the frescoes were in progress; but when he had executed about half of his great work, Julius could not resist the desire he felt to see it, and he insisted that the scaffolding should be removed, and the public allowed to view the paintings. This must have been very annoying to Buonaroti, particularly as the Pope was continually urging him to hasten the completion of the frescoes.

One day, the Pontiff having asked him rather sharply when the work would be finished, Michael Angelo answered—"When I feel satisfied that I have done justice to my noble art!" "And we," retorted Julius, "desire that you should satisfy us, also, by finishing the work promptly:" adding, that if he delayed doing so much longer, he should be severely punished.

This threat alarmed the artist, who was well

(1) *Fresco* is a kind of painting performed on fresh plaster, or on a wall covered with mortar not quite dry, and with water colours. The plaster is only to be laid on as the painting proceeds; no more being done at once than the painter can despatch in a day. The colours, being prepared with water, and applied over plaster quite fresh, become incorporated with it, and retain their beauty for a great length of time.

aware of the Pope's violent disposition; accordingly, he painted his figures rapidly, not even retouching many parts after they were dry, which might have imparted more grace and softness to them. Neither did he enrich the vesture of his personages with gold, and glowing colours, as he might otherwise have done, and which would have corresponded better with the other decorations of the chapel. The Pope remonstrated with him on this account, still pressing him, however, to finish his task; therefore Michael Angelo, knowing that it would require considerable time to execute these ornamental parts, properly observed to Julius, that the holy men he was painting did not wear golden ornaments, and that they despised riches.

At length, on the 1st of November, 1512, the frescoes were completed. Besides the twelve compartments of the roof, a portion of the side-walls of the chapel was painted by Michael Angelo; and although he had no assistance, and even ground his colours himself, the whole work occupied him but one year and eight months.

After the death of Julius II., which took place in 1513, his successor, Leo X., sent Michael Angelo to Florence, in order that the Pontiff's native city might be embellished by the productions of that superior artist. He was recalled to Rome by Clement VII., in 1523, and it was at his suggestion that Michael Angelo executed the cartoons of his famous picture of *The Last Judgment*, which adorns the altar of the Sistine chapel. This fresco was not commenced, however, during the life-time of Clement; but Paul III. who succeeded him, having seen the cartoons, ordered the picture to be begun immediately. Michael Angelo worked at this extraordinary composition during eight years, and it was completed at the end of the year 1541. He also painted two large pictures for the Pauline chapel in the Vatican; one representing the conversion of St. Paul, and the other, the martyrdom of St. Peter. His picture of the Crucifixion is likewise universally admired.

It has been observed that the works of this eminent man always surprise the beholder with the appearance of something unusually grand, though they may not, in every instance, produce a pleasing impression. There is no doubt but that he was the first painter who inspired the Italian artists with the taste for the sublime, and that his example induced them to forsake the dry, stiff manner of Perugino¹ and others.

Michael Angelo's genius was very extensive, and his powers of representing his ideas were bold, even to rashness. He possessed extraordinary anatomical knowledge; and although his attitudes are not always beautiful, yet even Raphael himself—as most writers affirm—derived considerable improvement from observing the grand conceptions and noble taste of design of Buonaroti, though the former was far superior to him in elegant simplicity, in grace, and adherence to nature.

It is said that there is not one undisputed oil-painting of Buonaroti's in existence. Several are exhibited which are ascribed to him, but it is generally admitted that such have no claim to that honour. They may, perhaps, have been the work of his pupils, and he may have given a few touches to them himself; but it is well known that he despised oils, and thought fresco-painting much

more meritorious, and, consequently, more worthy of his superior genius. This predilection is to be regretted, because pictures in oil are so much more durable than those painted on plaster, however skilfully and carefully they may be executed.

In the National Gallery in London, there is a picture—*The Resurrection of Lazarus*—which, though painted by Sebastiano Del Piombo, is believed to have been composed by Michael Angelo Buonaroti, and it is said that the figure of Lazarus was entirely executed by the hand of that great master.

Among Michael Angelo's most celebrated works in sculpture, are the beautiful statues of the Dukes of Florence which adorn the tombs of Julian and Lorenzo de Medici. The chapel which contains these tombs, and which communicates with the church of San Lorenzo, at Florence, was erected by Buonaroti.

When he had attained the advanced age of seventy-two, Michael Angelo was empowered by Pope Paul III. to superintend the rebuilding of the cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome, and, in the brief by which he received his appointment, he was authorized to do, and undo, whatever he pleased; and it is worthy of record, that the same document specifies that the architect undertook the work for the love of God, and without any salary or reward. Michael Angelo insisted on the insertion of this declaration in the brief.

The task he had undertaken was by no means an easy one, for he was constantly impeded in his labours by the jealousy of his brother architects, who endeavoured to injure him in the estimation of the Pope by their unjust complaints. But his wonderful talents and high character triumphed over all these clamours, though he was so disturbed and wearied by them, that he would willingly have retired to Florence, and ended his days there in peace. He persevered, however, for many years; and though St. Peter's was still in an unfinished state when Buonaroti died, it will ever be a memento of his enterprising genius.

After a glorious career of eighty-nine years and eleven months, beloved and honoured by the sovereigns and great men of the age in which he lived, Michael Angelo Buonaroti expired at Rome, on the 17th of February, 1564. His remains were eventually conveyed to Florence, and deposited with great funeral pomp in a magnificent tomb, in the church of Santa Croce. This tomb is embellished by a bust, which is said to be a correct resemblance of the eminent man whose history has been thus briefly related. Three marble statues, representing Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, also adorn the mausoleum.

It is interesting to connect in the mind the contemporaries of remarkable characters; and among those of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, were the following celebrated individuals: Henry VIII. King of England; the Emperor Charles V.; Francis I. King of France; Pope Leo X.; the great Reformers Luther and Calvin; the Italian poet Ariosto; the admired painters Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci; Christopher Columbus; Fernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; and Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru.

(1) Perugino was the instructor of Raphael, and he was one of the painters employed to decorate the Vatican.

DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA.¹

It is not our intention to give a formal review of these most interesting volumes: our ignorance of matters purely nautical renders us incompetent to appreciate their peculiar merits. We would rather select such portions of the work as, we trust, will be agreeable to our readers, convey to them instruction as well as amusement, and, perhaps, induce them to peruse the whole work, which, we boldly assure them, will amply recompense them for their exertion.

Captain Stokes sailed from England in the year 1837, to survey the north and north-west coasts of Australia, and returned in the year 1843. This protracted voyage has been attended with most beneficial results. Not only have great additions been made to the natural history of that strange and wonderful region, but its capabilities of melioration are pointed out by many sensible and original observations, and the facilities of communication with the interior have been enlarged by the discovery, and exploring to a great extent, of four rivers—the Adelaide, the Victoria, the Albert, and the Fitzroy. Of these the Victoria admits vessels of considerable burden; thus giving a stimulus to commercial enterprise, and an opportunity of more widely diffusing the blessings of Christianity.

The work is written in a lively and amusing style, with that keen perception and vivid portraiture of the beauties of nature which characterises Sir Walter Scott's delineations of landscape scenery. But, what is still better, it is written in a candid and religious spirit. It is rarely that Captain Stokes finds fault with his precursors in the same track, and that reluctantly, and only when the concealment of error might endanger the future navigator. It is constantly that he acknowledges the hand of a superintending PROVIDENCE, and never fails to impress the duties incumbent upon His creatures, arising from His bounty and mercy. And there pervades both volumes that tempered enthusiasm which an active and zealous explorer of new regions cannot but feel, and that ardent hope of future beneficial results which glows in the heart of the patriot and philanthropist.

We will now select some passages fully illustrative of the preceding remarks.

"Though this was neither my first nor second visit to Bahia, I was still not indifferent to the magnificent, or rather luxuriant, tropical scenery which it presents. A bank of such verdure as these sunlit climes alone supply, rose precipitously from the dark blue water, dotted with the white and gleaming walls of houses and convents half hidden in woods of every tint of green; while, here and there, the lofty spires of some Christian temple pointed to a yet fairer world, invisible to mortal eye, and suggested, even to the least thoughtful, that glorious as is this lower earth, framed by Heaven's beneficence for man's enjoyment, still it is not that home to which the hand of Revelation directs the aspirations of our frail humanity."—Vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

"During dry seasons it not unfrequently happens that an immense tract of land is desolated with fire, communicated either by the design or carelessness of the natives, to the dry herbage on the surface. The moment the flame has been kindled, it only waits for the first breath of air to spread it far and wide: then, on the

wings of the wind the fiery tempest streams over the hill sides and through the vast plains and prairies: brushwood and herbage—the dry grass—the tall reed—the twining parasite—or the giant of the forest, charred and blackened, but still proudly erect, alike attest and bewail the conquering fire's onward march; and the bleak desert, silent, waste, and lifeless, which it leaves behind, seems for ever doomed to desolation! Vain fear! the rain descends once more upon the dry and thirsty soil, and from that very hour, which seemed the date of cureless ruin, Nature puts forth her wondrous power with increased effort, and again her green and flower-embroidered mantle decks the earth with a new beauty!"—Vol. i. pp. 105, 106.

"I must be pardoned for again alluding to our old enemies, the mosquitoes, but the reception they gave us this night is too deeply engraven on my memory to be ever quite forgotten. They swarmed around us, and by the light of the fire the blanket bags in which the men sought to protect themselves seemed literally black with their crawling and stinging persecutors. Woe to the unhappy wretch who had left unclosed the least hole in his bag! the persevering mosquitoes surely found it out, and as surely drove the luckless occupant out of his retreat. I noticed one man, dressed as if in the frozen North, hold his bag over the fire till it was quite full of smoke and then get into it, a companion securing the mouth over his head, at the apparent risk of suffocation: he obtained three hours of what he gratefully termed comfortable sleep—but when he emerged from his shelter, where he had been stewed up with the thermometer at 87°, his appearance may be easily imagined.

"Our hands were in constant requisition to keep the tormentors from the face and ears, which often received a hearty whack, aimed in the fruitless irritation of the moment at our assailants, and which sometimes ended in adding head-ache to the list of annoyances. Strike as you please, the ceaseless humming of the invincible mosquito close to your ear seems to mock his unhappy victim!

"One poor fellow, whose patience was quite exhausted, fairly jumped into the river to escape further persecution."—Vol. i. pp. 143, 144.

"In one corner, that at first escaped my curiosity, so completely had it been shut out from the gaze of all by a winding bowery walk, I found, in a sort of alcove, the tomb of a child; upon it lay a fresh bouquet of flowers, revealing that the dead was not forgotten by those who were left behind. It was easy to divine, and I afterwards learnt this to be the case, that it was the mother—who came every morning to pay this tribute of affection to the departed. A weeping willow drooped its supple branches over the tomb, some honeysuckle and sweet briar surrounded it, loading the air with their rich fragrance; not even the chirping of a bird disturbed the solemn silence that reigned around; everything seemed to conspire to suggest holy and melancholy thoughts, and I lingered awhile to indulge in them, but, perceiving by the few footmarks that I was an intruder, hastened to retire; by no means sorry, however, to have discovered this evidence of the enduring love a mother bears her offspring."—Vol. i. p. 275.

"I may here mention a singular custom that came under notice some time after, at the Protectorate in the valley of the Loddon, in the vicinity of Melbourne. Several women were observed, having their faces completely concealed by their opossum-skin mantles. Not satisfied with this, moreover, in passing a party of men, they moved in a sidelong manner, so as to render it impossible, even if the covering came to be displaced, that their faces should be seen. In the evening, at the Coralbery, these persons, three in number, were seated in the circle of women, so as to have their backs turned to the dancers or actors, their faces being still wholly concealed. They remained seated, motionless, taking no part in the singing, or the gestures of encouragement indulged in by the other women. It was subsequently

(1) *Discoveries in Australia; with an Account of the Coasts and Rivers explored and surveyed during the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle, in the years 1837—1843. Also a narrative of Capt. Owen Stanley's visits to the Islands in the Arafura Sea.* By J. Lort Stokes, Commander, R. N. 1846.

explained, by a Protector, that these were women who had daughters betrothed to the men of their tribe, and that during the period of betrothment the mothers are always thus rigidly veiled."—Vol. i. pp. 284, 285.

"I may here take an opportunity of remarking, that, as a general rule, it is the labouring classes that thrive best at Sydney. They can, in tolerably prosperous times, earn sufficient in three or four days to support themselves throughout the week. During the remainder of the time the sober and industrious man employs himself in building a house; but I am sorry to say that the generality repair to the vast number of public houses that swarm on every side, and get drunk. This is evident from the annual revenue derived from rum, which, in 1839, was £190,000, amounting to more than seven gallons for every individual in the colony."—Vol. i. p. 309.

"Among the other buildings in progress was the church, which, planted as it was on the northern shores of the Australian continent, was expected to form a nucleus from which offshoots might, by degrees, draw within its influence the islands in the Arafura sea, and thus widely spread the pure blessings of Christianity. It is highly characteristic of our countrymen, that where with other nations the tavern, the theatre, the dancing-house, are among the earliest buildings in a new settlement, with us, everywhere, the church is first thought of. In few corners of the world where English influence has extended itself is this otherwise than true; and it is a highly enviable distinction. It seems, indeed, that wherever the flag of Britain floats, there is made known the word of God in its purity; and, as an empire has been vouchsafed us on which the sun never sets, the extent of our influence for good in this respect is incalculable. We may venture to express our sincere hope that our country will ever continue to enjoy this noble supremacy."—Vol. i. pp. 385, 386.

Would that we could persuade ourselves of the reality and truth of this assertion! We fear that the "wish is father to the thought," and that Captain Stokes's religious feelings rather lead him to anticipate what *ought* to be done, than what *actually is* done. It is, however, gratifying to hear that tardy justice is to be rendered to this highly interesting portion of the globe; and that two colonial Bishops are about to be sent out to Australia, though their respective positions are not yet determined.

"On the 24th, a party of natives made their appearance on Point Emery. Their voices, shrill like those of all their fellows, were heard before they were seen. With these it was particularly so, though on all occasions the speaking and hallooing of the Aborigines can be heard at a very considerable distance. They were found, when on shore, to be of the party we had before seen in Shoal Bay, with the addition of five strange men. All appeared actuated by the same friendly dispositions, a very strong indication of which was their presenting themselves without spears. Like most others on that coast, they had a piece of bamboo, eighteen inches long, run through the cartilage of the nose. Their astonishment at the size of the wells was highly amusing; sudden exclamations of surprise and admiration burst from their lips, while the varied expressions and play of countenance showed how strongly their feelings were at work within.

"It is very singular, and not very susceptible of explanation, that although they climb tall trees by merely resting their toes in a slight notch cut as they ascend, the natives will hesitate in alarm before looking over the edge of a precipice or height. It was therefore some time before this party could be induced to look down the well. At length, by stretching their spare bodies and necks to the utmost, they caught sight of the water in the bottom. The effect upon them was magical,

and they stood at first as if electrified. At length their feelings gained vent, and from their lips proceeded an almost mad shout of delight. Nothing, perhaps, could have more decisively shown the superiority of the white men to these savages, than our being thus able to procure this necessary of life from so great a depth; there being, moreover, no outward appearance of any. Perhaps their delight may be considered a sign how scarce is water in this part of the country. I should certainly say, from the immense quantity each man drank, which was two quarts, that this was the case. A further corroboration of the extreme importance of this element to the Western Australian is, that a native, in describing a fine country, always opens his narrative by stating the important fact—"plenty water."

"The deep interest which, in the natives, always succeeds to the discovery of this necessary article, must strongly impress the explorer, who will ever afterwards look upon streams, even in other countries, with far different feelings from any before experienced. In no land does the presence of water more rapidly enrich the landscape, changing it from a thirsty-looking plain to a rich green spot, than in Australia; and it is in journeying through such a country, when one suddenly meets with a luxuriant valley, that the eye naturally dwells with delight on the changing scene, and the impression, not easily forgotten, clings to us even when far away. When gazing upon the superabundant water that flows in almost every corner of the earth, we cannot but reflect on the scantily supplied Australian, nor fail to wish him a more plentiful supply. Naturally, we are disposed to reflect but little on the great blessings of the most ordinary things. In the eyes of the civilized man, fire and water are matters scarcely worthy of thought; but it is the traveller who learns to appreciate how great blessings they are in reality.

"An Influenza appeared to be raging among the natives; all having the remnants of colds—coughing severely when we met them. Several attempts were made to induce them to come on board, but they proved vain. Sometimes, just as the boat was leaving the shore they would enter the bow of it, as if about to accompany us; no sooner, however, was the boat in motion, than out they jumped, laughing, and apparently delighted to deceive us; acting, in fact, exactly the part of noisy children.

"Our friendly intercourse with these natives sustained a shock, which at first threatened to annihilate it, but which fortunately ended as it began, in smoke. One of the officers used a common flint and steel in order to procure a light for his cigar; at this new mode of procuring fire all eyes were open, for doubtless they procure it only by means of friction; but, when he proceeded to place the lighted cigar between his lips, and roll forth from thence a thick and perfumed cloud, fright took full possession of them, and exclaiming *irra irra*, with the arm extended, and a slight vertical motion of the hand, they darted off most unceremoniously, clambering up the face of a precipitous cliff, with extraordinary agility. Their cry of *irra irra*, and their manner of delivering it, were identical with those of King's Sound, under somewhat similar circumstances. In a few days they had forgotten their fright, and had returned to renew the friendly relations this little incident had interrupted."—Vol. ii. pp. 19—22.

"I left here a paper in a bottle, giving an account of our proceedings, and should have been sorry to think, as Wallis did when he left a similar document on a mountain in the Strait of Magellan, that I was leaving a memorial that would remain untouched as long as the world lasts. No; I would fain hope that, ere the sand of my life-glass has run out, other feet than mine will have trod this distant shore; that colonization will, ere many years have passed, have extended itself in this quarter; that cities and hamlets will have risen on the shore of the new found river; that commerce will have directed her track thither; and that smoke may rise

from Christian hearths, where now alone the prowling heathen lights his fire. There is an inevitable tendency in man to create, and there is nothing which he contemplates with so much complacency as the work of his own hands. To civilize the world, to subdue the wilderness, is the proudest achievement to which he can look forward; and to share in this great work by opening new fields of enterprise, and leading as it were the van of civilization, fills the heart with inexpressible delight. It is natural, therefore, as I traced the record of our visit, and deposited it on Indian Hill, that I should look forward in a mood very far different from that of Wallis, to the speedy fruition of my hopes."—Vol. ii. p. 46.

"I cannot at this place resist the temptation of relating an anecdote, which, though it is not exactly connected with the subject of my work, may not be thought uninteresting by the reader. I was one night sleeping at a friend's house; all the family had retired to rest, and I have no doubt that a perfect stillness prevailed around. Suddenly, a noise like thunder startled me from my slumbers, and, as soon as I was able to collect my scattered thoughts, I distinctly heard a series of violent blows against a door at the foot of the staircase leading up to my bedroom. Though the first impression might have been that the disturbance was caused by thieves breaking into the house, it appeared improbable that such characters should make their approach with so much clamour. I instantly leaped out of bed, and arrived in time to see a sight which I shall never forget. The owner of the house, who slept on the ground-floor, equally astonished with myself at the noise, had also quitted his pillow, and arming himself with a sword and taper, advanced in the costume of Iago when he re-appears upon the stage after stabbing Cassio and Roderigo, towards the door, against which the monotonous thumping still continued at regular intervals. It now appeared, that the cause of his alarm was on the inside, and my host, who believed that a party of robbers had introduced themselves into his premises, hailed them in a loud voice, promising that, if they did not cease their hammering and surrender, he would put them every one to death. So far from attending to his suggestion, the thumps increased in rapidity and violence, and he had scarcely time to put himself in a defensive position when the door burst open, and out rushed his assailants—a multitude of round figures of all sizes, without heads, legs, or arms. His first thought was, that the supernatural existences of New South Wales had now for the first time revealed themselves to his eyes! Here was material for a fairy tale! The genii of this country, in which everything runs into leg, were then it appeared all body. Such were the fancies that flashed through his mind as he made a desperate plunge at the advancing foe, one of whom he transfixed from breast to back, whilst the rest in an instant overthrew and trampled him under foot, if I may use the expression. And now arose a wild scream of laughter from myself and the others who had witnessed this mortal combat—for the disturbers of our night's repose were no other than a number of huge pumpkins, which had been placed in a heap upon a press on the landing, and from having been perhaps carelessly piled, had given way and rolled one by one down stairs, accumulating at the bottom against the door, until by their weight they forced it open."—Vol. ii. p. 248.

"I witnessed in his family an instance of affection for a departed child, which, though it exhibited itself in this peculiar manner, was extremely touching. The wife had treasured up the bones of the little one, and constantly carried them about with her, not as a *memento mori*, but as an object whereon to expend her tenderest emotions, whenever they swelled within her breast. At such times, she would put together these bones with a rapidity that supposed a wonderful knowledge of osteology, and set them up that she might

weep over them. Perhaps, in her imagination, as she performed this melancholy rite, the ghastly framework before her became indued with the comely form of infancy, bright eyes once more sparkled in those hollow cells, and a smile of ineffable delight hung where in reality was nought but the hideous grin of death. I exceedingly regret that the mother who could feel so finely, was some time afterwards overpersuaded to part with the bones of her child. I may here mention that the medical officer of the settlement was in the habit of extracting teeth for the natives, who found the European method much more easy than their own mode of knocking them out. The supercargo of a vessel, learning this fact, was anxious to become a purchaser of teeth to some extent for the London market, being persuaded that they would find a ready sale among the dentists; and it is more than probable, that many of our fair ladies at home are indebted for the pearls on which the poets exhaust so much of their fancy, to the rude natives of Australia."—Vol. ii. pp. 355, 356.

We must conclude our extracts with an account of a native dance, at Banda, by Captain Owen Stanley, R. N. We have heard that this enterprising and intelligent officer is again going out on a voyage of survey of the numerous islands that lie to the north and north-east of New Holland. If this be true, many important results, we trust, will spring from his well-known activity and zeal.

"The commandant of the troops, Capt. De Stuers, nephew to the Governor-General of the Moluccas, who had very civilly pointed out the best anchorage to us, and given us every information in his power on our first arrival, finding that we were interested in the manners and customs of the natives, very kindly invited us to see a menado-dance performed by some of the native soldiers of the garrison. We landed with him in his oram-bay, a large native boat pulled by twelve men, who kept time by striking their round-bladed paddles against the gunwale, between every stroke.

"On landing, the prettiest sight possible awaited us. The barrack-square, a green grass-field of considerable extent, was covered with the native soldiers, all dressed in their gayest holiday costume, and decorated with scarfs and handkerchiefs of the brightest colours, which streamed loosely from their elbows. Some of the men were armed with narrow bamboo shields, others with wooden swords, and the remainder with the light stems of the sago palm, which were to be used as javelins. Each of these warriors came dancing up to us in turn, to make his obeisance, as we advanced to the spot where seats had been prepared for us. As soon as we were all seated the dance commenced; at first, the spearmen advanced towards each other, holding the spear in the right hand, and the bamboo shields in the left, keeping time to the rude music of a couple of drums with very great accuracy, and dancing quite as much with their arms as their legs, in the most graceful manner possible. When they had approached sufficiently near to each other, one threw his spear with great force and dexterity, still keeping time to the music, and the other parried the weapon with his bamboo shield. I only saw one instance of failure, and then the unfortunate man received the blunt spear full on his breast with such force, that it sent him rolling head over heels, much to the amusement of the spectators, and equally to his own discomfort.

"As one of the Port Essington natives, a very fine active man, had accompanied us on shore, we persuaded him with some difficulty to join in the dance, thinking that the quickness of eye, so common to all savages, would enable him to avoid the spear; but in this we were all disappointed, as he was struck nearly every time the spear was thrown. After the dance was over, sundry gymnastics followed, and the evening was wound up by an exhibition of the Ombres Chinoises, in which

the soldiers seemed to take very great delight. The moving figures were very cleverly managed, and to judge from the shouts of laughter which accompanied the story-teller in his tale, it must have been a very amusing one."

A PORTUGUESE SUPERSTITION.¹

THE most terrific of all the supernatural beings in Portugal is the *bruxa*, (pronounced *brooda*.) She is somewhat in her propensities like the Eastern ghoul, or vampire, from whom, probably, she was derived. In the day-time she is like any other woman, performing the duties of her household in a most exemplary manner. She may be a daughter of honest, good parents; she may marry, and have children; she may even be considered amiable, and is often very beautiful, though there is a certain fierce expression in her eye, and an ominous wrinkle on her otherwise fair brow, which the sceptical would suppose proceeded from care or affliction. Nobody can tell who are *bruxas* and who are not. They never allow any mortal to discover it; and woe betide the wretch who shall attempt to pry into their secrets! They are a heaven-accursed sisterhood—their souls pledged to the prince of darkness by a compact renewed every night. Sometimes their daughters become *bruxas*, if they by chance escape their infanticidal and vampirish propensities; or else they keep up their numbers by inveigling some hapless maiden, whose heart has been turned from the right path, and who has abandoned the holy religion of the church, to join their association. She knows not whither she is to be led, or what is to be her fate, till it is too late to retract—when the fatal compact is signed and sealed with her blood—then, miserable girl! her shrieks, her cries, are of no avail. Repentance is impossible; even the saints themselves have no longer power or will to preserve her. From sunset to sunrise this demoniacal power possesses her; for, during the day, she returns to her family, no one suspecting the dreadful truth. When darkness has overspread the world, and the spirits of evil are let loose, the *bruxas* rise from their couches, leaving, if married, their mortal and unsuspecting husbands, and flying to the company of their diabolical paramours. They are then, as a punishment for their crime, we may suppose, transformed into the shape of some noxious bird of night—owls or bats of gigantic size. Away they fly, at a prodigious rate, far from their homes, over hill and dale, but especially across marshes, stagnant pools, and lakes. Unwillingly they skim along the surface, gazing on their hideous forms reflected in the water, and perfectly conscious of their fate. They will sometimes, on these nocturnal rambles, encounter some friend or relation proceeding in one direction, and either by allurements, such as practised by Ariel in Prospero's Island, or by force, will carry him to an opposite point, far away from the one he wished to reach; indeed, over strangers or anybody they meet, they have the same power, provided he is not under the especial protection of the saints. Many a poor wretch has thus been led across the country, over rough rocks, and through brambles and briers, which have scratched his face, and torn his clothes, till, almost worn to death, wet, weary, and bloody, he has at length returned home: his wife cursing the hellish *bruxas* who have thus maltreated and led him astray. Truly, the wine-shops have less to answer for than the *bruxas*; for surely he could not have scratched his face against the bush hung up near the door, or when drunk have tumbled into a ditch! Oh, no! the good man

was never drunk in his life—he is rather pale now from very natural fear—the diabolical *bruxas* did it all! After these demon-excited occupations, they, in one or other of the hideous forms allotted to them, with vampirish hunger, will fly back to their peaceful homes, where sleep in calm repose their innocent offspring, born of a mortal father. Yet feeling a human loathing for their terrific task, their accursed propensities overcome their maternal love, and seizing on their babes, their black wings fanning them to repose, they suck the life-blood from their veins—dreadful fate! conscious all the time that they are destroying the only ones they love on earth. When they have destroyed these, they enter the cottages of their neighbours and friends, depriving of life in the same way their sleeping infants; and often, when a child is found dead, livid, and marked with punctures, the sage women whisper to each other with fear and trembling, "A *bruxa* has done this," casting eyes of dread suspicion at each other; for no one knows who the *bruxa* may be. As the first streaks of the grey dawn appear, the miserable females return to their mortal forms, awaiting the time when they must perform their dread orgies, never forgetful of their fate. I do not think that the most poetical imagination could paint a more dreadful lot than that of the hapless *bruxa*; a being devoutly believed in and dreaded in most parts of the country. A destiny scarcely inferior in wretchedness to the *bruxa*'s is that of the *lobishomes*, except that, as far as I can learn, it endures only for this life, and is owing to no fault on their part. They are born under an inauspicious star, and a sad necessity rules their fate. Every family is liable to this curse, from the highest to the lowest in the land; and though they themselves are conscious of it, they keep it a profound secret, as it is considered a great disgrace to be afflicted with it. It is common to both sexes among young people; those who suffer from it never attaining an advanced age. I have been unable to learn at what time of life it appears. If seven sons or seven daughters are born in one family, the seventh generally is subject to the demoniacal influence; at all events, one of the younger ones. The only preventive against this fate is by christening one of the seven Adam: should this be neglected, it is almost certain to visit the family. In the day-time they are free from the spell; but even then wear a peculiarly sad and pained expression of countenance. They moop by themselves, are taciturn and reserved; never enter society if they can avoid it, and then evidently are incapable of its enjoyment. The lower orders sit by themselves, without speaking, in a corner near the kitchen-fire—the expression of their countenances wild and forbidding, their hair and beard long and tangled, their garments disarranged and squalid. In travelling through the country such beings are frequently pointed out as *lobishomes*. As night draws on, these hapless beings rush from their abodes—the high-born damsel from her bower, the noble youth from his baronial hall, or the hard-featured peasant from his humble cot. No human power can restrain them—the demon has entered into them—they seek some solitary, wild spot, untrod by the foot of man. There they leave their habiliments, and are immediately transformed into the appearance of horses, with long flowing manes and waving tails, fire darting from their nostrils, fury in their eyes; yet fear it is which urges them on. Away they fly, fleet as the wind, over rugged mountains and deep valleys, across streams and winter torrents, through frost and snow, rain and the fierce lightning. Leagues are traversed in as many seconds—all other animals fly before them—they neigh in agony as they rush on, yet have no power to stop. On, on, on! their pulses beat quicker, their breath grows thick, but they cannot, they dare not, rest. They sweep round, forming a wide circuit some hundred leagues in extent, yet before the morning breaks they must return to the spot whence they set out; and there, resuming their mortal forms, and don-

(1) From Kingston's Lusitanian Sketches.

ning their garments, they once more seek their homes, pale, fainting, and wretched. It is not surprising, after such a night's work, they should be averse to social intercourse. Often at midnight are the cottagers in remote districts startled from their slumbers by unearthly sounds, like the cry of a horse in agony; loud trampling is heard, and a noise as if a sudden blast passed by; and they exclaim, "It is some hapless lobishome! may the saints have mercy on him!" At times, also, as the shepherds are watching their flocks on the mountain's brow, they see a wild steed dash by, on the plain below, fleet as a fiery meteor, while the sheep and goats exhibit their consciousness of something supernatural by scattering far and wide. Their faithful dogs, too, forget to obey their call; and it is with the utmost difficulty they contrive to reassemble their affrighted flocks. The lobishomes endure not this dreadful existence for more than seven years, if even so many; death invariably putting an end to their sufferings at the termination of that period—frequently before. I have been informed of but one mode of escape from this doom, or it may be said, of being freed from this extraordinary species of enchantment. While in full headlong career they should be boldly encountered by some fearless person, who must wound them slightly in the chest, so that their blood shall flow. No sooner does the ruddy current reach the ground than they are instantly restored to their proper forms. The malign influence henceforth has no further power over them; nor do they ever resume the appearance of a horse: they then become like other mortals. All well-authenticated narrations speak of the horse as the only form they are thus compelled to assume, though some persons suppose, from the name given them, it is that of a wolf; but this I have ascertained to be a mistaken notion. It is to be hoped political economy and liberal institutions will completely banish this curse from the families of Lusitania to the far lands whence it came. Portugal also possesses a class of persons denominated *feiticeiras*, or female soothsayers, with characteristics very similar to our English witches.

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

September.

SEPTEMBER, the ninth month of the year, was originally (as its name denotes) the seventh in the Latin and Roman calendars. Its title is composed of *septem*, seven, and a contraction of *imber*, a shower of rain; this month having been considered as the commencement of the rainy season.

It was dedicated by the Romans to Vulcan; and was termed by the Saxons *Gerst-monat*, or barley-month, because it was the time of their barley harvest. "The more modern Saxons," says Brady, "called it *Hærfest-monat*, or harvest-month, when they varied the original title of August, which *before* alluded to the harvest, and changed that latter to *weod*, or *weed* month: September, therefore, in the illustrations of the characters of this month, in some of the old Saxon calendars, after such alteration, is depicted as a vintager; whereas, prior to that, this month was characterised by a boar-hunt, the men armed with spears, and dogs in full pursuit." After the establishment of Christianity, September was called *Hælig-monat*, or holy month, in reference to some important religious ceremonies then peculiarly observed. In other paintings of less ancient date than those above alluded to, September is drawn as a man with a cheerful countenance, clothed in a purple robe, and adorned with a coronet of white and purple grapes, holding in his left hand a small bundle of oats, and in his right a cornucopia of pomegranates and other fruits, together with a balance; the latter in token of the sign of *Libra*, which the sun enters on the 23d of this month, and makes the autumnal equinox, or that period designed to be

typified by the *balance*, when the heat and cold are supposed to be equally striving for predominance.

Spenser takes advantage of the exuberance of harvest, and the sign of the zodiac in September, to read another lesson on justice. He sings:

"Next him September marched eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soil;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand,
A pair of weights, with which he did assay
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned."

Although the mornings and evenings of September are sometimes chill and foggy, and the days are now very sensibly shortened, it is generally serene and pleasant, partaking of the warmth of summer and the vigour of autumn. If it be not so bright with promise, and so buoyant with hope, as May, it is even more imbued with that spirit of serene repose, in which the only true, because the only continuous, enjoyment consists. Spring "never is, but always to be blest;" but September is the month of consummations—the fulfiller of all promises—the fruition of all hopes—the era of all completeness. "Its noblest feature," to cite a modern writer, "is a certain festive abundance for the supply of all creation. There is grain for men, birds, and horses; hay for the cattle; loads of fruit on the trees; and swarms of fish in the ocean." The sunsets of September, in this country, are perhaps unrivalled for their variety and beauty. Those of more southern countries may match, or even surpass them, for a certain glowing and unbroken intensity; but for gorgeous diversity of form and colour, exquisite delicacy of tint and pencilling, and "a certain placid sweetness and tenderness of general effect," which frequently arises out of a union of the two latter, there is nothing to be seen like what we can show in England at this period of the year.

Hares congregate in this month, and squirrels, field-mice, dormice, &c. lay up their winter stores of food. Partridges are now in season. These birds make their nests in corn-fields, where they rear their young, which run after the parents like chickens. While the corn is standing they have a safe refuge in it; but after harvest, when the sportsman may freely range over the stubble with his pointers, they are either obliged to take to the wing, and offer themselves to the shooter's aim, or are surrounded by nets on the ground, and thus taken in whole coveys. The fern-owl, blackcap, swallow, warbler, ring-dottrell, whitethroat, shrike, tern, wagtail, wheatear, and flycatcher, disappear for the warmer climates, leaving only a few stragglers behind, (probably from weakness or sickness,) who hide themselves in caverns and other sheltered places, and occasionally appear upon warm days. The curlew, snipe, ring-ouzel, redwing, and fieldfare, arrive from still more northerly countries. They feed chiefly on the berries with which our woods and hedges are plentifully stored all the winter.

Among the insects that appear in September, are the saffron and clouded-yellow butterflies; the death's-head hawk-moth, and convolvulus hawk-moth; ladybirds, crickets, spiders, beetles, and glowworms. The snake casts its skin—literally creeping out at its own mouth. Immense shoals of herrings are seen off the eastern and western coasts of England, where they come to spawn. Yarmouth is the principal place from whence our fishermen proceed in quest of this valuable booty. Perch and dace are in season.

The few additional flowers this month are corn-flowers, Guernsey lilies, starwort, and saffron—a species of crocus. This is cultivated mostly in Essex and Cambridgeshire, in separate grounds. The stamens of this flower are picked off, dried, and pressed together in cakes. They are of a high orange colour, and have a very strong aromatic odour. Saffron is used in medicine as a cordial; it gives a fine deep yellow dye, and its

flavour was formerly much esteemed in cookery. The clown in the *Winter's Tale*, reckoning up what he is to buy for the sheep-shearing feast, mentions "saffron to colour the warden pies." Mints, wormwood, groundsel, plantain, mallows, and the clematis are in blossom; and

"The Michaelmas Daisy, among the dead weeds,
Blooms for St. Michael's valorous deeds."

The fresh trees and shrubs in flower are bramble, laurustinus, ivy, chaste-tree, wild honeysuckle, spirea, and arbutus, or strawberry-tree, which produces blossoms and fruit at once. Hazelnuts, walnuts, filberts, and chestnuts, are gathered; and elderberries are ripe, and fit for making excellent wine. Acorns and beech-nuts fall. These, in countries where there are large forests, afford a plentiful food to swine, which are turned into the woods at this period. The farmer ploughs, and sows wheat upon his fallows, finishes his hop and saffron harvests, and gathers in orchard fruits for sale, and cider and perry making; and the gardener removes decayed plants, digs, gathers seeds, and sows and plants for the next year. Hardy annuals, intended to flower in the spring, should now be sown; annuals of curious sorts, from which seed is to be raised, should be sheltered till ripened; and auriculas in plots, which were shifted last month, moderately watered.

In the Alban Kalendar, September consisted of sixteen days; Romulus assigned to it thirty, which were continued at Numa's reform; Julius Caesar added to it one more, but Augustus Caesar reduced it again to thirty, at which it has ever since remained.

September 1—is dedicated to St. Giles in the Kalendar of the English Church. This saint was a native of Athens, and came into France in 715, having first disposed of his patrimony to charitable uses. He was afterwards made Abbat of the Abbey at Nismes, department of Gard, province of Languedoc. On one occasion he gave his coat to a sick mendicant, who was cured miraculously by putting it on. Hence he became the patron of beggars. He was also the patron of cripples; for, according to his historians, he would not be cured of an accidental lameness which had seized him, lest he should not, otherwise, have sufficient means of mortifying himself. It is related that he raised the dead son of a prince to life, and made a lame man walk. He put off mortality in 750. The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, was consecrated under his invocation.

September 2.—The Great Fire of London took place on this day, 1666. It broke out in Pudding-lane, and ended at Pie-corner. It consumed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling-houses, and 430 streets; of the twenty-six wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the city were 436 acres, from the Tower, by the Thames side, to the Temple Church, and from the north-east, along the city wall, to Holborn-bridge. An estimate of the value of property consumed by the fire amounted to ten millions six hundred and eighty-nine thousand pounds. The occasion of the conflagration was the subject of parliamentary inquiry. It was imputed to the Roman Catholics, but a dispassionate consideration of all the circumstances, by impartial men, tends to acquit them of the crime: and in 1831 an inscription charging them with it was erased from the Monument, pursuant to a vote of the Court of Common Council of London.

September 3.—Bartholomew Fair is annually proclaimed on this day. The proclamation is read at the gate leading into Cloth-fair, by the lord mayor's attorney, and repeated after him by a sheriff's officer, in the presence of the lord mayor and sheriffs, and also of the aldermen. The procession afterwards proceeds round Smithfield, and returns to the Mansion-house, where, in the afternoon, the gentlemen of his lordship's household dine together at the sword-bearer's table, and thus the ceremony is concluded. As Bartholomew Fair is rapidly

dwindling away, and will shortly be reckoned among "things bygone," it may amuse our readers to read the following account of it, written in 1641. "It is contained in no less than four several parishes, namely, Christ Church, Great and Little St. Bartholomew's, and St. Sepulchre's. Hither resort people of all sorts and conditions. Christ Church Cloisters are now hung full of pictures. It is remarkable, and worth your observation, to behold and hear the strange sights and confused noise in the fair. Here, a knave in a fool's coat, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum beating, invites you to see his puppets. There, a rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antick shape like an incubus, desires your company to view his motion: on the other side, hocus pocus, with three yards of tape or ribbon in his hand, showing his art of legordemain, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockloaches. Amongst these, you shall see a gray goose-cap (as wise as the rest,) with a 'What do ye lack?' in his mouth, stand in his booth shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are so taken, that they presently cry out for these fopperies: and all these together make such a distracted noise, that you would think Babel were not comparable to it. Here there are also your gamesters in action: some turning of a whimsey, others throwing for pewter, who can quickly dissolve a round shilling into a three-halfpenny saucer. Long Lane at this time looks very fair, and puts out her best clothes, with the wrong side outward, so turned for their better turning off; and Cloth Fair is now in great request: well fare the ale-houses therein, yet better may a man fare (but at a dearer rate) in the pig-market, alias pasty-nook, or pie-corner, where pigs are all hours of the day on the stalls, piping hot, and would cry, (if they could speak,) 'Come eat me!'"

Bartholomew Fair originated in two fairs or markets; one for the clothiers of England and drapers of London, granted to the prior of the convent of St. Bartholomew, and held within the church-yard; the other granted to the City of London, for cattle and goods, held in the field of West Smithfield. "For many years," says the Editor of the London Almanack, "the fair lasted fourteen days, and was a great source of revenue to the Corporation: in 1735 it was restricted to three days, and it now extends but to one day."

EUDOSIA; OR, SELF-RESPECT.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.¹

MADAME D'AUBONNE watched with true maternal interest the gradual development of mind and character in her daughter Eudisia, a little girl thirteen years of age. It was with feelings of profound happiness that she discovered in her the germ of every virtue joined to uncommon talent. Eudisia needed but to know that virtues are bestowed on us to regulate our own conduct, and not to enable us to judge that of others.

Her sincere love for all that was right, her anxiety to act always in the best manner, disposed her to blame their faults severely, and to expect of them a rectitude equal to her own.

Although Eudisia was too reserved and too timid to express her opinions to any one but her mother, to whom she told everything, and who also reposed perfect confidence in her, yet Madame d'Aubonne carefully corrected this disposition in her daughter; for she knew that it was not enough to watch over her words, but that it was also necessary to regulate her thoughts, and those of Eudisia in this respect appeared to her neither just nor right. She had had, however, but few occasions

(1) From the French of Madame Guizot.

to reprove her, for, with the exception of her cousin Constance, who was much younger than she, Eudisia seldom saw any but persons much older than herself, whose conduct, therefore, she could not attempt to censure.

Madame d'Aubonne had passed many years in the country, taking care of her invalid father; after his death she returned to Paris, from whence she went to spend two months at Romecourt, the estate of Madame de Rivey, an old friend of hers, who had one daughter, named Julia, whom Eudisia hardly knew, not having seen her for six years. Madame d'Aubonne found at Romecourt her aunt, Madame de Croissy, who had come there to pass the same time as herself. Madame de Croissy had with her her two granddaughters, Adèle and Honorine, with whom Eudisia was no better acquainted than with Julia, although they were her cousins. Her timidity made her look forward to her new position almost with terror, the more so as her three companions, although about her own age, were far from being as sensible as she.

Julia, naturally a good child, but much spoiled by her mother, answered her sometimes with a degree of impertinence, which shocked every one who heard her. Adèle looked upon a falsehood as the simplest thing in the world; she told them sometimes for fun, sometimes seriously, and even just before the untruth must be detected. As to Honorine, she was really like a wild colt, without steadiness, without reflection, never imagining that her whim of the moment could meet with an obstacle, or that a thing which pleased her might possibly be improper or unbecoming.

Madame de Croissy took very little pains with their education; provided little girls made no noise, and did not join in the conversation, she always thought them well brought up; she left them constantly with her maids, and was much annoyed that at Romecourt they were almost always in the drawing-room, because Eudisia and Julia seldom left their mothers.

This system was equally displeasing to the two girls, but little accustomed to their grandmother, who, when they were with her, never spoke to them except to desire them to sit upright whenever she thought of it, and to hold their tongues every time that their voices rose above a whisper. They would have liked to be let stay with their grandmother's maids as was their custom, provided they could have taken Julia with them; for, as for Eudisia, they cared but little for her company. Indeed, it must be confessed that she had not behaved very amiably towards them; disgusted with their rude manners, their disobedience, their satirical tone, to which she had been quite unaccustomed, confounded at seeing that they were not even acquainted with the principles which from infancy she had been accustomed to respect; she blushed deeply when she saw Honorine read without scruple a letter which she had found open, play with the gardener's son, and stand at the park gate to talk through the grating to the little boys and girls of the village; she trembled when she saw Adèle, almost under the eyes of her grandmother, cut the needleful of silk which she was to have added to her embroidery, to shorten it, and say that her task was finished; she could not recover from her surprise when she saw that Julia only required to receive an order from her mother to do the contrary immediately. She then thought herself transported to a new world, where every one was a stranger, where all appeared incomprehensible; avoiding to speak to her companions, to whom she could say nothing to their taste, whom she knew not how to answer when they spoke to her, she left them as often as she could, and went to take refuge with her mother.

The others saw plainly that Eudisia, though she said nothing, did not approve of their behaviour; they also

felt themselves ill at ease with her, and were far from pleased when Madame d'Aubonne, who wished to accustom her to live with others, to accommodate herself to their manners, and to endure their faults, sent her to join in their amusements and conversation.

Eudisia was not more pleasing to Madame de Croissy, whose principles of education were very different from those of Madame d'Aubonne, and whose granddaughters did not resemble her daughter in any respect. As Madame de Croissy was the sister of Madame d'Aubonne's father, she had gone without her granddaughters to see him a short time before his death, and had met Eudisia, whose amiable disposition and refined tastes were praised by every one who knew her. As Madame de Croissy had never heard those praises of her granddaughters, this put her in an ill humour; she thought, besides, that Madame d'Aubonne conversed too much with her daughter, treated her too much as a companion, was too much occupied with her (although this was never at the expense of others), so that she had said to every one, and had returned home persuaded, that Madame d'Aubonne "would never make anything of this little prodigy but a little pedant."

Her ill humour had redoubled since she came into the country, from the striking contrast which Eudisia's conduct presented to that of her cousins; as her grand-aunt she thought herself privileged to find fault with her, and she did so continually, either openly or by indirect allusions. Her looks, constantly bent upon her, seemed to watch for the slightest error which might escape her, and she never called her anything but *Mademoiselle Eudisia*. Eudisia then would have found but little enjoyment in the country, but from the pleasure which she derived from conversing with her mother, who talked to her as to a sensible person, and who, even when she had occasion to reprove her, concealed none of her affection,—and, it may even be said, of her esteem; for, excepting in her want of indulgence, which in some measure spoiled her good qualities, Eudisia deserved all the esteem that could be deserved at her age.

One morning the four girls sat at work in the drawing-room. Eudisia, seated near her mother, was diligently employed at her work; the three others assembled in a corner, talked in whispers, laughed, let their work fall, and forgot to pick it up, hardly doing three stitches together. If they were desired to work, they did so languidly, and with an appearance of fatigue. Eudisia looked at them from time to time, and then at her mother, with an air which plainly expressed her feelings. Madame de Croissy surprised one of these looks, which caused her to turn hers upon her granddaughters.

"Have the goodness to work, young ladies," said she, very sharply. "Do you not see how you scandalize *Mademoiselle Eudisia*!"

Adèle and Honorine pretended to begin their work. As for Eudisia, overwhelmed with confusion, she bent her eyes upon her own, without venturing to raise them as long as she continued in the room. When they had retired to their own room, Madame d'Aubonne said to her,

"You were much engaged with those young ladies?"

"Oh! mamma, because they were so foolish."

"And does it please you to see people acting foolishly?"

"Quite the contrary, mamma, I assure you."

"I do not think it can be 'quite the contrary,' my love, for they caused you to raise your eyes more than twenty times from your work, which I know you are fond of."

"I assure you, however, mamma, that it was the pleasure which I felt."

"It was, at least, a great interest; and did not this interest arise from the satisfaction you felt in seeing them less industrious than yourself?"

"Oh! mamma!"

"Come, my Eudisia; it is to examine our less amiable feelings that we have need of courage; the good

are easily discovered. Ask your conscience frankly, what is the truth?"

"Mamma," said Eudisia, a little confused, "I assure you that at first I never thought that it was that."

"I believe it, my child; it is a feeling which we indulge without being aware of it. Many people do so, and think that the defects of others heighten their merit. But tell me, my Eudisia, would there not be a higher pleasure in being superior to those people, than in being superior to your companions in activity and application?"

Eudisia agreed, and resolved to become so. She was always glad when her duty was pointed out to her, so great was her pleasure in doing it.

Having gone down stairs to look for something in the room next to the drawing-room, the door of which was open, she overheard Madame de Croissy saying to Madame de Rivey, "I always said that Mademoiselle Eudisia would never be anything but a little pedant."

Madame de Rivey, although fond of Eudisia, agreed that she was more occupied in criticizing her companions than in associating with them.

"That would compromise her dignity," replied Madame de Croissy.

From that time, Eudisia tried to overcome her repugnance and timidity; she joined in her companions' amusements more frequently, and seemed to take pleasure in doing so. But, becoming familiar with them, she told them her thoughts more freely, and when she could not induce them to listen to reason, she left them with expressions of impatience, which she could not suppress.

"Why are you angry?" said her mother to her one day; "are you offended? are others wanting in their duty to you, when they are less reasonable than you?"

"No, mamma; but they are wanting in their duty when they are not reasonable, and that makes me angry."

"Listen, Eudisia," said her mother. "Do you remember how angry you used to be with your cousin Constance, because, never looking before her, she threw down everything that came in her way? One day you happened, by a heedlessness of the same kind, to throw down my writing table; if I remember rightly, from that day you were never angry with Constance."

"Oh! no, mamma, I assure you."

"Did you think the fault less then, because you had fallen into it?"

"Quite the contrary, mamma; but that showed me that it was more difficult to avoid, than I had thought before."

"That is what experience teaches us every day, my child, of faults which we did not know before. Thus," added she, laughing, "I do not despair of seeing you indulgent towards those young ladies, if you learn some day in the same manner, that it is very difficult not to be an arguer like Julia, a storyteller like Adele, and a romp like Honorine!"

"As to that, mamma," replied Eudisia, quickly, "that is what I shall never learn."

"Are you then made differently from them, that you think what seems so easy to them would be impossible to you?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied Eudisia, much piqued.

"How then, in that case," continued her mother, smiling, "can you require of them the same as of yourself? You do not expect Julia, who is shorter than you, to reach so high; you only expect it of Honorine, who is the same height."

"But, mamma," said Eudisia, after a moment's reflection, "should they think then that, because they are less sensible than others, they are at liberty to do less?"

"They would be wrong to think so, my child; for every one is called upon to do all the good in his power. But every one also is enjoined to examine his own duties,

and not those of others; think then only of your own. Do you think it just and right, that you should enjoy the pleasure of feeling that you are better than they, and yet at the same time be angry with them for not being as good as you?"

"Mamma, is it right, then, to think that one is better than others?"

"Yes, my child; for to think that one is better than others, is simply to feel that one has more strength, more mind, more means of doing good, and consequently to feel that one is bound to do more."

This conversation gave Eudisia a feeling of satisfaction which made her more indulgent, more patient with her companions; but in this indulgence might be observed perhaps a little pride; she had something of the kindness of a superior person, never losing her self-possession, so much above others that she was not hurt if they did not act as well as herself.

Eudisia insensibly acquired the habit of considering her companions, and almost of treating them, like children. One day that the four girls when sitting together compared their work, and that Honorine's, the same as Eudisia's, was found to be not nearly so well done: "That stitch is very difficult," said she, with the air of one excusing a child of six years old. She did not seem to imagine that the same reason might apply to her.

The others began to laugh.

"Go on," said Honorine, "you see that Eudisia has the goodness to protect me."

Eudisia felt so hurt that the tears came to her eyes. She was satisfied with herself, thought she had a right to be so, and met only with injustice and ridicule. She again began to separate herself from her companions.

Her mother observed it, and wished to know the reason. Eudisia felt some difficulty in explaining it, although she did not think she had done wrong; but she felt ashamed of the ridicule which had been thrown on her. At last, however, she told her.

"You were angry then at Honorine's imagining that you wished to protect her," said Madame d'Aubonne; "it appears then that you would have thought it very ridiculous?"

"Oh! mamma, it is not necessary for it to be ridiculous to make them laugh at it."

"But tell me, Eudisia, if they had happened to laugh at you because you love me, because you listen to me, and do all that I wish, would that have grieved you?"

"No, indeed, mamma; it would have been my turn to laugh at them."

"Why, then, did you not do so when they laughed at the tone which you had taken with Honorine? If you considered this patronizing manner the most suitable, what signifies it if they thought otherwise? Are not you more sensible than they, and consequently better able to judge?"

"Mamma," said Eudisia, after a moment's silence, "I now think I was wrong to take up a tone towards Honorine which displeased her; but I only wished to show indulgence for the mistakes which she had made in her work."

"My child, we must have indulgence for the faults of every one, but not make it be felt by those whose conduct does not concern us, except when it is their own desire. In any other case, as we are not called upon to reprove them, neither are we to pardon them; it is a right which we cannot take unless they give it to us."

"But what should we do then, mamma, when they commit faults?"

"Not see them, if possible, instead of excusing or diminishing them; for instance, to point out something in Honorine's work that was well done, that what was badly done might not be observed. But in order to that, you must not be glad to have found your work better than hers; you must place all your pride in being superior to those little advantages."

Eudisia profited by all that her mother said to her,

(1) Surely there may be a moral, as well as an intellectual pedantry. *Trans.*

and improved every day in gentleness and sociability. Madame de Croissy had nothing to say of her, her companions began to take pleasure in her society. Eudisia heard all their secrets, at least as many as she would hear: and, when she saw the fear, the anxiety, which their inconsiderate conduct often caused them, saw them blush at the least word which seemed to allude to a fault which they had concealed, and saw them treat her with a kind of deference which they no longer denied to her superior sense, since it was no longer exerted at their expense, she constantly felt more and more how great is the pleasure of self-respect.

"And yet," said her mother, "you are still far from knowing all its value; you will never know it until you have paid what it is worth, until you have purchased it by difficult sacrifices."

And Eudisia could not believe that any sacrifice would be difficult in order to obtain it.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF AN ISLAND ON HUDSON RIVER,

WHEN IN POSSESSION OF ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS.

OPPOSITE to the grounds lay an island, above a mile in length, and about a quarter in breadth, which also belonged to the Colonel. Exquisitely beautiful it was, and, though the haunt I most delighted in, it is not in my power to describe it. Imagine a little Egypt, yearly overflowed, and of the most abundant fertility. This charming spot was at first covered with wood, like the rest of the country, except a long field in the middle, where the Indians had probably cultivated maize; round this was a broad shelving border, where the grey and weeping willows, the bending osier, and numberless aquatic plants not known in this country, were allowed to flourish in the utmost luxuriance, while within, some tall sycamores and wild-fruit trees towered above the rest. Thus was formed a broad belt, which in winter proved an impenetrable barrier against the broken ice, and in summer was the haunt of numberless birds and small animals, who dwelt in perfect safety, it being impossible to penetrate it. Numberless were the productions of this luxuriant spot; never was a richer field for a botanist; for though the ice was kept off, the turbid waters of the spring flood overflowed it annually, and not only deposited a rich sediment, but left the seeds of various plants swept from the shores it had passed by.

The centre of the island, which was much higher than the sides, produced, with a slight degree of culture, the most abundant crops of wheat, hay, and flax. At the end of this island, which was exactly opposite to the family mansion, a long sand-bank extended; on this was a very valuable fishing place, of which a considerable profit might be made. In summer, when the water was low, this narrow stripe (for such it was) came in sight, and furnished an amusing spectacle; for there the bald, or white-headed eagle, (a large picturesque bird, very frequent in this country,) the osprey, the heron, and the curlew, used to stand in great numbers in a long row, like a military arrangement, for a whole summer day, fishing for perch, and a kind of freshwater herring, which abounded there. At the same season a variety of wild ducks, who bred on the shores of the island, (among which was a small white diver of an elegant form,) led forth their young to try their first excursion. What a scene have I beheld on a calm summer evening! There, indeed, were "fringed banks," richly fringed and wonderfully variegated; where every imaginable shade of colour mingled, and where life teemed prolific on every side; the river, a perfect mirror, reflecting the pine-covered hills opposite; and the pilant shoots, that bent without a wind,

round this enchanting island; while hundreds of the white divers, saw-bill ducks with scarlet heads, teal, and other aquatic birds, sported at once on the calm waters! At the discharge of a gun from the shore, these feathered beauties all disappeared at once, as if by magic, and in an instant rose to view in different places.

How much they seemed to enjoy that life which was new to them—for they were the young broods first led forth to sport upon the waters—while the fixed attitude and lofty port of the large birds of prey, who were ranged upon the sandy shelf, formed an inverted picture on the same clear mirror, and were a pleasing contrast to the playful multitude around! These they never attempted to disturb, well aware of the facility of escape which their old retreats afforded them. Such of my readers as have had patience to follow me to this favourite isle, will be, ere now, as much bewildered as I have often been myself on its luxuriant shores.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

BY H. I. THORNTON.

THE past, ah! say, what is the past?
Time's brief, and fleeting hour;
Visions too fair and bright to last;
The sunshine, and the shower:
A dubious, unconnected dream,
To which we turn, and sigh,
And pause, to snatch from Lethe's stream
The spell of Memory.

The present—what is it to man,
No sooner here, but gone;
Neglected, for some future plan,
To which each thought we turn;
Enjoyed but when the heart is young,
When life is in its spring,
When all that o'er our path is sung,
Unsullied pleasures bring.

The future, idol of the heart,
Whence is thy magic spell,
That bears, in every dream, the part,
O'er which we love to dwell?
The past, the present, fade away,
With scarce a thought, or care;
We prize alone thy distant ray,
For Faith and Hope are there.

FANNY LEIGH.¹

MRS. TOOGOOD.

UNSKILL'D in lore was Fanny Leigh,
But learn'd in wisdom mild,
That glow'd all soft and tenderly
In that meek, blue-eyed child.

And why the sigh? why sad the brow?
She cou'd it o'er and o'er,
And found out anxious thoughts, and how
They prey upon the poor.

Her soft young hands, she did not fear,
Could aid the feeble old:
How blest, for her to wipe their tear,
And clothe them from the cold!

And she hath left the rose-clad cot,
From youth's one home to part,
Arm'd with resolve—revealing not
What tempest at her heart.

(1) From Mrs. Grant's Memoirs of an American Lady.

(1) See Engraving, p. 289.

None saw the drops that dimm'd her eye,
When a sad breeze and keen
Came answering with a long-lorn sigh
From that still village scene.

Forth hath she gone—a summer boat
Skims o'er the glassy bay
With slender strength—nor dreads to float
Where the stern waters lay.

Eorth hath she gone, from dewy field,
And used to fondest care,
To try the desert—will it yield
One shelter from the glare?

Where Innocence is shamed to quail
Before the worldling's mirth;
And beautiful, will learn to veil
Its scorn'd, yet heavenly birth.

Forth so she went, yet mid the pest,
The blast of noxious night;
A lamp burn'd steadfast at her breast,
And cast its certain light.

And oft she heard a mellow'd tone
Streaming above the din;
A Voice that loves the pure and lone,
And strengthens them within.

O! there was joy, even unto pain,
When, pass'd those days so drear,
As music, Fanny's steps again
Fell on each aged one's ear.

And who, the gladdest of the glad,
Stands at the gate? I pray.
Is 't he who then a very lad
So wept her going away?

'Tis he, who while he fed his flowers,
(Stronger her bright chain grew;)
Saw constantly through haunted hours,
Those eyes of gentlest blue.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

"LADY ELEANOR DAVIES, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name,

Eleanor Davies.
Reveal O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an L, and too little by an S; yet *Daniel* and *reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The Court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning text against text. One of the deans of the Arches, says Heylin, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver; he took a pen, and at last hit upon this elegant anagram:

Dame Eleanor Davies.
Never so mad a Ladie!

The happy fancy put the solemn Court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit.

Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state—for we hear no more of this prophetess.—*Curiosities of Literature*.

NATURALISTS assert that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve informs us, are sensible to the charms of music. This may serve as an instance:—"An officer was confined to the Bastille; he begged the Governor to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see, frisking out of their holes, great numbers of mice; and, descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders; who formed a circle about him, while he continued breathing his soul-subduing instrument. He was petrified with astonishment. Having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length, having overcome, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert; when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and in the course of further time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred musical amateurs. Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he kept in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed."—*Curiosities of Literature*.

THERE are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.—*Sterne*.

To *condog*, *v. n.* We should be unwilling to re-introduce this word into common conversation, though it is legitimately compounded and derived, and of old was not unfrequently used. We bring it forward on account of the following tradition. It is said that when Dr. Adam Littleton was compiling his Latin and English Dictionary, he employed an amanuensis, who wrote at his dictation, and when they came to the word "concurro," the amanuensis asked, "To *concur*, I suppose, Sir?" "To *condog*, I suppose, Sir," was the Doctor's reply: and accordingly *condog* was set down. Whether the tradition be true or false, certain it is, that in one of the dictionaries, 1678, 4to, the first meaning given to *concurro* is "to *condog*." But we doubt the truth of the story. The word is found in Lyly's *Galathea*, "the just proportion of the fire and all things concurre." "Concurre, *condogge*, I will away." Also in Heywood's "*Royal King and Loyal Subject*;" and in the second edition of "*The English Dictionary*, by H. C. [Cockeram] gent. 12mo, 1626, second part," to Agree, Concurre, *Condog*, Condiscead."

TROUBLE is a thing that will come without our call: but true joy will not spring up without ourselves.—*Bishop Patrick's "Heartsease."*

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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Sir Tudor ap Grono.

See page 319.

A GLANCE AT MARIENBERG, AT BOPARD ON THE RHINE.

A SKETCH.

WHETHER faith in the efficacy of cold water as a therapeutic agent be in the ascendant, or whether, having reached its zenith, it is now making its descent, is a problem we pretend not to solve, as much is said on both sides; some persons affirming that the healing virtue of this liquid begins only now to be known, while as many others maintain that, like various remedies from time to time proclaimed as effectual for all ailments, it has had its day, and, with its predecessor-specifics, will speedily sink into oblivion.

It may be thus or not. We come not forth as the champions of the system, at least not of that

universal power for which its most devoted adherents argue, having, for our part, only a modicum of faith therein. Of the benefits arising from a plentiful use of water in general, no one can doubt; of its purifying, bracing, and refreshing effect on the outer man, none can be ignorant; although it may not be so readily granted, or so universally acknowledged, that these healthful results even penetrate to the inner man, imparting elasticity to the mind, and cheerfulness to the temper. For its abundant use in the last sense, none can out-advocate our plea, since we are not of those who would seek to "crawl to heaven in rags besmeared with dirt," but rather hold to the homely saying, "that cleanliness is closely allied to godliness." Indeed we confess perhaps a weakness when we affirm,

that we cannot conceive a dirty personage to be either very virtuous, or full of grace; and we greatly admire the Jewish practice of frequent ablutions.

Having, therefore, we trust, a due appreciation of the properties of water, we are ready to render it all homage up to a certain point; and possibly we may hereafter see cause to extend the limits of our cold-water-cure belief. Meanwhile we only seek to amuse our readers by a rapid sketch of a short residence in one of the temples consecrated to the pure and restoring element. We must, however, state, that we went thither neither as an experienced votary to the shrine, nor as a novice to be initiated into the mysteries of the varied modes of immersion or emersion; we only appeared as a visitor, who might, or might not, participate in the delights of a douche bath, a wave bath, a plunge bath, or a Rhine bath, as humour prompted. We left England for the coast of Holland on a certain day of a month not much to our liking, whose blaze of meridian splendour is usually rather oppressive; a time wherein we miss the softening graces of the gladsome spring, and seem to long for the subduing influence of mournful autumn, with its rich beauty, chastened by the sober tints of the withering and seared leaf. Our party on board the steamer was tolerably numerous, considering that we took not the route now most in fashion, that passage being preferred from whose place of debarkation the railway is ready to whirl the lovers of speed to where they will;—some travellers having a peculiar monomania, which urges them to try and see as many different towns, rivers, fields, and church spires, as is possible within an incredibly short space of time; this feat on their return home forming the chief subject of their self-laudations. We old-fashioned people, not feeling much inclined to emulate the rapidity of the lightning's flash, were resolved to take matters more leisurely, and to be indebted to steam in another shape for our projected ascent of the well-known German river.

We reached the city of canals, bridges, and tall straight trees, in time for the *table d'hôte*, on the day following our departure from the Thames. This of course was a mighty comfort both to our own countrymen and others,—for who ever heard of an Englishman whose sorrows could not be assuaged by the savoury smell of a good dinner? And, from the satisfaction expressed by our Dutch friends, we conclude, that neither were they impervious to the soothing influence of the many edibles which “lay smiling before us.”

Next morning early we parted from this city rescued from the sea, to proceed on our journey up the Rhine. There were few persons on board the steamer, and these few by no means fascinating. Among the company were some Dutch dames with children and servants *en route* to their summer quarters: an old priest, with a three-cornered hat, an ample black surcoat reaching to his heels, a huge walking-stick, and a lengthy pipe, without which it is doubtful whether a native of Holland could exist; an exquisite, or dandy, of the Dutch school, with cigar in mouth, lemon-coloured French gloves, a slender cane, and shining boots much turned up at the toes, a specimen probably of Young Holland!

Cows standing in the water to cool themselves, church spires, willow trees, and windmills, were the

dominant objects, and the prime ingredients of every landscape that passed before us for many long hours. Here we might make a digression, and, in the mode of some writers, anxious that their readers should have the full benefit of all their lore, enter into a disquisition to prove the truthfulness of the paintings of the Dutch and Flemish artists who have depicted those rather sleepy-looking scenes. We, however, have an antipathy to such effusions when they cross our own path, and therefore we will do in this case as we would be done unto, and leave the productions of the Cuyp, Botses, and Wouvermans, in peaceful repose for the present. We paid a short visit to Dusseldorf, had an ice in the Hof Garten, and saw all the good folks of the place in holiday attire, as they chanced on that day to be commemorating the feast of one of their saints, and not a few wonders were to be seen in the shape of terrific paintings of Daniel in the lion's den, the three holy children in the fire, etc., as signs of shows, into the interiors of which, however, we had no time to take a glance. Music was heard in every direction, and dancing was going on merrily; mirthful recreation ever mingling with religious rejoicing in all catholic countries. And why should it not be thus? Cologne with its three kings, its treasures, and gemmed croziers, we found to be as dirty as ever; but, worse than all, the vulgar spirit of traffic seemed to have taken unaccustomed possession of it, of which sundry indications were given, such as new buildings springing up every where, and busy worldly-wise countenances meeting the stroller at each corner of the narrow streets. Alas! alas! railways will be the destruction of all the grandeur of the past—of all things venerable! To find a quiet nook unvisited by these iron tyrants, we must travel far away indeed.

We bent our steps towards Ems, intending to remain there for some time, but found the heat in the narrow and mountain-girt valley of the Lahn so intolerable, that we were thankful to leave it after a sojourn of a few days. We could not make up our minds to be stifled in this hemmed-in spot, although many delightful walks awaited our footsteps by the side of the river, and on the heights; while many were the gay visitors from all quarters to be met with, and looked at. In spite of such attractions we returned to Coblenz, and then proceeded to Boppard, a place not much frequented by mere travellers, but possessed of various charms to those fond of antiquities, or of rambles in a lovely district, and known to many who are believers in the cold water cure, as it boasts of two such establishments, with a third in progress.

Boppard, though but slightly mentioned by Murray, (that constant companion of all travellers, to whatever quarter their faces may be turned,) is, nevertheless, an interesting and pleasantly situated small town, lying close to the Rhine, whose waters wash its venerable walls. Many are the proofs still visible of Boppard's ancient splendour, as well as of its sanctity, if we may judge from the various churches, convents, and monasteries, which once on a time flourished here. On the opposite bank of the Rhine smiles the pretty village of Fielzin, with its tall church spire; and above are the fertile mountain-tops of Nassau. At a short distance higher up the river stand the ruined castles of the Brothers, with what was formerly the convent of

Bornhosen, now converted into a large inn, reposing at the base of the eminence on which the two castles stand.

The romantic legend of the Brothers is known to all visitors of the Rhine, or readers of the red volume, as Murray's hand-book is called; by the unwearied perusal of which the Germans recognise their English guests, who, it is said, are never seen without a red-book in their hands while traversing the Rhenish land. In the other direction, a few miles further down the river, is to be seen the renowned fortress of Marksburg, where the unfortunate Henry of Germany, while a child, was immured for a brief space, when lured by his enemies to take (according to their story) a pleasure sail on the beautiful Rhine. It is a gloomy place, now used by the Duke of Nassau for the safe keeping of political offenders. We asked the soldier who conducted us through it "if there were now any prisoners within its walls, or if it were much used." He said the last who had been there left it about six months previous, and that it was rarely needed.

Let us not forget that her Majesty of England was in the neighbourhood at the time of which we speak, the attraction of whose presence, along with that of other royal and ducal personages, allured many of the quiet inhabitants of this *locale* from their wonted state of repose. In imitation of the thunders of Ehrenbreitstein, which welcomed our lady Victoria to Coblenz and the proud castle of Stolzenfels, the good people of Boppard fired a salute when she passed, while we English evinced our loyalty by waving hats and kerchiefs, and by hoisting colours on a flag-staff in a garden that lay close to the water's edge. One of the party, in his exuberant devotion to his royal mistress, almost fell into the river, so resolved was he to show his English face, (a good honest one it was,) and to let his English hurrah be heard; as he declared none but Englishmen knew how to give a hearty cheer. As the Fairy (her Majesty's steamer) came close to the shore, where this son of Albion stood shouting and waving his hat, along with the rest of his countrymen, there is no cause to doubt that, unless her Majesty were deaf indeed, she heard this truly British cheering, as distinctly as she heard the cannonading when she glided under the heights of the redoubtable Ehrenbreitstein.

But, to return to our scenery. There are two hills here from which fine views may be had; the one called Jacobsberg, the other Kreutsberg: on the former stands an edifice which was once a convent, and on the summit of the latter a ruined chapel is to be seen; the way thither from the base to the summit of the eminence is pointed out to the pious wanderer by shrines, crosses, Madonnas, and saints.

As we already stated, there are two cold-water-cure establishments at Boppard; one called Marienberg, the more stately and aristocratic; the other of humbler aspect, called Mühlbad. No comparison can be made between them, were we to judge from external appearances. Marienberg, once a convent inhabited by noble dames alone as religious sisters, looks proudly down from its eminence on the broad waters of the Rhine, and over the ancient remains of Boppard's better days, when both heathen and Christian emperors, kings, princes, knights and barons, had alternately been its possessors and occupants. Now, where princesses and

countesses once "told their beads at Mary's altar," a few gloomy-looking mortals wander up and down the dim cloisters and long corridors, seeking to wash away, not their sins, but their physical ailments, by undergoing the *wasser-kur*! Their faith in the omnipotence of the element might be commended, were it in consequence of the idea that the fountain had been consecrated by saints or blessed by angels, or did it rest upon an assurance that Marienberg was a spot where "holy spirits love to linger;" but when the matter-of-fact conviction is forced upon us, that these pale-faced, disconsolate wanderers believe in nothing save—Hydropathy! our interest and sympathy diminishes, if it does not altogether vanish, and we are almost tempted to wish that the princely dwelling had been left in peaceful stillness, with its proud and sacred memories.

Mühlbad, "the bath of the mill," in contrast to that of "the Mountain of Mary," nestles at the foot of a narrow valley called Mühlthal, or, as we would say in English, Milldale, with vine-clad hills rising on either side. The house is modern, and stands close to the high road; a great objection with some persons, as, from this circumstance, it wants the privacy and quietude which is desirable in a place destined to such purposes; although others may consider this objection counterbalanced by the proximity of the magnificent river, rolling on in its ceaseless course, and by the cheerful sight of the various boats and rafts which are constantly borne past on its broad bosom. In the evening, the view of the town of Boppard from this locality is very fine; the lofty spires of its ancient church piercing the bright sky, and Marienberg glittering in the golden radiance of the sinking sun, and towering majestically above the crumbling walls and towers of the once strongly fortified town; while the silent river pursues its destined way, too full of its own great mission to heed what passes around, indifferent to whose standard floats from the stern fortress, or whose gay banner waves from the palace or castle which it alternately sweeps past. Like a mighty spirit, it owns no mortal sway, and renders homage to heaven only, "imagining by day the clear blue sky,—by night the silver stars."

Marienberg is decidedly the place for dreamers, poets, incipient monks or nuns, time-past worshippers, young Oxonians, or Englishmen thickly crusted with reserve; as space sufficient is afforded in the cloistered aisles, and spacious galleries, for each self-sufficing "I" to move in all directions, without his dignity being compromised by contact with anything less wise, less good, or less important than himself.

Some persons hinted that it was rather *triste*, but these must have been volatile Frenchmen, who like to have listeners, even should they be inclined to act the part of a Hamlet or a Jacques.

Mühlbad may best suit the more every-day sort of person, who thinks of comfort, good dinners, kind faces, and home feelings; all those commonplace and vulgarisms of which the "rapt enthusiast" knows nothing, and which are entirely beneath the notice of the antiquarian or the learned in mysticism.

It is reasonable to believe that many who visit these hydropathic establishments as patients, recover their health (if they have ever lost it), and their spirits, (were they really depressed,) as much

by regular hours, healthful exercise, and simple diet, as by the use of cold water, either internally or externally administered; not to speak of the pleasant companions who may be met at such places, in spite of gout, rheumatism, or disordered nerves. To those who underwent the cure to its full extent, it could be no easy work, but the reverse, as great toil, perseverance, and courage, were involved. Let us imagine being roused at four or five in the morning by two attendants, wrapped up in a wet sheet, and covered with sundry blankets and ligatures, until neither hand nor foot could be stirred, be the exigency ever so great—the house on fire, or a fly tickling your face; the latter not a minor evil in these circumstances, as we have heard some say, who every morning were thus prepared for the rest of the day's labours. In this state the invalid is left in bed for half an hour, an hour, or longer, as needs be, until he gets into a profuse perspiration, when he is then taken out of bed, placed in a large chair, wheeled away in the thousand wrappings, like a mummy embalmed, and all at once lowered by machinery into the depths beneath, and suddenly plunged into a cold bath. After this shock he is hoisted up again, dresses, and takes his morning promenade, drinking as many tumblers of cold water as he may find suits him.

From seven until nine o'clock, breakfast, which consisted of bread and milk, was on the table: tea or coffee visitors might be provided with, but the patients were forbidden such stimulants. About eleven o'clock another bath was taken, sometimes of one kind, sometimes of another, as the doctor of the establishment might deem best for the particular case. Walking and drinking again until one, when dinner was served, of an excellent, though plain, description, generally consisting of soup, boiled meat, roast beef or mutton, chickens, vegetables, a pudding or pancake, all well cooked. Until about four or five most of the inmates remained within doors, when another bath was taken, another walk, and the business of the day concluded with supper at eight o'clock, which, like breakfast, was composed of bread and milk, (delicious milk it was,) with the addition of preserved fruits, eggs, and such like. After this hour the inmates amused themselves, as best they could, with music, reading, or conversation, and generally before ten all went to rest, when not a sound was to be heard in the whole house, unless a mouse, more curious and bold than its companions, stole forth on a voyage of discovery.

It can be no marvel, if persons exchanging, perhaps, a luxurious mode of living for this simple one, fashionable late hours for early rising, and a good brisk walk, or a climb up a hill, for a lounge on a sofa, forget their ailments, and find themselves even without the plea of a headache, for preferring breakfast at ten or eleven, rather than seven or eight! We speak at present of those who are only half ill, or ill from their over care and love of ease; of those who never walk when they can ride, and never drink water when wine can be had. Others certainly there are, who, when all things else have failed, have resorted to the cold water system as a last resource—persons who are really and seriously ill;—and these assert that cold water has been their restorer from sickness to health, their deliverance from the approach of death.

We have no cause to doubt such assertions, as, in some instances, cold water certainly produces wonderful effects on the human frame; but, that it can do this in every case, we are more than sceptical. Were we to credit all we have heard of the miracle-working powers of this element, hydro-pathy may stand side by side with mesmerism; and its disciples are not one whit less zealous in the advocacy of its fame, and of its truth, than are those of the more mysterious agent. As far as the ease of the patient is concerned, the latter stands a good chance of being the preferable remedy of the two, as, for its success nothing seems requisite or essentially necessary, save a due amount of faith in the influence proposed to be called into action, whereas, in the water system, unceasing and continuous exertions are indispensable. As yet, however, few having any faith in "unseen agents," a science or system so nearly bordering on the occult is shunned with pious horror; therefore the cold-water-cure system, for the time being, boasts of more adherents than its rival.

We might lengthen our sketch by a glance at some of the picturesque spots in the neighbourhood of Marienberg, or Mühlbad, and dilate on the many pleasant strolls which may be taken up the different valleys or glens leading to the mountain-tops, or luring the pedestrian into some wood or forest, from which it is not always such an easy matter to emerge when once fairly in.

We might pay a visit to Stolzenfeld, where we were shown a small drawing in pencil, said to have been executed by the Royal Victoria's fair fingers, who had left it on the table of her boudoir.

We might listen to the hymns of the pilgrims, as they rowed down the Rhine on their homeward journey, or stand and see them pass, as they onwards moved towards some far-famed shrine, with the bright figure of saint or martyr floating over them, in the rich silk banner fringed with gold.

We might do all this, and more, but we fear trespassing on the patience of our reader, who may not admire so much as we do the scenery to be found in the neighbourhood of "Old Father Rhine." We therefore arrest our pen, hoping to resume it at some future time.

THE PROTEUS ANGUINEUS,

OR AUSTRIAN SIREN.

THE visitors of the Linnæan Society are not generally aware of the curiosity contained in one of the remote chambers of that useful institution. Through the kindness of the Librarian we were favoured with a sight of this rarity, which is a model in wax of that unearthly-looking creature, the Proteus Anguineus, or Austrian Siren. This extraordinary animal, half fish, half lizard, was unknown except to the learned few, till a detailed account of it was given in Sir Humphrey Davy's "Consolations in Travel." From the popularity of that work, it became a common topic of conversation; and, in 1829 or 1830, the late Captain Kater imported a living specimen, which he and his amiable and highly accomplished lady procured from the Grotto at Adelsberg, but which we believe did not long exist in this country.

The Proteus Anguineus is found in no other part of the world but Carniola, and there chiefly in the grotto

of the Magdalena at Adelsberg, in a small subterranean lake. It has also sometimes been found at Sittich, about thirty miles distant, thrown up by the water from a subterranean cavity, and Sir H. Davy, who was extremely fond of the "Alpine country of Austria," as he called this district, (having spent many months at Laybach, both in 1817 and 1827,) and who had studied its geology minutely, was of opinion, that the natural residence of these animals is a vast lake far below the surface of the earth, and that those found both at Adelsberg and at Sittich proceed from the same reservoir. Indeed, when we take the nature of the ground into consideration, and the periodical appearance of the animals, (in the spring, and again in the autumn, particularly after heavy rains,) the supposition will not appear unreasonable.

The Julian Alps, which traverse this part of Carniola, consist entirely of limestone, which has the property of becoming disintegrated, and forming immense caverns and grottoes, so that in many parts the mountains may be said to be hollow. Large lakes are formed within them, and rivers flow through them, or have their source in their dark recesses. The Laybach disappears twice before it finally emerges from their base a full-grown and navigable stream. One of the largest caverns is that which contains the grotto of the Magdalena, at Adelsberg, the most magnificent in Europe, in comparison with which even those of Derbyshire are insignificant. It has been explored to a distance of nearly three miles, where it terminates in a lake, and it is probable that its extent would be found to be much greater, if the side passages and chambers were traced out. The subsoil and surface of this region are both calcareous, and the waters that fall from the atmosphere disappear through funnel-shaped apertures, which are abundant in every declivity. The want of moisture on the surface, which this occasions, gives the country the appearance of the most repulsive barrenness, except in the valleys. The mountains are totally destitute of even the simplest vegetation, and the dreariness increases till it becomes absolutely a howling wilderness in the broad waste of rock and sand, called the *Karst*, which extends to within five miles of Trieste, and which is ravaged by the tremendous wind called the *bora*; but the most remarkable feature of the country is the Zirkniss See, a lake, which is entirely filled or emptied by subterranean sources, and which is generally believed to communicate with all the other lakes and rivers. The waters of this lake disappear for four or five months at a time; during which the peasants make hay, and even sow and reap millet or buckwheat on what was the bottom of the lake, and thus gather their harvest where they have before thrown their nets for fish. The return of the waters is sometimes so sudden as to fill the basin in twenty-four hours, when there has been much rain, or snow which has melted; and they come with a fearful force, rushing, foaming, and bubbling up from upwards of four hundred natural apertures, like the craters of volcanoes, some more than fifty feet deep, with which its bed is perforated, and which communicate with the subterranean reservoirs, through which the waters are replenished or drawn off. Few things can be more striking than the return of these waters, or more calculated to impress the mind with awe and reverence for His Almighty hand, who has created these wonders, and by whose power even the fountains of the great deep were broken up.

Many have been the learned men who have treated of

this *lusus nature*, and various and contradictory have been the opinions concerning it. The first notice of the animal was communicated by Dr. Laurenti, in 1768, who gave it the name it still bears. Linnæus only knew it from a drawing and description; it has since been carefully dissected by Schreibers, the predecessor of Kollar in the Imperial Museum at Vienna, as well as by our own Hunter, and others, without removing the doubts which have always existed as to whether this ambiguous reptile is the young of some species of lizard, or a perfect animal. When Spix and Von Martius were setting out on their voyage to Brazil, in 1817, they procured some specimens of the *Proteus*, which they carried with them, in hopes that the warmth of a tropical sun would favour their development; unfortunately, just as they were entering the torrid zone, the vessel containing the Sirens fell over into the sea, and thus all their hopes of settling this disputed point were destroyed. The whole appearance of the animal is singular in the extreme. It is all over of a pale pinkish flesh-colour, excepting a crest, something like a cock's-comb, round the throat, which is bright scarlet. This crest, consisting of a mass of blood-vessels, contains the respiratory organs of the animal, which are connected with lungs, so as to enable it to breathe above or below water. The general form of the body is that of an eel, but it has no fins. It has four feet, like a lizard, but is destitute of ribs or a breast-bone. The fore part of the head is flat, like the bill of a duck, becoming broader behind. It has two black dots, one on each side of the jaw, which are called the eyes, though the animal is supposed to be devoid of sight, and they are attached to the under side of the skin. It has a number of minute teeth, and is supposed to feed on the smaller aquatic animals, the head and bones of small fish having been found in the stomach of one. But it has never been observed to take food, though specimens have been kept alive for several years, by occasionally changing the water in which they were placed. Its voice is stronger than might be expected from the size of the animal, emitting a kind of hissing noise, with the fore part of the body out of the water, and hence, perhaps, the familiar name of Siren applied to this genus, the fore feet resembling hands with three claws or fingers, and the creature, when out of the water, walking on its hind feet and holding itself erect.

The largest specimens which have been found, are about thirteen inches long, and one inch in diameter; but they are sometimes seen no thicker than a horse-hair. Sir H. Davy supposes these animals to be of an immense size when mature in their native place; and from their internal structure, he cannot allow that they are larvæ. Indeed, notwithstanding the most careful researches that have been made during many years, and the frequent fishing which takes place in the lakes and caverns of the neighbouring country at all seasons of the year, no animal has hitherto been detected of which it can possibly be the larva. One is almost tempted to believe it to be a species of those antediluvian Sauri (of which many varieties are found, bedded in the limestone caverns of the country,) which had escaped, in the bowels of the earth, from the destroying waters of the deluge—an animal to which the presence of light is not essential, and which can live indifferently in air and in water, on the surface of the rock or in the depths of the mud, adding one instance more to the number already known of the wonderful manner in which life is produced and perpetuated in every part of our globe, even in places which seem the least suited to organized existences. Such is the *Proteus Anguineus*, to which Divine Wisdom has assigned for its abode the dark subterranean caverns of Carniola.

THE TELESCOPE.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EARL OF ROSE'S REFLECTING TELESCOPE.

THAT there should be such a thing as a *glimpse* of Astronomy—that is, any amount of *positive knowledge* regarding bodies placed at a distance from us so great, that the imagination falls powerless from the attempt to form a conception by the aid of which we can reach to the faintest idea of it, is one of the most wonderful of the many triumphs which the understanding of man has achieved—the clearest illustration of the divinity of its origin. We should have said, had we not known the fact to be otherwise, that, if there was any thing whatever in the creation of God placed beyond the reach of human investigation, it should be the laws by which are regulated those “twinkling points of fire,” which are so immeasurably removed from us, that the powers of our perceptive organs are exhausted before reaching the nearest of them. What data could we ever imagine would be discovered for calculating the magnitudes and distances, and ascertaining the conditions, of bodies dwelling in a region so remote, that a space large enough to permit thousands of such globes as our earth to roll about with ease within it, in their yearly orbits, appears to us so small, that it might easily be covered with the head of a pin? When we look out upon the heavens in a clear frosty night, we appear to be enclosed in a concave wall of polished ebony, in which the heavenly bodies are set, like spangles on a dark-coloured robe. To the unassisted eye alike of the philosopher and the peasant, does this wall seem to present the extreme bounds of human observation. Those twinkling stars, the natural supposition would be, may have been set there to inform us simply of the fact, that there are innumerable worlds beyond the sphere of our observation, and that, when we have reached the utmost possible limit of all that we can know, we have still attained to but an insignificant fraction of all that is to be known; but, set as they are in that impenetrable wall, the most remote and the nearest appearing to our sense at an exactly equal distance, it might almost seem as if that was intended to mark the boundary beyond which the mind of man was never to penetrate, and to trace out the limit of an outer world, in which his understanding was never to gain any triumphs.

The distances of the bodies which are the subjects of astronomical sciences are so vast, that our earthly measures of space are altogether inadequate, not merely to give us an idea of them—that is out of the question—but to furnish us with a language in which to express them. Leaving miles and leagues to measure earthly spaces, or at most such a mere step as the distance to the moon, philosophers are obliged, in order to find such an expression for those inconceivable distances as can be thrown into a manageable form, to adopt a measure which in itself far transcends the power of our faculties to conceive,—the velocity of light. Light traverses a space equal to the circumference of the earth in the eighth part of a second, that is, in about the smallest period of time which it is possible for us by any effort of the mind to mark. We have, by the help of this measure, a sufficiently astounding distance indicated to us, when we are told that the light of the sun takes 160 minutes to move to the Georgium Sidus, the remotest

planet of our Solar system. This tells us of a distance equal to 76,800 times the circumference of our globe,—a space, of which, though it is not difficult to mark it in figures, it is altogether impossible to approach to any conception in thought. But even this sinks into nothing when compared to the distances of the fixed stars. The nearest of these is so far from us, that light would require five years to traverse the space which divides it from this earth; and stars have been discovered, by means of the telescope, so distant, that the light which now reaches our globe from them must have set out on its journey before the creation of our world.²

The mind is thrown back stunned and bewildered from the attempt to grasp any of these wonderful facts. We feel that, though we know of them, we do not know them. They are to us as an algebraic formula, stuffed with all manner of complex and incomprehensible relations of quantity, which, though we can fully assure ourselves of their truth, and though we can use the formula in which they are expressed, like a sealed casket containing a rich jewel, as an infallible step in the prosecution of our researches after other truths, we cannot receive into the mind as substantive facts, or objects of knowledge. We can ascertain that there are truths for which the language we use is the proper expression, but what they are we are as really ignorant as if we had not a language in which to express them at all. We cannot conceive them, or give them a place in our minds. So, with regard to the distances we have been speaking of, however accurately we denote them, our mind is not more truly cognizant of what they really are, than is the naked eye of the relative magnitudes and distances of the myriads of stars which bespangle the firmament. We know, however, that philosophers, in their investigations regarding them, have arrived at their results by steps of reasoning so secure, and so firmly linked together, that nothing can be more absolutely certain than their truth; so much so, that it may be said, that, of all sciences, the surest in its conclusions is that whose objects are the furthest removed from the ordinary cognizance of our senses.

To lay a foundation for the science of astronomy, all that is required is, that the heavenly bodies should be brought within the reach of our observation. In the same spirit with the boast of Archimedes, (if we can call that a boast, which was but a forcible mode of stating an undoubted physical truth.)—“Give me a place to

(2) The circumstance of objects being visible from such a distance that the transmission of light from them to the eye is not instantaneous, is calculated to create a singular confusion in our established ideas of time in its connexion with the sense of sight. The only case in which we are in some degree familiar with the fact of an interval elapsing between the occurrence of the cause of an impression upon our senses, and the impression itself, is that of hearing. We meet with proofs of the existence of such an interval every day. The flash of lightning precedes the thunder-clap,—the smoke and flame from a gun precede the report, by a very perceptible interval; even at so short a distance as that between the spectators of a game at cricket and the players, we can, by looking sharply, perceive that the ball is struck before we hear the sound of the stroke. But no sound is audible at all from such a distance that the interval counts practically for anything important. We doubt much if any sound, however loud, is capable of being transmitted to a distance which it would require five minutes to reach. It is very different when we come to speak of hours, days, and even years. We generally look for no stronger evidence of the present existence of anything than that we now see it. To have seen a thing at a particular time in a particular place, is universally held conclusive of the fact that it was at that time in that place. Any exception to this is generally, and most truly, set down as an optical delusion, arising from disease of the organ of sight. How marvellous does it then appear to us to be told, that, carrying our glance beyond the narrow limits of our earthly horizon, we can not only see far off into space, but far back into time! that we can receive information of things existing ages before we were born, not from report, or tradition, or written record, but from the testimony of our own senses! Nay, it is quite conceivable that the object perceived, and the organ perceiving it, may never have co-existed; that the one may have been destroyed long before the other was created. How astonishing to think of light thus bearing upon its wings to future ages the memory of existences long since departed! There would be no end to the speculations, each one more wonderful than another, upon which we might enter in connexion with this very remarkable fact.

(1) We are indebted for a great portion of the materials out of which this paper has been drawn up, to an article in the “North British Review,” for November, 1844, which, if we may hazard a guess, founded upon the understood connexion of that periodical with the Free Church of Scotland, as well as upon various circumstances of internal evidence, we feel inclined to attribute to one of the most eminent in this department of science of the present race of Scottish philosophers.

stand upon, and I will move the earth,"—man can say, and with equal truth, of the numberless worlds which roll around him, "Only let me see them—I ask no more—and I will tell you the laws which regulate their motions, their distances, magnitudes, orbits, and velocities." The accuracy of the observations which were taken before the students of the heavens had the advantage of artificial aids to the sense of sight,—the patience with which these observations were carried out through long courses of years, and their results transmitted from hand to hand, until they formed a body of facts sufficiently comprehensive to admit of general conclusions being drawn from them,—and the ingenuity with which these conclusions were drawn, effects traced to their causes, and the laws of phenomena assigned,—are worthy of all admiration; nor ought we so much to wonder that erroneous theories were formed, as that so much truth was discovered under difficulties so formidable. But it is from the invention of the telescope, an invention which, it would scarcely be too much to say, has raised the physical nature of man, in one of its most important departments, from the level of humanity to that of a higher order of being, that the real growth of astronomy as a science is to be dated. By the discoveries which it brought to light, what might before be deemed only happy guesses, were established as ascertained facts; commonly-received errors were exploded; and the whole science established on a basis of the most irrefragable certainty.

For the benefit of our unscientific readers, we may here state, in one word, without affecting scientific precision of language, the principle on which the construction of telescopes depends. It is simply this—that the relative magnitude of any object, as it appears to the eye, depends upon the magnitude of the angle which it subtends at the point where the rays of light reflected from it into the eye converge. This is the reason why, of two objects of equal size, the nearer appears larger than the more distant. Any method, therefore, by which we can throw an image of an object into such a position in relation to the eye, that it will subtend a larger angle than the object itself does, must make it appear larger to us. This may be effected in two ways—by refraction, or by reflection; by refraction, when the light reflected from an object, passing through a transparent lens of proper form, forms an image of the object in a point called a focus, on the other side of the lens,—and by reflection, when the light striking upon a polished surface of proper form, and reflected back from it, forms an image of the object in a focus between the object and that surface. In these two cases, if we can fall upon means of obtaining a distinct view of the image formed in the focus, we shall see the object magnified, more or less, according to the place into which the image is thrown, which again is dependent upon the form and size of the lens or reflector.

The principle exemplified in the first form of telescope, viz. that by a certain combination of lenses distant objects may be made to appear as if they were near, was the accidental discovery of a Dutch spectacle-maker, named Metius. But its application to the examination of the heavens was the work of Galileo, the wonderful rapidity of whose steps in making this application, with the brilliant series of discoveries immediately resulting from it, are thus eloquently described by Professor Playfair:—

"It was in the year 1609 that the news of a discovery made in Holland reached Galileo, viz. that two glasses had been so combined, as greatly to magnify the objects seen through them. More was not told; and more was not necessary to awaken a mind abundantly alive to all that interested the progress either of science or of art. Galileo applied himself to try various combinations of lenses, and he quickly fell on one which made objects appear greater than when seen by the naked eye, in the proportion of three to one. He soon improved on this construction, and formed one which magnified thirty-two

times, nearly as much as the kind of telescope he used is capable of. That telescope was formed of two lenses; the lens next the object convex, the other concave; the objects were presented upright, and magnified in their linear dimensions in the proportion just assigned.

"Having tried the effect of this combination on terrestrial objects, he next directed it to the moon. What the telescope discovers on the ever-varying face of that luminary is now well known, and needs not to be described: but the sensations which the view must have communicated to the philosopher who first beheld it, may be conceived more easily than expressed. To the immediate impression which they made upon the sense, to the wonder they excited in all who saw them, was added the proof which, on reflection, they afforded of the close resemblance between the earth and the celestial bodies, whose divine nature had been so long and so erroneously contrasted with the ponderous and opaque substance of our globe. The earth and the planets were now proved to be bodies of the same kind, and views were entertained of the universe more suitable to the simplicity and magnificence of nature.

"When the same philosopher directed his telescope to the fixed stars, if he was disappointed at finding their magnitudes not increased, he was astonished and delighted to find them multiplied in so great a degree, and such numbers brought into view, which were invisible to the naked eye. In Jupiter he perceived a large disc, approaching in size to the moon. Near it, as he saw it for the first time, were three luminous points, ranged in a straight line, two of them on one side of the planet, and one on the other. This occasioned no surprise, for they might be small stars not visible to the naked eye, such as he had already discovered in great numbers. By observing them, however, night after night, he found these small stars to be four in number, and to be moons, or satellites, accompanying Jupiter, and revolving round him, as the moon revolves round the earth.

"The eclipses of these satellites, their conjunctions with the planet, their disappearance behind his disc, their periodical revolutions, and the very problem of distinguishing them from one another, offered to an astronomer a series of new and interesting observations.

"In Saturn he saw one large disc, with two smaller ones very near it, and diametrically opposite, and always seen in the same places! But more powerful telescopes were required, before these appearances could be interpreted.

"The horned figure of Venus, and gibbosity of Mars, added to the evidence of the Copernican system, and verified the conjectures of its author, who had ventured to say, that if the sense of sight were sufficiently powerful, we should see Mercury and Venus exhibiting phases similar to those of the moon.

"The spots of the sun derived an interest from their contrast with the luminous disc over which they seemed to pass. They were found to have such regular periods of return as could be derived only from the motion of the disc itself; and thus the sun's revolution on his axis, and the time of that revolution, were clearly ascertained."

Such were the first results of the invention of the telescope,—a succession of discoveries the most splendid, probably, which it ever fell to the lot of one individual to make, and which, in a better age, would have entitled their author to the admiration and gratitude of the whole scientific world, though they were then viewed from many quarters with suspicion and jealousy.

The world had scarcely yet recovered from the wonder excited by these discoveries at the time when Milton thus referred to them, in one of his Homeric digressions—

"Like the moon, whose orb,
Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to decry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

And again, when he describes Satan's appearance in the sun :—

"There lands the fiend, a spot like which, perhaps, Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw."

The next great step in this march of discovery was made by Huygens forty years later. "Of the phenomena," we again quote from Playfair, "which the telescope, in the hands of Galileo, had made known, the most paradoxical were those exhibited by Saturn; sometimes attended by two globes, one on each side, without any relative motion, but which would, at stated times, disappear for a while, and leave the planet single, like the other heavenly bodies. Nearly forty years had elapsed, without any further insight into these mysterious appearances, when Huygens began to examine the heavens with telescopes of his own construction, better and more powerful than any which had yet been employed. The two globes that had appeared insulated, were now seen connected by a circular and luminous belt, going quite round the planet. At last it was found that all these appearances resulted from a broad ring surrounding Saturn, and seen obliquely from the earth." In the year 1655, Huygens also discovered a satellite of Saturn.

The instruments with which these discoveries were made, were telescopes of twelve and twenty-four Rhinland feet in focal length, made by Huygens' own hands. In prosecuting his improvements, so as to obtain instruments of still greater power, he met with mechanical difficulties which it required some ingenuity to surmount. The length of tube required for great focal distances, and the difficulty of placing such tubes when constructed, and elevating them so that they might be directed to the required part of the heavens, and of preventing such vibration as must disturb the image formed, suggested to him the possibility of dispensing with such long tubes altogether; which he did in this way. Having fixed his object glass in a short tube, he mounted it at the upper end of a very long pole like a mast, so that this little tube could be easily turned in every possible direction, upon a ball and socket joint. This was effected by a long silk string attached to the tube, by means of which he could bring its axis into the same line with the axis of the eye tube, which he held in his hand. The ball and socket which carried the object-glass tube were fixed upon a stage, which, by means of a pulley, could be raised, or lowered, in a groove, cut out of the upright pole. By this contrivance Huygens was enabled to use telescopes more than 120 feet long.

Telescopes of still greater power, on the refracting principle, were constructed by Campani and others in the course of the same century, by means of which many important discoveries were made. But the inconvenience and difficulty of constructing instruments of such length, and the imperfection of the image formed by refracting telescopes—that is, telescopes in which the object to be viewed is looked at directly through a magnifying object-glass,—arising from the different refrangibility of the different rays of light, in consequence of which they could not, in passing through a lens, be made to converge accurately into a single focus, suggested the adoption of reflectors instead of object-glasses in the construction of telescopes,—reflectors, if made of the proper form and material, having equally, with a lens, the power of forming an enlarged image of an object, and not being subject to any source of error similar to that which arises from the unequal refraction of different rays. This improvement was first suggested in 1663, by Gregory, then a young man, but of remarkable genius. He proposed to obviate the inconveniences of the refracting telescope by substituting for the object-glass a metallic speculum of a parabolic figure, to receive the image, and to reflect it towards a small speculum of the same metal placed opposite; this again was to return the image to

an eye-glass placed behind the great speculum, which for that purpose was to be perforated in its centre. But not possessing himself sufficient mechanical dexterity to make the specula he required, and not being able to find in the remote northern town in which he lived (Aberdeen) any workman capable of carrying out his invention, he was obliged, after some fruitless attempts, to give up the pursuit. But the splendid optical discoveries of Newton having led him, some years afterwards, into a similar train of thought in regard to the means of obviating the defects of refracting telescopes, and, as he chanced to be possessed, in addition to his matchless genius, of the natural aptitude for mechanical construction in which Gregory was deficient, he very soon succeeded in constructing a reflecting telescope, differing from that suggested by Gregory in this, that, by placing the eye-glass at the side, instead of the end, of his telescope, he was enabled to dispense with the smallest of the two reflectors altogether. The advantage of this was, that it was nearly equivalent to doubling the area of the speculum, as one-half of the incident light is lost by the second reflection. He thus describes in a letter to the Secretary of the Royal Society, dated in 1672, the train of thought by which he was led to the discovery :—"The different refrangibility of the rays of light made me take reflections into consideration; and, finding them regular, so that the angle of reflection of all sorts of rays was equal to the angle of incidence, I understood that, by their mediation, optic instruments might be brought to any degree of perfection imaginable, providing a reflecting substance could be found which would polish as finely as glass, and reflect as much light as glass transmits, and the art of communicating to it a parabolic figure be also obtained." The first reflecting telescope made by Newton was only six inches long, with a speculum of an inch in aperture; but it magnified forty times, and performed as well as a six foot refractor, showing the satellites of Jupiter, and the phases of Venus. In 1671 he completed another reflecting telescope with a speculum 23½ inches in diameter. This telescope is now in the library of the Royal Society, and bears the following inscription :—

THE FIRST REFLECTING TELESCOPE, INVENTED BY SIR ISAAC NEWTON, AND MADE WITH HIS OWN HANDS.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.—No. VI.

THE HIRUNDINIDÆ, OR SWALLOW FAMILY.

NONE of the feathered tribes suggest more beautiful images than the swallows. Some birds usher in the approach of winter, and lead our thoughts to the departing splendours of autumn, forcing us to contemplate the invasion of snow, sleet, and tempest, and all the sharp severity of biting winter. Thus, the cry of the birds which rush to our shores in the months of October and November, reminds us of brightness and sunny beauty departing.

But the Hirundines gladden all hearts, and seem like heralds of spring's perfumed gales, as, in fantastic whirl and dart, they exult beneath the life-creating, life-rejoicing sun. At first, one skims the pool with an arrow's speed, as if fearing the touch of some icy blast; then others appear, darting over the gardens, and circling our houses, till at last we see whole colonies busy in their airy hunting-spaces, or flashing with snow-white breasts and purplish wings by meadows, lanes, and rivers. The peculiar life in which the swallow family delights, is another cause of the interest felt for these birds. They seem created for a more refined

existence than other birds; earth is not their home, but the bright blue sky, and the lofty pathways of the air. There do these happy birds sport and wheel, in their full felicity, for hours, floating without effort in that rare expanse, which others of the feathered tribes use chiefly as a highway, and not a home. No birds touch the earth so rarely as the swallows; and for this aerial life their structure is beautifully adapted. Look at one, as it comes sweeping along the village road, within a few inches of the ground, which it touches not, and passes close by your person, as if conscious of your inability to harm or seize it during that arrowy flight. Watch the bird with a keen eye, for there is little time for observation with such a winged machine. Did you mark the shape of its body? What work of human science does it most resemble? See how full the forepart of the animal is; mark how it tapers gradually towards the tail; and then remember that such is the principle upon which the fastest sailing ships are constructed. Thus the highest skill of the ship-builder only aims to develop the mechanical principle upon which every swallow is organized. The plumage is also peculiarly fitted to promote flight, being firmly compacted, and so not liable to be ruffled by the breezes encountered in these rapid and long voyages, which excite our wonder and admiration. The wings resemble oars of great power, and are moved by muscles of singular force; whilst the long forked tail supplies a never-failing rudder to guide this bird through those numerous windings in which it delights. The food is seized during flying, and this requires a peculiar construction of the mouth, and also the keenest powers of sight. We accordingly find that the swallow's mandibles open as far back as the eyes, thus producing a large gape, in which insects are caught as by a net.

There are five or six varieties of the swallow family; the most known in England being the Chimney Swallow, House Martin, Sand Martin, and Swift, all of which are familiar to us.

The Chimney Swallow. (*Hirundo Rustica*, or *Hirundo Domestica*.) This species arrives here in April, often during the early part of the month, and forms the van of the great swallow army, reaching England about twenty days before the Martins. The English name arose from its selection of chimneys for resting localities. These places are generally chosen by the bird, though it sometimes builds in the shafts of old coal mines, which the swallow may deem good substitutes for chimneys.

The Latin designation, *Hirundo Rustica*, (Rural Swallow,) given by Linnæus, is not well applied, as it will suit the rest of the Swallows quite as well. *Hirundo Domestica*, (House, or Tame Swallow,) given by Ray, would be more appropriate; but this would apply with a stricter truth to the martin. We must not, however, quarrel with these long-appropriated names, especially as no inconvenience can now attend their use. Whence come these swallows? From the sunny land of Africa: thither they have been traced, and thence their track has been observed, when spring calls them to the bright lanes and meads of England.

"The Swallow knows her time,
And on the vernal breezes wings her way
O'er mountain, plain, and far extending seas,
From Afric's torrid sands to Britain's shores."

It is probable that chimney, and other swallows, do not travel direct from England to Africa, but proceed through Spain, Italy, and Greece, to that continent. It is supposed that they penetrate far into Africa, as Bruce saw them in Abyssinia during winter. What a range for these beautiful birds! In winter sporting round the fountains of the Nile, sweeping over the pyramids, and uttering their happy twitter amid the ruins of Thebes; in summer skimming the waters of the Thames, and nestling in "Windsor's proud keep;" whilst autumn brings them to the walls of the Alhambra, and

the arches of the Colosseum. The chimney-swallows do not arrive in a compact body: certain small bands precede, and scatter themselves thinly over the country, appearing during the short intervals of calm and sunshine. From these scanty arrivals arose the proverb, "one swallow does not make summer;" which is found in most of the European languages. As Swallows moult in their terrid homes, before undertaking their great spring journey, they come to us clothed in the first brightness of their plumage, which is not tarnished by their rapid flight over sea and land. We can, therefore, easily distinguish the different varieties, by attending to certain diversities of colour, before the brilliancy becomes dimmed by their nesting labours. The chimney-swallow may be distinguished by three particulars—by the reddish mark on the throat, whereas the martin is snow-white in that part; the tail is also more forked than the house-swallow, which is caused by the great length of the outside tail feathers; and by the colour of its belly, which is a reddish white. This last circumstance, with the throat spot, will enable us to tell whether one of these birds on the wing is the chimney-swallow, or martin, as such peculiarities are more easily noticed during the numerous windings of the bird, than the comparative length of the tail.

The plumage of this swallow is somewhat dimmed by descending into sooty chimneys, which, with its naturally dusky colours, renders the *Hirundo Domestica* less beautiful than the martin. It exhibits, nevertheless, the most brilliant steel-blue tints on the back and wings, which are best observed when the bird is sweeping along the surface of a road or meadow, close to the ground: then we can easily discern the radiancy of each tint, as the little insect-hunter passes rapidly to and fro. The localities most prized by this swallow are buildings near water, over which they hunt for food.

"I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool;
How quaintly dips; and with an arrow's speed
Whisks by."

In such places every chimney has a fair chance of being occupied by these busy tenants, to the no small discomfort of thrifty housewives on the approach of winter, when the accumulated mass of nests either prevents the kindling of a fire, or causes the destruction of the chimney by its combustion. It might be imagined the unpleasant circumstances of soot and smoke would deter so elegant a bird from building in such places; but warmth and security repay the swallow for those nuisances. This propensity to build in chimneys cannot be gratified by the bird in those districts uninhabited by Europeans, or where chimneys are unknown. In such countries this swallow recurs to its natural nesting places, the hollow trunks of old trees, in which thousands are often found roosting. This is the case in the unpeopled wastes of America, where certain time-worn trees have been for many generations named, "Swallow trees," being, in fact, the homes of countless hosts of these birds. In some parts this swallow is said to prefer barns and outhouses to chimneys, which is the case in Sweden and Scotland. Does this arise from the fuel used in such places producing a soot of an unpleasant and irritating nature? There is doubtless a law regulating the choice of the nest by a bird, which is not less founded on nature than the principles which originate the bird's existence. Hence, the selection of chimneys and hollow trees in some countries, and the avoidance of them in others, is not a result independent of ornithological laws. The nests of the chimney-swallow differ from the martin's house in one particular. It is open at the top, whereas the martin has a roof to its abode, and the entrance is in the side; a diversity of architecture required by the distinct habits of the two birds.

The chimney-swallow, in leaving its nest, must dart upwards to reach the top of the shaft; in descending,

the bird's object is to alight directly on the nest entrance. Both operations require the nest to be open at top. The martin launches horizontally from its nest, and sweeping back to the entrance finds its door exactly before it; a circumstance required by the frequent journeyings of the bird to and fro. The chimney-swallow does not often use again the nest of the previous year, preferring to construct a new residence, which it frequently raises on the old nest, thus piling tier upon tier, and in some chimneys forming a complete lining of its mud and straw work. The eggs are white, with brown or reddish spots, representing, by their diversified surfaces, the varied plumage of the blithe creature which in due time emerges from those little inclosures of bird-life.

The food of these swallows consists wholly of insects, which they catch whilst flying. The velocity of their movements prevents the observer from seeing the capture of the prey, but the event is notified by a peculiar sharp snap, which is easily heard, and arises from the rapid closing of the mandibles upon the insect.

Most persons accustomed to walk in the country have experienced the torment produced by insects flying into the eye, and the difficulty of extracting these little persecutors. Such insects are principally of one kind, and so small that we are unable to avoid their sudden darts, whilst their sharp spiky members lacerate the tender eyes. But these are just the insects most sought by the chimney-swallow, and by all this family of birds. Frequently this member of the Hirundinidæ may be seen high in the air pursuing a species of spider, which rises in fine weather to immense elevations.

When we look up into the clear blue sky, we may suppose that all is mere aerial space, that life moves not in these cloudless deeps. In this we are wrong, as great numbers of insects are as well fitted to live in these altitudes as fish to exist in the rivers beneath. In the pursuit of such high-soaring insects the swallow rises until our eyes are unable to detect its form. But when the storm is gathering, and murky clouds conceal the sun's brightness, the insect swarms descend, and the swallow likewise follows their descent. Hence, the low flight of these birds is supposed to indicate the approach of wet weather, or storms; and their higher ranges, the continuance of fine weather. This opinion is often true; but the swallow's low flight does not always precede lowering weather, being often caused by the little elevation at which some insects float. As the swallow is entirely insectivorous, it renders important services by destroying vast quantities of insects, which, if allowed to increase without check, would prove a source of most grievous annoyance to man. Thus, when swallows have been destroyed in the neighbourhood of hop-grounds and orchards, great injury has resulted to the crops from insect blights. There are myriads of small and active insects, which few birds can destroy, except the swallow, which is alone able to continue the pursuit, through the most rapid and serpentine windings. Some hundreds of insects are probably destroyed every day by a pair of these birds; the annual number consumed by all the swallows must therefore be incalculable. A year without swallows would bring upon our fields and gardens a plague like that of Egypt. Let us, therefore, rejoice in the appearance of these beautiful birds, the habits of which are so interesting, and full of advantage to mankind.

The many hours which these birds continue on the wing, and the rapidity of their flight, cause them to pass over immense spaces during their lives. Wilson makes a calculation, which gives eighty-nine times the circumference of the globe, as the space passed over by a swallow in ten years, to which period most of the birds live. He supposes the flight to equal one mile a minute, and that the swallow is on the wing for ten hours out of every twenty-four. This, in ten years, gives 2,190,000 miles, about eighty-nine times the circumference of the earth: a distance which, perhaps,

no creature except a Swallow ever passes over. Motion is a law of life in most of its forms, but such motion is peculiar to these bright and happy living things.

It is often remarked that nothing in the universe of life presents us with unalloyed ease; the swallow is no exception to this wide law. It might be imagined that those purplish-coloured, merry, and twittering creatures must be without the least degree of pain. We naturally connect such elasticity with joyousness of life. That such is the main character of the swallow's existence, cannot be denied. Where, then, is the pain? It is found in the multitudes of insects which cling to the close plumage of the swallow, and which its rapid and almost incessant flying cannot shake off. Beneath those beautifully-tinted feathers, glowing like rainbow hues in the sunlight, lurk the plagues of the swallow's life. Such insects are not found in the bird when it first reaches our island; but the warmth of the nest, and the close places in which the swallow often builds, soon develop the annoyance; and the chimney-swallow appears to suffer most. So grievous is the infliction, that the bird is reduced to an almost helpless state, and has then been caught by persons who have found the feathers laden with a large insect, called by some *Ocusterina Hirundinis*, or by others the *Hippoboscæ Hirundinis*. The long period during which the young continue in the nest before flight, may cause this evil, by rendering the nests foul, and so favouring the development of these troublesome insects.

After the nesting season is over, the bird lives more in the coolness of the open air, when the pest diminishes; and their long autumnal journey over the seas probably frees the poor birds from the annoyance altogether.

At the end of September the chimney-swallows prepare to seek more sunny homes than we can give them. They cling to the loved localities where their young have been reared as long as possible, as if willing to stay; but the low sighing of the equinoctial gales, and the diminishing brightness of the days, force these birds of summer to seek their loved sunny rays in southern lands. Sometimes the rustic sees their assembled thousands congregating on the village roofs, like some colony of old preparing to leave its ungenial home in the northern forests, for the attractive plains of the south.

But as such human migrations were met by enemies, and for a time repelled, so the swallows are often driven back by the tempests which strew the shores with wrecks. Sometimes, when far from land, the storm meets their hosts; in which case they rest awhile on the solitary sea rocks, or descend on the rigging of some vessel, tossed by the same tempests as themselves. Thus, this migration is one of great toil, and attended with many dangers, and often accompanied by the deaths of thousands in a migratory troop.

The Hirundines are not classed amongst song-birds; yet the chimney-swallow has a soft and melodious note, which may, without the least abuse of language, be called its song. It twitters this sound both perching and flying. A whole orchestra is often formed on a still summer's evening, when the effect of the soft melody is most pleasant. The reader who has heard this pianissimo music stealing from the curiously-adorned parapets of some quiet family mansion in the country, will remember with delight the soothing influence of the melody, as it softly harmonizes with the musical gush of the small fountain playing in its mossy basin.

EUDOSIA; OR, SELF-RESPECT.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.¹

MADAME DE RIVET, who was very kind, and anxious to promote the amusement of the young people, proposed that they should go to see a beautiful park, which

(1) Concluded from page 303.

lay four leagues from Romecourt. It was arranged that they should dine there and return in the evening.

Eudisia and her companions looked forward with much pleasure to this expedition; but, the day before, while making the final arrangements, it was found that Madame de Rivey's caleche held but four, and that thus, as Madame de Rivey must of course be in it, and as the four young people could not go alone, one of them was consequently obliged to go in Madame de Croissy's carriage with her and Madame d'Aubonne. This would make a great difference in the pleasure of the excursion.

Madame de Rivey, obliged to do the honours, decided that Julia should go in the carriage. Upon this Julia cried aloud, and said she would rather not go at all: she answered her mother as was her custom when anything displeased her, and said it was very easy for her, who was going in the caleche, to put her to be wearied to death in the carriage.

Madame de Rivey tried to make her daughter hear reason, but without success; however, as her over-indulgence for her was not so great as to make her wanting in consideration for others, she refused to listen to her complaints.

Madame de Croissy offered to take one of her grand-daughters with her, but feebly. She loved to see justice done, and would have been exceedingly annoyed, if, upon this occasion, Madame de Rivey had yielded to her daughter; Madame d'Aubonne said nothing, for she saw that it would be useless.

Julia pouted, and even wept, all the afternoon. So accustomed was she to be indulged in everything, that she found it impossible to endure the least contradiction. Out walking she was every moment wiping away her tears, while Madame de Rivey tried, but unsuccessfully, to console her. This grieved Eudisia so much, that she said in a low voice to her mother, "If I dared, I would beg of Madame de Rivey to give my place to Julia."

"That would be of no use," said her mother, "but if you choose, as you have a little cold, I will say to-morrow morning, that I would rather you did not go in the caleche; I think, indeed, it would be better."

"Oh! mamma," said Eudisia, eagerly, "I assure you the caleche will not do my cold the least harm."

"I agree with you, my child, that the danger is not so great that it need deprive you of the pleasure. I only proposed it because I thought you wished to give your place to Julia."

"So I do, mamma, but —"

"You wished perhaps to propose it in order that her mother might refuse?"

"Oh! no, I assure you."

"Or else you wish to have it known that you give it up to her?"

"But, mamma, is it not natural to wish that Julia may know that it is I that am the cause of her having this pleasure, and not my cold?"

"Even if that were possible, do you think that this way of obliging Julia would be the most agreeable to her? Suppose that you had shown yourself as childish as she has, and that a person of your own age came to give up her place to you, and thus prove how much more sensible she was than you, would you not feel very much humiliated by her generosity?"

"Yes, mamma, that is true."

"Yet it is this humiliation which you wish to cause Julia, as the price of the amusement which you would give her."

"I assure you, mamma, that I have no wish to humiliate her."

"No, but you wish to prove thus to every one that you are better than she, as if it were not sufficient for you to know it."

"But, mamma, can we not have self-respect, unless we detect from others what we do for them?"

"When it follows from what we do for them, that we shall be much more esteemed than they, and at their expense, we only exchange one advantage for another,

and then we should have no reason for self-respect, as we should have made no sacrifice."

"Mamma," said Eudisia, after a moment's reflection, "if you wish, say to Madame de Rivey that I have got a cold."

"As you please, my love," and they spoke of it no more. The next day the weather was beautiful. In the court, Eudisia saw the caleche drawn by a pair of beautiful and spirited horses.

"My cold is almost gone," said she.

"I do not think," said Madame d'Aubonne, "that the caleche will do it any harm."

"You know, mamma," said Eudisia, with a sigh, "that I am not going in it."

"You are still at liberty, my child! I have said nothing to Madame de Rivey. Nothing obliges you to this sacrifice, if it appear too painful to you."

"But, mamma, it would be right, I believe," said Eudisia, sorrowfully.

"My dear child, when we have once entertained the idea of doing a generous action, we run great risk of self-reproach afterwards, if we do not do it. It is possible that, when you are in the caleche, the idea that Julia was miserable in the carriage would very much lessen your enjoyment; that is all; for I repeat to you, no duty obliges you to yield your place to Julia."

"Except, mamma, that I think I should be better able to bear the disappointment than she."

"I agree with you, that, as we said before, there are particular duties imposed on those who feel themselves possessed of more strength and wisdom than others."

"Mamma, I will go in the carriage."

"Are you quite sure that you wish it, my love?"

"I am sure, mamma, that I wish that Julia should go in the caleche."

Madame d'Aubonne embraced her daughter tenderly, for she was much pleased with her.

They went into the parlour, and Madame d'Aubonne expressed her wish to keep Eudisia in the carriage, which was arranged without difficulty.

The good Madame de Rivey was delighted to be able to spare her daughter a disappointment, without failing in consideration to the others. Eudisia said nothing, but no one was surprised at that; they were accustomed to her quiet submission. Julia, though enchanted, could not help blushing a little, for it is very humiliating to have complained weakly of a misfortune which after all does not happen. There was no one dissatisfied but Madame de Croissy, who lost the pleasure of seeing a spoiled child contradicted, at least once in her life.

"I should have thought," said she ironically, "that Mademoiselle Eudisia's education would have made her more courageous against colds."

Madame d'Aubonne smiled as she look at her daughter, and this smile prevented Eudisia from feeling impatient.

In the carriage Madame de Croissy, finding it too warm, wished to let down the window, "provided," she said, in the same tone, "Mademoiselle Eudisia is not afraid of it."

Madame d'Aubonne and her daughter again exchanged an almost imperceptible smile, and Eudisia found that there is a great pleasure in feeling that one is better than others suppose. She enjoyed herself much in the park; in the evening she could not help regretting the return home in the caleche in the beautiful moonlight; but she went to rest, pleased with her day, with herself, and with the satisfaction she had given her mother, who was all day even more occupied with her than usual, calling her when she saw anything pretty, and appearing unable to enjoy anything without her.

The next morning, a painter, who knew Madame de Rivey, came to pay a visit at Romecourt; he was on his way to Paris, and had only half-an-hour to pass at the chateau. While breakfast was preparing, Madame de Rivey wished that he should see the young people's drawings, and Adèle was desired to show them to him.

She, as well as Eudisia, had undertaken to copy from the relieve a very pretty head of a vestal. Eudisia had finished hers, and Adèle, though, as usual, she had hardly worked at all at hers, had, also as usual, told her grandmother that hers was finished; and Madame de Croissy, who never looked at it, asked no more. However, as she could not show it to the painter, she decided to show him as her own the head Eudisia had drawn. The painter thought it admirable; it was, indeed, the best Eudisia had ever done. While he still held it in his hand, Madame de Croissy called Adèle into the garden; she went with her usual heedlessness, without putting by the drawing, and at the same moment Madame d'Aubonne and Eudisia entered by the other door.

"Look," said the painter to them, "at this beautiful head, drawn by Mademoiselle Adèle."

"By Adèle?" said Eudisia, colouring, and looking at her mother.

"I do not think it was done by Adèle," said Madame d'Aubonne.

"I beg your pardon," said the painter, "she told me so herself." And approaching the glass door which opened on the garden, where Adèle, standing on the top of the steps, was talking to her grandmother who was below, "Is not this drawing which you have just shown me, yours, Mademoiselle?" inquired he.

"Yes, Sir," said Adèle, hardly turning her head, lest her grandmother should observe her, and should ask to see the drawing.

Then the painter again began to praise it. Eudisia expected that her mother would speak, but she was silent, and Eudisia did not venture to say anything. The painter asked to see her drawings; she said she had none; but the painter, seeing a portfolio with her name upon it, drew from it an old head with which Eudisia was not satisfied, and which she had brought into the country to correct. He pointed out its faults, coldly praised the taste which it evinced, and then returned to the vestal's head. Eudisia's heart was very full; she looked at her mother as if to entreat of her to speak, but now they were called to breakfast.

The painter, questioned on the subject of the drawings, expressed himself politely in respect to the three other young persons, but said that Adèle possessed a real talent for the art.

"Ah! not so great as Mademoiselle Eudisia," said Madame de Croissy, casting upon Eudisia a look of ironical satisfaction.

"I assure you, madam," said the painter, "that the vestal's head, which Mademoiselle Adèle showed me, shows the greatest taste for drawing."

Adèle changed colour, and dared not raise her eyes.

"Nevertheless I can assure you," said Madame de Croissy, in the same tone, "that if you heard the advice which Mademoiselle Eudisia gives, you would suppose her to be more talented than any other young person of her age."

The painter looked at Eudisia with surprise. She was indignant; her mother who sat next her pressed her hand beneath the table to try and calm her. She could not eat; and, as soon as she could leave the table, she went into the garden, where her mother followed her; she found her crying with grief and vexation.

"What ails you, my Eudisia?" said she, pressing her tenderly in her arms.

"Indeed, mamma," said Eudisia, in great agitation, "it is very hard, and Madame de Croissy to —"

"What harm does Madame de Croissy's injustice do you? Which of us believes anything of what she said?"

"The painter believes it. Certainly I would not have said anything before her, but why was it necessary that the painter should think my drawing was done by Adèle? Mamma, you have countenanced Adèle's falsehood," added she, in a reproachful tone.

"Adèle's education does not concern me," replied Madame d'Aubonne, "but yours is intrusted to me; I am obliged to watch over your virtues as my own, and

to point out to you your own duty without thinking of that of others."

"It was not my duty," said Eudisia more gently, "to let it be thought that my drawing was Adèle's."

"It was not the duty, certainly, of a person who only aspires to being considered a good artist; but that of a person who wishes to have strength and virtue was to sacrifice her own self-love to preserve the character of her companion. Tell me, my child, if, to save yourself the slight annoyance of being considered the least talented, you had covered Adèle, before this painter, with the shame of a falsehood, would you not now have felt embarrassed before her?"

"Indeed, mamma, I believe I should."

"And you ought to be so; for you would not have had the courage to make a small sacrifice to save her a great humiliation."

"You are right, mamma; but there are sometimes very difficult things to be done, to deserve self-esteem."

"And if it were not very difficult, do you not think, my child, that every one would desire it as well as you?"

Although soothed by her conversation with her mother, Eudisia preserved a little rancour against Adèle, and was a part of the day without speaking to her. But she saw Adèle so confused, so occupied in endeavouring to please her, without daring to approach her or speak directly to her, that she could not help feeling the greatest compassion for her. She saw that the most painful feeling in the world is to have a grave fault to reproach oneself with; and felt that it was impossible to preserve resentment against one so unhappy. She spoke to her then as usual, and as soon as she had recovered her good humour she no longer felt any vexation.

But she had still a great trial to sustain. One day, Honorine, who stopped at nothing when once a whim had entered her head, finding one of the park gates open, chose to go out and run upon the road. Eudisia, who at the time was alone with her, feeling how unbecoming this was for a young lady, begged of her to return.

She saw at a distance some one coming from the house, and, trembling lest Honorine should be seen, she ventured to go herself outside the gate to call her, and keeping close to it, "Honorine!" cried she, "my dear Honorine! come back, I entreat you; oh! come back! come back!" At this moment, thinking she heard the voice of Madame de Croissy, she rushed forward to hasten Honorine who was coming very slowly; her gown, catching in the gate drew it after her, and, while the check threw her down, the gate shut closely, and she and Honorine were left on the outside without the power of re-entering. She tried in vain to open the gate by passing her hand through the bars; the lock was hard; perhaps there was even a secret spring; she could not succeed. In despair she would have called some one to open it, determined, without throwing the blame upon Honorine, to tell what had happened; but Honorine, who had as little courage to sustain a slight reproof, as to avoid deserving a great one, entreated her not to do so. She knew that her grandmother was walking in the garden, from whence she might hear them; she said it would be better to return to the château through the court, but to reach this they had to go a good distance round by the road. Eudisia was unwilling to leave the gate; she was at last, however, obliged to follow her cousin, who was resolved to go on, for, if she called her, Honorine's imprudent proceeding would have been discovered.

She went timidly, keeping close to the park walls, walking as fast as she could, terrified lest they should be seen, and continually calling back Honorine, who, on the contrary, was quite delighted with the adventure, and was running in the fields. They were still some distance from the château when a carriage passed them, filled with ladies who were going to dine at Romacourt.

Now Eudisia was in greater despair than ever, fearing that they had been recognised; she redoubled her speed, while Honorine, who began to be afraid, slackened hers to put off the dreaded moment.

Their fears were well-founded; they had been seen. As soon as the carriage had arrived at Romecourt, Eudisia and Honorine were sent for to assist Adèle and Julia to entertain a young girl who had come with her mother and two other ladies. They could not be found. "I think," said a gentleman who had accompanied the ladies on horseback, "that I saw them on the road."

"On the road! alone!" cried Madame de Croissy.

"It appeared to me very extraordinary," said one of the ladies, "nevertheless it was certainly they."

They were again searched for every where. Adèle knew not what had become of her sister, nor Madame d'Aubonne of her daughter; she went down stairs, and was beginning to feel very anxious, when a servant who saw them entering the court announced that they were coming.

Every one ran out upon the steps, and, from a distance, they saw this assembly waiting to receive them.

Eudisia, though ready to faint with fear and shame, was obliged to draw on Honorine, who was unwilling to come farther. From the middle of the court they heard Madame de Croissy's voice crying, "Is it possible, young ladies? Is it credible?"

Madame d'Aubonne ran to meet her daughter; "Eudisia," said she, "what has happened? How was it that —"

Eudisia could not explain, for Honorine was close behind her, but she pressed and kissed her mother's hand, looked at her and then at Honorine, so that Madame d'Aubonne easily perceived that her daughter was not to blame. They now arrived, amidst the reprimands and exclamations of Madame de Croissy, who, when they were ascending the steps, turned to the strangers and said, "I beg of you to believe that Honorine is not so ill brought up as to have imagined such an escapade by herself; Mademoiselle Eudisia took her, and almost by force; I witnessed it myself."

Eudisia was ready to exclaim.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," continued Madame de Croissy, in an impressive tone, "I was walking in the wood near the gate, and heard you say, 'Come, I entreat you; I did not know what you were asking, but I see now, though I could never have imagined it. Deny it, if you dare.'"

Madame de Croissy had indeed heard, and badly heard, what she had said to Honorine, to try and make her return. Eudisia said nothing; she looked down, and burst into tears.

Madame d'Aubonne looked at her with anxiety, drew her aside, and Eudisia, with many tears, told her all that had occurred.

"I do not know, niece, what story she may be telling you," cried Madame de Croissy, "but I heard it with my own ears, and I hope you will believe me as much as Mademoiselle Eudisia."

"Eudisia tells no stories, aunt," replied Madame d'Aubonne, firmly. "Pardon me, but if I am satisfied with her conduct, no other person has reason to complain of it."

"I shall certainly not take that liberty," replied Madame de Croissy, much irritated. "But let her have the goodness to keep apart from her cousins; for the future she may do whatever she chooses, I shall not trouble myself about it."

Eudisia could bear it no longer. Her mother led her away, embraced and consoled her.

"Mamma," said she, sobbing, "without you, I should never have had courage."

"I am sure that you would, my child; you would have borne all, rather than expose Honorine to her grandmother's anger. But we are friends, and we will support each other. Do you not think that they consider me as much in the wrong as you?"

Eudisia embraced her mother with transport. She was so proud, so happy, to be thus treated as her equal. "But, mamma," said she, "without saying anything to Madame de Croissy, we might tell the others the truth."

"You would let them know, then, that Honorine has had the cowardice to let you be accused of a fault, of which she alone was guilty? Would you be weak in your turn? You have only done right in not accusing Honorine; many others would have done the same; but if you are satisfied with that, you have no right to consider yourself generous, you will not be entitled to self-respect."

"Mamma, that is a pleasure, then, that I must buy very dear."

"My child, it is only permitted to those who have courage to sacrifice all for it."

Strengthened by her mother's words, Eudisia returned courageously with her into the drawing-room, where they had obtained pardon for Honorine, whom Madame de Croissy would have sent to dine in her room. Her modest and tranquil countenance, the unaffectedly tender manner of her mother towards her, prevented Madame de Croissy from saying more, and made the others suspect that Eudisia could not have been so much to blame. Madame de Rivoy, who knew her well, had already told them, that she considered it impossible. Julia, by dint of questioning, succeeded in gaining the truth from Honorine, and told it to her mother, on condition that she should say nothing to Madame de Croissy; but the rest heard it, and from that time treated Eudisia with a distinction which showed her that, although we must not count upon it, esteem almost always follows actions done solely from a sense of duty.

THE POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

September 8 is set apart by the Anglican and Latin Churches in honour of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This festival was instituted by Pope Servius, A. D. 695.

September 12. On this day, 1823, the workmen employed in several of the glass-houses of Newcastle and Gateshead made a procession through the principal streets of the above localities, each bearing in his hand a specimen of the art, remarkable either for its curious construction, or its beauty and elegance. The morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, and, notice of the intended procession having been previously circulated, numbers of persons crowded the streets. A little after twelve o'clock it moved forward along the Close, amid the cheers of the assembled multitude, the firing of cannon, &c. and preceded by the band of the Tyne Hussars. It was composed of the workmen of the Northumberland, the South Shields, the Wear, (Sunderland,) the Durham and British, (Gateshead,) the Stourbridge, (Gateshead,) and the North Shields Glass Companies, arranged according to the seniority of their respective houses, and each distinguished by appropriate flags. The sky was clear, and the rays of the sun, falling upon the glittering utensils and symbols, imparted richness and grandeur to their appearance. The hat of almost every person in the procession was decorated with a glass feather, whilst a glass star sparkled on the breast, and a chain or collar of variegated glass hung round the neck; some wore sashes round the waist. Each man carried in his hand a staff, with a cross piece on the top, displaying one or more curious or beautiful specimens of art—consisting of decanters, glasses, goblets, jugs, bowls, dishes, &c. the staple articles of the trade, in an endless variety of shape, and of exquisite workmanship; with some representations, remarkable for excellence of miniature, or for curious construction. A glass bugle, which sounded the halts, and played several marches, was much admired for its sweetness and correctness of tone. Several

X.

Then King Edward was an angry man, and his cheek it burned
for rage,
For never a hand of that stalwart band would lift the knightly
gaze:
And he looked upon his many peers, and he looked on his knights
so tall,
And he looked about on the yeomen stout that thronged the
lordly hall,
But churl, and knight, and noble, they were silent one and all.

XI.

And evermore in terror sore around the hall they stood,
More like dead images, I ween, than men of flesh and blood;
So he swore by the Rood that his henchmen good had mickle
cause of blame,
And he cursed the hour when the mountain boor came thither
to his shame.

XII.

Then up and spake Sir Tudor, and his voice was loud and clear,
"Sir King, of all thy merry men will none do battle here?
"Sure by some evil chance the lord hath lost his liegemen's love:—
"When did one hear that a knight should fear to touch an iron
glove?"

XIII.

Now these and other bitter words did bold Sir Tudor say,
But evermore upon the floor the idle gauntlet lay:
Much marvelled then the king, I wis, and his anger passed away
As when the coursing shadows pass athwart the mountain grey.

XIV.

And he spake unto Sir Tudor thus, with wonder in his eye,—
And he spake unto Sir Tudor,—but he spake right courteously:
"Now kneel thou down upon thy knee, and by our kingly word
"Knight shalt thou be full speedily by stroke of our good sword."

XV.

Then stout Sir Tudor answered him, "By good King Arthur made
"A knight I be; then what care I for the stroke of a Saxon
blade?" [knee,—
"I had higher to sit in the saddle than to sink on the bended
"But for the sword,—its flat or edge are both alike to me!"

XVI.

"Gramercy, fellow!" quoth the king, "thy wit is wondrous keen!
"Yet by my halidome I swear thou bear'st a lordly mien:—
"According to King Arthur's laws thou shalt be held a knight,
"For pity it were to lose a bold defender of our right.
"Nought hast thou done might ill beseem thy knighthood's fair
estate:
"In God's name and Saint David's go,—be bold and fortunate!"

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and
have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties
them."—*Montaigne*.

RELICS.

THE *Journal des Débats*, speaking of the purchase
some time since made by Prince Albert, of the coat
worn by Nelson, when he received his death-wound, at
the battle of Trafalgar—for presentation to Greenwich
Hospital—takes occasion to bring together a number of
examples in illustration of the large sums paid under
the relic-and-rarity-mania; particularly by the rich en-
thusiasts of our own island—more especially, it seems,
subject to that species of influenza. Some of the cases
reported will require testimonials, a not likely to be
forthcoming, ere they will be inclined to admit these
amongst the statistics of the passion. The ivory chair
which Gustavus Vasa received from the town of Lubeck,
was sold, the *Journal des Débats* says, in 1823, for the
sum of 58,000 florins—not far short of 6,000*l*! This

is a startling anecdote to begin with; but such a one
was absolutely necessary to prepare the mind for the
reception of the following.—The coat worn by Charles
the Twelfth, of Sweden, at the battle of Pultawa—pre-
served by Colonel Rosen, who followed the adventurous
monarch to Bender—was sold, in 1825, at Edinburgh,
for the sum of 22,000*l* sterling! This anecdote, the
French paper, itself, thinks should have confirmation.
It makes the rest, however, easy of acceptance—though
there are some even of these which might be a little
difficult of digestion by a faculty less powerfully stimu-
lated. M. A. Lenoir, the founder of the French Mu-
seum, relates that, during the transport of the remains
of Abelard and Heloise to the Petits Augustins, an En-
glishman offered him 100,000 francs (4,000*l*.) for one of
the teeth of Heloise!—At that quotation of the price of
bone, Lord Shaftesbury had a great bargain of the tooth
of Sir Isaac Newton, for which he paid only 730*l*., in
1816! For want of an Englishman at Stockholm, in
1820, the head of Descartes (teeth and all) was absolutely
given away, as the phrase is, at the sale of Dr. Sourmon's
cabinet, for 99 francs.—The following cases fall within
the more mild and familiar examples of this affection—
though it will be seen that the English examples con-
tinue to be far more striking than the foreign pronun-
ciations. Voltaire's cane was sold, in Paris, for 500
francs (20*l*.); Rousseau's waistcoat for 949 francs, and
his copper watch for 500:—Kant's wig, in spite of all
the promise contained in the apophthegm, which sug-
gests the seat of a doctor's wisdom, brought only 200
francs; whereas, the wig of Sterne fetched, in London,
200 guineas—5,250 francs! Luckily, the inference,
against the philosophers, as to the relative value (ac-
cording to collectors' measure) of the good things
generally covered by the two latter articles, is escaped,
by virtue of the differences in the development of this
passion established in the previous cases. The hat worn
by Napoleon at Eylau, was, in 1835, carried off by
M. Lacroix, from thirty-two competitors, for the sum of
1,920 francs—about 77*l*.; while Sir Francis Burdett
paid 500*l*. for the two pens used in the signature of the
treaty of Amiens.—*Athenæum*.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.

THE importance of insects, commercially speaking,
is scarcely ever thought of. Great Britain does not pay
less than 1,000,000 of dollars annually for the dried
carcasses of the tiny insect, the cochineal; and another
Indian insect, gum shellac, is scarcely less valuable.
More than 1,500,000 of human beings derive their sole
support from the culture and manufacture of silk; and
the silkworm alone creates an annual circulating medium
of nearly 200,000,000 of dollars. 500,000 dollars are
annually spent in England alone for foreign honey,—
at least 10,000 cwt. of wax is imported into that country
every year. Then, there are the gall-nuts of commerce,
used for dyeing and making ink, &c.; while the cantha-
rides, or Spanish fly, is an absolute indispensable in
materia medica.—*Boston Transcript*.

THERE will come a time when three words uttered
with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more
blessed reward, than three thousand volumes written
with disdainful sharpness of wit. But the manner of
men's writing must not alienate our hearts from the
truth, if it appear they have the truth.—HOOKER.

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PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.

AMIDST the practical social reforms of the day, one of the healthiest indications is the general desire to better the condition of the labouring classes. This has been, we know, the ostensible object of all the politicians of our time; but the subject is gradually becoming freed from the party character which it may at one time have borne; and measures for improving the sanitary condition of the people are now zealously taken up by all respecters of good order.

The "unhealthiness of towns, its causes and remedies," has for some time occupied the attention of Parliament, and that very numerous and influential class in this country who enjoy "the luxury of doing good." The health of the masses, and more especially of those whose labours contribute to the comforts and luxuries of society, is of very difficult preservation. Health, we know, is the basis of all social virtues; but we also know, that both are endangered by the yearly increasing tendency of society to concentrate into large and overgrown masses. A country life has, from very early times, been found more healthy, both in body and mind, than a town life. "A complete school of poetry has, indeed, (says Lord Ebrington,) formed the pastoral to celebrate the simple pleasures and occupations of rural life, and to contrast its health and happiness with the dangers and vexations of crowded cities. Nor have modern writers, either poets or philosophers, been wanting to perpetuate, with all the graces of imagery and eloquence, the same opinions and feelings among us." And yet, in spite of this, we find that cities have increased and are increasing. In vain were statutes passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, forbidding the erection of any new buildings, or the conversion of existing ones into more, or even underletting them to additional inmates, within three miles of London and Westminster. In vain did Cobbett denounce the metropolis as the *wen* of the country, an unnatural and pernicious excrescence, impoverishing the rest of the body politic. London is continually growing, and not London alone, but nearly all the great towns of the country at the same time; and we perfectly agree with the opinion of the eloquent Dr. Vaughan, that the present is "the age of great cities."

The sanitary measures to which we have alluded are too numerous for specification in this place; but that named at the head of this paper has a special claim to our present attention, from the plan just coming into operation in the metropolis. The measure must prove so conducive to individual health and domestic comfort, that it is surprising it had not been thought of before: it involves no costly or complicated apparatus; it has none of the uncertainty of a mere project, but great simplicity of arrangement; whilst Nature herself, from

"the crystal well," has most liberally supplied the main agent.

The experiment made for ascertaining whether our *very poor* would, if an opportunity were offered gratuitously, wash their clothes and bathe themselves, was made some years since at Liverpool with great success. The idea, if we are rightly informed, originated in the provision for the above purpose which was made at Liverpool during the frightful visitation of the Cholera in 1832. The Corporation very wisely encouraged the measure by a grant of money; and it has so far succeeded in that town, that another grant is contemplated for aiding to form a second Bathing and Washing Establishment. The Liverpool Baths, we should add, are used by merchants' clerks, tradesmen's apprentices, and working-men.

The first experiment of the kind made in London was in the Eastern Asylum of the Houseless Poor, in Glasshouse Yard, East Smithfield; where, between June and November, 1845, the number of Bathers or Washers amounted to 29,081, at the cost of somewhat less than three-halfpence for each operation. There was no public announcement of the existence of such an establishment; it was merely verbal; yet the bees soon found out the honey-pot, and were often heard to declare, "It is the best thing that has been done for the poor; for they feel stronger and better than when they were so dirty; much better able to go to seek for work, and much more likely to get it." In some cases, persons who entered exceedingly dirty, having no other clothes than scantily covered their persons, on being accommodated temporarily with a gown, washed, dried, and mended their rags, used the Bath, and went away clean, happy, and comfortable. Again, many of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood improved so much in their habits and appearance, that persons, ignorant of the existence of these Baths and Wash-houses, often remarked—"How much better the people in Wapping are looking, and how much cleaner they are, more especially on a Sunday."

Such was the success of the first attempt to learn the general disposition of the poor to practise cleanliness: the establishment in Glasshouse Yard was, indeed, but an impromptu one, but it decided the public mind in favour of a project mooted in the City some months previously—in October, 1844. On the 16th, a large and influential meeting was held at the Mansion House "for the purpose of forming an Association to furnish the Labouring Poor with Baths and Wash-houses;" the Lord Mayor in the Chair. The attendance of the Clergy was numerous; they, doubtless, feeling the truth of the homely maxim, that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." The first resolution was moved by the Lord Bishop of London, who, in a speech altogether

characteristic of this large-minded prelate, drew a fearful picture of the moral evils of London, and a gratifying prospect of the means of averting them. "The crowds who lined the streets of this great metropolis," said his Lordship, "and who were surrounded on all sides by the evidences of its wealth and grandeur, were little aware of the fearful masses of human misery and wretchedness masked by the splendour of those streets. They were little aware that, within a few yards of the shops filled with the richest productions of the world, and of those counting-houses belonging to men whose fortunes were to be reckoned by millions,—that in that very 'city whose merchants were princes,'—there was a vast amount of human misery and wretchedness masked by the splendid front presented by her great streets. . . . A very great part of the prevailing misery arose from the crowded state of the habitations of the poor, which made it impossible for them, in many cases, to cultivate those habits of cleanliness which were equally essential to the physical comfort and the sound moral state of the population." The Bishop then referred to his visit to the Baths and Wash-houses which had been established in Liverpool two years. "As many," said his Lordship, "as two hundred and twenty labourers had bathed in them on the Saturday, though there were only eighteen Baths and a Vapour-bath. The superintendent overheard one labouring man say to another, after using a Tepid Bath, 'I feel as if I could do another week's work now I have been in the Bath.' Suppose that to take place on a Saturday, the results were not likely to be confined to agreeable sensations and the revival of physical strength; but the working man would be more fit, and probably more disposed, to the due observance of that holy day which immediately follows Saturday, to the health and prosperity of the soul. There was hardly any one cause which operated more to keep away the poorest classes from the Lord's house, on the Lord's day, than the habits of uncleanness in which they were, against their own inclination, compelled to live; and it was from such compulsory state of filthiness that this new Society was designed to rescue them." The Bishop then quoted a variety of evidence to prove the misery, dirt, and unhealthiness, caused by poor persons having to wash their linen in small, overcrowded rooms; in some of which cases, the linen, when washed, was more infectious than before. "Surely, then," added his Lordship, "if there were a work of charity upon earth, it was that of assisting the mothers of families to find the means of really and effectually washing the family linen, and of drying it well and quickly, without injury to the inhabitants of her humble dwelling."

We have thus glanced at the speech of the Bishop of London, because it detailed, with extraordinary minuteness and effect, the great advantages of the proposed system: though its objects are, to all appearance, of a trifling character, its results promise to be of the very first importance. At the Mansion House meeting, the Bishop of London was appointed President of the new Association; subscription lists were opened, and the meeting separated with the impression, that never had the Egyptian Hall been used for a better purpose.

The next step in the movement was the laying of the foundation-stone of a model Bath and Wash-house Establishment in Wentworth-street, Whitechapel, on December 16, 1845. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Mayor, accompanied by several "merchant-princes": there was no mahogany wheelbarrow or silver spade used on the occasion; but it was celebrated by a public dinner in the evening, at which Mr. B. Hawes stated, that, at the new Establishment, a Warm Bath for ablution, and sixty gallons of hot water, with soap and soda, for washing linen, &c, would be given to the poor for three-halfpence. The statistics of the subject were also enlivened by Archdeacon Hale stating that he had been asked if he was coming there to dine with the "tubs;" and Mr. Hawes "set the table in a roar," by declaring that

one-third of the population were unacquainted with the use of "the inestimable luxury" of soap; and that a philosophical writer had observed, "The consumption of soap increased in a country in proportion to its civilisation." There was, however, method in all this oddity; and about one thousand pounds were collected during the evening; the wine thus aiding the warmth of the incentive to good works.

We must now leave the citizens, and their establishment in the east, to chronicle the spread of the improvement to another quarter of the metropolis, viz. the north-west. In this district a Society was formed under the patronage of the Bishop of London, and the able presidency of the late venerable Vicar of St. Pancras; the Committee being chosen from among the most influential inhabitants of that large and wealthy parish. Towards the close of last year, they obtained, through the liberality of the Directors of the New River Company, at a nominal rent, an excellent site, both as to extent and locality, for the proposed Baths and Wash-houses, consisting of the greater part of the vacant ground at the base of the reservoir in the Hampstead Road. The Directors also generously offered the necessary supply of water, without charge for the first six months of the Society's operations, and afterwards at the lowest possible cost. A plan of the building was then decided upon by the Committee, and approved by Mr. Mylne, the Engineer to the Company; the work was commenced as soon as the subscription list warranted, and the buildings are now just ready for opening.

The site possesses some antiquarian interest. It was anciently a portion of the ground of the Manor-place of Totenhall, or Totnam Hall, whence Tottenham Court Road takes its name. The mansion was of the date of the reign of Henry III.; it was a house of entertainment in 1645, and upon its site was built the *Adams and Eve*, painted in Hogarth's *March to Finchley*; part of the old building was in existence a few years since, and a fine spring still remains there; but the public-house has been rebuilt. The Reservoir has been called the Heart of the New River. Pennant, in his *London*, says: "The element, essentially useful as the vital fluid, at first rushes through veins of vast diameter; divides into lesser; and again into thousands of ramifications, which support the life of this most populous city."

The space of ground occupied by the Bath and Wash-houses is about 10,000 square feet. The buildings average 12 feet in width, and 800 in extent, and form nearly three sides of a square; the entrance being by George Street, leading from the New Road to the Hampstead Road. As you enter, on the right is a Committee-room, thence you advance up a passage, parallel with which are ranged five Vapour Baths. At the end of the passage is a short flight of stairs leading into the Receiving-room. To the left is a range of compartments for men's Baths, cold, warm, or shower, at the option of the bather; and paralleled with these, reached by a separate passage, is a range of Baths superiorly fitted up; the total number of these Baths is twenty-two, and they are intended for men. To the right are sixteen Baths for women, of two grades, as to fittings, and arranged precisely as the men's Baths. The left side of the place is entirely occupied by two large Plunge Baths, one of which is 60 by 20 feet, and the other of smaller dimensions; and both are from 4 to 5 feet in depth. The water for the supply of these Baths will be raised from a spring 200 feet below the surface of the earth.

The charge for admission to the Baths will be, to the inferior 1d. cold, and 2d. warm or vapour; to the superior, 6d. cold, and 1s. warm; to the inferior Plunge Bath 1½d., superior 6d. The several Baths are of copper lined; and the rooms differ only in the quality of the fittings, those for the superior Baths being provided with "dressing" furniture. The Plunge Baths are furnished with separate boxes, or pew-like compartments for dressing; and each has the entire roof glazed. The Vapour Bath

rooms are very neatly finished, and are provided with reclining chairs, &c. In every case, fresh water and a clean towel will be supplied to each bather.

It will thus be seen that the Bath charges vary from 1d. to 1s. The latter charge may, at first, be thought high; but it must be remembered that the neighbourhood, although densely peopled, is not a very poor district; including, as it does, Camden Town, Somers Town, Hampstead Road and its divergent streets. And we do not hesitate to say that the superior Baths will, in every respect, equal those charged at double the price and upwards, at the several Bath Establishments in the metropolis.

We now proceed to describe the Wash-house department, which is, in many respects, the most novel portion of the design. This lies to the right of the women's Baths, is reached by a passage entirely separated from them, and occupies the right angle of the Plan. It consists of double lines of washing-tubs, with five coppers for boiling linen, at the extreme point of the angle, and about midway between the lines of tubs. Each tub is divided, the larger portion for washing in, and the smaller to be made to answer the purpose of a copper by a jet of steam, which will keep the water in a boiling state. The washing will be on "the separate system," or "silent system" if you will, for each woman will be separated from her neighbour by a wooden partition, and need not even turn round until her work is completed, as there is a ledge in front of the tub for placing the things on as they are washed.

The completeness of this arrangement is very striking: the room is well lighted and ventilated, so as to carry off the steam from the tubs, and these are a great improvement upon the rickety and aboriginal wash-tub and stand. It has been urged, perhaps jocosely, that the Washing-room will prove a revival of the "Tittle-tattle" at the conduits of the seventeenth century; but we suspect the orthodox gossips of the wash-tub to be the crones of another generation; or, as Sir Hugh Middleton broke up the gossip at the conduits, so "the schoolmaster" will keep order at the Public Baths and Wash-houses.

We left off, in our manipulatory details, at the ledge of the wash-tub. The "wringing" of the linen is likely to prove the least taciturn business, and it is proposed to shorten this by employing apparatus invented for the purpose; but against all machinery for washing, we suspect there yet remains a strong current of disinclination on the part of the washers.

The Washing-room being passed, we next reach the passage to the Drying and Ironing-room. First, however, we should describe, that parallel with this passage is the room for hot water and steam apparatus. Here is a boiler of 1,500 gallons capacity, and a steam-engine of three-horse power, both of which supply the entire Establishment.

You then cross a Waiting-room, in which there is an exit door for women into Charles Street, and enter the Drying and Ironing-room, lighted from above. Upon one side of the room is a range of closets, with poling, upon which is hung the linen to be dried. Each closet has a valve, and at one extremity of the line is a machine by means of which hot air is blown by fans through a tube underneath the closet; the valve is opened, the hot air enters, and it is then closed, so as to dry the clothes hung upon the poling in a very short time. They are then taken out, and ironed upon the range of board opposite the drying closets; the irons being heated at a large stove at the extremity of the room. Beyond this is another apartment, in which are provided four mangles for the heavier linen.

The Washing department, we are assured, is adapted for washing the linen of 8,000 persons, weekly. The use of a double washing-tub, with an ample supply of hot and cold water, of the coppers, drying closets, and ironing, or mangling apparatus, will be allowed at the rate of one penny for three hours.

Such is an outline of this new Establishment for the

physical and moral improvement of the people. Its cost will nearly reach 5,000*l.*, the greater portion of which has been contributed by philanthropic individuals, who anticipate from its results an important public benefit.

"Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid."

The subscriptions, as yet, fall short of the expenditure; and we shall be happy to find that the pains we have taken to explain the plan have induced the lengthening of the subscription list. The cost being thus once defrayed, it is calculated that the Establishment will, in about two years, support itself by the very moderate scale of charges we have already enumerated.

The Washing department will, unquestionably, add to the domestic comfort of the labouring classes. The "washing day" at home has long been proverbial as one of the greatest of family miseries, even setting aside the higher consideration of the unhealthiness of the practice of washing and drying clothes in the "living room."

The extension of bathing among the industrious classes, will, doubtless, be productive of great moral good. Cleanliness is a duty to society, as well as ourselves, and is the best security for the health of large communities. Hitherto, the Bath has been a costly luxury in this country, especially to the indwellers of towns, who rarely realize the vivid enjoyment which the poet of nature has so exquisitely described—

"Cheer'd by the setting beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands,
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,
Instant emerge, and through the flexile wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleased spectators round."

Give but the artisans of our metropolis the requisite facilities for bathing, and it will be increased a thousand fold. The fondness of the Londoners for bathing is proved by the fact, that nearly 200,000 persons bathe annually in the Serpentine, in Hyde Park. Still, this takes place mostly in very hot seasons; the distance from the seat of metropolitan industry is considerable, and much time is lost in the journey from the other points to the west; whereas, bring but the means into the heart of the town, and bathing will become the regular habit instead of the occasional indulgence of the industrious classes.

It would be easy to assemble many instances of the fondness of the population of various countries for the use of the Bath. Perhaps, however, it is nowhere more striking than in Russia. "On the Saturday afternoon, in St. Petersburg," says Tietz, "are to be seen whole groupes of men, women, and children, hastening to the Baths, carrying in one hand a thick birch brush, and in the other a small bundle of clean linen. The love of cleanliness implied by this universal custom must be admitted to be extremely creditable to this northern people. There is no refreshment more acceptable to the senses, or more salutary to the system at large, than that of the Bath; it is wholesome, bracing, and purifying; yet it is by no means so commonly sought for as might hence be inferred. The inhabitants of the hotter climates generally use it most; but here, (in Russia,) the habit is to be witnessed among a people chained in almost continual frost."

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

TIZIANO VECELLI.

AUTHORS differ respecting the date of Titian's birth. Vasari and Sandrart¹ say, that it took place in the year 1480, whilst De Piles and other biographers state that he was born in 1477. All however are agreed as to the place of his nativity, namely, Cadore, or Pieve di Cadore, a town on the borders of the province of Friuli, in the Venetian territory. The Vecelli family was rather an ancient one, and the parents of Tiziano—better known in England by the name of Titian—gave him the advantage of a liberal education. At an early age he went to Venice, and resided with his uncle, a person of some distinction in that city.

The youth soon evinced a genius for painting, and his guardian, willing to indulge him in his choice of a profession, placed him with Giovanni Bellini, who at that time enjoyed a high reputation.

Titian imitated his master's style so accurately, that he astonished all who beheld his works; but, as Bellini had never studied the antique, and painted in a dry, stiff, and laboured manner, his pupil copied his faults as well as his beauties. Nevertheless, as he made nature his chief study, his pictures always possessed the attractive character of truth: but, having become acquainted with Giorgione, who was justly celebrated for his graceful and free pencil, the harmony of his colouring, and his knowledge of the *chiaro-scuro*,² Titian was struck with the superior style of this master, and, changing his own manner, adopted that of Giorgione, in which he was so successful, that some of his productions were supposed to be Giorgione's: this excited the jealousy of that artist, and caused him to discontinue his friendly connexion with Titian.

After painting some pictures for the Republic of Venice, Titian's reputation began to be established; and he then repaired to Padua, where he executed some admirable works.

Some years afterwards he painted the portrait of Francis I, King of France, who was then in Italy; and, subsequently, he was employed at the court of Alfonso I, Duke of Ferrara, for whom he painted several fine pictures. It was at this period that he formed a friendship with the poet Ariosto. Often did those gifted individuals converse together respecting the sister arts of poetry and painting, in which they both successfully strove to attain the highest rank. Ariosto mentions his friend Titian in his *Orlando Furioso*; and Titian painted the portrait of the celebrated poet.

Notwithstanding the great demand for his works,

(1) Vasari and Sandrart wrote "The Lives of the most famous Painters."

(2) *CHIARO-SCURO* is the art of advantageously distributing the lights and shadows which ought to appear in a picture; as well for the repose and satisfaction of the eye, as for the effect of the whole together. As to the meaning of the word *Chiaro*, (translated clear, or transparent,) it implies not only anything exposed to a direct light, but also all such colours as are in their nature luminous. *Scuro*, (translated dark, or darkness,) not only implies all the shadows directly caused by the privation of light, but likewise such colours as are naturally brown; such as, even when they are exposed to the light, maintain an obscurity, and are capable of grouping with the shades of other objects. By the *Chiaro-scuro*, objects receive more relief, truth, and roundness; and it particularly signifies the great lights, and great shades, which are collected with so much industry and judgment as to conceal the artifice.

which were now universally admired, Titian was far from being in easy circumstances, when, in 1530, the Emperor Charles V, having arrived at Bologna, in order to be crowned by Pope Clement VII, commanded him to paint his portrait; which he did so skilfully that the monarch loaded him with rewards and honours. From that period fortune seemed to smile upon this amiable artist.

Pope Paul III. sat twice to Titian for his portrait: the second time, at Rome, in 1548. Whilst he was employed at the Pope's palace of Belvedere, Michael Angelo Buonaroti visited him, and greatly admired a picture which he had just finished. Michael Angelo declared that the colouring was perfect, but he lamented that the Venetian artists attended so little to design, for he said that, if Titian had studied the antique as much as he had nature, he would have been absolutely inimitable.

Titian painted many historical subjects from sacred, profane, and fabulous history, whilst he was at Rome, and his works were highly prized by princes and other persons of rank.

At the end of the year 1548, he repaired to the court of the Emperor Charles V, to whom he presented several of his productions, and whose portrait he painted for the third time. One day, when he was working in the presence of the Emperor, Titian dropped his brush, and Charles picked it up and gave it to him. The artist was greatly confused at this circumstance, and said that he was unworthy of being thus waited upon; when the monarch replied, "Titian deserves to be attended on by an Emperor."

Charles V. granted Titian a considerable pension, ennobled him and all his descendants, and conferred on him the title of Count Palatine. In public the Emperor placed him on his right hand, and, when his courtiers murmured at this, Charles said, "I can easily create a Duke, but where could I find another Titian?"

The finest pictures of this celebrated painter are said to be in Spain, particularly one of the "Last Supper." But Rome, Venice, Bologna, and Florence, as well as England, Germany, and France, possess many of his beautiful compositions.

At Milan is that exquisite production, "Christ crowned with thorns." The subject is thus powerfully related in the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

"Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, king of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head."

In no picture has Titian painted his characters with more animation and correctness. The figure and attitude of the Saviour are remarkable for dignity and grace; and there is in the countenance a divine expression, mingled with that of acute human suffering, endured with noble fortitude and patience. The gestures and features of the soldiers denote hatred, cruelty, and derision. The colouring is admirable: the ground is composed of the richest tints, and the draperies and accessories are treated in a superior manner.

Titian was accustomed to compare the manner in which the lights and shades should be disposed in a

picture, to a bunch of grapes, or many bodies combined, presenting only a general mass, although they preserve their particular forms. This precept has been practised in this fine composition with the happiest effect. The principal light falls on the figure of Christ, and spreads with much harmony over the other characters.

The drapery is of a bright red, according to the text of Scripture, and attracts the eye to the chief personage in the picture.

It is asserted that Titian altered his manner three different times. His first being, as already mentioned, like that of Bellini his master, stiff and dry, though in other respects developing much taste and genius. At a later period his style became bold and vigorous, resembling that of Giorgione; and ultimately he adopted a manner which was quite original, and the result of much experience, knowledge, and judgment, and exquisitely beautiful and natural.

His colouring approached as near perfection as possible, and though he did not equal the great masters of the Roman school in design, for he had not devoted himself sufficiently to the study of the antique, his figures are always disposed so as to display their chief beauties.

Titian's landscapes are beyond all praise. The grand ideas of nature which appear in the scenery, the well-delineated distances, and the beautiful tints harmonizing with each other,—all tend to produce an indescribable charm.

Most of his celebrated works have been engraved from his own designs. He continued to practise his art even when he had arrived at extreme old age, but not from any motives of self-interest; for, after his affairs were so prosperous as to give him no uneasiness regarding his worldly welfare, he painted only to gratify his own feelings, and to oblige his friends.

Titian lived in a style of magnificence suited to his station and means. No man was ever more respected and appreciated by sovereigns and other personages of high rank than he was, and most deservedly so; and, what was still more gratifying to an honest heart, he possessed the friendship of the most virtuous and the most learned of his contemporaries.

In 1576, the plague committed great ravages at Venice. Titian retired to his native place, Cadore, hoping to escape the contagion; but he was attacked by that dreadful malady, and died of it, at the age of ninety-nine,—supposing him to have been born in 1477.

Although there was a strict regulation that the bodies of all persons who had died of the plague should be destroyed, the Senate deviated from this rule with regard to Titian. His remains were publicly interred at Venice, with all the usual religious rites and ceremonies:—so much, and so justly, was he esteemed and beloved!

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

September 14 is the festival of the *Exaltation of the Holy Cross*, celebrated in commemoration of the recovery of a large piece of the True Cross by the Emperor Heraclius, after it had been taken away, in the plundering of Jerusalem, by Cosroes, king of Persia, about A. D. 615. The sacred relic was subsequently solemnly deposited in the Great Church of the Twelve Apostles at Constantinople.

Nutting seems to have been usual on this Holiday. In the old play of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon," occur the following lines:—

"This day, they say, is called Holy-rood day,
And all the youth are now a nutting gone."

"It appears," says Hone, "from a curious manuscript, relating to Eton School, that, in the month of September, 'on a certain day,' most probably the fourteenth, the scholars there were to have a play-day, in order to go out and gather nuts, a portion of which, when they returned, they were to present to the different masters; but, before leave was granted for their excursion, they were required to write verses on the fruitfulness of autumn, and the deadly cold of the coming winter."

There is an annual fair for the sale of cattle held in the Broad-gate, at Lincoln, on the 14th of September, called *Fool's Fair*, for the following reason. William of Orange and his wife, having visited Lincoln while on their tour through the kingdom, made the citizens an offer to serve them in any manner they liked best. They asked for a fair, though it was harvest, when few people can attend it, and though the town had no trade, nor any manufacture. William smiled, and granted their request, observing that it was a humble one indeed.

September 18 is dedicated by the Western Church to St. Ferrol, a "tribune or colonel" at Vienna in France, where he suffered martyrdom, A. D. 304. The anniversary of this saint is celebrated at Marseilles with great pomp. The houses are decorated with streamers to the very tops, and the public way is crossed with cords, on which are suspended numberless flags of various colours. The ships are always ornamented with flags and streamers. A goodly procession is formed, and passes under several arches, hung with boughs, before it stops at the altars or resting-places, which are covered with flowers. "Everything," says a spectator, "conspires to give to this solemnity an air of cheerfulness. The eye dwells with pleasure on the garlands, the green boughs, and the emblems in the flags of the procession. The attendants are extremely numerous: every gardener carries his wax taper, ornamented with the most rare and beautiful flowers; he bears also samples of the vegetables and fruits with which Heaven has blessed his labour, and sometimes some nests of birds. The butchers, also, make a part of the procession. Clothed in long tunics, and with hats à la Henri IV, armed with hatchets or cleavers, they lead a fat ox, dressed with garlands and ribands, and with gilt horns, like the ox at the carnival. During the whole of the week which precedes the festival, the butchers lead about this animal: they first take him to the police, where they pay a duty, and then the collection begins, which is very productive. Every one wishes to have the animal in his house; and it is a prevailing superstition among the people, that they shall have good luck throughout the year, if this beast leave any trace of his visit, however dirty it may be. The ox is killed on the day after the festival. A number of young girls, clothed in white, their heads covered with veils and adorned with flowers, walk next in the procession. Children, habited in different guises, recall the ancient 'mysteries.' Several maidens are dressed as nuns, and represent St. Ursula, St. Rosalie, St. Agnes, St. Teresa, &c. The handsomest are clothed as Magdalenes; with their hair dishevelled on their lovely faces, they look with an air of contrition on a crucifix which each holds in her hand: others appear in the habit of the *Sœurs de la Charité*. Handsome boys fill other parts, such as angels, abbats, monks; among which may be distinguished St. Francis, St. Bruno, St. Anthony, &c. The streets are strewn with flowers, numerous choristers carry baskets full of roses and yellow broom. The sweet scents of the roses, the cassia, the jasmine, the orange, and the tuberose, mingled with the odour of the incense, almost overpower the senses. The procession proceeds to the port, and it is there that the ceremony assumes a sublime character: the people

fill the quays; all the decks are manned with seamen, dressed in their best blue jackets, their heads uncovered, and their red caps in their hands. All bend the knee. The seamen stretch out their hands towards the prelate, who, placed under a canopy, gives the benediction: silence the most profound reigns among the immense crowd. The blessing received, every one rises simultaneously; the bells begin to ring, the music plays, and the whole train return to the church from which they set out."

Dr. Johnson, the "Great Moralist," was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, 1709. He was the greatest literary character of his age. His principal works are the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, *Lives of the English Poets*, and an *English Dictionary*, which will last as long as the language it illustrates. Johnson departed this life at his house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, December 13, 1784, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, near his friend Garrick. A statue, bearing an inscription by the learned Dr. Parr, has been erected to the memory of this illustrious "Leviathan of Literature," in St. Paul's Cathedral.

ROUND CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

Among the memorials of ages long past, and of events far remote from our present experience, those which yet remain of the sufferings and achievements of pilgrims, and of a religious chivalry in the holy land, are eminent in interest and importance. Of these, four of our English churches, which still retain not merely an historical, but a visible connexion with those stirring scenes, deserve especial regard. The churches to which we allude are, the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Cambridge, the church of the same name and dedication at Northampton, the Temple Church in London, and the Church of Little Mapleston in Essex. We shall point out their very peculiar connexion with the great historical crisis to which we have referred them, and add such a slight description of each of them, as may be consistent with a very sparing use of technical language.

From the time of our Saviour's ascension, and of the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, the city of Jerusalem contained its Christian Church; and its succession of bishops, with whatever else is essential to the well being of a Church, was never interrupted, except during the short, though cruel intervals of siege and persecution, to which Jerusalem has been so frequently subjected. Nor were the sacred places of which the mother of all churches could boast, interesting to her more immediate children only. From all parts of Christendom pilgrims came to worship at the Holy Sepulchre, and in many other places within and around the Holy City, consecrated by our Saviour's presence. That the immediate disciples of our Lord should forget the spots so hallowed to their affections, would be impossible; and almost equally so, that they should neglect to point them out to their children, and their children's children. Among these, none received greater regard than the place of our Lord's burial; and, in this instance, the heathens, in their determination to rob the Christians of their spiritual title in the sacred spot, unwittingly assisted in perpetuating its remembrance. A temple of Venus was built over the Holy Sepulchre, and it was thenceforth a matter of history, no longer subjected to the less tangible evidence of tradition, that on that spot the tomb of our Saviour was to be found.

The piety of Constantine the first Christian emperor, and of his mother Helena, hastened, so soon as it was in their power, to cleanse the sacred spot from this pollution, and to crown the holy Mount with a better temple, open to the devout worshippers of Jesus Christ. The temple of Venus was destroyed; the ground was cleared; the Holy Sepulchre was found undestroyed, beneath many feet of soil, and soon a beautiful church was erected over it. This church, called the Church of the Resurrection, was circular, enshrining the Holy Sepulchre around which it was built; and from this circular form of Constantine's Church of the Resurrection, the round churches of which we are about to speak were imitated.

But the munificence of Constantine did not cease here. The death of our Lord, as well as His resurrection, was to be commemorated; and eastward of the round church already mentioned, but connected with it by a court open to the heavens, and surrounded by a corridor he built a much larger church, called the Martyrium; and of this also we shall find a counterpart in the four round churches in England.

The Church of the Resurrection, however, after having been visited by pilgrims for three centuries, was destroyed by fire at the sacking of Jerusalem by Chosroes II. The emperor Heraclius rescued the holy city from the Persians; and though it fell soon after into the hands of the Arabian followers of Mahomet, the resort of Christians to the Holy Sepulchre can scarcely be said to have been checked by the Moslem lords of Jerusalem. The Khalif Harun el Rashid even sent to Charlemagne the keys of the church, in token of the free admission which he granted to the Christians, "to that sacred and salutary place."

But the rule of the Egyptians was more adverse to Christian pilgrims. By the orders of Hakem, who commenced his reign in 996, the Church of the Resurrection was utterly destroyed, and even the cave itself was preserved only by the natural indestructibility of its materials. The church was again rebuilt by the patriarch Nicophorus, with funds from the imperial treasury of Constantine Monomachus; but the Christians still groaned under heavy burdens, which were rather increased than lightened when the Holy City again changed masters, and fell under the despotic rule of the Turks. Such was the state of the Christians until the voice of Peter the Hermit, at the very end of the eleventh century, aroused all Europe to the defence of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, and to the recovery of the Holy City from the hands of infidels.

The church which the first crusaders found, was not, therefore, the same which Constantine the Great had erected, though on the same spot, and probably very much on the same plan: that is, there was a circle, or perhaps a double circle of columns, with their outer wall, surrounding the sacred cave; and eastward of this, the larger Church of the Martyrdom, connected with the Church of the Resurrection, by an uncovered court. Within these were many spots consecrated by various parts of our Saviour's sufferings or triumph. And this is all that we shall require by way of comparison with the English churches which we are about to describe; nor need we more than glance at the fact, that the present church, re-edified since its almost total destruction by fire in the beginning of this century, still presents evidences in its architectural features, of the work of the pilgrim Christians of the twelfth century, in the enlargement and adornment of the sacred edifice.

We may well believe that the Christians who returned from their devout pilgrimage would gladly erect memorials in their own country, of the glorious and spirit-stirring sights of the Holy City; and this natural wish

was expressed in the erection of churches, in some degree at least similar to that of the Resurrection. Of these, three have perished; Temple-Bruer; and Aislaby, in Lincolnshire, and the Old Temple in Holborn. Four yet remain, the first of which in order of time, and not the last in beauty, is THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN CAMBRIDGE.

The ancient and round portion of this church consists of an outer circular wall, with a rich Norman door-way, opening into an aisle, which embraces a central Round, resting on eight circular piers, and finished above with a clerestory, surrounded by an arcade, pierced with eight lights, and finished with a conical roof. The piers are low and massive, without bases, and with capitals of varied designs. The arches are all circular, and some of them adorned with the zigzag moulding, so characteristic of the Norman style. To this part of the church is added a chancel, and two aisles, of perpendicular character, with an octangular bell-turret at the north-west angle of the North aisle; and thus the present church consists of a circular nave and aisle, with the chancel and its north and south aisle, and bell-turret, extending eastward from the Round. In the interior the effect is greatly heightened by the introduction of rich painted glass, and an appropriate style of furniture and decoration throughout. The Round is, of course, the part of most interest, and here the windows bear, many of them, reference to the history of the Church. One represents the Resurrection, with an obvious allusion to the Church of the Resurrection, after which, as we have stated, this Church is designed. Another is of THE VENERABLE BEDE, the great historian of our early church, who is said, (but on the authority of a tradition which will not bear minute canvassing,) to have resided for a time between the site of St. Sepulchre, and that of St. John's College; and who happens to be the only person who has handed down to these times a description of the round churches existing in his day. Another window represents St. Etheldrida, whose history is connected with Ely, in which diocese the church is situated. The east window of the chancel, which appears to great advantage on immediately entering the church, is of beautiful painted glass, representing the crucifixion, with the figures of the ever blessed Virgin, and the beloved Apostle, as they are associated with the cross of Christ in medieval art, on the authority of the Holy Gospel.

This is a cursory description of the church as it now appears, after having been restored with great taste, and at a vast expense, by the Cambridge Camden Society. It is greatly to be regretted that a question very indirectly touching architectural proprieties should have occurred to take the work out of the Society's hands; and no one can approve of the taste and judgment displayed in the few alterations which have been made since they resigned their task of restoration. Into the polemical question of course we do not enter. The appearance of St. Sepulchre, before a fall of part of the round admitted the care of the Society in its restoration, was quite as indicative of the bad taste of comparatively recent generations, as of the piety and genius of the Crusaders. The round had been deformed by the insertion of most incongruous windows, both below and in the clerestory; while the latter had been made to bear the additional weight of another story, which was finished in all its details in a late perpendicular character. The chancel and north aisle were altogether unworthy of the fabric to which they were appended.

We have described this church before adverting to its history, because, as usual, the architectural character is as valuable in ascertaining its date and destination as any existing records. The character of the Round takes us back to the very beginning of the twelfth century, or rather, to the last few years of the eleventh; and it appears from a MS. in the Bodleian Library that it was consecrated in 1101. For the rest, we know nothing, except what its form and its dedication tell us. It was

certainly erected by some one interested in, or connected with, the Crusades, and, most probably, that prayers might be offered in it for the success of those religious expeditions. But it cannot owe its erection to the Templars, who did not exist till 1118, and who did not obtain possessions in England until 1134.

St. SEPULCHRE'S, Northampton, is the next in antiquity, but so far as regards its most ancient portion, and that which entitles it to a place in the present paper, it is far inferior to the former. Its erection is referred with some degree of probability to Simon St. Liz, second Earl of Northampton, and a Crusader, who died A.D. 1127. In size it much surpasses the Cambridge church of the same name, but in architectural beauty it is at least as much its inferior. Like that, it consists of a central portion, supported by eight Norman circular pillars; but the arches are pointed, though the plain flat soffits are far less elegant than the well-moulded semicircles of the older structure. The present roof, both to the round and to the outer portion, is of wood; and, as there are no vaulting shafts, or other indications of a better covering, it is probable that it was always so. The central portion becomes octagonal immediately above the piers. Of course, the original buttresses and windows throughout, are the shallow square buttresses, and narrow round-headed lights of the Norman period; but later windows are inserted everywhere; and walls of great thickness, and of a shape as little liable to disturbance as any, have been so shaken in the process, that the far-projecting buttresses of later styles have been rendered necessary. The present porch is to the south, and at the north is an ancient doorway, now blocked up. If there was ever a west porch, its place is occupied by a beautiful tower and spire, of which the composition cannot be too much commended. It is early perpendicular in character; the far-projecting diagonal corner buttresses of the tower bring down the line of the spire to the ground with great effect. The chancel and its two aisles, opening out of the Round eastward, do not, in their present state, harmonize at all with the Round; although the piers and arches between the chancel and the north aisle are of so early a character, that they form doubtless a part of the original plan, though not erected until the early English style had assumed its distinct character. The external aspect of these parts of the church would lead us to assign the north aisle to the close of the thirteenth century, the south aisle to the middle of the next, and the chancel to the fifteenth century; but more minute inspection shows that they have been rather altered than erected at those periods. In the interior of the chancel are some curious corbels supporting the roof, representing grotesques playing on musical instruments; among others, the organ, the fiddle, the lute, and the double drum; but there is little worthy of remark in this portion of the fabric.

We cannot leave this church without expressing very sore regret, that it does not find some sympathy in its extreme destitution from the inhabitants of the wealthy town in which it is situated. Even in its present condition, it is one of the most interesting objects* in the neighbourhood, and this it can never cease to be; but it is also one of the most melancholy objects, which it need not remain, nor can remain long, without becoming a reproach to the town. Will not the recent formation of an Architectural Society in Northamptonshire tend to rescue this curious fabric from its desolate state?

The two churches already described cannot, with absolute certainty, be assigned to their proper founders; only their very name, as well as what would, on any other hypothesis, be the mere accident of their form, connects

* Among the interesting architectural objects in and near Northampton, may be mentioned the Norman church of St. Peter's within the town; the Queen's cross, about a mile distant, on the London road, of which no description can convey an adequate notion; and the church of Brixworth, about six miles to the north of Northampton, a glorious specimen of Saxon art, which must be not only seen, but studied, to be appreciated.

them with the devotions of pilgrims to the original Round Church of the Resurrection. But THE TEMPLE CHURCH, London, and the church of Little Mapledsted, are more closely associated with the two great religious orders of chivalry, the Templars and the Hospitallers, who were bound by the most solemn vows to the defence of pilgrims to Jerusalem. The Templars had already a church in Old-bourne, now Holborn, before the erection of the present church was commenced; and the latter, when finished, was called the "New Temple," with reference to the more ancient foundation. The older edifice, like this, was round, and though not, in all probability, so sumptuous, had yet been built at great cost; for it was of Caen stone, as appeared when some of its remains were discovered at the beginning of the last century. The present church consists of a circular portion, and, eastward of this, of a chancel, with its two aisles, answering in relative position to the martyrrium, connected with the Church of the Resurrection, as built by Constantine, and perpetuated through all its changes to the present day. The Round, then called the New Temple, was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, on his arrival in England to obtain succour from Henry II. against the Saladin—an event still commemorated by an inscription over the door leading to the cloisters, of which the following is a translation:—"ON THE 10TH OF FEBRUARY, IN THE YEAR FROM THE INCARNATION OF OUR LORD, 1185, THIS CHURCH WAS CONSECRATED IN HONOUR OF THE BLESSED MARY, BY THE LORD HERACLIUS, BY THE GRACE OF GOD PATRIARCH OF THE CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION, WHO HAS REMITTED SIXTY DAYS OF ENJOINED PENANCE TO ALL WHO VISIT IT ANNUALLY." Whether this inscription was of the date of the church cannot be determined, for it was destroyed by the workmen employed in repairs after a fire by which it had been much injured, in 1695; but there can be no question that it rightly records the event of the dedication. The oblong portion of this church was consecrated on Ascension Day, 1240; and in this, as in the former case, the architectural features fully answer to the historical mention of the event. Like the church of St. Sepulchre, in Cambridge, the Temple church has been recently restored; but it is the highest praise of those who planned and executed the restoration, that it may still, in all essential features, be described according to the ancient appearance. We have, indeed, made a great advance in good taste and good feeling, when a learned body, but of a secular profession, have devoted upwards of 50,000*l.* to the legitimate restoration of a sacred edifice, which they have inherited from an age and order full of high and holy associations, and perfect in its style of ecclesiastical art.

The church is entered at the west by an elaborate Norman door-way, which formerly communicated with a cloister leading from the Hall of the Knights Templars. The Round, as in all other cases of the like kind, consists of a circle of columns, supporting a tower, and of an external circular wall, forming a kind of aisle to the central portion. In this instance the piers are six in number, each consisting of four columns springing from the same base, and again joined at the capitals, but disengaged through the whole height of the shafts, except where a fillet connects them at their mid-height. From these columns spring pointed arches, over which runs a triforium, behind an arcade of semicircular and intersecting arches; and over these again are six clerestory windows of the pure Norman character. The roof is groined, the ribs springing from vaulting shafts which rise from the capitals of the several pillars. The outer Round is also vaulted, and lighted by Norman circular-headed windows. Over the west door is a wheel-window of eight lights. The lower portion of the wall is relieved by shafts springing from a stone bench which is carried along the whole circumference, and supporting an arcade of pointed arches, the spandrils of which are decorated with grotesque heads.

Although this part of the church agrees perfectly

with its Norman date, an eye practised in distinguishing architectural features will at once detect intimations of the approach of the next style, especially in the pointed arcade and pier arches, and in the banding of the shafts. The square portion of the church, which opens into the Round by three lofty pointed arches, is of pure and highly developed Early English. The pillars, which are of a very elegant section, are light and lofty. The roofs are all groined. The windows are triple lancet throughout. More minute features it would be impossible to notice in so hasty a sketch.

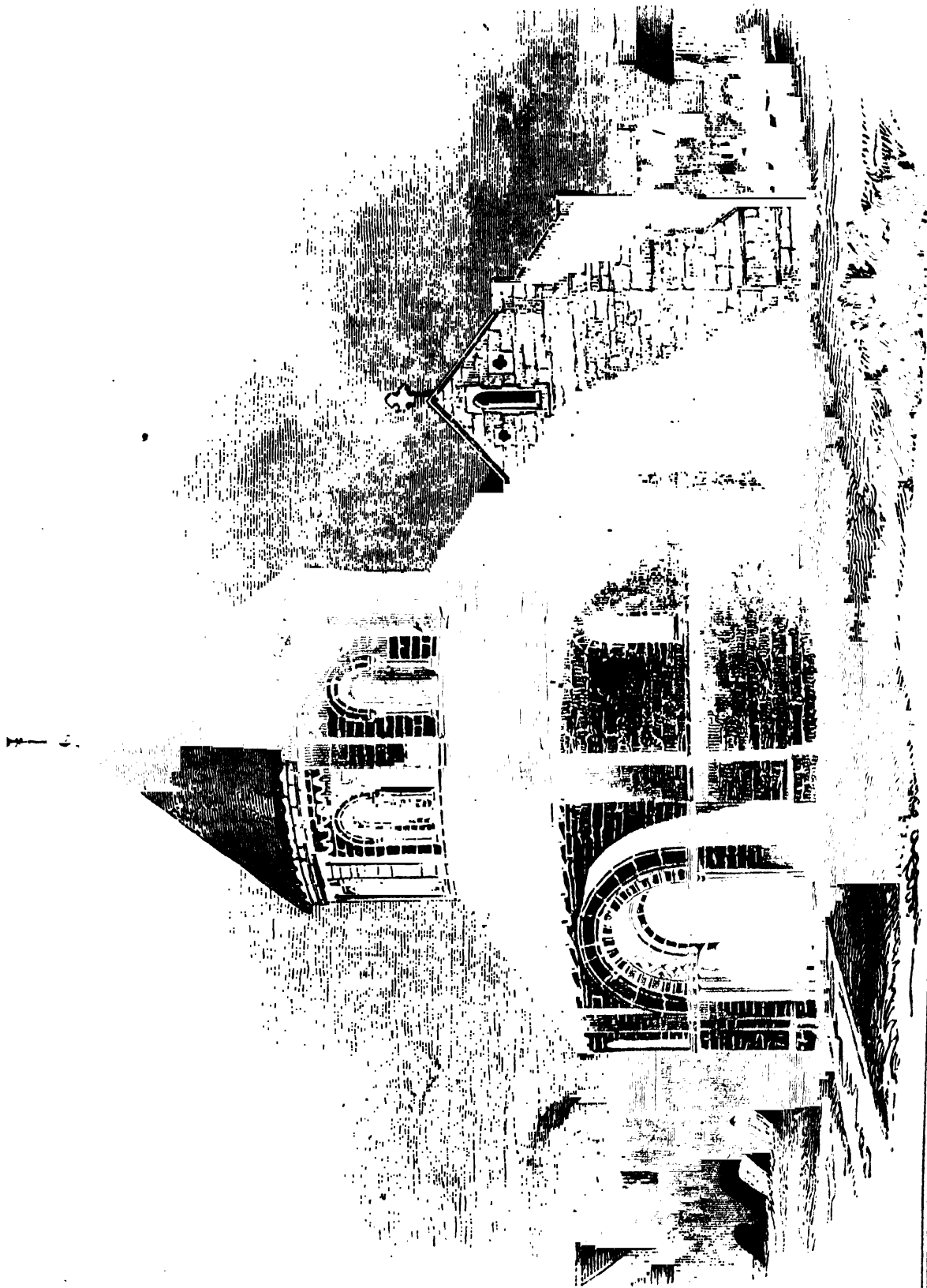
The richness of the whole structure is in some respect due to the materials, as well as to the beauty of the design. The shafts throughout, both the greater shafts supporting the roof, and those purely ornamental in the arcades, are of Purbeck marble. The floor was of encaustic tiles, and has been restored after the same fashion. The roof was gorgeously painted, and it has been adorned once more with an equal profusion of colours. The windows were of stained glass, and they are again filled with the same gorgeous material; and in these, and the painting of the roof, both executed by Mr. Willement, (to whom the art of painting in glass owes so much,) great attention is paid to the suitableness of decoration, as regards both age and subject: the insignia of the Templars appearing every where in various forms, together with such theological emblems and devices as were commonly used at the time to which the erection of the church is referred. Although beautiful in themselves, perhaps the benches, in their design and arrangement, reflect less credit on the learned restorers of this ancient edifice than any other part. But every praise does not fall to the lot of one generation. To be first in action, and to profit by the experience of others, are incompatible; and when we have most heartily echoed the praise of munificence and a ready zeal, leading the way in a great work needed throughout the kingdom, we shall not seem to speak invidiously, if we express a conviction that had the work been undertaken now, it would in some respects have been done differently and better.

THE CHURCH OF LITTLE MAPLESTED is dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem, the Patron Saint of the Hospitallers, to whom it owes its erection. In 1186 the whole parish was given to this chivalrous order by Juliana, daughter and heir of Robert Dornelli, and wife of William Fitz Andelin, steward to Henry II. Here, therefore, a Commandery was erected. The church, still remaining, carries us back to the times at which the knights flourished in wealth, reputation, and true greatness.

In size, this church is inferior to either of the other three; but it is even more remarkable in some respects, for the whole, with the exception of the porch, is of the original design and execution; and the chancel with its semicircular apse still more closely resembles the Church of the Martyrium, so often before alluded to, than the same relative portions of the churches before mentioned.

It would be tedious to enter again into a description of details. We may observe, however, that in late notices of this church, its dilapidation has been much exaggerated. It is still, so far as substantial repair is concerned, in a tolerable condition; and it is more than probable that it may soon share the benefit of the present architectural movement, and receive full and appropriate restoration. Of the Commandery, once a part of the same Christian establishment, not a vestige remains; but the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, if they retained their religious character, would not be the last to submit, cheerfully, to the decree of Providence, which has preserved the memorials of their faith to future ages, while the signs of their power and splendour are utterly swept away.

(1) We are indebted to Mr. Warwick, at Cambridge, for his kindness in allowing us to take a Copy from his Original Drawing of the Round Church.



Round Church at Cambridge.

THE TELESCOPE,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EARL OF ROSSE'S REFLECTING TELESCOPE.¹

For a considerable time after Newton, no further progress was made in the construction of reflecting telescopes. The difficulty of finding a suitable material for the specula,—of giving the metal, when discovered, the proper polish, and grinding it into the proper form, probably deterred opticians from the attempt. But, in 1719, Hadley, the inventor of the quadrant which bears his name, constructed a reflecting telescope, six feet in length, with a magnifying power of nearly 200, by means of which he saw the transit of Jupiter's satellites, and their shadows on the disc of the planet. This instrument was found to represent objects as distinctly, though not altogether so clear and bright, as the famous aerial telescope of Huygens which we have already referred to.

There is little of interest to notice in the history of the telescope from this period till we come to the immense stride made in its improvement by Sir Wm. Herschel. This eminent philosopher was born in Hanover in 1738. Having settled in England, at Bath, he began to devote his leisure to the construction of telescopes, and the polishing of reflecting mirrors. Being well skilled in optics and mechanics, he succeeded in completing Newtonian telescopes of various sizes, from two feet to twenty feet in focal length, and Gregorian ones from eight inches to ten feet in focal length. Not being at this time in possession (although he afterwards discovered it) of a direct method of giving to specula the required parabolic form, he, in order to secure a good instrument, finished a number of specula, and selected the best. With this view he underwent the enormous labour, which none but those who have made such instruments can appreciate, of casting, grinding, and polishing two hundred specula of seven feet focus, one hundred and fifty of ten feet, and above eighty of twenty feet, besides many others on different principles.

The most splendid discoveries were the result of the increased magnitude thus given by Dr. Herschel to the apertures and focal lengths of his specula. When he directed these instruments to the heavens in 1776, almost every night which he devoted to observation presented him some new and interesting phenomenon. But his other discoveries have been almost lost in the blaze of that greatest one by which his name has been immortalised, and by which he added a planet to, and doubled the range of, our solar system. Being employed in making a review of the sky on the 13th of March, 1781, he perceived, near the feet of the constellation of Gemini, a star of the fifth magnitude, having a disc perfectly well defined, and differing in appearance from the other stars which afforded the same quantity of light. On observing it with a telescope, whose magnifying power was 932, he perceived its diameter was enlarged, while that of the stars underwent no change. These circumstances were sufficient to draw his attention to the star, and nothing more was requisite to enable him speedily to discover that it had a slow motion. He at first supposed it was a comet; but a more careful study of its motions proved it to be a planet of our own system, which revolved round the sun in 83½ years, in a path far beyond the orbit of Saturn, and at the distance of 1,800,000,000 miles from the sun, which is twice as far as the planet Saturn. To this planet he gave the name of *Georgium Sidus*, in honour of George III., who was a munificent encourager of his philosophical labours, but it is more generally known by the name of *Uranus*, a Greek word signifying Heaven.

The munificent patronage of George III. now enabled Herschel to devote his life to the study of the heavens; and, taking up his residence at Datchet, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, he entered upon a career of

discovery unparalleled in the history of science. On the 11th of January, 1787, he discovered two satellites revolving round the newly discovered planet of *Georgium Sidus*, and in 1790 and 1794 four others. Pursuing his examinations still further, he found that all the nebulae and clusters of stars which had been published by previous astronomers could be resolved into an infinite number of small stars; and in examining a portion of the Milky Way, looking with amazement at the glorious multitude of stars, of all possible sizes, that presented themselves to his view, he made the calculation that a belt 15° long and 2° broad, (by no means a large portion of the visible heavens,) contained no fewer than 50,000 stars capable of being distinctly counted. During these observations he discovered 466 new nebulae or luminous clouds composed of stars.

Not yet satisfied with the unprecedented power which he possessed of exploring the unfathomable secrets of the heavens, Sir W. Herschel resolved to attempt the construction of larger telescopes. Having accidentally failed in two attempts to construct a thirty feet aerial reflector, in the one case from the speculum, which was three feet in diameter, having cracked in the act of annealing,—and, in the other, from the speculum having been lost in the fire from a failure in the furnace, and his efforts being thus in danger of being altogether stopped by the expense of his experiments, he obtained from the king, through the mediation of Sir Joseph Banks, the offer of defraying the whole expense of the construction of one still larger, which was infinitely to surpass anything of the kind that had ever been attempted. He began, then, the construction of his great telescope towards the close of 1785. It was forty feet in length, with a speculum four feet in diameter. After trying two different kinds of metal without success, he at last succeeded in casting his speculum of a metal composed of 32 parts of copper and 10.7 of grain tin. The tube of the telescope was four feet ten inches wide. It was made of iron, and was thus 3000 lbs. lighter than if it had been made of wood. The observer was seated in a suspended moveable seat at the mouth of the tube, and viewed the image of the object with a magnifying lens or eye-piece. The focus of the speculum, or the place of the image, was within four inches of the lower side of the mouth of the tube, and came forward into the air, so that there was space for the part of the head above the eye to prevent it from intercepting many of the rays that go from the object to the mirror. The eye-piece moved in a tube carried by a slide directed to the centre of the speculum, and fixed on an adjustable foundation at the mouth of the tube. The first time this magnificent telescope (which used to be an object of wonder to all travellers who passed Slough) was used, it discovered a sixth satellite of Saturn, and in less than a month afterwards, a seventh.

While Herschel was thus carrying the reflecting telescope to such a pitch of perfection, a most important improvement was in progress in the construction of refracting telescopes. The great imperfection of these instruments had arisen from two causes of error, to which the names of spherical and chromatic aberration were given; the former, arising from the necessarily spherical figure of the surface of the lenses used, every portion of which, by a law of refraction, did not form the image of the object exactly in the same focus; and the latter arising from the different refrangibility of different rays of light,—an optical law first discovered by Newton, who established, by a series of very remarkable experiments, that each pencil of light consists of a number of differently coloured rays, of which, in passing through any refracting medium, some are more refracted, or bent out of the straight course, than others: in consequence of which law the image appeared distorted, and tinged with various colours, as objects do which we look at through a prism. The effect of both these sources of error combined is, that the

(1) Concluded from p. 312.

image of any object formed by a spherical lens, consists of a mass of images of different colours, and not coincident with each other. These imperfections, which Newton had declared to be incurable, have been in a great measure removed by a very simple contrivance, probably suggested by, at all events on the same principle with, the construction of the eye, in which, in order to form a perfect image at exactly the required spot, the rays of light are made to pass through media of varying consistency, and consequently of varying refracting power. This was effected by a combination of flint and crown glass, which by their different refracting power, together corrected the chromatic aberration, or confusion of colours in the image, and by the number and relative adjustment of several lenses, diminished the spherical aberration, or confusion arising from the figure of the lens. Telescopes of this construction are called Achromatic, from a Greek word signifying Colourless; the name implying that they correct the defect arising from the unequal refraction of different rays of light which caused objects to be seen tinged with various colours. But we cannot follow out the progress of this great improvement, which however has not been carried to the perfection of which, most probably, it is capable, in consequence of the great expense of forming object-glasses of a large size; nor attempt to detail any of the more recent discoveries to which the use of powerful telescopes led, (which, indeed, is no part of the object of this paper;) but must now proceed to some account of the last great achievement in the construction of telescopes—that of the Earl of Rosse.

The first improvement to which the Earl of Rosse directed his attention, in the construction of reflecting telescopes, to which his efforts seem to have been confined, was to correct the aberration arising from the spherical form of the speculum, the edge of a spherical speculum having necessarily a shorter focus than the centre. In lenses this may be diminished, or even removed, by the opposite aberration of lenses of an opposite form,—the aberration of a convex lens by that of a concave one, for example; but this remedy cannot be applied to specula. To diminish the spherical aberration in their case, he formed the speculum of three parts, a central speculum, a ring inclosing the central speculum, and an outer ring. These three portions were cemented together, and ground and polished as one speculum. They were then combined by an ingenious piece of mechanism, so that the first and second rings could be advanced each a small fraction of an inch, in order that their foci should accurately coincide with the focus of the central speculum. Lord Rosse's first attempt did not succeed to his wishes, owing to a defect in the mechanism, which required frequent adjustments, as the smallest shock displaced the images; but he was more successful in the combination of one ring with a central metal, the two forming a speculum of six inches aperture and two feet focal length.

The two great difficulties attending the making of specula, viz., the preparing a material capable of receiving and retaining the proper polish, and giving to the speculum the true parabolic form, have been overcome by Lord Rosse very successfully; but a description of the experiments by which he arrived at success in these respects, would lead us into matter much too technical to be interesting to general readers. In 1840 he completed a twenty-six foot telescope, from the observations made by means of which many important results have been obtained.

This telescope, on its completion, was characterised as the most powerful that had ever been made. But its properties are thrown into the shade by the magnificent proportions of a second and more wonderful instrument, which the Earl of Rosse has since succeeded in completing. We shall give the account of it in the words of the writer to whom we have been indebted for so much of the information contained in this paper. "The in-

strument was scarcely out of his hands before he resolved upon attempting the construction of another reflector, with a speculum six feet in diameter, and fifty feet long! This magnificent instrument was accordingly undertaken, and within the last month (this was written in autumn of 1844) has been brought to a successful termination. The speculum has six feet of clear aperture, and therefore an area four times greater than that of the three-foot speculum, and it weighs nearly four tons. The focal length is fifty-three feet. It was polished in six hours, in the same time as a small speculum, and with the same facility; and no particular care was taken in preparing the polisher, as Lord Rosse intended to repolish it as soon as the focal length was ascertained to be correct; but upon directing it to a nebula, the performance was better than he expected, and he therefore has suffered it to remain in the tube for the present.

The casting of a speculum of nearly four tons must have been an object of great interest, as well as of difficulty: but every difficulty was foreseen and provided against. In order to ensure uniformity of metal, the blocks from the first melting, which was effected in three furnaces, were broken up, and the pieces from each of the furnaces were placed in three separate casks. Then, in charging the crucibles for the final melting, successive portions from each cask were put into each of the furnaces.

In order to prevent the metal from bending or changing its form, Lord Rosse has introduced a very ingenious and effective support. The speculum rests upon a surface of twenty-seven pieces of cast iron of equal area, and strongly framed, so as to be stiff and light. There are twelve of these in the outer rim, nine in the next, and six sectors in the centre. Each of these pieces is supported at its centre of gravity on a hemispheric bearing, at the angle of a triangle of cast iron; these triangles being in their turn similarly supported at the angles of three primary triangles, which, again, are supported at their centres of gravity by three screws, which work in a strong iron frame, and serve for adjusting the mirrors. This frame carries also levers to give lateral support to the speculum in the same diffused manner. This frame, which contains the speculum, is attached to an immense joint, like that of a pair of compasses, moving round a pin in order to give the transverse motion for following the star in right ascension. This pin is fixed to the centre-piece between two trunnions, like those of an enormous mortar, lying east and west, and upon which the telescope has its motion in altitude. To the frame there is fastened a large cubical wooden box, about eight feet a side, in which there is a door through which two men go in to remove or to replace the cover of the mirror. To this box is fastened a tube, which is made of deal staves, hooped like a huge cask. It is about forty feet long, and eight feet diameter in the middle, and is furnished with internal diaphragms about six and a half feet in aperture. The Dean of Ely walked through the tube with an umbrella up!

This enormous tube is established between two lofty piers or walls, of castellated architecture, about sixty feet high, one of which carries an iron semicircle, against which the tube bears when in the meridian. The declinations will, therefore, be given in this case by a circle and level, as in Troughton's transit instruments. The celestial object is followed in right ascension by drawing the telescope from this plane through a range of fourteen feet, with a long screw, moved either by hand, or by a clock with a rate variable with the declination. The hour-angle will, in such cases, be obtained by another circle and level. The other pier carries the galleries for the observer, which, for fear of producing tremor, Lord Rosse was unwilling to attach to the tube. The galleries will consist of three stages, with some help from ladders, each stage being pushed forward in succession from the top of the piers.

This immense mass of matter, weighing about twelve

tons, requires to be counterpoised, and Lord Rosse's arrangements for this purpose are most ingeniously contrived. When in the zenith, the tendency of the telescope to fall is nothing, but on each side it gradually increases, and is a maximum at the horizon. The first plan of a counterpoise was this:—a chain attached to the upper end of the tube passes over a pulley, and carries the counterpoise which rolls on a curved railway, which can be so formed that the telescope may be in equilibrium through its whole range. The arrangements for this contrivance are already made, but Lord Rosse intends to try a much simpler method, (this, it will be recollected, was written in 1844,) in which the weight, in place of rolling, is kept attached to a fixed point by a guy, so that when the tube is low the weight acts to great mechanical advantage; and when high, with less advantage. Such is a brief description of the noble telescope completed by the Earl of Rosse—a telescope gigantic even among the giant instruments which preceded it.”¹

The mind dwells with much gratification upon the view of a man of wealth and high rank employed, with so much persevering labour, in pursuits so useful and so elevating as those to which the Earl of Rosse has devoted his energies. We recognise in it one of the true uses of wealth, and of the leisure which it enables its possessor to command: a just return for the exemption from daily toil which the rich man enjoys.

Looking to the astonishing progress which has been made, since Galileo first directed his glass to the heavens, in the construction of telescopes, and in obviating the difficulties arising from the imperfection or unmanageable character of the materials which have to be employed in forming them; looking also to the wonderful discoveries which, since that time, have so extended our knowledge of the worlds, and suns, and systems, by which the universe is peopled; it is difficult to prevent the mind from running riot in the anticipation of yet more wonderful discoveries still to be made, or to restrain our hopes within the sober bounds of reason. Dr. Robinson, speaking of the first of Lord Rosse's large telescopes, says, “It is scarcely possible to preserve the necessary sobriety of language, in speaking of the moon's appearance with this instrument, which discovers a multitude of new objects at every point of its surface. Among these may be named a mountainous tract near Ptolemy, every ridge of which is dotted with extremely minute craters, and two black parallel stripes in the bottom of Aristarchus.” And the same gentleman, on another occasion, in his address to the British Association, on the 24th of August, 1843, stated, that in this telescope a building the size of the one in which they were assembled would, under favourable circumstances, be easily visible on the moon's surface.” Another astronomer, Dr. Scoresby, gives the following still more wonderful account of the appearance of the moon, as seen by means of the largest telescope, which we have last described:—“With respect to the moon, every object on its surface, of the height of 100 feet, was distinctly to be seen; and no doubt that, under very favourable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate.” This quotation, if it gives us no good reason

for expecting that we shall ever ascertain anything with certainty on the points to which the writer refers, at least illustrates pretty clearly into what a wide field of speculation the minds even of men whose judgments are tamed down by the severity of mathematical investigation are driven, by the excitement of having so wide a portal opened for gazing into the boundless fields of space; and how wonderful, in fact, these discoveries must be, by which such men are so greatly excited.

TELESILE OF NANCI,

OR, FILIAL HEROISM.

THE celebrated and intrepid Duke of Burgundy, who by bravery obtained the surname of Charles the Bold, having greatly augmented his hereditary estates by his numerous conquests, undertook to erect them into a kingdom, under the immediate protection of Frederick IV., Emperor of Germany. He had already invaded Picardy and Normandy, where he had exercised with a furious barbarity the rights of a conqueror, and, by his cruelty in these provinces, had obtained from their unfortunate inhabitants the surname of the Terrible. Every town which resisted his arms was sacked and pillaged, without any regard to either age or sex. Every governor or magistrate who had refused to open the gates of their respective cities to his summons, was immediately slain by his infuriated troops. In a word, the actuating principle of this formidable general was to conquer his enemies by severity, in order to terrify others into submission. His victorious course was, however, checked by Louis XI. king of France, who was too wily and jealous of his power, to allow another to share it. Charles's ambition was then directed towards those provinces which promised him an easier conquest. He first subdued the dominions of Sigismund, Duke of Austria, who had ruined himself by foolish extravagances, and then the provinces of De Ferrotte and Alsace; the acquisition of the latter facilitating the invasion of Lorraine, which was then governed by the young Duke René II., grandson to the good king René, Count of Provence and Anjou. But this young prince was neither intimidated by the renowned valour, nor the too well known barbarity, of Charles the Bold; surrounded by the affection and fidelity of the people of Lorraine, who had freely chosen him for their sovereign, René II. knew how to resist with advantage the reiterated attacks of Charles. He proved to him that heroism is not confined to any age, and that often youth, directed by valour and resignation, can brave the most renowned warriors, and the best disciplined troops. Having formed and raised many sieges before the principal cities of Lorraine, Charles resolved to attack Nanci, A.D. 1476. The young Duke had at this time repaired to the court of France, to solicit assistance from Louis XI., but which this perfidious monarch refused to grant. Charles, profiting by his absence, commenced to blockade the town, which was defended by the fortifications which surrounded it, but still more by the devoted courage of its inhabitants. The defence of Nanci was carried on by the governor, whose name history does not record, but whose courage and firmness vigorously resisted Charles, and whose daughter afforded a noble and touching example of filial heroism. This governor had an only daughter, named Télésile, who was seventeen or eighteen years of age, and who, in order to watch over the declining years of her beloved father, had rejected many offers of marriage from the neighbouring noblemen, whom she had captivated by her beauty and virtues. Télésile's mother had expired in giving her birth; the deep affliction into which her father was plunged on the death of his beloved companion had, at the time, quite overpowered the mind of

(1) The expense incurred by the Earl of Rosse in the construction of this noble instrument, if we may rely upon an account lately published in the newspaper called the Pictorial Times, has not been less than twelve thousand pounds.

this sensible and worthy man, and it was to the affectionate care of his daughter that he owed the restoration of his health and mental faculties. But how often do we find brave men to be the possessors of tender and affectionate hearts! And so it was with the father of Télésile. Brought up in a camp, and equal in courage and abilities to the bravest warriors of the day, he concealed, under a countenance denoting firmness and severity, and a determined tone of voice, a most sensitive and amiable disposition, which was always exhibited in his domestic life. If commanding an army, he was an inexorable general, whose look alone would inspire with terror, and whose voice would make one tremble; but, sitting at a fireside, he resembled one of the fabled tutelar deities, whose eyes seemed to feast on the happiness of others, and whose gentle and endearing manners made him appear more disposed to obey than to command. Beloved by the people he governed, respected by the soldiers he commanded, and feared by the enemies of his country, he lived honoured by every one, and happy in his deserved title of "The people's Friend." As he had by his noble actions and unbounded influence over the people, contributed principally to the election of René to the dukedom of Lorraine, the young prince had placed unlimited confidence in him, and appointed him governor of Nanci. It was even remarked, that the young Duke had publicly evinced such a decided admiration for Télésile, that the people expected to see her become the wife of their prince, and Grand Duchess of Lorraine; and this expectation, instead of exciting their envy, only filled them with delight; a feeling so unusual, as bore ample testimony to the tender and respectful estimation in which this accomplished model of filial piety was held by all ranks of the people. It was at this time that Charles the Terrible, after having employed all the resources of his military genius in endeavouring to possess himself of the suburbs of Nanci, at last came to the resolution of besieging it.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions, and the absence of their idolized young prince, the faithful Lorrainers repulsed for a long time with advantage the numerous attacks of Charles, so that he became furious, and determined to die rather than raise the siege. Every citizen of Nanci joined the troops of the garrison, to defend their hearths and families. The old men went through every part of the city, exciting, by their example, the women and children to carry every thing they could to the ramparts to throw down on their merciless besiegers. In one place, showers of stones were flying from the summit of the walls on the besiegers' heads; in another, torrents of boiling oil were poured on them by women of every age and rank—a whole family were united to repulse an enemy. And never did the love of home and country, and sworn fidelity to a prince, give birth to such prodigies of valour, or call forth such heroism. Charles, seeing that his efforts were useless, and that his brave opposers were neither intimidated by his powerful army, nor frightened by his threats, suspended for a few days the siege, and proposed a capitulation. He only required the surrender of Nanci, and promised to respect their firesides, and to protect them from pillage, protesting, at the same time, the high esteem which he felt for a people who had shown themselves so valiant and faithful to their sovereign, and concluded his address by declaring it to be his highest ambition to be allied to so worthy a people, and that his chief desire was a lasting peace. In this instance, the propositions of Charles were sincere; often in his cruel and ambitious career he had exhibited some sensibility; virtue was not totally foreign to his fiery spirit; but he was too often led astray by his thirst for power and military fame, and he now experienced what is sooner or later the just punishment of warriors, who are unfaithful to their promises, and who do not respect treaties, even at the risk of their lives. Picardy still smoked from the fire with which this warlike prince

had devastated that fine country, which he had sworn a hundred times to spare. Normandy groaned under the ashes with which he had covered its fertile fields, and he had but just returned from making the city of Liege the theatre of a most bloody persecution of its numerous inhabitants. With such fearful examples of his cruelty, the Lorrainers could only look upon the overtures of Charles as a cruel snare, which they resolved to avoid. The valiant governor of Nanci was the most incredulous, and, by his powerful eloquence, as well as by the veneration in which he was held by all ranks of the people, determined them not to accept his proffered treaty. All resolved to die rather than submit to a faithless warrior, and to resist him vigorously. Charles being informed of the positive refusal of the inhabitants of Nanci, and, above all, of the governor's address, who had painted him in the strongest and most insulting manner, swore to be revenged. He sent again, for the last time, a herald to announce to the Lorrainers, that, if they did not surrender the town that very day, and acknowledge him for their conqueror, he would commence an assault on Nanci, and slay all the inhabitants with the edge of the sword. This threat only served to irritate them still more against him, and to redouble their courage. The governor, assured that he would be the first victim, but choosing death rather than dishonour, walked through the town haranguing the people, collecting troops, and giving to each posts to defend, as appeared to him the best for repulsing the besiegers.

Télésile, who was as much in danger as her father, as she declared she would never forsake him, partook of his heroic enthusiasm, and, following his example, harangued the women and girls who surrounded her. She reminded them of the sublime patriotism of the women of Beauvais, who feared not to participate in the horrors of the fight, and who, with their fathers, husbands, and sons, braved every danger to prevent this same Charles the Terrible from penetrating into their city, and exercising his cruelty. "We have seen," cried Télésile, with the most fascinating tone of voice, "mothers of families and timid girls arm themselves with whatever first presented itself, carrying to one place immense loads, collecting broken lances into bundles, and tying them together with their hair, overwhelming by their united strength the soldiers of Charles, and compelling them to raise the siege; they were not more devoted than we are to a glorious death; they were not so many as we are,—why then do we not follow the example of those courageous women, whose actions will descend to the farthest posterity? Why then shall we not, like them, save our city and our hearths from the tyrant?" Télésile's discourse made a lively impression on them all; it was now, who should be her assistant in imitating the touching heroism of the women of Beauvais? Neither the fatigue of labour, nor the threats of their cruel and formidable enemy, nor the fearful prospect of an assault, could intimidate the wives and daughters of the faithful Lorrainers; all determined to second them by their efforts and courage, and the weakness of a sex so little accustomed to the dangers of battle seemed to vanish, as the moment approached which was to decide for them victory or defeat. Charles, still more enraged by their persevering resistance, exerted all his ingenuity: profiting by a very dark night to deceive the besieged, he made at first several unsuccessful attacks on different parts of the ramparts, and, as soon as it was day, collecting the best of his troops before one of the most defenceless bastions, he gave the assault with so much vigour and impetuosity, that in less than two hours he opened a breach in the walls, and penetrated into the heart of the city at the head of his soldiers, who, like their leader, were burning with fury and revenge. He was going immediately, while his rage was at its height, to order the massacre of all the inhabitants of Nanci.

"Barbarian!" said Télésile, whom they had brought

before him, "if we shall perish, over whom will you reign?"

Charles.—"Who art thou, that darest thus to speak to me?"

Télésile.—"Thy prisoner, who wishes to prevent thee from adding to the dark catalogue of thy crimes."

The expressive voice of *Télésile*, her beauty, and above all, the noble indignation which burned in her, suspended for a moment the fury of *Charles*; his first demand was, the surrender of the governor, who, yielding to the solicitations of his daughter, and to the unanimous wishes of the inhabitants, disguised himself under the dress of a simple citizen, and mingled amongst the crowd of Lorrainers, who all sought to shield him from the ferocity of the conqueror. It was impossible for *Charles* to forget his promised vengeance on this honourable victim, whom he ordered to be delivered up to him, promising a considerable reward to whoever should take him.

"You will not find one who will betray the governor," said he, without discovering himself. "Swear on the word of a soldier, to pardon every inhabitant of Nanci." "To pardon them!" said *Charles* furiously; "no, no; you all have despised my power; you have rejected my overtures with too much insolence for me to listen to your prayers for mercy. If fate spares for a time your governor, I know well how to discover him after the terrible manner I treat those who, like you all, have dared to brave me, and tried to oppose the course of my victories." Then, addressing the officers who surrounded him, he gave orders to decimate, instantly, the people of Nanci—and then what a melancholy sight presented itself! Men, women, old men and children, all assembled in a long row, which extended from the place where *Charles* had stationed himself, to the ramparts of the city. Every family was grouped together, young girls clinging to their mothers' arms; friends standing side by side, each resigned to the death which was to choose its victims, and each one hoping that fate would select him to die in place of the object that was dearest to him. At last, a herald, on a sign made by the conqueror, began to number the prisoners, and those to whom the number ten came, were to be slain by the sword; but at the first falling of the fatal decimal, a difficulty arose which suspended this barbarous execution. *Télésile*, at her father's side, who still was in disguise, followed with eagerness every movement of the herald, she heard him reckoning aloud every one, and, judging too accurately that the number ten would fall to her beloved parent, she glided gently behind him, and had the filial satisfaction of hearing the number *nine* fall to him, and to herself the fatal *ten*. The governor was so overcome by this magnanimous resignation of life, by one so lovely, admired and beloved, and for whom life had so many charms, that he could scarcely find words to express himself. He declared that it was he who ought to die, that fate had selected him for the victim, and that he could not allow another to die in his place. *Télésile*, without saying that he was her father, affirmed that it was only by chance she guessed his number, and as fate had decreed it so, she would die. The herald and his companions not knowing which to believe, brought them both before *Charles* for his decision. The touching scene which ensued, and the heart-rending debate of both father and child, as to which should die for the other, made the prince experience an emotion which he could not prevent. Undecided, confused, and not knowing which side to take, he preserved the most rigid silence. "Thou hesitatest, cruel man!" cried *Télésile*, with a coolness and dignity which rendered her still more interesting. "Cause me to perish, and prolong the days of this old man, who has crowned sixty years with his virtues." "Ah! do not agree to her wish," said the governor. "What are the virtues she speaks of compared to her noble self-devotion, which fills every heart with admiration, and at which thy own breast swells with emotion?"

Télésile.—"My life is less precious than that of this old man."

Governor.—"Each day of her existence is marked by her virtues."

Télésile.—"Behold these white hairs! they tell thee of a head of a family who is loved and revered by his children."

Governor.—"See the brightness of her youth and beauty! she would live long to be the ornament of her sex; and wilt thou sacrifice her, to lengthen the few days that I can call my own?"

"Ah!" cried *Télésile*, seeing the tender expression of countenance with which *Charles* regarded her. "Ah! cease to admire in me what is but my duty; it is but a daughter who would fain save the author of her days. Learn then, conqueror, he is my father!"

"Well," replied the governor, "I will now put an end to your indecision, and oblige you to grant life to this model of filial piety. I deliver to thee that enemy on whom thou desiredst to take vengeance; thou seest before thee the governor of Nanci, who would have given himself up to thee before, had thy barbarous fury not refused to save, at the price of his head, his faithful fellow citizens." At these words, all the inhabitants, whose affection for him was heightened by the heroism of *Télésile*, surrounded her and her father, and forming a rampart about them, demanded to be allowed to die in their place. Never had *Charles* beheld so touching a spectacle. The cries of a suppliant people, kneeling at his feet, ready to die to save their governor; the free and loyal resignation of the old man, who offered himself as a victim; the heart-rending cries of *Télésile*, who swore by heaven never to survive her father; the astonishment and admiration depicted in every countenance; the tears falling from every eye, produced on the conqueror, and even on his soldiers, a feeling they could not define. At last the governor, piercing the surrounding crowd with *Télésile* hanging on his arm, required *Charles* to pronounce their fate. "You shall neither of you die," said this formidable warrior, "it would be indeed too difficult to decide between you; you have penetrated my heart to its core, and, if it is, indeed, glorious to conquer, you have taught me it is still more glorious to forgive. Enjoy," cried he, "enjoy, lovely and noble *Télésile*, all the happiness which awaits you, and receive the reward of your filial heroism, which shall be immortalized by history. I grant you not only the life of your worthy father, but that of every inhabitant in the city. Do not thank me; I owe you much more than you owe to me, for without you, my soul, filled only with the desire of military glory, would never have known the sweets of clemency, which I confess, are superior to any." These words of the conqueror were received with transports of delight; all the inhabitants, overpowered with their expressions of gratitude, uttered cries of joy, in which they were joined by the soldiers of *Charles*, who partook of their master's emotion. This prince, having learned by experience the valour and fidelity of the Lorrainers, declared his intention of making Nanci the capital of his dominions. He restored to the governor his rank and prerogatives. *Télésile* became more dear than ever to her fellow countrywomen. There was no family, no individual, who was not indebted for the preservation of a cherished object, and perhaps for their own existence. Her name was always uttered with love and respect, and, while she lived, she experienced in her happy, honoured, and virtuous life, that we must raise our minds above every circumstance in which we are placed, and that the surest way of escaping danger is by putting our entire confidence in our God, who will enable us to meet it with courage, presence of mind, and resignation.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

THIS wonderful invention, or discovery, which enables us to bring around us the productions of the farthest corners of the globe, is generally referred to the beginning of the fourteenth century; but there is reason to suppose that the peculiar qualities of the magnet were known to the ancients. The long and difficult voyage, which we know they accomplished, seem almost impossible without the aid of the magnet. Even in their native hemisphere the stars were often clouded, and consequently useless as guides; and in the southern hemisphere, the strange aspect of the heavens must have bewildered, instead of aiding them. Yet we know that the ancients circumnavigated Africa; and if, in the spirit of modern incredulity and self-gratulation, we declare their voyages to Britain to be mere coasting expeditions, we must allow the voyage described by Herodotus to have been of a more important character. In fact, mention of the magnet has been traced by learned writers, through clouds and darkness, up to a very remote period. Homer writes:

"No pilot's aid Phœnician vessels need,
Themselves instinct with sense securely speed;
Endued with wondrous skill, untaught they share
The purpose and the will of those they bear;
To fertile realms and distant climates go,
And where each realm and city lies, they know;
Swiftly they fly, and thro' the pathless sea,
Though wrapt in clouds and darkness, find their way."

This quotation has been applied to steam, but we think weakly. Plutarch says that the loadstone was mentioned by Manetho. We cannot trace it in "Cory's Fragments," that precious gift to the unlearned inquirer.

Mr. Maurice, in his "Indian Antiquities," says, "The magnet is mentioned by the most ancient classical writers, under the name of *Lapis Hæraclius*, in allusion to its asserted inventor, Hercules; and Dr. Hyde enables me to affirm, that the Chaldeans and Arabians have immemorially made use of it to guide them over the vast deserts that overspread their respective countries. According to the Chinese records, also, the Emperor, Ching-Vang, about 1,000 years before Christ, presented the ambassadors of the King of Cochin-China with a species of magnetic index. The Chinese called this instrument Chinam, a name by which they at this day denominate the mariner's compass."

It does not appear that the Egyptians were acquainted with the use of the magnet; at least not in that very early age, when those structures were raised which are still the wonders of the world, as the position of the great pyramid stands perfect to the true north. And that nation, enlightened, skilful, rich, were never navigators; the ships sent out by Pharaoh-Neco were manned by Phœnician sailors. It is probable that the magnet was one of the inventions of their eastern ancestors, which was in some measure unnecessary to the Egyptians; but it has been attempted to be proved that this people possessed it. Plato calls it, "The stone which Euripides named the magnet; and some call the Hæraclian stone, which attracts iron rings."

By thus attempting to show that the magnet was known to the ancients, we do not at all endeavour to detract from the merit of modern discovery. How many valuable arts were buried, or lost, in the debris of ignorance which the flood of Gothic ambition spread over Europe? Some revived slowly and secretly, under the influence of monkish seclusion; and, at length, in the course of ages, again made their way to a more enlarged sphere of usefulness. Others were

totally and entirely lost, till the searching intellect of man, clouded, but not extinguished, gave them a new birth. Among the latter we may reckon telescopes, gunpowder, the magnet; and, at a much later period, gas.

The modern inventor of the subject of our remarks shares the fate of the authors of many of the noblest inventions. He cannot be precisely ascertained. Some call him Flavio Gioja, others Giri, a native of Amalfi in Naples; others say, that Marco Polo, who received it in China, and brought it to Europe about 1290 A.D., that is, twelve years before Gioja introduced it, was its first patron in the Western world. But the magnetic needle was known in Europe even before Marco Polo brought it from the East. Vitrianus, Bishop of Ptolemais, who died at Rome, 1244 A.D., says, that "the needle is necessary to ships;" and, from some verses by a French poet, in 1180 A.D., giving a plain description of the mariner's box, it seems that a contrivance similar to the compass, and called *marinette*, was at that period in use in France. The British first suspended the compass, so as to enable it to retain always a horizontal position, and the Dutch gave names to the divisions of the card.

The compass is composed essentially of a magnetic needle, suspended freely on a pivot, and containing a card, marked with the thirty-two points of direction, into which the horizon is divided, and which are thence called *points of the compass*. The needle always points to the north, (excepting slight variations,) and the direction which the ship is steering is therefore determined by a mere inspection of the card. This apparatus is enclosed in a brass box covered with glass, and again freely suspended within another box, in order to prevent the needle being affected by the motion of the vessel. The box, of whatever material it is made, must have no particle of iron in its construction. Upon the same principle as the above all compasses are made.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE GOVERNESS.

THIS, an orphan, and desolate!
Treat her then kindly;
Think of your little ones—
View her faults blindly.
What though a governess?
'Tis a title of honour!
Should you then love her less,
Or trample upon her?

Her blood, as your own,
Is as gentle and pure;
And, not long since, her home
Seem'd as certain and sure.
But death, in one day,
Claim'd her father and mother;
She is now the sole stay
Of a sister and brother.
Treat her not haughtily,
Speak to her kindly;
Think of your little ones—
View her faults blindly.

Would you tread on a flower,
To extract its perfume?
'Tis not when the clouds lower
That it shows its fair bloom.
The caged bird sings sweetly,
When tended with care;
But, handle it roughly,
It dies in despair.

Though the morning is bright,
And the sun darts his ray,
It may rain before night,
And be yet a dark day.
Thus, ere death, your own daughter,
All friendless may be,
As the poor girl who taught her
To lisp on your knee.
Should her robe be more coarse,
Is her skin the less fair?
Does her voice sound more hoarse
Than your own child's? Declare.
If her smile 's not so glad
As you'd have it to be;
Think, that countenance sad
Speaks the heart's misery.
Then cheer her, not chide her,
But speak to her tenderly,
Remember, your God above
Loves her not slenderly.

Like her now,—all motherless,
Your child may yet seek —
The place of a governess,
Humble and meek.
Hark! she's spoken to gruffly—
Your eyes fill with scorn;
"My child treated so roughly!
Gods! can it be borne?"
Treat HER then with courtesy,
Honour and gentleness,
Be affable to her,
Because she's a governess.
By Charles Piesse, Esq.

TO THE NAUTILUS.

WHERE Ausonian summers glowing
Warm the deep to life and joyance,
And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing
Wanton with the waves, that flowing
By many a land of ancient glory,
And many an isle renown'd in story,
Leap along with gladsome buoyance,—
There, mariner,
Dost thou appear,
In fairy pinnace flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.
Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
O'er the furrow'd waters gliding;
Thou nor wreck nor foeman dreadest,
Thou nor helm nor compass needest,
While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosoms hiding;
Thou canst not fear,
Small mariner;
For though the tides with restless motion
Bear thee to the desert ocean—
Far as the ocean stretches to the sky—
'Tis all thine own—'tis all thy empery.

Lame is art, and her endeavour
Follows Nature's course but slowly:
Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
Still improving, perfect never.
Little Nautilus, thou showest
Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,
Lore, which man should study lowly:
Bold faith and cheer,
Small mariner,
Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,—
'Tis a law of life compelling
Obedience, perfect, simple, glad, and free,
To the Great Will that animates the sea.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers,
and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that
ties them."—*Montaigne.*

THE QUEEN AT BONN.

JULES JANIN recounts, with great pleasure, that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, after the *fête*, set off arm in arm through the streets, in despite of the bad weather, to visit his old tutor, his college, and his friends. This was truly entering into the spirit of the country, and recalling to us an anecdote of the late lamented Duke of Orleans. He called one morning to see Ary Scheffer, the artist. On asking the porter if Scheffer was at home, the *janitor* replied, "You'll find him on the third story; and since you are going up, will you be kind enough to take up, at the same time with yourself, this coat that I have been brushing for him?" The Prince walked up to Ary Scheffer, with the latter's coat upon his arm.—*Examiner of last year.*

THERE are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease on all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewn with rose-buds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon. We are born to trouble: and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions;—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life, —the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live.—*Sterne.*

HE that enlarges his curiosity after the works of Nature multiplies the inlets to happiness; and therefore I call upon the younger part of my readers to make use, at once, of the spring of the year, and the spring of life, to acquire, while their minds may yet be impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by Nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.—*Dr. Johnson.*

NATURE has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is *only* his image.—*Pascal.*

WHATEVER God himself has pleased to think worthy of his making, its fellow-creature, man, should not think unworthy of his knowing.—*Boyle.*

* * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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Queen Mary.

See page 351.

THE CINQUE PORTS.¹

No. II.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ISLE OF THANET.

"The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the Dane,
All landing at this Isle, each, like a horrid raine,
Deforming her." *Drayton.*

THE quaint but forcible lines we have selected for our motto, describe briefly and most accurately the hapless destinies of this much-abused island, a short sketch of which may naturally and appropriately precede our notices of the Cinque Ports. This island is regarded usually as a part of the continent of Kent; and, though now divided therefrom by only an insignificant river, was once separated from the main land by a broad estuary, in which that stream which now forms the sole division was hardly perceptible. The term Thanet has been derived from a Saxon word, signifying moist or

watery. Archdeacon Battely deduces the name from the British word Tân, a fire; and Lewis says that Thanet was called Tenet or Taned-lond, by our Saxon ancestors, from tene, a fire or beacon, on account of the number and frequency of the beacons lighted therein, to give notice of incursions of Danes or pirates. This seems to be the most generally received interpretation of the name, though a more romantic one was, that the term Thanaton, or Athanaton (first used by Julius Solinus) was applied to the island because no serpents or venomous creatures will live in it. Indeed it has been asserted that the soil carried elsewhere will destroy these reptiles; but modern scepticism classes this venerable adage with that which tells of St. Patrick charming away the snakes of the Emerald Isle.

Nothing remarkable seems to have attached to the destinies of the Isle of Thanet from the

(1) Continued from page 228.

departure of the Romans until the arrival of the Saxons, which was the hinge on which her subsequent bloody fortunes seemed to turn; for the reckless and profligate king, who sought the aid of the Saxon brothers against enemies he had not the manhood to repel, appointed to Hengist and Horsa and their followers the Isle of Thanet as a residence, besides other pay and payment, in requital of the aid he solicited. "With Hengist and Horsa, came nine thousand Saxons, with their wives and children, and were appointed the Isle of Thanet to inhabit. The assistance which they at first gave the British made them that *they accounted the Saxons as angels sent from heaven*; and then they allowed them Kent also for their inhabiting. Not long after Hengist obtained of King Vortigern the property of so much ground as he could enclose with a bull's hide; which, cutting into thongs, he there built the castle called 'Thong Castle.'"

Having obtained this footing, the wily savages never relinquished it; and though on some occasions, when they endeavoured to pursue their conquests further, they were routed by the brave and patriotic prince Vortimer, still they were never, even in his most successful rencounters, driven entirely from this stronghold, the Isle of Thanet, whither, on the slightest opening, additional swarms were perpetually pouring over from the Continent. They were formidable opponents. They were a finely formed race; their "yellow hair" flowed over their shoulders, and they wore close short coats, which displayed their tall symmetrical figures to the greatest advantage. They were armed with long spears, very small shields, and knives hanging at their breast; and thus accoutred, they braved the heavy seas in small rude boats; and withal were so perfectly at home and independent in them in the stormiest weather, that were we now to see them, the proverb would be apt to suggest itself, "Who's born to be hanged will never be drowned." It is said that they were so inured to the sea that they almost dreaded the land; but this must have been before they were acquainted with *Thanet-lande*.

Too soon—all too soon—the brave prince Vortimer died through the treachery of his stepmother Rowena; and, though he gave orders that he should be buried near the spot where the Saxons were wont to land, and should have a conspicuous monument placed over his remains, in order that his tomb might frighten the invaders away, it does not appear that this happy result ensued; but it is hinted by some that his injunctions were not obeyed.

The Saxon was not slow to avail himself of the advantages arising from his brave adversary's death. His wiles and his treachery were now unopposed; and, as the historian says, he must have been a terrible enemy. "If he took you unawares, he was gone in a moment; he despised opposition, and certainly worsted you, if you were not well provided. If he pursued, he undoubtedly caught you; if he flew, he always escaped."

Had the unworthy king Vortigern possessed the spirit of a man, he still was not gifted with shrewdness to counteract the subtlety of his treacherous friends. History recounts how Hengist slew 300 British nobility at a banquet, and forced the king, would he escape the same fate, to yield as a ransom not only Kent, but a large tract of land bordering thereupon, which was immediately peopled with Saxons, and divided into East Sexa, or Seaxe

(Essex); South Seaxe (Sussex); and Middle Seaxe (Middlesex).

Nor did this great concession suffice them. Excited perhaps—for they were a most superstitious people—by the auguries of their soothsayers, who prophesied that they should plunder the country 150 years, and possess it in quiet for twice that time, they put no limits to their encroachments, no restraint on their appetites; and, following the dictates of a bloody religion acting on untutored minds, no bounds to their cruelty. They ravaged the whole land with fire and sword; buildings, public and private, were razed to the ground; the Church—the ancient and then flourishing British Church—was a peculiar object of their enmity; the ministers of religion were tracked to their furthest retreats; the priests were slain at the altars; whole hecatombs were raised of slaughtered natives, men, women, and children, indiscriminately; paganism resumed its sway; and the Saxon lorded it over the bleeding isle.

But time not only reconciled the heart-burnings and jealousies of the Britons and their foes, but peace and quietude ameliorated the habits of the fierce intruders themselves; and when Saint Augustine came to the Isle of Thanet on his mission of peace, the Saxon king showed a heart ripe for Christianity, in his kind and courteous bearing towards the strangers. The mission was abundantly successful; and the good seed had happily taken deep root, and spread abroad in the land, ere the Isle of Thanet again became the seat of ruthless contention and pitiless strife, from the aggressions of the fierce and savage Danes. If all we read be true, the Saxons themselves, in their rudest days, must have been mild and merciful compared with those "barbarous wolves." The notices in the Saxon Chronicle regarding the irruptions of the Danish pirates, though very brief, and written with a simplicity almost severe, give one a forcible idea of the horrors of the period. These notices extend from A.D. 787 to A.D. 1011.

Though the Danes did not confine their aggressions to the Isle of Thanet, (for bloody are the deeds that other counties record,) still their irruptions here seem to have been more constant, general, and continuous than elsewhere, and fully to have justified the frequent remark of the Chronicles, that "Thanet also was not suffered to rest." We learn, that though they occasionally lived as quiet inmates with the inhabitants, these truces occurred but seldom; and they frequently and suddenly (even immediately after a peace had been bought at a high price) would summon farther aid from home, additional ships would speedily arrive on the coast of Kent, and they would spoil the country, "*especially the Isle of Thanet*." Their pride and insolence kept pace with their cruelty; the English, we are told, were toiling in the dust, whilst the Danes revelled in idleness, and in the luxuries of the land; and so marked, so habitual, was the contrast, that "Lord Dane" (for so were they called) became a popular reproachful synonym for "lazy lubber."

Were history silent or doubtful on the subject, popular tradition would even now suffice to point out the Isle of Thanet as the theatre of Danish contest. Every hillock almost is referred to as the site of a combat, or the place of the burial of Danes. The whole island is redolent of them.

There are several pillars of modern erection, and now expressly intended as beacons for mariners; but many, or most of these, are supposed originally to have been trophies erected over different fields of battle.

"Is there a river in the land
Can boast a clear and guiltless wave,
Pure from the life-blood of the brave,
Where no man wash'd his gory hand?
I fear me, no! Is there a plain
By shepherd's lonely footsteps trod,
Where some huge heap of native slain
Swells not the turfy sod?"

Most richly does the Isle of Thanet seem to have been endowed with religious edifices, owing, doubtless, to its near neighbourhood to the early seat of archiepiscopal empire, and, it may be, to some feelings of regard in St. Augustine and his followers for the place where they first found shelter in Britain. Indeed, tradition is not backward in ascribing the fertility and fruitfulness for which this island is so very remarkable, to the coming of Augustine, the "first doctor of the English;" and this may readily be allowed without assigning anything miraculous or magical to his operations. Like England at large, Thanet was thickly wooded; indeed, many names in the island, even now, bear testimony to that fact. Far from clearing them away, the natives looked upon them as their homes, their refuge; and, while these woods clogged the atmosphere with vapour, prevented a free circulation of air on the ground, and intercepted the rays of the sun, it is certain that the soil must have been damp, unwholesome, and unproductive. It is well understood that, in the early days of the Church, agriculture was studied and greatly encouraged by its members; and that, by their skill, science, and industry, the most unpromising tracts were converted into smiling and luxuriant gardens. Thus may it have been that the principles of agriculture were first introduced into Thanet by the Church, and the adage have originated that St. Augustine rendered it fertile. Fertile it is now, indeed,—most luxuriantly so. It is said that the Flemings first discovered its natural aptitude for the growth of esculent vegetables, which thrive here profusely; and it is also said that the first market garden in England was placed in the Isle of Thanet. The luxuriant appearance of the island is very much increased by the absence of the hedge-rows and small divisions which are seen in many other counties. The country is all undulating, and the sweeps of waving grain rising or sinking according to the variations of the land for many, many acres, without break or division, have certainly a very beautiful effect. The soil is peculiar, and, from that circumstance, a season so wet as to be considered unfavourable, generally is well suited to Thanet; whence the old saying—

"When England brings
The Island sings."

This adage presents a most courageous achievement in ellipsis; the full reading would be—

"When England wrings (her hands for grief)
The Island sings."

A FAREWELL VISIT TO THE CHINESE EXHIBITION.

ON paying a farewell visit to the Chinese Exhibition a few days since, (that exhibition being about to close for the purpose of removal from London,) we were led to review its interesting contents as suggestive of the following inquiry,—How is it that a people, possessing the marvellous skill and ingenuity here displayed, together with a degree of perseverance and industry almost beyond conception,—how is it that such a nation should have remained, age after age, in a condition nearly stationary, and without making those sensible advances which might be expected from the character of the people, and from the natural and physical advantages which arise out of the position of China among the nations of Asia?

A glance at the three colossal figures near the entrance door of the saloon was almost a sufficient reply. These figures, which are eleven feet high, and richly gilt, represent the Chinese god *Fo*, or *Budha*, whose disciples affirm that he is one person, but has three distinct forms. These images are therefore called the "three precious or pure Budhas, past, present, and to come." The gross superstitions of Buddhism, though disowned by the Chinese government, overspread great part of the nation, and are well calculated to enslave the minds of the people, and to repress the aspirations of the human intellect. Besides their principal deity, Buddhists have numerous minor divinities, whose number appears to be constantly liable to increase. They worship with much ceremony the idol *Tien-how*, "Queen of Heaven," (called also *Shing-moo*, "the Holy Mother,") supposed by many writers to have been adopted from the Roman Catholic worship of the Virgin; and, in one of their idol-temples, a missionary actually beheld the priests burning incense before a *bust of Napoleon*, which had by some means or other come into their possession.

The tendency of Buddhism is to repress the faculties of the mind, so as to reduce men to a state of total abstraction or quietism, without passions, and almost without human desires. The common sense of the Chinese people, and their fondness for the ordinary business of life, prevents their reception of all the absurdities of Buddhism; they are mostly content to leave these things to the priests, and to purchase their good offices for the supply of their own deficiencies. On the priests themselves the Buddhist creed appears to have a most debasing influence. "They have nearly all of them," says Davis, "an expression approaching to idiotcy, which is probably acquired in that dreamy state in which one of their most famous professors is said to have passed nine years, with his eyes fixed upon a wall!" The priests are associated together in monasteries attached to the temple of their god, and they encourage the formation of communities of female devotees. Between the priests of Budha and those of the Romish church, there are several strange coincidences, which greatly surprised the first Roman Catholic missionaries to China, and led them to suppose that the Chinese had, in some way or other, obtained a glimpse of the practices of Christian churches. On the other hand, those persons who are of opinion that many of the ceremonies and rites of the Romish church are

directly borrowed from paganism, are confirmed in that opinion by the fact of these coincidences.

The priests of Budha (one of whom is represented in full canonicals in Case II. of this Exhibition) shave the whole of the head, practise celibacy, fasting, and prayers for the dead; they have holy water, rosaries of beads, which they count with their prayers, the worship of relics, a monastic habit, resembling that of the Franciscans, prayers in a language unknown to the people, and finally, the worship of the "queen of heaven." Their temples are the nine-storied pagodas of China, though in some of the provinces of the interior, seven-storied pagodas are met with. Wherever these pagodas are in good repair, (for many are in ruins,) they are found connected with extensive establishments, deriving a portion of their revenue from the land adjoining. They are enriched by the gifts and bequests of their votaries, and most of them support a crowd of idle and ignorant priests, but the government has nothing to do with their maintenance. The doctrine taught by these priests is, that there is no First Cause, but that matter is eternal. Their gods are beings who have exalted themselves by their merit; among whom Boodh, the founder of the Buddhist religion, is said to have been a son of the king of Benares, who flourished about six hundred years before Christ, and to have had, in various ages, ten incarnations. The heaven of the Buddhists is a place of sensual enjoyment, to which the merit of the creature is to exalt him, even to a rank among the demi-gods. The hell of the Buddhists is a place of various degrees of torture, beginning with "the world of snakes." It is the duty of a Buddhist to keep a sort of debtor and creditor account of his merits and demerits, and wind up his accounts every year. If the merits prevail, they go over to the next year; if the demerits, then he has to perform a certain number of good deeds to set against the balance. Among the good deeds, presents to the priests and the temple hold a high rank. The transmigration of souls is a doctrine of the Buddhist religion, and this is supposed to be practically illustrated in the case of the Grand Lama of Thibet, who is the great high priest of the Buddhists, and whose soul, on quitting the body, is supposed instantly to animate that of an infant.

But it may be said that the religion of Budha, not being that of the state, nor in any measure supported by the Chinese government, cannot be the sole, or even the chief cause of the stationary position of the Chinese among the civilized nations of the earth. Let us then glance at the state religion of China, if we may so designate that which is rather a system of philosophy and political economy than of religion, having no priesthood but the emperor and his civil mandarins, and no regular religious worship. The whole system of Chinese government is based on the doctrines of Confucius, a philosopher and statesman, born about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. Moral and political science formed the study of Confucius, and these were illustrated by his teaching and his writings, the latter of which are reckoned as the sacred books of China, and contain precepts of acknowledged wisdom, and rules of conduct that are remarkable for their excellence. Yet the system of Confucius, like every other human system of philosophy, contains much that

is positively mischievous and wrong, while it encourages self-sufficiency and pride in its followers. In his political works the sage rightly commences with morals as the foundation of politics, and with the conduct of an individual father in his family as the prototype of a sovereign's sway over his people. And it has been the aim of Chinese statesmen and rulers to push to extremes the paternal authority among the people, as this must have a direct tendency to strengthen the authority of the emperor.

Dr. Morrison remarks, that even the ethics of Confucius dwell chiefly on those social duties which have a political bearing. "A family is the prototype of his nation or empire, and he lays at the bottom of his system, not the visionary notions, which have no existence in nature, of *independence* or *equality*, but principles of *dependence* and *subordination*, as of children to parents, the younger to the elder, and so on. These principles are perpetually inculcated in the Confucian writings, as well as embodied in solemn ceremonies, and in apparently trivial forms of etiquette. It is probably this feature of his doctrines which has made him such a favourite with all the governments of China for many centuries past, and down to this day. These principles and these forms are early instilled into young minds, and form the basis of their moral sentiment; the elucidation and enforcement of these principles and forms is the business of students who aspire to be magistrates or statesmen, and of the wealthy who desire nominal rank in the country; and it is, in all likelihood, owing chiefly to the influence of these principles on the national mind and conscience, that China holds together the largest associated population in the world."

It is rather difficult to gather out of the system of Confucius the true object of his religious belief. That philosopher had evidently no great respect for the gods, and did not profess to instruct his followers concerning them. His whole aim seems to have been to raise and purify the character of the people, to preach and to practise those virtues which form the stability of an empire, as well as the highest honour of the individuals composing it. And may we not suppose that in those earnest endeavours he was directed and enlightened from above, and was permitted to catch a glimpse of truths, for the reception of which his fellow-countrymen were, perhaps, not yet prepared? It appears evident that Confucius placed his trust in a Heavenly Power, which he believed would carry forward the work of reformation in the empire. But so dim were his views of the true nature of that power, that he placed it on an equality with the wisest of men, and with the earth itself. "The sage," he says, "is united with heaven and earth so as to form a triad. To be united to heaven and earth, means to stand equal with heaven and earth." Notwithstanding this assumption of equality with the higher powers, it is recorded of him that he was singularly modest as to his own pretensions, and ever exhibited the most unpretending humility. It must not, therefore, be laid to the charge of the philosopher himself, that his followers at the present day are remarkable for their high and self-sufficient bearing to all such as have not the honour to profess the state religion. Confucius is held in the highest respect by the Chinese, and in every city, even down to those of

the third rank, there is a temple dedicated to him. He is called "the most holy teacher of ancient time," and, as his system of philosophy and morality does not come into direct collision with other persuasions, so he is revered by the Chinese generally, whether of the state religion or not.

The creed of the Confucians of the present day must not be supposed to present the views and principles of the great philosopher without addition or perversion. The commentators on the sacred books have been many, and they have doubtless construed them on many occasions in a way quite different from the intentions of the author. The mode of worship in use at the present time among the Confucians consists, first, of the "great sacrifices" which are offered to "Heaven and Earth," but which are not allowed by the wiser among the worshippers to be an adoration of material things, but of an animating intelligence which presides over the world, rewarding virtue and punishing vice. The "medium sacrifices," and the "lesser sacrifices" are offered to a multitude of objects, such as the powers presiding over agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts; spirits of deceased statesmen, eminent scholars, martyrs to virtue, &c. Thus the state religion is indeed one of "gods many and lords many."

The worship of "Heaven" is confined to the emperor and his court, and should one of the common people dare to assume the right of worshipping Heaven, he is punished with eighty blows, and even with strangulation. The power of the emperor in interceding for the people is supposed to be great. On the occasion of a great drought in the year 1832, the emperor prayed thus:—"I, the minister of Heaven, am placed over mankind, and made responsible for keeping the world in order, and tranquillizing the people. Unable as I am to sleep or eat with composure, scorched with grief, and trembling with anxiety, still no genial and copious showers have yet descended. . . I ask myself whether in sacrificial services I have been remiss—whether pride and prodigality have had a place in my heart, springing up there unobserved—whether, from length of time, I have become careless in the concerns of government—whether I have uttered irreverent words, and deserved reprehension—whether perfect equity has been attained in conferring rewards and inflicting punishments—whether, in raising mausoleums and laying out gardens, I have distressed the people, and wasted property—whether, in the appointment of officers, I have failed to obtain fit persons, and thereby rendered government vexatious to the people—whether the largesses conferred on the afflicted southern provinces were properly applied, or the people left to die in ditches. Prostrate I beg Imperial Heaven to pardon my ignorance and dullness, and to grant me self-renovation; for myriads of innocent people are involved by me, a single man. My sins are so numerous that it is hopeless to escape their consequences. Summer is passed, and autumn arrived; to wait longer is impossible. Prostrate, I implore Imperial Heaven to grant a gracious deliverance."

There is a third sect in China quite distinct from the Confucians, and the Buddhists. This is the *Taou* sect, so called from *Taou*, a philosopher, contemporary with Confucius. This sect is idolatrous and superstitious, like the rest, and its sacred books

are full of the most absurd and puerile legends. A priest of the *Taou* sect is represented in full dress in Case II.

Thus the state of the Chinese, as to spiritual and eternal things, is one of "gross darkness;" while the tendency of their various superstitions is to inflate the mind with pride and self-importance, and to hinder the reception of simple truth. The wise doctrines of Confucius, indeed, tend to earthly prosperity, and maintain a state of order and subordination among the people; but all progress in real knowledge is sadly encumbered by false and superstitious views on the subject of religion. The education and literature of the Celestial Empire has been much extolled, on account of its universality, as it regards the male sex, and the sure prospects of advancement to posts of honour which are held out to successful scholars. But the instruction itself is extremely limited, and none dare swerve from the prescribed track, or study other matters than those which are necessary to make them good subjects of the empire. All must be done exactly after the ancient manner, and there is no thirsting for new discoveries, or prying into the mysteries of nature. The dresses of literary men, and their method of keeping and arranging their books, are shown in Case III. of the collection.

The Chinese have few public holidays. There is, of course, no regular observance of a sabbath, but there are feasts dependent on the sun and moon. The greatest of these is that of the New Year. The people sit up the whole of the preceding night, letting off fireworks, performing sacred rites, and preparing their houses for the solemnities of the new year. No work that can possibly be omitted is done for the first three days, and public business is suspended for forty days, that the prescribed ceremonials may be duly observed. Tickets of congratulation are sent, and presents exchanged; crowds repair to the different temples, and visits are universally paid. The Feast of Lanterns, which occurs soon after this, is a general illumination throughout the empire. On this occasion a vast variety of lanterns are displayed, made of silk, varnish, horn, paper, and glass, some of them having figures of men and animals in full motion. The moving power is the heated air of the lamp, which turns a horizontal wheel; the lamp itself is simply a cotton wick, immersed in a cup of oil. This Feast of Lanterns is represented with considerable brilliancy and effect at the Exhibition.

An interesting festival is held by the Chinese in honour of the return of spring. Musicians, and children decked with flowers, escort a clay figure of the buffalo (the animal used to plough the flooded rice grounds) into the city. The Governor goes out at the eastern gate to meet it, and delivers an address, in his capacity of "Priest of Spring." About the same time of the year, after the performance of certain sacrifices, the emperor goes through the ceremony of ploughing a few furrows, in which he is followed and imitated by the princes and ministers of state, in token of the protection they are willing to afford to agriculture. The empress also appears in person in the silkworm districts; and, after sacrificing at the altar of the inventor of the silk manufacture, proceeds, with her principal ladies, to gather the mulberry leaves, feed the silkworms, heat the cocoons in water, wind off the silk, &c. The dresses of ladies of distinction, their

mode of arranging their hair, the cruel distortion of their feet, with specimens of their embroidery, are to be seen in Case IV. of the Collection.

In some branches of manufacture, the Chinese are very skilful. In metals, they have the art of casting iron into thin plates, and of repairing vessels thus constructed, by means of a small furnace and blow-pipe. But they are so prejudiced in favour of their own productions, that a better article, if it has a foreign fashion about it, will be hardly looked at. They also make a white copper, much resembling silver, which has a close grain, and takes a good polish. It is an alloy of copper, zinc, and iron, with a little silver, and occasionally some nickel. Several mechanics at work, with all their tools about them, are represented in Case VI. of the Collection. The patience and ingenuity of the Chinese are remarkably shown in their carvings of wood and ivory, many exquisite specimens of which adorn this Collection. "Those ivory balls," says Davis, "containing sometimes as many as seven or eight others in the interior, have long excited the surprise of Europeans, and even led to the supposition that some deception must be exercised in joining the exterior balls after the others have been inserted. They are, however, really cut out, one within the other, by means of sharp, crooked instruments, working through the numerous round holes with which the balls are perforated, and which enable the workmen to cut away the substance between, and thus to detach the balls from one another; after which the surfaces are carved. Their skill and industry are not less shown in cutting the hardest materials, as exemplified in their snuff-bottles of agate and rock-crystal, which are hollowed into perfect bottles of about two inches in length, through openings in the neck not a quarter of an inch in diameter! But more than this, the crystal bottles are inscribed on the *inside* with minute characters, so as to be read through the transparent substance!"

The great manufactures of the Chinese are silk and porcelain, the originality of which is undoubted. These are well illustrated by the magnificent specimens contained in this Collection, which cannot be viewed without giving high ideas of the skill and ability of the manufacturers. The specimens of lacquered ware are also exceedingly beautiful, as are likewise a vast number of miscellaneous articles, too diversified to allow of description. The specimens of the fine arts here exhibited far surpassed our expectations. The estimate of Chinese painting has hitherto been so low, that it was with difficulty we could persuade ourselves of the fact, that these portraits and landscapes are produced by native artists.

Altogether, a view of this Collection is calculated to excite admiration and respect for the character and abilities of the Chinese, and an earnest wish that the day may not be far distant, when their intercourse with Christian lands may have the happy effect of softening their prejudices, and preparing the way for the reception of a religion which shall bring all blessings in its train, and quickly put to flight the clouds of error which now obscure the spiritual horizon of China.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS,

(No. VI.—Continued.)

HIRUNDINIDÆ, OR SWALLOW FAMILY.

The House Martin (*Hirundo Urbica*). This species reaches England about three weeks after the chimney-swallow, with which it may have left Africa, but, being endowed with less power of wing, has been distanced on the journey; or the martins may be less able to face heavy gales, and therefore wait till the winter winds have spent their rage. It is a more elegant bird than the chimney-swallow, presenting to our admiration its beautiful snow-white breast, seeming as if formed to dwell in the purest regions of the air, where nought of taint could reach its delicate plumage. It also exhibits more of the rich purple on the back and wings than the first-mentioned bird, producing a most brilliant appearance when a flock of these beautiful birds is seen wheeling for hours together in the sunlight, which develops every tint of their richly-coloured wings. Some may deem its shape less graceful than the form of its kindred species, as the body is shorter and the tail less forked; the wings are also deficient in that sweep which contributes to form the beautiful movements of the chimney-swallow. On this point the *Hirundo Urbica* must yield to the *Hirundo Rustica*; but its pleasing colours will more than compensate for the inferiority of form and movement.

The appellation *Urbica*, given to this martin, designates one of its most interesting habits, that of building against the walls of our houses. This tendency brings the martin into the closest familiarity with man, whether the nest be raised under the weather-board of the cottage door, where the peasant children gaze with delight on the bright creature, as with gentle twitter it flies over their curly heads to its home, or against the windows of the scholar's library, who oft pauses a moment from thought to mark its happy movements.

It is an interesting sight to watch a pair of these birds whilst constructing the nest. At first there is evidently something like thought respecting the choice of a position. This being settled, the birds begin to work with untiring zeal. They do not build through the whole day, but principally in the morning; and thus the work of one morning becomes dry and hardened by the ensuing. If the nest were raised without such intervals, the mass would become too heavy for the moist clay to support, and fall down; this is prevented by allowing one layer to dry before adding another. Just upon this principle do the cotters in Devonshire raise those walls of earth which are often seen in that part of England. After a stratum of earth is laid, no further progress is made until the whole part already formed is thoroughly dry, when a fresh stratum is formed; after which there is another delay, and so is the work continued until the building is completed. But how does the martin produce that adhesiveness in the clay, which causes every part to cling together so firmly and so long? Let the most skilful mechanist try to form a piece of earth-work resembling the martin's nest, and placed, like it, against a perpendicular wall; he will soon find the attempt hopeless. We will watch the bird's operations in building. As soon as a fit place is selected, we hear at the earliest dawn a constant twittering about the spot, as if the birds, like merry contented workmen, lightened their labours by pleasant carols. Approaching, we see first one bit of earth, then another, added to the tiny house. The martin does not merely place the bit of earth upon the previously collected matter, but works for some time kneading the fresh bit with its beak and chin into the substance of the old work. After some troweling of this nature, it flies away for more materials, which are again incorporated into the pre-

ceding deposit. The clay seems to be moistened in some way by a secretion from the bird's mouth-glands, and thus to acquire that glue-like property which renders the nest firm and durable. When well placed, they will resist for years both summer and winter storms, with all the alternations of heat and cold, drought and wet; after which time it requires some powerful blows of a stick to effect their destruction. So viscid is the substance of the nest, that the marks of its adhesion cannot be obliterated from the wood-work of a house without the application of mop and brush.

"It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
Yon bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut;
No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert;
No glue to join; his little beak was all:
And yet, how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement, and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?"

The martins are sometimes exceedingly unfortunate in the choice of a place for the nest, raising it where its destruction is inevitable; an illustration of the oft-repeated remark, that a little *reason* would avoid dangers which the finest *instinct* rushes into.

A pair began this year to build on the top frame of a window, opening outside in the manner of a door. As this window was shut every evening, the whole work of each day was constantly swept off the ledge by its closing. The writer hoped the birds would desist from building in that spot after one or two instances of destruction had occurred; instead of which, they pertinaciously repaired every morning the ruins of the previous evening, till after repeated disappointments the hopeless attempt was relinquished. One circumstance, rendering this pertinacity more remarkable, was the late hour at which the window was opened in the morning, thus forcing the birds to delay their labours some hours after their usual time of work had commenced. I was sorry to disturb or incommode the little things, but their instinct-illogicalness had led them to a place whence their dislodgement was unavoidable.

These nests are fully occupied during a season, as the martin has generally two broods in a summer, which sport round the houses honoured by their choice, till the autumnal gales sound the alarm of winter. As the martins do not appear to increase in numbers, such numerous families are clearly designed to replace the losses caused by their migrations to warmer homes. Thousands and tens of thousands of these snow-bosomed birds perish during their long journeyings, in which they are necessarily exposed to the fierce winds of the tropics, so prevalent during spring and autumn. The martins probably suffer more than the other swallows, in consequence of their less vigorous powers of flight, and this waste is repaired by the large families raised in a year by each pair. Perhaps no birds leave such numbers of their companions dead in the ocean waters as the martins. Thus, after a gay life, amid the pastures, and along the banks of the fair winding rivers, of England, hosts of the Hirundines perish in the cold blue waves of the Mediterranean.

Their autumnal migration, which is generally towards the end of October, is performed in vast armies, which gather their companies together in our villages and hamlets, as if forming their battalions for some grand struggle with the elements of nature. The villages on the banks of gentle rivers, and especially those on the willow-fringed margins of the Thames, swarm with the gathering arrays, which send forth in still evening the not unmusical sounds from a thousand fluttering wings. None would willingly believe harsh things of these birds of beauty, but truth-loving philosophy will not hide the revelations of nature behind flimsy veils of fancy, nor substitute the gorgeousness of fable for the

pure and starry brightness of reality. An astronomer would gain little by wilfully closing his eyes to the spots on the sun or the moon; nor will the true naturalist degrade his pursuit to a collection of childish babblings, seeking no end but the excitement of a weak admiration. What then must truth declare of the martin? No less than this, that these apparently gentle birds often leave their young to perish in the nest, when hatched late in the year, and provide for their own safety by joining in the general migration.

Their nests have often been examined, and great numbers found to contain dead birds, or eggs which have been abandoned when on the point of hatching. These deserted nests are only found late in the year, when an irresistible passion impels the parent birds to abandon objects which, at other times, they would most fondly have cherished. These desertions appear, in some seasons, to be numerous, as out of thirty-six nests examined in one autumn, fifteen contained dead birds. Such abandonments of the young by a bird are singular exceptions to the general law which prompts the feathered tribes to nurture and protect, with a fond assiduity, their nestlings. But these cases of apparent cruelty in the martin arise from the strong influence of another law, that of migration in due time, upon obedience to which the existence of the swallow family depends. When the approach of winter stirs within the swallow the workings of this principle, all others yield for a time to its overpowering force; even a long-tried affection for the young then submits to another impulse. To the last the martin watches and tends its nestlings. At length it sees its fellows congregate, hears their signal for departure, and, seized by the wild impulse, springs aloft, and joins the migrating host, whilst its young are necessarily left to perish. Our house-martin is not found in America, where its place is probably supplied by the green martin, (*Hirundo Berides*), which is beautifully marked on the back and wings by tints of green and blue; or by the purple martin, (*Hirundo Purpurea*), distinguished by the purplish hues of its breast and belly. This last bird is sometimes seen in flocks of two miles in length, by half a mile in width, and receives protection and shelter from the people, who build compact bird-houses to attract this martin to nestle in their gardens.

The Sand Martin, (*Hirundo Riparia*.) This species resembles, in its general habits, the other members of the Swallow family, and is here noticed on account of its peculiar tendency to form its nest in deep hollows of river banks, or such like localities. From this habit it has been characterised by the term, "*riparia*," which the English reader may translate by the word "*bank*;" the full name, "*Hirundo riparia*," signifying the *bank swallow*. This habit was noted ages ago; and Pliny the Elder, in his great work on natural history and science, applies the term "*riparia*" to the sand-martin. Thus, for nearly 1800 years, this bird has enjoyed the honour of an unchanged appellation. It is the smallest of the swallow family, and comparatively rare in the south of England, though more frequently seen than some imagine. These martins have not the bold and long-sweeping flight of the other swallows, but fly in a series of oscillations, somewhat resembling the motions of a butterfly, from which, perhaps, they are called, in some parts of Spain, *Papilion di Montagna*, or *Mountain Butterfly*.

The nests are usually formed in the banks of rivers, but are sometimes found in sand, at some distance from water. The active bird bores a winding opening into the bank, of more than two feet in length, at the extremity of which it forms a comfortable little home for its young. Some banks appear to have an especial attraction for these birds, and are completely riddled for some distance; 400 holes having been counted within a space of eighty yards, in such banks. The solitary shores of the great American rivers swarm with these birds, and the traveller is often startled by

the clouds which suddenly dart across the stream from their sandy hiding places.

By what means does the sand-martin pierce through the solid materials of a bank? The slender beak is the sole instrument, joined to perseverance; and this delicate agency accomplishes in time the object of the little feathered miner. The labour required in driving such a tunnel is of course great, but the work is finished in a few days, the roof with its arch-form constructed, and the chamber at the extremity formed, with that instinct-skill which so often appears in the works of the feathered engineers.

The Swift. (*Hirundo Apus*.) This species might be called a large swallow by the general observer, as its habits do not much differ from those of the other Hirundines. It is not classed by all naturalists amongst the Hirundinidae, receiving a distinct appellation, (*Cypselus Apus*), which is supposed to characterise the habit and appearance of the bird. This name signifies the *footless hive-builder*; *cypselus* expressing its habits of building in holes of walls, and *apus* referring to the shortness of the feet. The former name has been given to this swallow since the days of Aristotle, but the Linnean name, *Hirundo Apus*, seems not very unsuitable, as there can be little doubt respecting the claim of the swift to rank with the swallows. Linnaeus classed it amongst the Hirundines, but he applied the term *apus*, or footless, to the bird, which is, of course, inaccurate, and so far objectionable. *Cypselus Murarius* has been thought a fitter designation by Temminck, as *murarius* denotes the Swift's habit of frequenting ancient walls, and the hollows of grey ruins. But surely *Hirundo Murarius* is sufficiently exact, avoiding the error implied by the word *apus*, and the fault of needlessly increasing the number of genera, to which objection the use of *cypselus* does certainly seem liable. The feet of the swift are so short as to unfit it for motion on the ground, on which it rarely alights. The toes are all in *front of the foot*, and so much curved, as to resemble the claws of the falcon. This structure enables the swift to cling firmly to the sides of perpendicular walls and rocks, which are its principal resting-places; and the feet are not designed for locomotion, but for a grasping apparatus. The long and powerful wings enable this bird of the airy realms to keep on the wing for sixteen hours through the long days of summer, when it may be seen disporting at immense heights, as if delighted to live beyond the many-voiced din of earth. Not till the last crimson rays have faded from the western clouds, do the swifts descend from their high paths to roost in some ivy-clad tower, or ruined castle wall. Should sultry thunder-clouds gather along the horizon, the swifts are seen to dart to and fro, with exulting glee, as if eager to mingle in the strife of the tempest. Probably such weather brings within its easy reach myriads of insects, and hence the bird's delight at such times can be explained on the most approved principles of utilitarianism.

The swift does not remain in England longer than three months, arriving about the middle of May, and leaving in August; it therefore has but one brood in the season, which being reared, the warm regions of the South are again sought. But, though the stay is short, the bird retains its summer home in memory, returning year after year to the same places. Dr. Jenner tested this habit of the swift, by taking from each of twelve birds two of their claws, by which mark he was able to recognise at the end of seven years one of the maimed birds in its former haunt.

The colour of the swift is a bright black, except the chin, which is white. Their hues become much dimmed by the nesting labours, and they consequently leave us in worn and soiled apparel.

This bird is not much of an architect, satisfying itself by a rude nest of dry vegetable matter and feathers.

The Java Swallow. (*Hirundo Esculenta*.) Our li-

imited space prevents more than a brief notice of this bird, which indeed offers little to attract attention, if its nests are excepted. Some birds gain ornithological distinction by their modes of life; this derives its importance from its house. The term *esculenta* (eatable) applies of course to the *nest*, not to the bird, and is therefore a clumsy epithet when connected with the word *Hirundo*. Asiatic, Indian, or Java Swallow would be a more correct designation. The nests of this bird are formed from certain portions of its food, and are collected with the utmost care by the natives of the Chinese seas, who risk their lives to procure from precipitous rocks these prized specimens of bird-manufacture. The matter of which these nests are composed is sold in the Chinese markets, at a cost equal to thirty shillings of our money for a pound's weight, and is used for soup. The nests are reduced to a substance resembling isinglass, after twenty-four hours' boiling. More than 2,500lbs weight of these nests are collected yearly in Java, and, as each nest weighs about half an ounce, the number taken must be immense. Men have thus laid a swallow under contribution to increase their luxuries, and from the substance of a bird's nest extracted piquancy for their dishes. Some have imagined these singular nests to be formed from the scum floating on the sea, or from sea-plants, but this supposition appears unfounded.

Goldsmith is a little irritated when writing of this eastern food, exclaiming sarcastically, "What a pity this luxury hath not been introduced among us, and then our great feasters might be enabled to eat a little more!"

Here must terminate this account of the swallows, which are now in tens of thousands rejoicing amongst us, and enlivening by their beautiful forms the banks of our gentle streams, and broad rivers, whilst over tangled copses, and across flowery meads, these birds of brightness wheel in their fulness of delight.

ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN.

THE following interesting account of the Ascent of the Peter Botte Mountain, Mauritius, on the 7th September, 1832, extracted from a private letter from Lieutenant Taylor, R. A., is taken from the Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society, for 1832.

"You are no doubt aware from my former letter that the Peter Botte has always been considered inaccessible, and, although a tradition exists of a man of that name having ascended it and losing his life in returning, it is seldom believed, no authentic account remaining of the fact. A Frenchman, forty-two years ago, declared that he had got on the top by himself, and made a hole in the rock for a flagstaff, and his countrymen naturally believed him; but the value of this assertion may be also judged of by the present narrative. The ascent has been frequently attempted, and by several people, of late years; once by the officers of His Majesty's ship Samarang, who lost their way, and found themselves separated from the Peter Botte itself by a deep cleft in the rock, and in consequence were compelled to return. Captain Lloyd, chief civil engineer, and your old friend Dawkins, made the attempt last year, and succeeded in reaching a point between the shoulder and the neck, where they planted a ladder, which did not, however, reach half-way up a perpendicular face of rock that arrested their progress. This was the last attempt. Captain Lloyd was then, however, so convinced of the practicability of the undertaking that he determined to repeat the experiment this year, and accordingly made all his preparations by the beginning of this month. On the 6th



Peter Botte Mountain.

he started from town, accompanied by Lieutenant Philpotts, of the 29th Regiment, Lieutenant Keppel, R.N. (my 'old messmate'), and myself, whom he asked to join him. He had previously sent out two of his overseers, with about twenty-five negroes and Sepoy convicts, to make all the necessary preparations. They carried with them a sort of tent, and ropes, crowbars, a portable ladder, provisions, and everything we could possibly want for three or four days, as we intended to remain on the shoulder of the mountain, close to the base of Peter Botte, until we either succeeded or were convinced of its impossibility. These men had worked hard, and on our arriving at the foot of the mountain, we found the tent and all our tools, &c., safely lodged on the shoulder of the Peter Botte. I may as well describe here the appearance of the mountain. From most points of view it seems to rise out of the range, which runs nearly parallel to that part of the sea-coast which forms the bay of Port Louis, but on arriving at its base you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine or cleft of a tremendous depth. Seen from the town (as you will perceive by the sketch) it appears a cone with a large overhanging rock at its summit, but so extraordinarily sharp and knife-like is this, in common with all the rocks in the Island, that when seen end on, as the sailors say, it appears nearly quite perpendicular. In fact, I have seen it in fifty different points of view, and cannot yet assign to it any one precise form.—But to my tale:—

"We dined that evening and slept at the house of a Frenchman in the plains below, and rose early next morning, much exhausted by the attacks of bugs. All our preparations being made, we started, and a more

picturesque line of march I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of about fifteen or twenty Sepoys in every variety of costume, together with a few negroes carrying our food, dry clothes, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine, formed by the rains in the wet season, which having loosened all the stones, made it anything but pleasant; those below were obliged to keep a bright look-out for tumbling rocks, and one of these missed Keppel and myself by a miracle.

"From the head of the gorge we turned off along the other face of the mountain; and it would have been a fine subject for a picture, to look up from the ravine below, and see the long string slowly picking their 'kittle' footsteps along a ledge not anywhere a foot broad; yet these monkeys carried their loads full four hundred yards along this face, holding by the shrubs above, while below there was nothing but the tops of the forest for more than nine hundred feet down the slope.

"On rising to the shoulder, a view burst upon us which quite defies my descriptive powers. We stood on a little narrow ledge or neck of land, about twenty yards in length. On the side which we mounted, we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had passed up; while, on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down fifteen hundred feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow, knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in a conical form to about three hundred or three hundred and fifty feet above us; and on the very pinnacle old 'Peter Botte'

frowned in all his glory. I have done several sketches of him, one of which, from this point, I send by the same ship as this letter.

"After a short rest we proceeded to work. The ladder had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year. It was about twelve feet high, and reached, as you may perceive, about half-way up a face of perpendicular rock. The foot, which was spiked, rested on a ledge, not quite visible in the sketch, with barely three inches on each side. A grapnel line had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd's clambered from the top of the ladder by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle; and it was fearful to see the cool, steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone or false hold must have sent him down into the abyss. However, he fearlessly scrambled away, till at length we heard him halloo from under the neck, 'All right.' These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection almost as firmly as with their hands. The line carried up he made fast above, and up it we all four *shinned* in succession. It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places the ridge ran to an edge, not a foot broad; and I could as I held on, half sitting, half kneeling, across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The only thing which surprised me was my own steadiness and freedom from all giddiness. I had been nervous in mounting the ravine in the morning, but gradually I got so excited and determined to succeed, that I could look down that dizzy height without the smallest sensation of swimming in the head: nevertheless, I held on *uncommonly hard*, and felt very well satisfied when I was under the neck. And a more extraordinary situation I never was in. The head, which is an enormous mass of rock, about thirty-five feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded everywhere by the abrupt edge of the precipice, except in the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot the head, though overhanging its base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice; and, most fortunately, it was at the very spot where we mounted. Here it was that we reckoned on getting up. A communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary *matériel*, Lloyd's portable ladder, additional coils of rope, crowbars, &c. But now the question, and a puzzler too, was, how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows, with thongs, to fire over; and having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leaned back against the line, and fired over the least projecting part. Had the line broke, he would have fallen eighteen hundred feet. Twice this failed; and then he had recourse to a large stone with a lead-line, which swung diagonally, and seemed to be a feasible plan: several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far down below, till at length *Æolus*, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind for about a minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side. 'Hurrah my lads! steady's the word.' Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge, a large line was attached to the one which was over the head, and carefully drawn up, and finally, a two-inch rope, to the extremity of which we lashed the top of our ladder, then lowered it gently over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below. 'All right; now hoist away!' and up went the ladder, till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed in firmly to the neck. We

then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast; a line was passed over by the lead-line to hold on by, and up went Lloyd, screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The union-jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and Old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubted Peter Botte. No sooner was it seen flying, than the Undaunted frigate saluted in the harbour, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for though our expedition had been kept secret till we started, it was made known the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the lookout, as we afterwards learned. We then got a bottle of wine to the top of the rock, christened it King William's Peak, and drank his Majesty's health, hands round the jack, and then, 'Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!'

"I certainly never felt anything like the excitement of that moment; even the negroes down on the shoulder took up our hurrahs, and we could hear far below the faint shouts of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were determined to do nothing by halves, and accordingly made preparations for sleeping under the neck, by hauling up blankets, pea-jackets, brandy, cigars, &c. Meanwhile our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below, and about 4 p.m. we descended our ticklish path to partake of the portable soup, preserved salmon, &c. Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a lieutenant of the Talbot, to whom we had written, informing them of our hopes of success, but their heads would not allow them to mount to the head or neck. After dinner, as it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves and climbed up to our queer little nest at the top, followed by Tom Keppel and a negro, who carried some dry wood, and made a fire in a cleft under the rocks. Lloyd and Philpotts soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night, each taking a glass of brandy to begin with. I had on two pair of trousers, a shooting waistcoat, jacket, and a huge flushing jacket over that, a thick woollen sailor's cap, and two blankets, and each of us lighted a cigar as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour for our signal of success. It was a glorious sight to look down from that giddy pinnacle over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, or the fire of some sugar manufactory, but not a sound of any sort reached us, except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder (we four being the only ones above). At length, in the direction of Port Louis, a bright flash was seen, and after a long interval, the sullen boom of the evening gun. We then prepared our pre-arranged signal, and whizz went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant the peaks of the hills below us, and then leaving us in darkness. We next burnt a blue light, and nothing can be conceived more perfectly beautiful than the broad glare against the overhanging rock. The wild-looking group we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all distinctly shown, while many of the tropical birds, frightened at our vagaries, came glancing by in the light, and then swooped away screeching into the gloom below, for the gorge on our left was dark as Erebus. We burnt another blue light and threw up two more rockets, when our laboratory being exhausted, the patient-looking insulted moon had it all her own way again. We now rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and having lashed Philpotts, who is a determined sleep-walker, to Keppel's leg, we tried to sleep, but it blew strong before the morning and was very cold. We drank all our brandy, and kept tucking in the blankets the whole night without success. At daybreak we rose, stiff, cold, and hungry, and I shall conclude briefly by saying, that after about four or five hours' hard work, we got a hole mined in the rock, and sunk the foot of our twelve-foot ladder deep in this, lashing a water-barrel as a landmark at the top, and above all a long staff with the union-jack flying. We then in turn mounted to the top of the

ladder, to take a last look at a view such as we might never see again, and bidding adieu to the scene of our toil and triumph, descended the ladder to the neck, and casting off the guys and hauling lines, cut off all communication with the top.

"In order to save time and avoid danger, we now made fast a line from the neck to the shoulder as tight as possible, and hanging on our traps by means of rings, launched them one by one from the top, and down they flew, making the line smoke again. All were thus conveyed safely to the shoulder, except one unlucky bag, containing a lot of blankets, my spy-glass, and sundry other articles, which not being firmly fixed, broke the preventer-line and took its departure down to Pamplemousses. We at length descended, and reached the shoulder without any accident, except that of the blankets, not a rope line being left to show where we got up. We then breakfasted, and after a long and somewhat troublesome descent, got to the low country, and drove in Lloyd's carriage to town, where we were most cordially welcomed by all our countrymen, though, I believe, we were not quite so warmly greeted by the French inhabitants, who are now constrained to believe that their countryman alone did not achieve the feat, and that the British ensign has been the first to wave over the redoubtable Peter Botte."

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

September 21.—Feast of St. Matthew.

ST. MATTHEW suffered martyrdom at Nadabar, about the year 60. His festival was instituted 1090, and is celebrated in the Church of England. On this day the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and governors of the several royal hospitals in London, attend divine service, and hear a sermon preached at Christ Church, Newgate Street; they then repair to the great hall in Christ's Hospital, where two orations are delivered, one in Latin and the other in English, by the two senior scholars of the grammar-school, and afterwards partake of an elegant dinner.

September 23 has obtained, in Sherborne, Dorset, the name of "tolling day," in commemoration of the death of John, Lord Digby, baron Digby, of Sherborne, and earl of Bristol, in the year 1698, and in conformity with the following wish expressed in a codicil annexed to his lordship's will. "Item, I give and bequeath out of my said estate, to the parish church, the yearly sum of ten pounds, to be paid by my successors, lords of the said manor for the time being, at and upon, or within forty days after, the feast days of St. Michael the Archangel, and of the Annunciation of our Blessed Lady St. Mary the Virgin, by equal portions, yearly and for ever, and to be employed and bestowed by the churchwardens of the said parish for the time being, with the consent of the lord of the said manor for the time being, in keeping in good repair the chancel, and towards the reparations of the rest of the said church, yearly and for ever; provided that . . . the said churchwardens for the time being shall cause the largest bell in the tower of the said church to be tolled six full hours, that is to say, from five to nine of the clock in the forenoon, and from twelve o'clock till two in the afternoon, on that day of the said month whereon it shall be my lot to depart this life, every year and for ever: otherwise this gift of ten pounds per annum shall determine and be void." This custom is annually observed, but not to the extent above directed; the tolling of the bell being limited to two hours instead of six. It begins to toll at six o'clock, and continues till seven in the morning, when six men, who toll the bell for church service, repair to the mansion of the present Earl Digby, with two large stone jars, which are there filled with some of his lordship's strong beer, and are taken, with a quantity of bread and

cheese, to the church by the tollers, and equally divided amongst them, together with a small remuneration in money, paid by the churchwardens, as a compensation for their labour. At twelve o'clock the bell is again tolled till one, and in the evening divine service is solemnized at the church, and a lecture suited to the occasion delivered, for which sermon the vicar is paid thirty pounds, provided by the will of the above donor.

September 29.—Feast of St. Michael and all Angels.

Michaelmas-day is, in England, one of the four quarterly terms, or quarter days, on which rents are paid. "It has long been," remarks Brand, "and still continues the custom at this time of the year, or thereabouts, to elect the governors of towns and cities, the civil guardians of the peace of men, perhaps, as Bourne supposes, because the feast of angels naturally enough brings to our minds the old opinion of tutelar spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men, or districts of country, and also that every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave, from the moment of his coming in, to his going out of life."

In connexion with the above practice, a singular usage exists at Kidderminster. On the election of a bailiff, the inhabitants assemble in the principal streets to throw cabbage-stalks at each other. The town-house bell gives signal for the affray. This is called "lawless hour." This done, the bailiff-elect and corporation, in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes, visit the old and new bailiffs, constables, &c., attended by the mob. In the mean time the most respectable families in the neighbourhood are invited, to meet and fling apples at them on their entrance. The foregoing account is taken from the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1790. That the above mirthful ceremony, with some alterations, is still retained at Kidderminster, we learn from a correspondent to Hone's "Every Day Book," who states that the magistrates and other officers of the town are annually chosen, and the first Monday after the Feast of St. Michael is the day of their inauguration; in celebration of which, they each of them cause to be thrown to the populace, (who assemble to the amount of some thousands,) from the windows of their houses, or sometimes from the town-hall, a large quantity of apples, in the whole often amounting to from twenty to thirty pots, (baskets containing five pecks each.) This practice, (the writer goes on to observe) occasions, of course, a kind of prescriptive holiday in the town, and any one having the temerity to refuse his apprentice or servant leave to attend the "apple throwing," would most probably have cause to repent such an invasion of right. A rude concourse, therefore, fills the streets which are the scenes of action, and recourse is had by the crowd to the flinging about of old shoes, cabbage stalks, and almost every accessible kind of missile; till at length the sashes are raised, and the "gifts of Pomona" begin to shower down upon the heads of the multitude. Wee be to the unlucky wight who may chance to ride through the town during the introductory part of this custom! No sooner does he appear, than a thousand aims are taken at him and his horse, or carriage, and the poor traveller "sees, or dreams he sees," (if ignorant of the practice,) the inhabitants of the whole town raised to oppose his single progress, without being able to form the most distant idea of their motive for so doing.

The old custom of eating goose on Michaelmas-day has much exercised the ingenuity of antiquaries. Brady remarks that this festival "is no longer peculiar for that hospitality which we are taught to believe formerly existed, when the landlords used to entertain their tenants in their great halls upon *geese*: then only kept by persons of opulence, and of course considered as a peculiar treat, as was before the case at Martinmas, which was the old regular quarterly-day; though, as geese are esteemed to be in their greatest perfection in the

autumnal season, there are but few families who totally neglect the ancient fashion of making that bird a part of their repast on the festival of St. Michael." There is a current, but erroneous tale, assigning to Queen Elizabeth the introduction of this custom of the day. Being on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th September, 1588, she is alleged to have dined with Sir Nevill Humfreville, at his seat near that place, and to have partaken of a goose, which the knight, knowing her taste for high-seasoned dishes, had provided; that after dinner, she drank a half-pint bumper of Burgundy to the destruction of the Spanish Armada; soon after which she received the joyful tidings that her wishes had been fulfilled;—that, being delighted with the event, she commemorated the day annually by having a goose for dinner, in imitation of Sir Nevill's entertainment;—and that, consequently, the court adopted the like practice, which soon became general throughout the kingdom. This anecdote is a strong proof that the usage was sanctioned by royalty in the days of Queen Bess, but there is evidence that it was practised long anterior to the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Among other services John de la Hay was bound to render to William Barnaby, lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. And this, as early as the tenth year of King Edward the Fourth. The custom may have originated in a habit, among the rural tenantry, of bringing a good stubble goose with their rent to the landlord at Michaelmas, in the hope of making him lenient. In the "Posies" of George Gascoigne, 1575, are the following stanzas :—

"And when the tenants come to pay their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowl at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent,
At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas a goose;
And somewhat else at New-year's tide, for fear their lease
[fly loose]."

"We may suppose," observes a writer before quoted, "that the selection of a goose for a present to the landlord at Michaelmas, would be ruled by the bird being then at its perfection, in consequence of the benefit derived from stubble feeding. It is easy to see how a general custom of having a goose for dinner on Michaelmas day might arise from the multitude of these presents, as landlords would of course, in most cases, have a few to spare for their friends." In Poor Robin's Almanac for 1695, under September, are these quaint lines :—

"Geese now in their prime season are,
Which, if well roasted, are good fare.
Yet, however, friends take heed,
How too much on them you feed,
Lest, when as your tongues run loose,
Your discourse do smell of goose."

An amusing contributor to "The World" remarks, that "when the reformation of the Kalendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons, who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment between the holidays and their attributes, (if I may call them so,) and what confusion would follow if MICHAELMAS DAY, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble-geese are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the kalendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they would, in a certain number of years, produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good King Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park in honour of Whitsuntide; and at length be choosing king and queen for Twelfth Night, when we ought be admiring the London Prentice at Bartholomew Fair."

September 30.—On this day, or if it fall on a Sunday, on the Monday following, the lord mayor and aldermen of London proceed from Guildhall, and the two sheriffs

with their companies from their respective halls, and embark on the Thames in their state barges, and thus go, in aquatic state, up the river to Palace-yard. They land there, and repair to the court of Exchequer. Here they are received by the Cursitor Baron, and having arranged themselves upon the tiers and benches, and duly saluted the Bench, the Recorder presents the new sheriffs to the Court. The several writs and appearances are then read by the Recorder and clerk, and ordered by the Court to be recorded and filed, and the sheriffs, and the senior under-sheriff, take the usual oaths. The crier of the court then steps forward, and makes the proclamation for the one who does homage for the sheriffs of London, to "stand forth and do his duty;" when the senior alderman below the chair rises, and an officer (the usher) of the court hands to him a bill-hook; the officer then takes a small bundle of sticks, which he holds in both hands, about a foot and a half above the table, while the alderman strikes it and cuts it asunder. The bill-hook is then exchanged for a small hatchet, and a similar bundle of sticks severed in like manner. The sticks provided for the occasion are about twice the length of an ordinary black-lead pencil, and half the thickness. Each bundle consists of about eight or ten sticks, tied together, at both ends, with red tape; and so thin are the peeled twigs, that a very slight blow suffices for their separation. In the above ceremony the senior alderman does suit and service for the corporation of London, as tenant of a manor in Shropshire, in token of its having been customary for the tenants of that manor to supply their lord with fuel. Similar proclamation is then made for the sheriff of Middlesex; and the alderman, in the presence of the Cursitor Baron, (who on this particular occasion is the immediate representative of his sovereign,) counts and declares the number of six horse-shoes placed upon a table. A tray is then handed to him, containing sixty-one hob-nails, which he also counts, and in answer to two interrogations, twice declares their number. The counting of the shoes and hob-nails is another suit and service of the owners of a forge in the parish of St. Clement, which stood in the high road from the Temple to Westminster, but now no longer exists. The origin of this latter usage is a grant in 1235, from Henry III. to Walter de Bruin, a farrier, of a piece of ground whereon to erect the said forge, he rendering annually to the Exchequer, for the same, a quit rent of six horse-shoes, with the nails belonging to them. In process of time the ground vested in the city, and though now lost to it, the city still renders the quit rent. After these ceremonies the civic authorities return to Blackfriars-bridge by water, and the new sheriffs usually give a grand banquet, in honour of their inauguration, in the evening.

THE WENHAM ICE-LAKE.

THAT "luxury is the sweetener of life," was a truism established long before the application of ice-bound Nature to enlarge the enjoyments of recreant man, in the adaptation of extreme cold to his epicurean palate.

The custom is, certainly, of extreme antiquity. Iced liquors were among the luxuries of the Greeks, who had several methods of preserving ice throughout the summer. When Alexander the Great besieged the Judæan city of Petra, he filled thirty dishes with ice, which, being covered with oaken boughs, remained a long time entire. This is, probably, the first *ice-house*, (*frigidarium*), on record.

(1) There is a good representation of them in the "Illustrated London News," No. 127. vol. v. p. 216.

The custom of preserving ice was so common among the Romans, that they had shops for its sale; and Pliny describes an elegant method of cooling liquors, which came into vogue during the reign of Nero, to whom the invention was ascribed; viz. by placing water, which had been previously boiled, in thin vessels, surrounded with snow, so that it might be frozen without its purity being impaired: a stretch of luxury which equals any of the refinements of modern science. Poor Haydon, the painter, appears to have forgotten this ingenuity of Nero; for, in his picture of Rome burning, he has painted the truculent emperor with a huge vase of ice beside his chair, possibly to keep off the heat of the burning city before the imperial incendiary!

Our present purpose is not, however, to deal with the "Curiosities of Cold," and its applications; but to instance the demands of this class having created a regular supply, or, rather, means of supply—an ICE-TRADE; for this Commerce of Cold is now as well established as any branch of tropical enterprise.

Thus, the good people of North America have, for some time past, been actively engaged in this species of commerce, which has proved to be extremely profitable. The exportation is thus managed: they substitute for ballast large blocks of ice, carefully cut to fit the hold of the ship; they then cover them with saw-dust, straw, and charcoal-dust; and are thus enabled to send ice, entire, to South America and the East and West India Islands, where they are sure to find a good market for their cargoes.

A Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* has well observed, in connexion with the details of this new trade, "The progress of civilization, and the artificial wants which it has created, have originated a strange and endless variety of trades and professions. Immense establishments are erected, and vast numbers of persons employed, to produce articles which, a few generations since, had no existence, but which have now become absolute necessities of every-day life."

The seat of this new trade lies in North America, a country in which the supply is admirably fitted to the wants. Here the extreme cold of the winter furnishes the ice in great abundance and perfection, and the excessive heat of summer renders the necessity for its use proportionally great. Hence the trade in it has acquired an importance, which, not long since, would have seemed impossible. In different districts of the country, extensive and pure Lakes have almost the value which here attaches to Mines; and Companies with large capitals are formed, who purchase them as one might purchase a coal-mine, to rob them periodically of their crystal treasures, for the summer supply of the public.

The principal depôt of the Ice-trade of the United States is at Boston, whence it is computed sixty thousand tons of ice are annually sent to the Southern States, the East and West Indies, &c.; and as saw-dust is largely used in packing, a large trade is also carried on in that article. The market is chiefly supplied from the Wenham Lake, eighteen miles from Boston, in the State of Massachusetts. The climate here is much colder in winter, and warmer in summer, than the southern districts of Great Britain, though the difference of latitude amounts but to about nine degrees. The mean temperature seems to be 48°, or about two degrees

less than that of London. The winter commences about the middle of December, and terminates about the middle of March. In this season, the thermometer commonly ranges between 43° and 10°, and sometimes descends below Zero of Fahrenheit; when the rivers are frozen hard enough to bear loaded waggons.

The Wenham Lake is situated so near seaboard, as to be a most advantageous site for export trade: the water is likewise very pure; it has no inlet whatever, but is fed solely by the springs which issue from the rocks at its bottom, a depth of two hundred feet from its surface. It occupies a very elevated position, and lies embosomed in hills of majestic height, and bold rugged character.

The ice is remarkably solid, a fact explained by the great depth of the Lake; for ice, frozen upon very deep water, is more hard and solid than ice of the same thickness obtained from shallow water; and, even when an equal surface is exposed, the former melts more slowly.

Within the last two years, the Company in possession of the Wenham Lake have extended their Ice-trade to this country; and transport hither thousands of tons of ice annually. Many of our London readers may have seen the huge specimen block of Wenham Lake Ice in a shop-window in the Strand, but comparatively few are aware of the vast extent of this Ice-trade, and the numbers of persons engaged in it. One surprising circumstance connected with it is, that the ice, though brought to Great Britain in the heat of summer, is not reduced in bulk. Those engaged in the trade account for this by the fact, that the masses of ice are so large, that they expose a very small surface to atmospheric action in proportion to their weight; and therefore do not suffer from exposure to it, as the smaller and thinner fragments do, which are obtained in our own or other warmer climates.

In England, the collection of ice is but an occasional and unimportant occupation: it depends, both as to time and quantity, upon the accidental occurrence of severe frost. Indeed, it is altogether a peddling affair; as those who have seen the ranges of little cart-loads of ice at the door of a London confectioner can testify. In America, on the other hand, this labour can be regularly carried on through the whole winter; while the adjuncts of cutting and storing, and steam for transporting it, are brought extensively into action. The details of the traffic are so novel and interesting, that we are persuaded our readers will be gratified with them.

On the verge of the Wenham Lake are the Ice Company's storehouses, covered by four roofs, occupying an area of 100 square feet, and capable of storing 20,000 tons of ice. The Ice-House is built of wood, with double walls, two feet apart all round; and the space between is filled with saw-dust, a non-conductor, making a thick and solid wall, impervious to heat and air; so that the ice is entirely unaffected by any condition or temperature of the external atmosphere, and can be preserved without waste for an almost indefinite time.

The machinery employed for cutting the ice is very ingenious, and invented for the purpose: it is worked by men and horses as follows:—

From the time when the ice first forms, it is carefully kept clear of snow, as soon as it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of the men and

horses to be employed, which it will do at six inches; and the snow is kept scraped from it until it is strong enough to cut, that is, one foot thick. A surface of some two acres of ice is then selected, which, at the above thickness, will yield about 2,000 tons. By keeping it clear of snow, it freezes faster, as the cold then penetrates more freely.

When the time for cutting has arrived, the men commence upon one of these areas by scoring a straight line through the centre each way; with a small hand-plough they form a groove about three inches deep, and a quarter of an inch in width, into which the marker is introduced. This implement is drawn by two horses, and makes two new grooves parallel with the first, twenty-one inches apart; the gauge remaining in the original groove. The marker is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operation is proceeded with, in parallel rectangular lines, until the ice is all marked out into squares of twenty-one inches.

In the meantime, the plough, drawn by a single horse, driven by a man, follows in these grooves, and cuts the ice to the depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and the remainder are split off towards the opening, with an iron wedge-shaped bar, with a handle like a spade; and this being dropped into the groove, a slight blow is sufficient to detach the blocks, though they split easily or hardly, according to the weather: in a sharp frost, it is very brittle. Near the opening made in the ice are placed platforms, or low tables of framework, with iron slides reaching from them into the water. On each side of a slide stands a man armed with an ice-hook, much like a boat-hook, but made of steel, with fine sharp points. With this hook, the men catch up the ice, and suddenly jerk it up the slide on to the platform. On a cold day, every thing is speedily covered with ice, by the water freezing on the platforms, slides, &c.; and the large blocks of ice, some weighing more than two cwt., are shot along the slippery surfaces, as if they weighed but a pound!

Beside each platform stands a "sled," of the same height, capable of containing about three tons; the surface being lattice-work, to allow the ice to drain. This sled, being loaded, is drawn upon the ice to the front of the storehouse, where the load is discharged upon a large stationary platform. It is then hoisted, block by block, into the house, by a horse, who also takes up the ice. The frame which receives the block of ice to be hoisted, is sunk into a square opening cut into the stationary platform; the block of ice is pushed into it; the horse starts, and the frame rises with the ice, until it reaches the opening in the side of the storehouse ready for its admission, when, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, it discharges itself into the building, and the horse is led back to repeat the routine.

Forty men and two horses will thus cut and stow away 400 tons of ice in a day. In favourable weather, 100 men are sometimes employed at once; and in three weeks, the *Ice-crop*, about 200,000 tons, is secured. In some seasons, however, it is very difficult to insure; as rain or thaw may destroy the labour of weeks, and render the ice unfit for market. Occasionally, snow is immediately followed by rain, and that again by frost, thus forming *snow-ice*, which is valueless, and must be removed.

This is done by planing, somewhat similar to the operation of cutting. The plane is gauged to

run in the groove made by the marker; and, when drawn by one horse, it will shave or plane the ice to a depth of three inches at one stroke, until the whole area is thus planed over. The chips or shavings so produced are then removed, and if the clear ice be not reached, the operation is repeated. If this makes the ice too thin for cutting, it is left for a time; since a few nights' hard frost will make it as thick below, inch for inch, for that which has been taken off above.

Besides filling their store-houses at the Lake, and in large towns, the Company fill private ice-houses, during the winter, direct from the Lake. All this transit is effected by railway. Each of the ice-houses has a branch from the main line, and the ice is conveyed in properly constructed box-waggons to Boston, a distance of 10 or 18 miles, as the locality may be. The tools and machinery employed, building the store-houses, and constructing and working the railway, are, of course, expensive items; yet the traffic is so extensive, and the management of the trade so good, that the ice can be furnished, even in England, at a very trifling cost.

The English people, however, have yet to learn many of the uses to which ice may be advantageously applied, as well as the best means of preserving it. In America, almost every family has a "Refrigerator," or portable ice-house, for cooling wines, and preserving fruit and provisions: this consists of a chest, constructed with double sides, filled with a non-conductor of heat, like the walls of the store-houses at Wenham Lake. The interior is *zinc'd*, as are its sliding and perforated shelves, beneath which is placed the ice, the articles being set upon them. In this situation, a block of ice, weighing a few pounds, will last several days, unless it be broken off for table use, or mixing with drinks. The chest is also inclosed in a wooden case, mahogany or imitation wood, so as to render it an ornamental article of furniture.

There is one merit of the Wenham Lake ice which cannot be too strongly urged,—its extreme purity. On this account, it may be mixed with water or milk for drinking; wines or spirits may be diluted with it; and butter or jelly placed in direct contact with it. Its crystalline brilliancy is, likewise, very inviting, especially in contrast with the dull, not to say dirty, ice of our country. In the newly introduced American drinks, "Sherry Cobbler," and "Mint Julep," the ice itself is employed. A small piece of ice let fall into a glass of porter is a luxurious addition, which has only to be more extensively known to be generally adopted.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE AGENCY.¹

A LETTER from Philadelphia, published in the *Mémoires de Rouen*, has the following:—"William Evans has resolved a problem, which must overturn our present system of railway and steam-boat propulsion. By means of enormous compression, he has succeeded in liquefying atmospheric air; and then, a few drops only of some chemical composition, poured into it, suffice to make it resume its original volume with an elastic force quite prodigious. An experiment, on a large scale, has just

(1) From a late Number of the *Athenæum*.

been made. A train of twenty loaded waggons was transmitted a distance of sixty miles in less than an hour and a quarter—the whole motive power being the liquid air inclosed in a vessel of two gallons and a half measure; into which fell, drop by drop, and from minute to minute, the chemical composition in question. Already subscriptions are abundant, and a society is in course of formation. The inventor declares, that an ordinary packet-boat may make the passage from Philadelphia to Havre in eight days, carrying a ton of hi liquid air. A steam-engine, of six-horse power, will produce that quantity in eight hours."—According, then, to this project, we are to correspond with America in an hour, and reach it in a week! On this new solution of the theory of motion by expansion, the *Journal des Débats* has some remarks, which we will adopt:—"This account of the liquefaction of atmospheric air, given in a private letter, the source of which is but vaguely indicated, seems to need the authentic confirmation of the American journals,—and at any rate of details somewhat more circumstantial. Not that the fact is theoretically impossible; all known experiments on the compression of air tending to establish the probability of its liquefaction: but one cannot help asking under what intensity of force it has been produced—whether the agent be a steam-engine or any other propelling power? Carbonic gas has been liquefied, under the pressure of thirty atmospheres, and solidated in the form of ice, under the pressure of forty. But that gas is denser and heavier than air,—its constituent atoms more close, and consequently more easy of condensation. Already, both in England and France, conclusive experiments have been made as to the possibility of propelling trains by the expansive force of compressed air;—the objection and difficulty consists in the necessity of establishing steam, or other engines, at repeated distances, to fill with compressed or liquefied air the recipients destined to be placed on the locomotives instead of the steam-cylinder. That cost and difficulty have hitherto prevented the application of the system of compressed air. It is greatly to be desired, then, that the problem in question may have been solved in America; but we must have more full and sure particulars before the scientific or manufacturing world can venture to believe it. What seems more extraordinary than the liquefaction itself, is the assertion that this air can be contained in a cask, like any other liquid,—knowing as we do that it can only be maintained in that state in recipients of extraordinary resistance. Our readers will remember the accident which happened in Paris, at the School of Pharmacy, on the occasion of the liquefaction of carbonic gas. A metallic cylinder of great thickness, which had, two or three times previously, resisted the same experiment, suddenly exploded; when one of the operators was killed, and several of the assistants were wounded. Now, air has a resisting and elastic force far greater than that of carbonic acid. Neither is the necessity intelligible for that drop of a nameless chemical agent for the purpose of restoring to the air its expansive action; since, for that purpose, it will suffice to open it an issue,—unless, indeed, it is pretended to reduce the air to the condition of a permanent liquid—and *that* no natural philosopher will believe, till he has seen it."

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE FLIGHT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS INTO ENGLAND.¹

BY T.

[Mary, escaped from the Castle of Loch-leven, was on her way to Dumbarton, when she was met by Murray and the lords opposed to her, on an eminence called Langside. Standing on the hill, the disconsolate queen saw her faithful adherents utterly routed. Attended by a small retinue, she took to flight, and reached the Abbey of Dundrennan, a distance of sixty miles, before nightfall. Next morning, in spite of the earnest entreaties of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and others, she determined to throw herself on the generosity of Elizabeth, and crossed the fatal Solway Firth.]

On, gently streams the pale moonbeam on grey Dundrennan's pile,
And bathes with genial light chancel, and nave, and holy aisle,
And slowly hath the lady risen who hath been pouring there,
With folded palms across her breast, to God her lowly prayer.

But who is she, that gentle ladye, so sad, yet passing fair?
Adown her pale face falls dishevel'd all her beauteous hair;
But yet, all way-worn though she be, her mien is proud and high,
And queenly is the thrilling glance and kindling of her eye;
And lowly they have knelt to her—that way-worn band, I ween,
As lowly they should ever kneel, who bow before their queen.

Then spake St. Andrew's prelate; "Here within this holy fane,
"Oh, Ladye! rest thee through the hours till day return again;
"For since the morning sun uprose upon the far-off vale,
"And startled hamlets heard thy war-cries borne upon the gale,
"O'er many a rugged mountain-path, through many a changing scene

"Of stream and vale, and forest dark, thy headlong flight hath been."

The ladye yields; and gentle sleep, throughout the midnight hours,
Came o'er her sorrow-laden eyes, beneath those hallow'd towers;
Till morning woke the bright green earth to life and light again,
And gentle breezes, wooingly, came breathing o'er the main;
Then they have bid her trust in God, and seek across the wave
In sunny France a happier home than her own kingdom gave.
Where, far from treach'rous Murray's hate, and England's
crafty queen,

From false and hollow-hearted free, her days might glide serene.
Oh! then her eye it lighted up, as mem'ry thronged once more
With shadowy forms her childhood loved, that distant sunny shore.
But evermore there seem'd to come low murmurings of wrath
From far-off waves that chafed and roar'd across the ocean's path;
Then wistfully she gazed beyond the Solway's silver stream,
Where England's hills and valleys lay, spread out as in a dream;
"Oh! surely *she* will welcome me—the queen of England's throne,
"And meet me with a sister's love, so long to me unknown;
"For she of all my kin alone remains to me on earth,
"And, way-worn exile though I be, I am of queenly birth."

No gallant host, no faithful throng of gentle hearts and true
Have come to breathe a parting prayer, or wave a last adieu;
A lowly crew, with one frail bark, have borne the ladye o'er
The rolling might of Solway's tide, from her own troubled shore.
Oh! little knew that hapless queen, how yet should round her
throng

The deep despair of weary years, and all their bitter wrong;
How, scorn'd, insulted and betray'd, her sun should set in gloom,
And Mary Stuart no refuge find but in a martyr's tomb!

(1) See Illustration, p. 337.

LETTER FROM MISS S. TO HER NIECE, KATE S.

BY F. S.

AND are you then caught, my dear Kitty?
You—always resolved to be free!
And by a young spark from the City?
What whimsical creatures are we!
I would not, my love, wish to shame you,
But sympathy rather to show;
His attentions, no doubt, overcame you;
'Tis hard to resist, I well know:
Yet, if not too late to recover,
Think, ere you for ever decide,
How much better to forfeit a lover,
Than wish you had not been a bride!
No cure is so good as prevention,
So take my advice in good part;
If he's one of the *ifs* that I mention,
Dismiss him at once from your heart.
If he gives a loose rein to his passions;
If his compliments prove him untrue;
If he's always at war with the fashions;
If eager for everything new.
If he lies in bed late of a morning;
If he nurses pot whiskers or curls;
If he's free in his manners, or fawning;
If he likes talking nonsense to girls.
If he's constantly joking and punning;
If he's touchy, and soon takes offence;
If he won't pay his bills without dunning,
And always takes off the odd pence.
If he wears a blue satin cravat;
If he's anxious his calling to hide;
If he sports a particular hat;
If he cocks it the least on one side.
If you've caught him out talking at random;
If he cries, "Bless my soul!" or "My stars!"
If you've heard of his driving a tandem;
If addicted to snuff and cigars.
(Oh, that terrible habit of smoking,
With excellence rarely combined,
So often with drinking and joking,
Destructive of morals, and mind!)
If he's rude to his father or mother;
If to children he never unbends;
If he's not an affectionate brother;
If careless in choosing his friends.
If he knows every dainty that's eaten;
If he thinks nought of words in a song;
If at chess he will never be beaten,
Nor in argument own himself wrong.
If he carries a spy-glass or glasses;
If a little thing makes him complain;
If he looks round when ladies he passes;
If he's often too late for the train.
If he argues with great politicians;
If a promise he fails to fulfil;
If he rails against all the physicians,
And doctors himself when he's ill.
Some girls seem to think, my dear Kitty,
That marriage will comfort ensure;
But never foresee (more's the pity,)
The trials they'll have to endure.
My counsel I offer you gratis,
Fear not to be single for life;
For surely more wretched no state is
Than that of a desolate wife.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

MOTHER OF LORD BACON.

THE mother of Lord Bacon was one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, tutor to King Edward VI.

(1) See vol. i. p. 238.

Like several other extraordinary men, he is supposed to have inherited his genius from his mother; and he certainly was indebted to her for the early culture of his mind, and the love of books, for which during life he was distinguished. Young Francis was sickly, and unable to join in the rough sports suited for boys of robust constitution. The Lord Keeper was too much occupied with his official duties to be able to do more than kiss him, and hear him occasionally recite a little piece he had learned by heart, and give him his blessing. But Lady Bacon, who was not only a tender mother, but a woman of highly cultivated mind, after the manner of her age, devoted herself assiduously to her youngest child, who, along with bodily weakness, exhibited from early infancy the dawns of extraordinary intellect. She and her sisters had received a regular classical education, and had kept up her familiarity with the poets, historians, and philosophers of antiquity. She was likewise well acquainted with modern languages, and with the theology and literature of her own times. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel respecting the then fashionable controversies, and she translated his "Apologia" from the Latin so correctly, that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated admirably a volume of sermons on "Fate and Free-will," from the Italian of Bernardo Ochino. Under his mother's care, assisted by a domestic tutor, Francis Bacon continued till his thirteenth year.—*From Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

PARENTAGE OF THOMAS A BECKET.

GILBERT BECK, or BECKET, the father of this most extraordinary man, was of Saxon descent, a merchant in London, who, though only of moderate wealth, had served the office of sheriff of that city. His mother, whose name was Matilda, was certainly of the same race, and born in the same condition of life as her husband; although, after her son had become chancellor, and archbishop, a martyr, and a saint,—a romantic story was invented that she was the daughter of an Emir in Palestine; that Gilbert, her future consort, having joined a crusade, and being taken prisoner by her father, she fell in love with him; that when he escaped and returned to his native country, she followed him, knowing no words of any western tongue except "London" and "Gilbert;" that by the use of these she at last found him in Cheapside; and that, being converted to Christianity, and baptized, she became his wife. Becket himself, in an epistle, in which he gives an account of his origin, is entirely silent about his Syrian blood; and Fitzstephen, his secretary, says expressly that he was born of parents who were citizens of London.—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

THERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter so ever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and, if not happy, at least resigned.—*Sterne.*

* * * The Title and Index to the first Volume may be had, price 1½d.; also, the Covers, price 1s. 3d.

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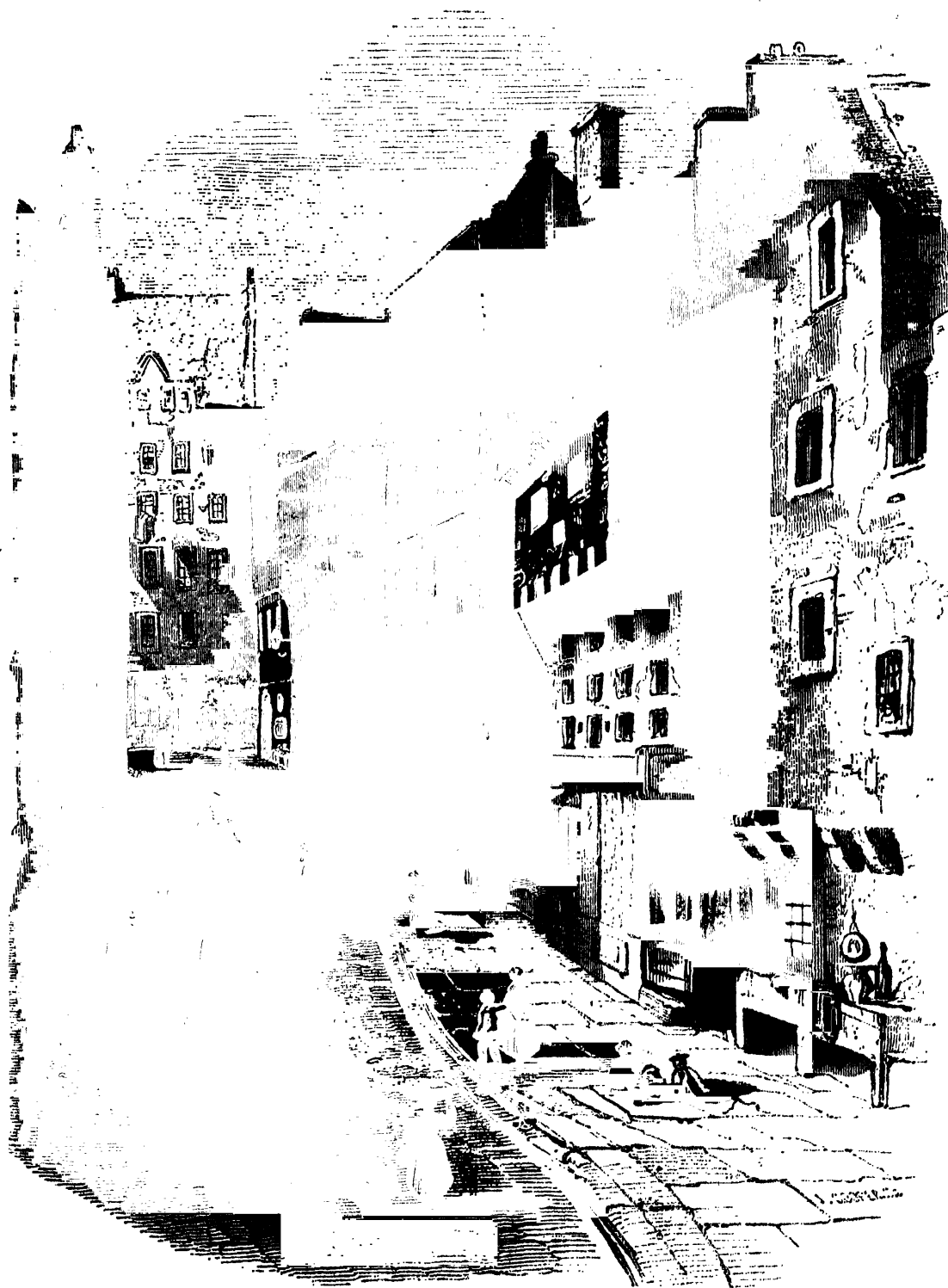
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The West Bow, Edinburgh.

(See next page.)

THE WEST BOW, EDINBURGH.¹

IMPROVEMENT, in the rapid strides it has made over the whole town of Edinburgh, has laid a heavy foot upon the West Bow; causing it to be numbered among those things which once were in existence, but now are no more.

This ancient street was built on the steep slope or the southern side of the ridge upon which the principal part of the city is built, leading from the Castle-hill to the Grassmarket.

Every one who has been in Edinburgh knows that, from the Castle to Holyrood Palace, being the whole extent of this ridge, which slopes pretty steeply from the Castle downwards, there is a close succession of these alleys (or closes as they are termed) running down on each side of the ridge to the hollows on the north and south. These are almost all dark and dismal looking places, narrow and confined, ruinous and filthy. They are inhabited entirely by the lowest class of the people, many of whom are allowed to retain possession of their miserable abodes, free of any expense, without molestation from the proprietors. This, however, was not always the case. It is not long since these very houses were inhabited by people in the highest class of society, and not until a comparatively recent period, when they had secured for themselves residences of a more modern build, in a healthier and more pleasant situation, to the north of the Old Town, did they make a sudden adjournment from the venerable piles which their forefathers had reared and inhabited many centuries before them.

This movement, while it was one of the greatest advantage to the city at large, drew down with it the glory, and in many cases, caused the entire ruin, of the streets of the Old Town; and among those which suffered, was that one on which we are endeavouring to offer a few remarks, and of which, as it possessed an additional advantage over all the others, in size and circumstances, the loss was consequently more regretted. Of all the closes, the West Bow was the most considerable, being at that time the principal avenue by which wheeled carriages reached the more elevated part of the city. It was by it that Anne of Denmark, James I. and Charles I. Oliver Cromwell, Charles II. and James II. passed in formal procession into the city. Its ancient buildings presented a most picturesque appearance, and it is a matter of deep regret to all the lovers of the antique, that they have been almost entirely destroyed.

But, independently of these, its locality was regarded with an interest which failed not to produce a mingled feeling of melancholy awe upon all. This was owing to its being the road leading to the Grassmarket, or, as it has not inappropriately been called, The Valley of the Shadow of Death, where criminals were made to suffer the severe penalties of the law. And it was impossible for any one to pass up or down this way, without picturing to himself one of those heart-rending scenes, of which it was so often the witness, and to imagine the poor criminal's look, when with pale visage and throbbing heart, he was hurried down the narrow road to meet his final doom; and how the tears would gush from his swollen eyes when he should venture to cast a glance at those venerable walls, between which he passed, and from the balconies and windows of which many had come, some with sullen scowl and some with heartfelt pity, to mark the last moments of his life. But how his heart would bleed within him, and how excruciatingly painful would be the anguish of his soul, when at one of these windows he descried the face of a brother

or a sister, who should, with solemn voice and faltering tongue, bid him his last farewell!

Many such scenes might have been witnessed in the West Bow; and we shall perhaps be allowed to recall to our readers' memory, the story of Captain Porteous, who figures so eminently in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Heart of Midlothian, and who was also one of those unfortunate men, who, in order to satisfy the cravings of public justice, had to be dragged down this narrow road to suffer the penalty of his guilt.

John Porteous was the son of a tailor in Edinburgh; his father intended to bring him up to his own trade, but the youthful profligacy of the son defeated the parent's prudent intention, and he enlisted into the Scotch corps at that time in the service of the States of Holland. Here he learned military discipline, and, upon returning to his own country in 1715, his services were engaged by the magistrates of Edinburgh to discipline the city guard. For such a task he was eminently qualified, not only by his military education, but by his natural activity and resolution; and, in spite of the profligacy of his character, he received a captain's commission in the corps.

The duty of the Edinburgh City Guard was to preserve the public peace when any tumult was apprehended. They consisted principally of discharged veterans, who, when off duty, worked at their respective trades. To the rabble they were objects of mingled derision and dislike, and the numerous indignities they suffered, rendered them somewhat morose and austere in temper. At public executions they generally surrounded the scaffold, and it was on an occasion of this kind that Porteous their captain committed the outrage for which he paid the penalty of his life.

The criminal, on the occasion in question, had excited the commiseration of the populace by the disinterested courage he displayed in achieving the escape of his accomplice. At this time it was customary to conduct prisoners under sentence of death to attend divine service in the Tolbooth Church. Wilson, the criminal above alluded to, and Robertson, his companion in crime, had reached the church, guarded by four soldiers, when Wilson suddenly seized one of the guards in each hand, and a third with his teeth, and shouted to his accomplice to fly for his life. Robertson immediately fled, and effected his escape. This circumstance naturally excited a strong feeling of sympathy for Wilson, and the magistrates, fearing an attempt at rescue, had requested the presence of a detachment of infantry in a street adjoining to that where the execution was to take place, for the purpose of intimidating the populace. The introduction of another military force than his own into a quarter of the city where no drums but his own were ever heard, highly incensed Captain Porteous, and aggravated the ferocity of a temper naturally surly and brutal. Contrary to the apprehension of the authorities, the execution was allowed to pass undisturbed, but the dead body had hung only a short time upon the gibbet when a tumult arose among the multitude; stones and other missiles were thrown at Porteous and his men, and one of the populace, more adventurous than the rest, sprang upon the scaffold, and cut the rope by which the criminal was suspended.

Porteous was exasperated to frenzy by this outrage on his authority, and, leaping from the scaffold, he seized the musket of one of the guards, gave the word to fire, and, discharging his piece, shot the man dead upon the spot. Several of his soldiers also having obeyed his order to fire, six or seven persons were killed, and many others wounded. The mob still continuing their attack, another volley was fired upon them, by which several others fell, and the scene of violence only closed when Porteous and his soldiers reached the guard-house in the High Street. For his reckless and sanguinary conduct in this affair, Captain Porteous was arraigned before the High Court of Justiciary, and sentence of death was passed upon him. His execution was

(1) See Illustration, page 353.

appointed to take place on the 8th of September 1736.

The day of doom at length arrived, and the ample area of the Grassmarket was crowded in every part with a countless multitude, drawn together to gratify their revenge or satisfy their sense of justice by the spectacle of the execution. But their vengeance met with a temporary disappointment. The hour of execution was already past, without the appearance of the criminal, and the expectant multitude began to interchange suspicions that a reprieve might have arrived. Deep and universal was the groan of indignation which arose from the crowd, when they learned that such was indeed the fact. The case having been represented to her Majesty Queen Caroline, she intimated her royal pleasure that the prisoner should be reprieved for six weeks. The shout of disappointed revenge was followed by suppressed mutterings and communings among the crowd, but no act of violence was committed; they saw the gallows taken down, and then gradually dispersed to their homes and occupations.

Night ushered in another scene; a drum was heard beating to arms, and the populace promptly answered its summons by turning out into the streets. Their numbers rapidly increased, and, separating into different parties, they took possession of the city gates, posting sentinels for their security. They then disarmed the City Guard, and, having thus possessed themselves of weapons, they were the uncontrolled masters of the city. During the progress of the riot, various efforts were made to communicate with the Castle, but the vigilance of the insurgents defeated all such attempts.

The Tolbooth was now invested, and, a strong party of the rioters having surrounded it, another party proceeded to break up the doors. For a considerable time the great strength of the place rendered their efforts fruitless, but, having brought fire to their aid, they burned the door, and rushed into the prison.

Porteous, elated with his escape from the sentence he so richly merited, was regaling a party of his boon companions within the building, when the assault was made upon its gates. The wretched man well knew the hatred with which he was regarded by the populace, and was at no loss to comprehend the motive for their violence. Escape seemed impossible. The chimney was the only place of concealment that occurred to him, and, scrambling into it, he supported himself by laying hold of the bars of iron with which the chimnies of a prison-house are crossed to prevent the escape of criminals. But his enemies soon dragged him from his hiding-place, and, hurrying him along the streets, they brought him to the very spot, where, that morning, he was to have paid the forfeit of his life. The want of a rope was now the sole obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose, and this want was soon supplied by breaking open a shop where the article was sold; a dyer's pole served in the room of a gallows, and from it they suspended the unhappy man. Having thus propitiated the spirit of offended justice, they threw down the weapons of which they had possessed themselves, and quietly dispersed to their respective homes.

It has been justly observed, that the murder of Porteous has more the character of a conspiracy than of a riot. The whole proceedings of the insurgents were marked by a cool and deliberate intrepidity, quite at variance with the accustomed conduct of rioters. No violence was perpetrated either upon person or property, save the single act of vengeance executed upon Porteous. So studious were the insurgents to avoid every appearance of prædial outrage, that a guinea was left upon the counter of the shop from which they took the rope to hang their victim. None of the offenders were ever discovered, although government made the most strenuous exertions, and offered large rewards for their apprehension. There can be little doubt, however, that many of the participators in that night's transactions

were of a class unaccustomed to mingle in scenes of vulgar tumult.

Before concluding, we may mention that the famous Major Weir, and his sister, who were both burned alive on being convicted of practising the arts of witchcraft, had their abode in one of the projecting houses at the head of this alley. Sir Walter Scott, in his *History of Demonology and Witchcraft*, in giving the particulars of his life, mentions, that no story of witchcraft, or necromancy, so many of which occurred near, and in Edinburgh, made such a lasting impression on the public mind as that of Major Weir; that the remains of the house in which he and his sister lived, were still shown in his own day, and that it had a very gloomy aspect, well suited for a necromancer; and that, while at different times it had served the purposes of a brazier's shop, and a magazine for lint, no family would inhabit the walls as a residence; and that that urchin from the High School was accounted bold, who dared approach the gloomy ruins, at the risk of seeing the Major's enchanted staff parading through the old apartments, or hearing the hum of the necromantic wheel, which procured for his sister such a character as a spinner.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

THE Church in the Catacombs! Reader! this is not a matter of curious antiquarian lore, which you may pass lightly by, as a thing in which you have no concern. It is a solemn and touching subject, affecting every one who would give "a reason for the hope that is in him;" appealing to the sympathies of every member of our holy Church; calling upon him to show something of that zeal in his Master's service, which stirred up the blessed martyrs and saints of old to renounce every thing that the world holds dear and precious, for the sake of a pure and undefiled religion.

The Church in the Catacombs! A chosen band of Christians, of various ranks and ages; father and son; mother and child; husband and wife; friends and kindred; the slave and the free; assembled in gloomy vaults to worship God, indifferent alike to the bribes and persecutions of paganism; mindful only of the Cross upon which their beloved Master offered up the one great atoning sacrifice; struggling on during three centuries, but increasing in numbers and in influence, until at length they emerged from their dark retreats, and the unclouded light of Christianity burst upon the world.

It is this glorious light which shines upon and gladdens the heart of every true Christian now; but, like the air we breathe, we enjoy it so freely, that we are apt to forget how dearly it was purchased; we know but little of the enduring sufferings of those who kept this precious inheritance for us; we derive small benefit from their bright example; we vainly imagine that because our Church has no open persecutors, it is safe from the wiles of concealed enemies; who, though they have not—God be praised!—the powers of oppression possessed by the Pagans of old, nevertheless succeed in winning many from their faith. Let us then cherish the great lesson conveyed by the Church in the Catacombs, a slight sketch of whose history we have gathered from a most interesting work, recently published, and which we earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers.¹

(1) "The Church in the Catacombs;" a description of the primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its sepulchral remains. By Charles Maitland, M.D. London, 1846.

During the later times of the Roman republic, the enlargement of the ancient city, the mistress of the world, led to the formation of quarries in the immediate neighbourhood, from which were obtained the materials necessary for building. These consisted of *tufa* and *puzzolana*, a volcanic sandy rock, which, from its texture was well adapted to the excavation of long galleries. The sand obtained from these subterranean works was much used in making cement, and, the demand for it being large, the whole subsoil on one side of Rome became, in the course of time, perforated by a network of excavations, spreading ultimately to a distance of fifteen miles. But, while this was going on, the original quarries, exhausted of their stores, were used as burying places by the lowest orders of the people, who were not able to procure the honours of a funeral pile for burning their dead. There also were thrown the bodies of persons who had perished by their own hands, or by the hand of the law.

The persons engaged in procuring sand from these Catacombs were called *arenarii*, or sand-diggers; they were persons of the lowest grade, and, from the nature of their occupation, probably formed a distinct class. "There is reason to suppose that Christianity spread very early among them, for, in time of persecution, the converts employed in the subterranean passages not only took refuge there themselves, but also put the whole Church in possession of these otherwise inaccessible retreats. When we reflect upon the trials which awaited the Church, and the combined powers of earth and hell which menaced its earliest years, it is impossible not to recognise the fostering care of a heavenly hand, in thus providing a cradle for the infant community. Perhaps, to the protection afforded by the Catacombs, as an impregnable fortress from which persecution always failed to dislodge it, the Church of Rome owed much of the rapidity of its triumph; and to the preservation of its earliest sanctuaries, its ancient superiority in discipline and manners. The customs of the first ages, stamped indelibly on the walls of the Catacombs, must have contributed to check the spirit of innovation, soon observable throughout Christendom: the elements of a pure faith were written 'with an iron pen, in the rock, for ever;' and if the Church of after-times had looked back to her subterranean home, 'to the hole of the pit whence she was digged,' she would there have sought in vain for traces of forced celibacy, the invocation of saints, and the representation of the Deity in painting or sculpture."

It appears from various testimonies, that these sand-pits or catacombs were places of punishment, as well as of refuge, to the early Christians. We are told that the Emperor Maximian "condemned all the Roman soldiers who were Christians, to hard labour; and in various places set them to work, some to dig stones, others sand." There is also a tradition in Rome, that the baths of Diocletian were built from the materials procured by the Christians. "That the Catacombs were throughout well known to them is evident; for every part was completely taken possession of by them, and furnished with tombs or chapels. Paintings and inscriptions belonging to our religion are to be seen every where; and, for three hundred years, the entire Christian population of Rome found sepulture in those recesses."

The security of the Catacombs as an asylum, was due to their great extent and intricate windings. The entrances to them were also numerous, and scattered over the Campagna for miles; and the labyrinth below was so occupied by the Christians, and so blocked up in various places by them, that pursuit must have been almost useless. "The Acts of the Martyrs relate some attempts made to overwhelm the galleries with mounds of earth, in order to destroy those who were concealed within; but setting aside these legends, we are credibly informed, that not only did the Christians take refuge there, but that they were also occasionally overtaken by

their pursuers. The Catacombs have become illustrious by the actual martyrdom of some noble witnesses to the truth. Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground, in the time of Cyprian. Stephen the First, another Bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel, and, on the conclusion of Divine service, he was thrust back into his episcopal chair, and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living, refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration; while their expectation of sharing the same fate affords a vivid picture of those dreadful times."

"The discovery of wells and springs in various parts of the corridors, assists us in understanding how life could be supported in those dismal regions; although there is no evidence to prove that the wells were sunk for that purpose. One of them has been named the font of St. Peter; and, however apocryphal may be the tradition which refers it to apostolic times, the fact of its having been long used for baptism, is not to be disputed. Some of the wells are supposed to have been dug with the intention of draining parts of the Catacombs."

The general habit of taking refuge in the Catacombs, is proved by individual examples, given in the work before us. "On the outbreak of a persecution, the elders of the Church, heads of families, and others particularly obnoxious to the Pagans, would be the first to suffer; perhaps the only individuals whose death or exile was intended by the imperial officers. Aware of their danger, and probably well versed in the signs of impending persecution, they might easily betake themselves to the Catacombs, where they could be supported by those whose obscure condition left them at liberty." The importance of such a retreat was not unknown to the heathen; every effort was made at the beginning of a persecution to prevent the Christians from escaping by a subterranean flight; and several edicts begin with a prohibition against entering the cemeteries. Death was decreed as a punishment of disobedience. The laws were almost equally severe against the custom of worshipping in them. "It is a well-known fact that, before the time of Constantine, there were in Rome many rooms, or halls, employed for Divine worship, though perhaps no edifices built expressly for that purpose. Besides this, the extreme smallness of the Catacomb chapels, and their distance from the usual dwellings of the Christians, oppose serious objections to the supposition that they served for regular meetings. Yet nothing is better attested in history, than the fact, that, throughout the fourth century, the Church met there for the celebration of the eucharist; for prayer at the graves of the martyrs; and for the love-feasts, or *agapæ*. Prudentius affirms that he had often prayed before the tomb of Hippolytus, and describes at length the subterranean sepulchre of that saint. After narrating the care of the Church, shown in gathering the mangled remains of the martyr, he proceeds to a minute description of the Catacomb in which they were deposited: 'Among the cultivated grounds, not far outside the walls, lies a deep cavern, with dark recesses. A descending path, with winding steps, leads through the dim turnings; and the daylight, entering by the mouth of the cavern, somewhat illumines the first part of the way. But the darkness grows deeper as we advance, till we meet with openings, cut in the roof of the passages, admitting light from above. There have I often prayed, prostrate, sick with the corruptions of soul and body, and obtained relief.' The discovery of chapels, altars, episcopal chairs, and fonts, indicates the existence of a subterranean worship at some time or other; but it is difficult to prove, that all the religious ceremonies were performed in the Catacombs at a very early period." The Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation, was found over one of the graves in the cemetery of Callistus, and shows that prayers were offered below ground:—

IN CHRIST. ALEXANDER IS NOT DEAD, BUT LIVES BEYOND THE STARS, AND HIS BODY RESTS IN THIS TOMB. HE LIVED UNDER THE EMPEROR ANTONINE, WHO, FORESEEING THAT GREAT BENEFIT WOULD RESULT FROM HIS SERVICES, RETURNED EVIL FOR GOOD; FOR, WHILE ON HIS KNEES, AND ABOUT TO SACRIFICE TO THE TRUE GOD, HE WAS LED AWAY TO EXECUTION. O, SAD TIMES! IN WHICH SACRED RITES AND PRAYERS, EVEN IN CAVERNS, AFFORD NO PROTECTION TO US. WHAT CAN BE MORE WRETCHED THAN SUCH A LIFE! AND WHAT THAN SUCH A DEATH WHEN THEY COULD NOT BE BURIED BY THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS!—AT LENGTH THEY SPARKLE IN HEAVEN. HE HAS SCARCELY LIVED, WHO HAS LIVED IN CHRISTIAN TIMES.

It is inferred from these words, that Alexander was praying in the catacombs when discovered by the emissaries of the second Antonine, the first emperor of that name having been friendly to the Christians. This event belongs to the fifth persecution, which began in the year 161. "A number of circumstances in this inscription are worthy of notice. The beginning, in which the first two words, (Alexander mortuus,) after leading us to expect a lamentation, break out into an assurance of glory and immortality; the description of the temporal insecurity in which the believers of that time lived; the difficulty of procuring Christian burial for the martyrs; the certainty of their heavenly reward; and, lastly, the concluding sentence, forcibly recalling the words of St. Paul, 'as dying, yet behold we live;' and again, 'I die daily.'"

In addition to the older galleries, dug for the purpose of extracting sand and puzzolana, the Christians continued to excavate fresh passages for their own convenience. These additions, distinguished by their superior height and regularity, were called *new crypts*. The earth taken out of them was generally thrown into old branches of the galleries, some of them filled with graves; a circumstance which has given rise to many conjectures. Our author suggests that the fugitives may have cast up these mounds as obstacles to the pursuit of their enemies, since, by blocking up the principal passages, and leaving open only those known to themselves, they might render the galleries beyond quite inaccessible to their persecutors. Some of these new crypts are supposed to belong to more peaceful times, when the custom of burying in the catacombs had become so completely established, that, even after it was no longer a necessary precaution, this sort of sepulture was preferred. Vicinity to the tombs of saints and martyrs, so highly valued in that age, was also an inducement to the continuance of the practice. One of the inscriptions is translated as follows:—

IN THE NEW CRYPT, BEHIND THE SAINTS,
(*retro sanctos*;) VALERIA AND SABINA
BOUGHT IT FOR THEMSELVES WHILE LIVING.
THEY BOUGHT A BISOMUM FOR APRO AND
VIATOR.

The word *bisomum* (compounded of Greek and Latin) signifies a place for two bodies: the words *trisomum* and *quadrisomum* apply to graves capable of containing three and four bodies. "If we look back through the history of the world, we find every where the disposition to build tombs for the exclusive use of individual families. The mummy pits of Egypt are constructed upon this principle. 'He was buried with his fathers,' is a common conclusion to the history of a Jewish patriarch. It was reserved for Christianity first to deposit side by side the bodies of persons unconnected with each other,—an arrangement which prevails throughout the whole of Christendom, from the Catacombs of ancient Rome to the modern churchyards of our own country."

In many of the inscriptions on the tombs of the Catacombs occurs the word *cemetery*, which is derived from the Greek, and signifies a *sleeping-place*. "In this

auspicious word, now for the first time applied to the tomb, there is manifest a sense of hope and immortality, the result of a new religion. A star had risen on the borders of the grave, dispelling the horror of darkness which had hitherto reigned there; the prospect beyond was now cleared up, and so dazzling was the view of an eternal city 'sculptured in the sky,' that numbers were found eager to rush through the gate of martyrdom, for the hope of entering its starry portals."

The appearance of these Catacombs about the middle of the fourth century, has been described by St. Jerome. He says:—"When I was at Rome, still a youth, and employed in literary pursuits, I was accustomed, in company with others of my own age, and actuated by the same feelings, to visit, on Sundays, the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs; and often to go down into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth, where the walls on either side are lined with the dead; and so intense is the darkness, that we almost realise the words of the prophet,—'They go down alive into hell' (or Hades); and here and there a scanty aperture, ill deserving the name of window, admits scarcely light enough to mitigate the gloom which reigns below; and, as we advance through the shades with cautious steps, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Virgil,—'Horror on all sides; even the silence terrifies the mind.'"

These subterranean galleries were nearly lost sight of during the disorder occasioned by barbarian invasions. "As the knowledge of their windings could be preserved only by constant use, the principal entrances alone remained accessible; and even these were gradually neglected, and blocked up by rubbish, with the exception of two or three, which were still resorted to, and decorated afresh from time to time. In the sixteenth century the whole range of Catacombs was re-opened, and the entire contents, which had remained absolutely untouched during more than a thousand years, were restored to the world at a time when the recent revival of letters enabled the learned to profit by the discovery."

* * * It is difficult now to realise the impression which must have been made upon the first explorers of this subterranean city. A vast metropolis, rich in the bones of saints and martyrs; a stupendous testimony to the truth of Christian history, and consequently to that of Christianity itself; a faithful record of the trials of a persecuted Church; such were the objects presented to their view. * * * From the removal of everything portable to a place of greater security and more easy access, as well as from the difficulty of personally examining these dangerous galleries, beyond the mere entrance left open to general inspection, we are no longer able to share the feelings of those who beheld the cemeteries and chapels of a past age, completely furnished with their proper contents."

Before we proceed to notice the contents of the Catacombs, it may be well to add a few more details respecting them. In the greater number of galleries, the height is about eight or ten feet, and the width from four to six. The graves are cut in the walls, either in a straggling line, or in tiers, occasionally amounting to six in height. The galleries often run in stories, two or three deep, communicating with each other by flights of steps. Many of the perpendicular shafts, noticed by Jerome and others, by which the vaults were lighted, appear to be of a more recent date than the times of persecution, and would have been fatal to the safety of the refugees. Many of these holes still exist in the Campagna, near Rome, and prove dangerous to the incautious rider. "The number of graves contained in the Catacombs is very great. In order to form a general estimate of them, we must remember that from the year 98 A.D. to some time after the year 400 (of both which periods consular dates have been found in the cemeteries), the whole Christian population of Rome was interred there. As this time includes nearly a century after the establishment of Christianity under Constantine, the numbers latterly must have been very con-

siderable. A city peopled by more than a million of inhabitants, so far Christianised as to give rise to a general complaint that the altars and temples of the gods were deserted, must have required cemeteries of no ordinary dimensions. The number of Christians in the time of Decius has been estimated by historians at between forty and fifty thousand. Added to this, a horror of disturbing the graves already occupied, would effectually prevent the custom, common in our own country, of employing the same ground for fresh interments, after the lapse of a few years."

The treasures of the Catacombs, we have said, were removed to museums and places where they could be seen and studied to advantage. The richest collection is in the Vatican. There is, first, the Christian Museum, properly so called, containing a number of sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and medals; besides this, at the entrance to the Vatican Museum is a long corridor, the sides of which are completely lined with inscriptions, plastered into the wall. On the right hand are arranged the epitaphs of Pagans, votive tablets, dedications of altars, fragments of edicts and public documents, collected from the neighbourhood of the city; and, opposite to them, classed under the heads of Greek, Latin, and Consular monuments, appear the inscriptions of the ancient Christians. These have been collected indiscriminately from the Catacombs round Rome, and have hitherto remained unpublished. This is called the Lapidarian Gallery. In the year 1841, our author obtained permission to make a few drawings, and to copy some of the inscriptions in this gallery; but he had not long availed himself of the licence, when an application was made by the Jesuits to the Custode of the gallery, to prevent the use of its contents by a Protestant. He was, therefore, not allowed to proceed, but was even requested to give up the copies he had made; this, of course, was refused; and with the understanding that no more inscriptions should be copied, and that those copied should not be published in Rome, the matter terminated.

Ever since the discovery of these inestimable monuments in the sixteenth century, "Romanist writers have been suffered to claim identity in discipline and doctrine with the Church that occupied the Catacombs; while an attempt has scarcely been made to show from these remains the more striking resemblance existing between our Reformed Church and that of primitive Rome." To supply in some degree this deficiency, is the object of the work before us, as will be more particularly shown in another article.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLDS AROUND US.

ARE the planets and their satellites inhabited, or habitable? A question, it may well seem, more easily asked than answered. And so, in truth, it is, so far as the fact is concerned; but to those who speculate upon possibilities and probabilities, we may offer a very satisfactory solution of it in the words of Laplace.

"Such, then, beyond all doubt," says that greatest of modern astronomers, "will be a summary outline of the solar system. The principal focus of its movements is the sun, an immense globe, revolving upon itself in a period of twenty-five days and a half, and superficially overspread with an ocean of luminous matter. About this focus move the planets, with their satellites, in orbits nearly circular, and in planes but little inclined to that of the sun's equator. Innumerable comets from time to time approach the sun closely, and are then again borne away, to distances which prove that his attractive power reaches far beyond the limits of any known planetary orbits. And not only does this central

body act upon all these globes by its attraction, forcing them thus to revolve about it; but to all of them also it is a continual source of light and heat. Fostered by its benignant influence, plants and animals spring into being throughout our earth; and analogy leads us to suppose that similar effects take place upon the other planets; for we naturally infer that the prolific power with which matter develops itself under so many forms before our eyes is not idle upon the vast orb of Jupiter, where day alternates with night, and year succeeds to year, just as upon our own globe; and which, to an attentive observer, presents changes of appearance only to be accounted for by causes of great activity and power. True it is, that, in all likelihood, mankind, as at present constituted, could not exist under a temperature so different from that in which we live, and to which our frame is adapted: but why should there not subsist for each several planet of this universe a corresponding scheme of organization, in accordance with its particular temperature? If mere differences of climate, and of meteorological conditions, are sufficient to call forth the infinite variety which we behold in the productions of this our earth, how much greater must not be the diversity in those of the planets and their satellites! It transcends all power of the imagination to form any definite idea upon the subject, but that there do exist all these varied forms of being is at least highly probable."

But, indeed, apart from considerations of antecedent probability, and, without our having to pass entirely beyond the limits of our own immediate sphere, we may easily find, upon this very globe that we inhabit, the most sufficient indications that organized nature does, in fact, vary with the circumstances under which it is intended to exist, and accommodates itself to them. In the present state of geological science, it is impossible to make question but that this earth of ours has undergone very considerable changes, both in the physical condition of its surface, and in the zoological or botanical character of its inhabitants and productions. Now, in very numerous instances, it appears upon investigation, that the indications derived from these different sources exactly coincide; that is to say, we find the plants and animals of a given period to have been precisely such as we might have expected to find existing under physical conditions such as we are led to suppose those of that period to have been. For instance, various considerations of natural philosophy lead us to assume that the temperature of the earth's surface must, at a remote period, have been very much higher than that which now prevails there; and, accordingly, we have likewise the best reasons for believing that, at some indefinite distance of time, the polar regions were inhabited by animals, and clothed with a vegetation, such as now can exist only in the tropical latitudes. Again; there can be but little doubt that, at an early period of the earth's progress to the existing state of things, a very considerable portion of its surface must have presented the appearance of an ocean, studded with a multitude of islands, and the more so the farther we go back; a supposition which may be justified upon grounds perfectly independent of botanical science, while, at the same time, the study of fossil botany teaches us that the earlier the period, the more nearly does the character of its vegetation approximate to that which we find prevailing in the island clusters of the South Seas, and the archipelagos of the East and West Indies. But yet again; the enormous masses of chalk, evidently deposited by subsidence from water, which form so considerable a portion of the earth's crust, point to a period when the waters of our globe must have been highly charged with carbonic acid gas, by means of which the chalk was holden in solution. The same causes by which the waters became so generally thus impregnated would probably, or rather certainly, operate in respect of the atmosphere, which would thus, during this period, contain a very large proportion of

the same gas; a circumstance highly favourable to vegetable development, and doubtless forming a primary item in the conditions under which were called forth into being the gigantic forests of the ancient world. Now, this very state of things would be one in which neither man nor any animal of similar respiratory organization,—none, in fact, in whose nostrils is the breath of life,—could for a moment exist, much less increase and multiply. In such an atmosphere neither beast nor bird could have lived. Yet was not that world without its living denizens. To such a period it is that we must refer the extinct saurian races, the monstrous fish lizards and lizard-fishes, which, from the frequency of their fossil remains, must have been, at some time, exceedingly numerous upon the globe, and in its waters; and which would be adapted, by the mechanism of their respiration, to subsist in such an atmosphere; while the difference of temperature, and the change in the distribution of land and water, would probably disqualify them as tenants of the earth in its present state.

Thus, then, we find the speculative likelihood of the other planets being inhabited confirmed and supported by what we know of the past condition of that one among them upon which we ourselves live; while it will appear from the very same considerations, both of fact and probability, that under physical conditions so vastly different, the structure and organization of such inhabitants as they may possess, must equally vary from our own. A few words upon some of those differences of circumstance which are likely to be attended with this result in a very marked degree, may not prove uninteresting.

To begin, then, with the most obvious. It does not require much observation to teach us how powerfully organization is affected by habitual influences of temperature, nor much consideration to show us how widely in this respect the several planets must vary from our earth and from one another. In order, however, to giving some accurate idea on the subject, it may be as well to premise, that the effective power of radiant heat varies inversely as the square of the distance from the source of heat; that is to say, at a distance of two feet from a mass of red hot iron, from which heat will of course be radiating in every direction, the effect of that heat upon the temperature of a given object will be the fourth part of what it is at one foot; at a distance of three feet that effect will be diminished to a ninth; at four, to one sixteenth; and so on continually. And now, to apply this to the temperature of the planets respectively, as compared with that of our globe. The earth's distance from the sun is about 95,000,000 of miles, that of Mercury about 36,000,000, which is nearly in the ratio of eight to three; so that the power of the solar rays, at the distance of Mercury, will be greater than it is at the distance of our earth, about in the ratio of sixty-four to nine, or, in simpler numbers, seven to one. The distance of Venus from the sun is about 68,000,000 of miles, and by a similar process we shall find that the intensity of the sun's radiation at that distance will be more than double of what it is here. It would be tedious to apply a similar calculation to the planetary system in detail. Let it suffice, therefore, to propound the general result, that the intensity of solar radiation, which on Mercury is about seven times greater than on the earth, is some 330 times less on Uranus; the proportion between the two extremes being upwards of 2,000 to one. Let any one figure to himself our condition were the sun's effect to be septupled, to say nothing of the greater ratio! or were it diminished to a seventh, or to a three-hundredth of what it now is!

It must, however, be observed, that a greater intensity of solar radiation does not necessarily imply a proportionally higher temperature at the surface of any given planet, which might possibly be provided with an atmosphere so constituted as in some degree to reflect or absorb the rays, and so to mitigate the glare and heat. Indeed, we have some reason to believe that both with Mer-

cury and Venus such is in fact the case; and, in all the planets, we notice diversities of appearance which we are strongly led to attribute to atmospheric peculiarities. Indeed, unless there is some provision of the kind, it must be impossible for water to exist upon Mercury in any other form than that of steam; and many of our metals would be in a constant state of fusion—would, in fact, present much the same appearance that mercury does to us, until converted into powder by the greater facility of oxidation. In Saturn, on the contrary, all the water would be in a perpetual state of ice. The same law of variation also holds good for light; itself a powerful chemical agent, which plays no undistinguished part among the influences which tend to modify organization.

Moreover, the wide inequality of the planets as to superficial extent, their different periods of diurnal rotation and annual revolution, must occasion no inconsiderable diversity in the circumstances and habits of any creatures that may exist upon them. The area of Jupiter is, in round numbers, one hundred and twenty fold that of our globe; of Saturn not much less than that of Jupiter. The area of Mercury's surface, on the other hand, is less than one fourth of that of our globe; while that of the lesser planets, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas is very far smaller still. Again, while the diurnal rotation of Mercury, Venus, and Mars is not very different from our own, that of Saturn takes place in something less than ten hours and a half; that of Jupiter in a few minutes short of ten hours. While Mercury revolves about the sun in eighty-seven days, or in less than one fourth of our own year, and Venus in 244 days, the year of Jupiter extends to twelve, and that of Saturn to thirty, of this earth's annual revolutions. And if we combine these latter data with the length of Jupiter's and Saturn's days, as already given, we shall find, on a rough and round calculation, the year of the former consisting of about 10,000 of his own days; while for the inhabitants of Saturn the sun must rise and set some 24,000 times, ere the seasons recommence their round. On Saturn, indeed, the course of the seasons will be materially modified by the effect of his rings, which, to a large proportion of his surface must entirely eclipse the sun for half the period of his revolution.

Another leading source of diversity must lie in the exceeding difference of the force of gravity, as exerting itself on the surfaces of the several planets. Supposing the velocity of rotation and the density of the material to be the same for one of the small ultra-zodiacal planets—Pallas, for instance—as on this earth, a man placed on one of them would spring with ease to a height of sixty feet, and sustain no greater shock in his descent than here from a leap of a single yard. In Jupiter, on the other hand, upon the same suppositions, the force of gravitation would be more than tenfold what it is with us. On the last-mentioned planet, however, the tendency to the centre is in a considerable degree contracted by the increased centrifugal force, corresponding to the greater velocity of rotation—perhaps also by other circumstances—so that in fact, the gravitation force is not quite threefold of that which operates at the earth's surface. Saturn, however, though in bulk not much inferior to Jupiter, is composed of materials so much less massive than those of our planet, his velocity of rotation being at the same time nearly equal to that of Jupiter, that the force of gravity at his surface will be less than that which we experience. In truth, the mere density of Saturn does not much exceed one-eighth of that of the earth, so that he is composed upon an average of materials not much heavier than cork; a fact which may serve at once as an illustration of the manner in which variations of condition so frequently balance one another, and as a proof that the combinations of elements must be exceedingly different upon the several planets.

So here we shall pause, praying our readers to remember that we did not set out to solve a question, but

merely to cull a few materials for speculation, from a field which we are far from having attempted to exhaust. It will hardly be necessary to remind them that the convenience of round numbers is always more regarded than mathematical accuracy, where the object is to present proportions to the mind in a definite manner.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO DA URBINO.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO was born on Good Friday, in the year 1483, at Urbino, a city about 150 miles from Rome. His father, Giovanni Sanzio, was an artist, and though not very eminent, in his profession, he was considered to possess superior judgment. He instructed his son in the rudiments of his art, even in his childhood; and so wonderful was the boy's genius, and so rapid his progress, that in a few years he was able to assist his father in some of the works in which he was engaged at Urbino.

Giovanni, being anxious to give his son the best opportunity of improving his talents, placed him under the tuition of Perugino, who then enjoyed a distinguished reputation, but whose highest claim to renown was afterwards derived from his having been the instructor of the inimitable Raphael.

The pupil soon perceived that he should never attain the perfection to which he aspired, if he contented himself with copying the manner of his master. He therefore devoted his attention to the study of the antiques,¹ and made himself thoroughly acquainted with their beauties.

The great fame of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, and Leonardo da Vinci, induced him to visit Florence; and the careful examination of the works of those eminent artists enlarged his ideas, and enabled him to improve his style. Their discussions afforded opportunities for the display of their superior talents, which Raphael admired with enthusiasm. Indeed, he appreciated the merit of Michael Angelo so highly, that he was wont to say, "I thank heaven that I was born in the same age with that illustrious man!" It is right to add, that Buonaroti, although he did sometimes evince a feeling of jealousy with regard to Raphael, always acknowledged the superiority of his genius, and rendered ample justice to his great skill.

Raphael's celebrity now became general throughout Italy, and, after enriching his native city, Urbino, with several of his works, and residing four years at Florence, his uncle Bramante, the great architect of that period, persuaded Julius II. to employ Raphael to adorn the Vatican with his paintings. He was now in his twenty-fifth year; and, when we consider the difficult position of the young painter—who, when he commenced this grand undertaking, was surrounded by many eminent and aspiring artists, who having been already employed by the pope, must have considered the

choice of Raphael as a great injustice to themselves, and whose interest it was that he should fail—we may form some idea of that superior genius which enabled him to vanquish every obstacle, to surpass the opinion which had been formed of him, and to leave every rival far behind him.

As Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes, "it is probable that we are indebted to the remarkable and critical situation in which Raphael was placed, for the magnificent *chefs-d'œuvre* which he has left us."

It is said that the most superior fresco-paintings of Raphael, in the Vatican, do not immediately strike the beholder with that surprise which might be expected from the works of so illustrious a master. This circumstance has been accounted for by Montesquieu, who observes, that Raphael imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more surprised than were he to see the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong colouring, or odd and singular attitudes, in the productions of inferior artists, strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere.

The success of Raphael was complete; and his incomparable works prove that poetry, history, and the sciences, were as familiar to him as painting. He continued to study the antique with ardour, and the magnificent collection of works of art in the Sistine chapel, into which he was admitted by Bramante, in spite of the prohibition of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, increased his ambition to exceed his former efforts.

Riches and honours were now heaped upon him, and the great number of pictures which he was engaged to paint obliged him to avail himself of the assistance of young artists in the execution of his designs, and thus many superior painters were formed under his direction. But he was so particularly careful, that he corrected with his own hand whatever he found imperfectly performed by his disciples, and gave those finishing touches to the whole, which have rendered those works the admiration of the world.

Raphael was quite free from jealousy or envy. He was generous to his brother artists, and administered to the wants of those who needed assistance. He made no concealment of his skill, and imparted his advice to his pupils conscientiously and liberally, often interrupting his own work to advance their progress. In his walks he was always surrounded by his favourite scholars. His most celebrated disciples were Julio Romano, Francesco Penni, Polidoro da Caravaggio, and Perini del Vaga.

The works of Raphael are so varied and so extensive that the enumeration of them would require a volume, and to do them justice would demand talents and knowledge equal to his own. It would, nevertheless, be a pleasant task to attempt to describe some of his most famous productions, but the limits of this paper will not admit of more than a brief notice of one beautiful picture by this great master. It is called *La Madonna del Pesce*—The Madonna of the Fish—and was formerly in the Escorial in Spain, but is now in the Musée at Madrid.

It is supposed that Raphael was ordered to paint a picture in which the following personages were

(1) *ANTIQUE*. By this term are implied and understood, such paintings and sculptures as were executed at that period of time when those arts were in their greatest perfection among the ancient Greeks and Romans; from the age of Alexander the Great to the irruption of the Goths into Italy, under Alaric, in the year of our Lord 400.

The term *Antique* is more particularly applied to the sculptures of the period before mentioned; such as statues, basso-relievos, medals, intaglios, or engraved stones.

to concur: our Saviour, when an infant, the Virgin Mary, St. Jerome, the archangel Raphael, and young Tobit; leaving the artist to contrive, as he might best be able, how to join in one picture personages who lived at periods so distant from each other; and it may not be going too far to say, that perhaps no one but Raphael could have formed so beautiful a picture from a subject so difficult and unconnected.

The Virgin is supposed to be sitting in a chair, with the child Jesus on her lap, whilst St. Jerome is reading the prophecies of the Old Testament relative to the birth, preaching, and miracles of the Messiah.

The archangel introduces young Tobit, who is come to implore the favour of God for the restoration of sight to his father. The blessed Infant bends gently towards the suppliant, and seems anxious to examine the fish, which hangs to a string in Tobit's right hand. Meanwhile, St. Jerome, who seems to have finished the page he was reading, is ready to turn over the leaf, and appears to be waiting only till the Divine child lifts its little arm from the book, on which it carelessly rests.

The countenance of the Virgin is full of compassion, and her attitude perfectly graceful. Without taking her eyes off Tobit, or interrupting the angel, she gently supports the holy Infant, whose head almost touches the left cheek of his affectionate mother, which adds to her beautiful face a tenderness of expression impossible to describe.

The head of the angel is noble; his air easy and natural; whilst innocence and gentleness are depicted in his countenance. The figure of Tobit is likewise very attractive. He raises his eyes with reverential awe to the Infant Saviour, and his attitude denotes timidity and diffidence.

This picture is painted on wood, and is about eight feet high. The subject is certainly replete with difficulties and incongruities, but all these defects are forgotten in the contemplation of its beauties.

The colouring is in the last and best manner of Raphael.

The celebrated picture of "The Transfiguration" was intended by the illustrious painter to be sent as a mark of his respect and gratitude to Francis I. King of France. That monarch had invited Raphael to his Court, and there is little doubt that the artist would have gladly accepted the royal invitation, had it not been for the intreaties of his uncle Bramante, and the liberality of Leo X.

He sent, however, his picture of St. Michael to the French king, who paid him for it so generously, that he considered it incumbent on him to present the munificent monarch with another of his works, his celebrated Holy Family: but Francis insisted on Raphael's acceptance of a still more liberal remuneration for this admirable production; and in a letter which his Majesty wrote to Raphael, in allusion to this generous struggle, he asserted "that all men of superior talent were upon an equal rank with sovereigns." Raphael was deeply affected by so much condescension, and he then conceived his first idea of "The Transfiguration," which, as before stated, he intended to present to his royal and generous patron. His premature death, however, prevented the completion of this sublime picture; but, unfinished as it was, it was considered to be the master-piece of this great

painter, and therefore it was not thought right to deprive Rome of the finest work he ever produced.

It was on the anniversary of his birth—Good Friday—in the year 1520, that Raphael expired, at the early age of thirty-seven. His death occasioned universal grief in Rome. His picture of "The Transfiguration" was exhibited in its then imperfect state, in his studio, above the couch on which his body was laid previously to interment: this was an affecting and appropriate tribute to his memory. He was buried, according to his own desire, in the church of the Rotunda, and his funeral was attended by many illustrious persons.

To use the words of Mengs, who is the least enthusiastic of the admirers of Raphael, the latter "undoubtedly deserves the first rank amongst painters. He possessed a sublimity of thought, a fruitful and rich invention, remarkable correctness of drawing and design, and a wonderful expression. His attitudes are noble, natural, and graceful; and to the elegance and grandeur of the antique he added the simplicity of nature. He blended the boldness of Michael Angelo Buonaroti with his own graceful ideas, and struck out a manner peculiar to himself and superior to all others."

The Cartoons of Raphael are considered as admirable evidences of his genius, and England is happy in possessing several of these interesting works.

CURIOSITIES OF COLD.

In a paper in our last journal, detailing the peculiarities of the Wenham Ice-Lake, we glanced at what may be termed the Luxuries of Cold. The contrivances resorted to for enjoying them are of ancient date; they involve much ingenuity, and, in later times, knowledge of scientific principles, so that a few of their details will be both interesting and instructive.

The source of cold to which we specially refer, is that resulting from evaporation: this Sir John Leslie has illustrated by all those contrivances, which, under the name of *coolers*, diminish the temperature of liquids by evaporation. Galen relates that he witnessed the mode of cooling water, which was practised in his time, not only at Alexandria, but all over Egypt. The water having been previously boiled, was poured at sunset into shallow pans, which were carried to the house tops, and there exposed during the whole night to the wind; and to preserve the cold thus acquired, the pans were removed at daybreak, and placed on the shaded ground, surrounded by leaves of trees, prunings of vines, lettuce, or other slowly conducting substances. The water-bags of the Bedouin Arabs allow a small quantity of water to exude from them, which being evaporated, cools the rest of the contained water. The gourds and calabashes of the Africans,—the alcarazas of the Moors,—the wetted, matted curtains of oriental nations, &c,—are all instances of the operation of the same law.

It has been supposed that ice cannot be obtained by artificial means in the East Indies. This is not precisely the case, as we learn from the following account, in Miss Roberts's *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan*:

"At the principal stations in the Mofussil there are regular *Ice-harvests*; the night frosts, during a

certain number of weeks, being always sufficiently strong to congeal water under their influence, if of an inconsiderable depth. A piece of ground, commensurate with the number of persons who subscribe to the concern, is laid out for the purpose of collecting a sufficient quantity of ice to last through the hot season; shallow pans are provided, of convenient dimensions, and these are placed in rows, close to each other. After sunset they are filled with water by superintendents, whose business it is to remove the cake when sufficiently frozen, and to replenish the pans, an operation which is performed several times in the course of each night. The cakes of ice are deposited in excavations made according to the principles observed in England, and with proper care may be preserved during the rains; the least neglect, however, is fatal in the damp season; the ice melts in an instant, and the unfortunate subscribers, instead of having the stipulated quantity to cool butter, cream, jellies, water, and wine, are compelled to do as well as they can with the only substitute, saltpetre. At Chinsurah, where the frosts are not so severe as in the upper country, a small quantity of saltpetre is placed in the pans." With these aids, Miss Roberts thinks, that should the season prove favourable, the necessity for importing ice from America will no longer exist.

In France, when the winters are mild, the quantity of ice collected is, necessarily, very small. The consumers have, accordingly, sought to supply this deficiency by artificial means, somewhat similar to those employed in India. With this intention they have organized a large *manufactory* at L'Ouen, in which evaporation is the agent employed. The water is brought to the summit of a series of wooden falls, and dropping gently "*en cascades*," runs slowly into large tanks, isolated from the soil, and finishes by becoming congealed. In this manner, masses of ice are obtained, even when the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere is several degrees above zero. This freezing power is considerably augmented by the addition of chemical agents, such as saltpetre and bay salt.

The consumption of ice in Paris is very considerable. It is there not only employed in the composition of various refreshments, but also to preserve a quantity of viands, which heat tends to deteriorate; and it is sometimes used as a therapeutic agent in illness. The number of confectioners who use or sell ice in Paris, is estimated at 450, without reckoning those private houses in which ice is consumed by the family. The annual consumption in Paris is calculated to be from twenty-five to thirty millions of pounds weight. Independently of the ice wells in the different establishments of lemonade merchants, confectioners, &c., there are several large ones in the environs of Paris: the most remarkable, both from its size and the quantity it produces, is *La Glacière* at L'Ouen, Saint Denis; the depth of this well is about thirty-three feet, and its diameter upwards of one hundred feet; it supplies the Parisian population yearly with twelve millions of pounds of ice, at the average price of from 1½d. to 2d per lb.

It is a very singular phenomenon, that cold, far exceeding that of winter, can be produced, even in the middle of summer; and, what adds to the singularity is, that this production of cold does not take place unless the ingredients employed become liquid.

This production of *artificial cold* at will was known to our chemists two centuries since. Thus Sir Thomas Browne, in his "*Enquiries into vulgar and common Errors*," originally published in 1646, speaking of the old notion "that crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed," says, "Whether this coagulation be simply made by cold, or also by cooperation of any nitrous coagulum, or spirit of salt, the principle of concretion, whereby we observe that ice may be made with salt and snow by the fireside, as is also observable from ice made by saltpetre and water duly mixed, and strongly agitated, at any time of the year, were a very considerable enquiry." Upon this, Mr. Brayley, the chemist, notes: "The doubt here expressed, whether the coagulation of water is simply owing to cold, or whether the operation of cold may not be aided by saltpetre, or some analogous principle, is a remnant of the notions entertained of that salt by the alchemists, and the older operators in true chemistry, who immediately succeeded them, of both whose ideas on such subjects, our author, (Sir T. Browne) retained a few, though, considering the state of science in his time, very few indeed, and those of minor importance only. The arguments which he adduces in favour of this doubt are as fallacious as the supposition itself which it involves. 'That ice may be made with salt and snow by the fireside,' arises not from any peculiar congealing virtue in the salt, but merely from the circumstance that the affinity it has for water produces a rapid liquefaction of the snow, which, robbing the surrounding bodies of their heat, in order to assume the liquid form, (their *sensible* heat thus becoming *latent* in the resulting water,) produces the cold. The case is similar with respect to the ice made by saltpetre and water; for here the water subjected to experiment is reduced to the solid form by the abstraction of its sensible heat, consequent upon the liquefaction of the salt, in the solution of which it becomes latent." (*Browne's Works*, Wilkins' Edit. vol. ii. p. 282.)

We can only detail a few of the beautiful applications of chemical science employed in producing artificial congelation.

In 1782, Mr. Walker of Oxford, produced ice in summer by means of chemical mixtures which have been popularly termed *freezing powders*: they have been more recently applied to domestic purposes, in three distinct kinds of apparatus; one for *freezing water* in the hottest weather; another for *icing wine*; and the third for *freezing cream*. Mr. Walker's apparatus for wine is very simple: he merely proposes to add the following proportion of freezing powder to each pint of water, in which the decanter of wine is to be placed up to the neck, within a cup or can surrounded with water, in a tin covered pail. The freezing powder is as follows: for each pint of water take 3 oz. of powdered nitre, 3 oz. powdered sal ammoniac, and 4½ oz. Glauber's salts. When these are dissolved in the water, place in it the decanter of wine, taking care that the surface of the wine be rather below that of the freezing mixture.

A mixture of 4 oz. of nitrate of ammonia, 4 oz. of sub-carbonate of soda, and 4 oz. of water, in a tin pail, has been found to produce 10 oz. of ice in three hours.

In employing either of these powders to cool a bottle of champagne, place it to the neck in a vessel of the coldest pump water that can be procured;

sprinkle about 4 oz. of either of the above powders upon the shoulder of the bottle, so that, as it gradually dissolves, it shall fall or run down the sides; in the meantime, gently turn the bottle in the mixture, and keep it in about twenty minutes, or half an hour.

The late Dr. Dalton succeeded in cooling water 5° below its freezing point, 32° , without rendering it ice. In this case, it is necessary to keep the water in a state of the most complete quiescence; for the least agitation either prevents it from falling lower than 32° ; or, if it be brought down below this point, it instantly begins to freeze, and the fluid part rises to 32° .

In these cases, for producing artificial cold, the conversion of apparent into latent heat in the process of liquefaction is taken advantage of. All these instances depend for their efficacy upon the liquefaction of solid substances without the aid of heat; the degree of cold depends upon the amount of the heat of fluidity which disappears; and this also depends upon the amount of solid matter which is liquefied, and the rapidity of the liquefaction.

A very common method of obtaining a low temperature is, by mixing snow and salt together. The salt causes the melting of the snow by reason of its attraction for water, and the water thus formed melts the salt; so that both are liquefied. This process will sink the thermometer to 0° . Hence, it is a dangerous practice to sprinkle salt on the snow on the street pavement, for the purpose of liquefying it, unless it be swept away as soon as possible.

Sprinklings of salt are sometimes added to ice when it is put into the house, with the view of preserving it; but this is an erroneous notion, unless it be supposed that, by the abstraction of the latent heat from some of the ice dissolved by the salt, a greater degree of cold is produced to solidify the remainder. Confectioners use salt to dissolve, not to preserve ice, because a much more intense degree of cold is generated during the solution than if the pieces of ice remained undissolved.

A very remarkable cold may be produced by mixing three parts by weight of crystallized chloride of calcium with two parts of dry snow; this will sink the mercury in the thermometer from 32° to -50° , thus producing a degree of cold equal to 82° below freezing. This is considerably lower than any point recorded by Captain Back, in his Arctic Land Expedition in 1833-4-5, where he relates some very interesting experiments on the effect and intensity of the cold. With the thermometer at -62° , a closely-stopped bottle of sulphuric ether was exposed immediately below the registering thermometer on the snow, when, in fifteen minutes, the interior upper surface of the sides of the bottle was coated with ice, and a thick efflorescent sediment covered the bottom, while the ether generally appeared viscous and opaque.

A small bottle of pyroligneous acid froze in less than thirty minutes, at a temperature of -57° : as did also the same quantity of 1 part of rectified spirit and 2 of water, 1 part of the same, and 1 of water. Leeward Island rum became thick in a few minutes, but did not freeze.

A mixture of 2 parts pure spirit and 1 water froze into ice in three hours, with a temperature from -65° to 61° .

A bottle of nitric ether, having been out all night, was thick, and the bubbles of air rose slowly and with difficulty; the mean temperature at 6, a.m. Jan. 17, being -70° .

A surface of 4 inches of mercury, exposed in a common saucer, became solid in two hours, with a temperature of -57° .

Captain Back relates, that on the 4th of February, the temperature was -60° , and there being at the same time a fresh breeze, was nearly insupportable. Such, indeed, was the abstraction of heat, that with 8 large logs of dry wood in the fire-place of a small room, the Captain could not get the thermometer higher than 12° . Ink and paint froze; the sextant cases, and boxes of seasoned wood, principally fir, all split. The skin of the hands became dry, cracked, and opened into unsightly gashes. On one occasion, after Captain Back had washed his face, within three feet of the fire, his hair was actually clotted with ice before he had time to dry it.

To return to artificial congelation. By judicious management, frigorific mixtures, with the aid of snow or pounded ice, have been made to freeze quicksilver into a solid mass. A very remarkable experiment of this kind was performed by Messrs. Pepys and Allen. Into a mixture of equal parts of muriate of lime, at 33° , and snow at 32° , a bladder, containing 56 pounds of mercury, was immersed, after the mixture had been liquefied by stirring, and when its temperature was found to be -42° : as soon as the cold mixture had deprived the mercury of so much of its heat that its own temperature was raised from -42° to 5° , the mercury was taken from it, and put into a fresh mixture, the same in every respect as the first. In the meantime, the muriate of lime was kept cooling, by immersing the vessel which contained it into a mixture of the same ingredients: 5 pounds of the muriate were, by this means, reduced to -15° . A mixture being made of this muriate and snow, at the temperature of 32° , in the course of three minutes it gave a temperature of -62° , or 9.1° below the freezing point of water.

The mercury reduced to -30° by immersion in the second mixture, and suspended in a net, was put into the newly-made mixture, and the whole was covered with a cloth, to impede the passage of heat from the surrounding atmosphere. After an hour and forty minutes, the 56 pounds of mercury were found solid and fixed. The temperature of the mixture, at this time, was -46° ; that is, 16° higher than when the mercury was put into it. A painful sensation, like that produced by a burn, or scald, or wound with a rough-edged instrument, was experienced on handling the frozen mercury; the parts of the hand which were in contact with the metal lost all sensation, and became white, and, to all appearance, dead; but, by friction, they soon resumed their usual sensation and colour.

Evaporation is, as we have already stated, the process by which cold is obtained for domestic purposes. The porous wine-coolers being dipped in water, they imbibe a quantity of it, which gradually evaporates; and, as a part of the heat necessary to convert the water into vapour, will be taken from a bottle of wine placed in it, the wine is considerably cooled. This is but a modification of the *alcarrazas* used in the East; these being filled with water and hung up in the air, the fluid penetrating slowly to the outside of the vessel, is converted

into vapour by robbing the interior water of a portion of its heat; and thus the cooling effect is produced. If the wine-bottle be placed in the cooler, its temperature will be lowered with the water.

Or, wine may be cooled by wrapping a wet towel round the bottle, and exposing it to the sun, when the evaporation of the water cools the contents. In the East Indies, this method is much employed: the wet cloths, however, are covered with a kind of petticoat. Port, claret, and Burgundy, are characteristically attired in crimson, with white flounces; and sherry and madeira appear in bridal costume. A more simple mode is to fold the wet cloth around the decanter of wine or water, and place it in a current of air, as by hanging it up in a doorway.

We remember a remarkable effect of cold in the maturation of wine. Thus, it is customary with some cunning wine-merchants to throw water daily over a bin of port, which will "bring it forward" in a very short time: the wine must then be drunk, or in this forced state it will soon spoil.

In India, the bed-curtains are sprinkled with water, by the evaporation of which the air within is cooled. The London brewers have taken a hint from this expedient: in very hot weather, dray-loads of beer in barrels may be seen in the streets, protected from the sun by a kind of canvass awning, which, being wetted, in drying cools the air over the beer, and renders it less liable to ferment.

Evaporation also increases with the temperature. Ice and snow are constantly giving out vapour; so that, in a cold dry atmosphere, they rapidly diminish in bulk. *In vacuo*, the evaporation is accelerated, especially if any substance be present (such as sulphuric acid,) which will absorb the vapour as fast as it is formed. In this way, two or three ounces of ice, at a temperature considerably below 32°, will disappear in the course of twenty-four hours.—*Tomlinson's Student's Manual of Natural Philosophy*.

The air-pump has frequently been made an agent in producing artificial cold. So copious is the discharge of vapour *in vacuo*, from some bodies whose boiling points are low, that they boil with great rapidity, at temperatures far below that of freezing water. If water be placed in a flat dish, and ether be poured upon its surface, and the whole be covered with a glass receiver on the table of an air-pump; as the air is being rarefied, the ether will begin to boil; and so much heat is abstracted from the water to form vapour, that the water will be converted into a solid lump of ice. Thus, we have the singular spectacle of two liquids, one upon the other, the upper one boiling and the lower freezing at the same time!

The late Professor Leslie devised an elegant method of reducing the temperature sufficiently low to freeze water in any climate, and at any season of the year. His method is briefly this: he placed under the receiver of an air-pump a broad flat vessel of sulphuric acid, and water at the ordinary temperature in another vessel above the first; he then extracted the air from the receiver; vapour speedily arose from the water, which vapour was absorbed by the sulphuric acid as fast as it was formed, and the water was speedily frozen.

A saucer of porous earthenware is best adapted for holding the water; and instead of sulphuric acid, other absorbents may be used, such as parched oatmeal, or dried and powdered pipe-clay.

Professor Leslie placed a hemispherical vessel of porous earthenware, containing a pound and a quarter of water, over a body of parched oatmeal, one foot in diameter and one inch deep; and by working the pump for some time, the whole of the water was frozen.

Leslie also succeeded in freezing mercury by similar means. In this state, it was solid, and its temperature—120°.

But science is often too costly for every-day life; and such it has been found in making artificial ice by the air-pump in India. Upon its first introduction into Bengal, the novelty proved very attractive; and Miss Roberts states a rich and luxurious native to have expended seven hundred pounds in the single article of ice, at an entertainment given to an European party!

GAUTIER DE LA SALLE.

A LEGEND OF GUERNSEY.

" 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st cuttiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, Royal Prince,
If he be less he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more names for badness."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

HAST ever been in Guernsey, gentle reader? I trow not. That beautiful and interesting cluster of islands, situated in the Bay of St. Michael, or La Manche, are no doubt considered too English, too near thine own door, "thou wandering knight so far!" to be deemed worthy of a visit. Indeed, the generality of English people are only acquainted with them from the name of the three principal ones, Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney; and they are scarcely visited by any but persons engaged in commerce, whilst the travelling aristocracy and squirearchy of England are totally unknown, or considered by them as barren rocks, or the haunts of smugglers and outlaws, unworthy, therefore, the trouble of a visit; but, in many instances, the Isle of Wight even must yield in comparison with some beauties of landscape of which Guernsey can boast. Where, in the former island, will anything be found to rival, nay, to equal, the Bay of Petit-Bo? or that of Moulin-Huette, with its tapering needle rocks? and where, in the Isle of Wight, can anything surpass in rural beauty the village of the "King's Mills," embosomed in hills, and with the deep valley leading from it to St. Andrew's Church? or what spot can compare with Guernsey in the spring, when the whole face of the country is clad in the richest verdure? Primroses, violets, periwinkles, and blue-bells, cover the verdant banks, whilst the apple-blossom of the numerous orchards add to the charm of the landscape, and render it picturesque and enchanting beyond description.

Independent of the beautiful scenery of the island, the manners and customs of its inhabitants are so totally different from those of their fellow subjects in England, that they are well worthy our observation. The population of Guernsey have altered less in their manners and habits, during a period of many centuries, than, perhaps, any people in Europe; as they were centuries ago, so they continue to the present day. In their lives the people exhibit the most industrious habits, combined with a character for *mesquinerie*, which closely borders on the most sordid avarice. Neither food nor raiment tempt them to extravagance. Secluded as they have hitherto been from the world, they are neither allured by its attractions, nor assailed by its cares. Although their means are ample, a mediocrity, border-

ing on poverty, seems to prevail throughout the country. The old Norman French is the language still spoken by the rural population; many, indeed, are totally unacquainted with English. The French language is also used in the law courts and in the churches, except those parishes where they have an especial service for the English residents. The instruments of husbandry, and most of the domestic utensils, found in the country, are French, and clumsy and unwieldy in the extreme. Their dress, as well as mode of living, is poor and parsimonious: a worse than Spartan broth, denominated *soupe à la graisse*, compounded of cabbage, boiled with a lump of grease, or fat, with, perhaps, the addition of a small piece of bacon, supplies the one, and neither pride nor fashion imposes any unnecessary expense on the other.

Amongst their other peculiarities, too, their decided belief in *wizards* and *witchcraft*, and the influence of the *evil eye*, must not be forgotten. It is melancholy to think such things should be in these days; and it is extraordinary that education has not the effect of eradicating this feeling from the rising generation, but they are, in this nineteenth century, as firm believers (and such a belief is not confined exclusively to the rural population) in the power of necromancers and conjurors, as their forefathers. To this hour, there are a certain race in the island who are supposed to be endowed with the power of bestowing good and evil; and it is a fact, that, at many shops in St. Peter's Port, the shopkeeper is afraid to make any demand for the pound of sugar or coffee, or whatever the *sorcière* might ask for; or, if he pleases to pay, the terror-stricken merchant would not dare refuse whatever sum, however inadequate, the cunning man or woman might condescend to offer.

These remarks on the rural population of the island of course do not apply to those in a more exalted sphere. Education, and a more constant and regular communication with the mother country and France, are beginning to show their effects on the rising generation of the aristocracy, though the cares of business are seldom relaxed, and the desire of gain burns as keenly in the breast of the merchant as in the bosom of the rustic. But Guernsey has given birth to, and still contains, men of the most enlightened understandings, and the kindest hearts; of extensive hospitality and liberal principles. It has produced too soldiers and sailors, of whom their native country might well be proud, and whom their English fellow subjects have delighted to honour.

The only historical interest connected with the Channel Islands is, that they are the remains of our ancient Norman possessions, the only portions which have invariably followed the fortunes of England in all changes of religion and government; and the inhabitants have always proved themselves a loyal, contented, and happy people. And we recommend those who are disposed to wander abroad in search of scenes of natural beauty, to visit the Channel Islands, and we venture to predict they will not be disappointed. Of antiquities, properly speaking, Guernsey can boast but little; it is scanty, too, in tales and legends, a proof that, even in former days, the islanders were, what they still are, the votaries of gain and commerce.

The only tale of "legendary lore" a pretty long residence in that island has made me acquainted with, is that of the wicked bailiff, Gautier de la Salle, and from which "Guernsey legend," perhaps, the above remarks have too long detained the reader.

The office of bailiff, or chief civil governor, of the island of Guernsey is of great antiquity; and, according to the best information we can procure, seems to have been first separated from that of the military authority in the reign of King Edward the First. The governors were appointed by the king as Duke of Normandy, and the bailiffs by the governors, till the latter end of the reign of Charles the Second, when that power was taken from them, and the bailiffs since have patents under the great seal of England.

On the death of the bailiff, Peter le Marchant, in the year 1304, Otto de Grandison, the then governor, found himself somewhat embarrassed in appointing a successor. In England, nay, amongst his own retainers even, he could have found, without difficulty, many fully equal to the charge; but he was desirous, if possible, that the civil governor should be chosen from amongst the native inhabitants, and, at that period, it was difficult to find one with abilities above mediocrity sufficiently qualified to fill the arduous post of bailiff.

At a house in the parish of St. Martin's, then called La Petite Ville, dwelt Gautier de la Salle, one of the largest *propriétaires* in the island. With a mind more cultivated than his neighbours, for he had been educated at the college at Caen, and certainly with an understanding far superior to those around him, he was considered by the governor as the most proper person to succeed to the chair thus unhappily become vacant by the death of the good Peter le Marchant. At the time of his election, Gautier was between thirty and forty years of age; he was of rustic origin, and his ancestors had for years occupied the house which he now inhabited; but, though known to be rich, and looked upon by all as a man of superior abilities, his election to the civil government of the island was not hailed with enthusiasm by the generality of his countrymen; he was thought to be of a deceitful and hypocritical disposition, mean and servile in his behaviour to his superiors, haughty and overbearing to those of a more humble station. His occupation was farming, and accumulating money his delight.

He was a bachelor, and with him the direct line of the De la Salles became extinct. In the event of his dying childless, the lands and dwelling of La Petite Ville would pass to his kinsman, Hugh de Massey, who, with his widowed mother, inhabited a small cottage, and was possessed of a few vergées of land immediately adjoining the house of his rich relation, and from the well on whose premises he had a right to draw water, which his forefathers had enjoyed from time immemorial. This right of entering his premises at all hours was, it appears, exceedingly annoying to Gautier de la Salle, who had often tempted Hugh to sell him his birthright, by the offer of a large sum of money, far beyond its real value; but Dame Catharine Massey was furious at the idea of such a thing happening, and threatened not only to entail her curse upon her son if ever he parted with the patrimony of his fathers for money, but to implore the *Bête-la-twa* to torment him with all his power. Such a threat was quite enough to deter a stouter heart than Hugh's from all thoughts of parting with his farm; and some time after, on her death-bed, he renewed his promise to his mother, come what would, not to sell the land. It was this promise alone which prevented his patrimony from falling into the hands of his rapacious kinsman, who renewed his offers to Hugh some time after the death of his mother, and which Hugh found more difficult to resist than formerly, for he had been unfortunate in his farm lately—his crops had failed, and his cattle were suffering under the influence of the "*evil-eye*," some unknown enemy having cast a spell around them; nay, he himself was suffering from the same fatal charm; and, depressed in mind, and weak from bodily disease, he felt strongly inclined to accept his kinsman's offer, and then leave the island, and seek his fortunes in England or France. He was the more induced to adopt this plan, too, from the coldness he experienced from his near neighbour, Simon le Moyne, who, since his embarrassments, had almost entirely withdrawn himself from poor Hugh, and had forbidden his daughter Collette any longer to think of him as her future husband. The fact was,

(1) The *Bête-la-twa*, or *Bête-de-la-tour*, is a supernatural visitor, who is supposed to make its appearance at Christmas; and woe to the unhappy wight against whom its aid had been invoked! The festivities of the season, in which the islanders indulge to excess, would be considerably damped by the beast's proceedings.

Simon, as well as his wife Rachel, had lately seen with delight that the charms of their daughter had made a deep impression upon the bailiff; and, although Hugh's suit had been encouraged by them both formerly, they now evidently wished he should give place to his richer and more powerful rival, and he was, consequently, banished from Le Moyne's cottage, and Collette not only forbidden to hold any communication with him, but desired to look with kindly eyes upon "Messier la Baillie," who had now become a constant visitor at Simon le Moyne's; and amongst the gossips of the island it was confidently affirmed he would shortly become his son-in-law.

These accumulations of evils would certainly have had the effect of driving Hugh from the island, and made him forgetful of his promise to his mother, had he not one day, whilst deeply revolving in his mind his present unhappy situation and blighted hopes, accidentally met Collette as he was returning through the pass which leads from Petit-Bo to the castle of Beauregard. Collette was much struck at poor Hugh's altered appearance, as she observed his sunken eye and careworn look; Hugh, too, thought his mistress looked less happy and paler than usual. It was impossible to pass without speaking; and, though the conversation at first was constrained and common-place, for Hugh had heard his mistress was not indifferent to the bailiff's addresses, yet, by degrees, they both fell into their usual tone of friendly communication. Collette had not much difficulty in persuading her lover that he was much mistaken if he imagined the bailiff's addresses were agreeable to her; on the contrary, she assured him, it was only in compliance with the positive commands of her father that she listened to them for an instant; that it was impossible she could ever love him; and that, if forced to marry him, such an event would soon put an end to her life. Hugh, she added, knew well her whole heart was his, and she would rather share his poverty and work with him for her daily bread, than live in all the ease and splendour which her parents assured her would be the case when she married Gautier de la Salle.

Hugh warmly thanked his dear Collette for the feelings she continued to express towards him, and for the sacrifice she was ready to make for his sake; and expatiated upon his own unhappy situation, and the state of almost poverty into which, by an inexplicable train of misfortune, he had fallen; that he could not be such a barbarian as to reduce any one, and more especially his beloved Collette, to share such a fate with him; that he had been thinking he ought to accept his kinsman's offer, sell his farm, and at once leave the island; that, when he was gone, she would think better, and acquiesce in her parents' wishes; that she deserved to be raised to the highest rank for her many excellent qualities, and in acquiring station and wealth she would only receive the reward of her virtues.

"And do you think, Hugh," cried the weeping Collette, "I can put riches and rank in competition with happiness? Do you really think so meanly of me, Hugh? But, if such is your advice, now hear my determination. You know to you I have plighted my troth; or have you forgotten our solemn betrothment to each other at the Cromlech? Did I not then swear by Our Ladye and Holy St. Michael to wed none other but thee, Hugh de Massey? and is it manly, is it kind, now, in my hour of need, to threaten to forsake me, and force me into the arms of a man I detest? No!" cried the excited girl, "I here solemnly renew my oath, by our Ladye and St. Michael, to be the bride of no other man, or end my days in the Priory of Lichou! And would you be so false; so perjured to your word pledged to your mother, as to sell the inheritance of your fathers to Gautier de la Salle? Shake off the sloth that overwhelms you: rouse yourself, Hugh, and let not your noble spirit be cast down because your body has been afflicted. Let us hope there are happier times in store for us. Renew to

me the pledge you gave your mother, not to sell your farm; and promise me, Hugh, not to leave the island and—forsake me."

For an instant Hugh was overcome by the earnestness of Collette, as he looked at her with wonder and admiration, till, snatching her to his breast, he solemnly renewed the pledges she demanded; invoking blessings upon her, and the direfullest curses upon himself if he ever forsook her or left the island without her consent. He then said, that, when he met her, he had just returned from Beauregard; that the noble Drouet le Marchant had been endeavouring to persuade him to take service under his pennon, and accompany him to France, where he shortly expected to be ordered to join the army the king was assembling in the Duchy of Normandy—"Thanks to our Ladye and St. Michael that I met thee, beloved Collette, or I know not how far his proposals might have carried me; the Sieur Drouet is a noble and a gallant leader, and, were I to take service, it should be most assuredly under his banner; nay, dearest, look not so doubtfully, or think I have so soon forgotten my promise; nothing but compulsion, or thine own commands, shall now force me from thee. Oh! Collette, you have removed a burthen from my heart, and I already feel myself a new man."

Shortly after this it was remarked that Hugh's former prosperity was returning; that his cattle had recovered from the murrain which had for so long a time afflicted them; and that his own health was perfectly restored. Of course it was well understood that by some means the malice of the evil one had been defeated, or that the secret enemy, whose malicious influence had so long tortured the unhappy De Massey, had been accidentally named or guessed at, and from that moment, as every rustic in the island well knew, all its power of doing him further injury was at an end. But the greater the prosperity of Hugh, the less chance was there of Gaultier becoming master of his coveted farm, or the husband of Collette: other means must be attempted, for Collette had positively refused to accept De la Salle for her husband. She informed her parents of her reconciliation with, and renewal of her pledge to Hugh, and her firm determination to abide by it, should she be compelled even to appeal to the *Clameur de Haro*¹ for protection from force. The removal, therefore, of Hugh de Massey must be effected by any means; and if in such a manner as to disgrace and blacken his character in her estimation, and the eyes of his neighbours, the greater probability, the bailiff thought, there would be of his success.

(To be continued.)

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

October.

THIS was the eighth month of the Alban year, and in that of Romulus, whence originates the name it now bears, which is derived from *Octo*, eight; and *imber*, a shower of rain. It is the tenth in our present Kalendar, as it was also in those of Numa Pompilius, Julius, and Augustus Caesar. The ancients placed it under the protection of Mars. October was called by the Saxons *Wyn-monat*, (*wyn* signifying wine,) because it was the month in which they pressed grapes and made wine; also, *Winter-fulleth*, from the winter approaching with the full-moon of this month. In some of the very old Saxon kalendars October is characterised by the figure of a husbandman carrying a sack on his shoulders and sowing of corn. In others, less ancient, hawking is the emblem of the month; and in yet more modern times it has been represented as a man clothed in a garment of the colour of decaying leaves, with a coronal of oak

(1) The famous *Clameur de Haro* is peculiar to Guernsey; it is a summary remedy in all cases of encroachment on landed property—but I am not quite certain whether, in the island, it extended to cases of personal injury, or only restricted to houses and lands. In the Duchy of Normandy there is no doubt it extended to protection from personal violence or oppression.

branches and acorns on his head, holding in his left hand a basket of chestnuts, medlars, &c., and in his right, *Scorpio*, i. e. the sign of the zodiac which the sun enters on the twenty-third of October. "The Scorpion," says Brady, "is alleged to have been allusive to the growing power of the cold over the before presumed influence of the heat, typified by the balance in September; that reptile being of a destructive character, as cold also is over nature." The following is Spenser's portrait of October:—

"Then came October, full of merry glee;
For yet his noule ¹ was totty ² of the must
Which he was treading, in the wine-fat's see, ³
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick, and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share, and coulter ready tied."

The weather about this time is sometimes extremely misty, with a perfect calm. Hoar-frosts are common, and the mornings and evenings are chilly and foggy, though the middle of the day is often very fine. Now "the year," to cite a pleasant author, "has reached its grand climacteric, and is fast falling 'into the sere and yellow leaf.' Every day a flower drops from out the wreath that binds its brow—not to be renewed. Every hour the sun looks more and more askance upon it; and the winds—those summer flatterers—come to it less fawningly. Every breath shakes down showers of its leafy attire, leaving it gradually barer and barer, for the blasts of winter to blow through it. Every morning and evening takes away from it a portion of that light which gives beauty to its life, and chills it more and more into that torpor which at length constitutes its temporary death." And yet October is lovely still, no less "for what it gives than what it takes away;" and even for what it gives during the very act of taking away. The whole year cannot produce a sight fraught with more rich and harmonious beauty than that which the woods and groves present during this month, notwithstanding, or rather in consequence of, the daily decay of their summer attire. We need not say that we allude to the changing leaves, with all their lights and shades of green, amber, red, light red, light and dark green, white, brown, russet and yellow:—

"Those virgin leaves, of purest vivid green,
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees,
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay;
The lime fast fading; and the golden birch,
With bark of silver hue; the moss-grown oak,
Tenacious of its leaves of russet-brown;
The ensanguined dogwood; and a thousand tints
Which Flora, dressed in all her pride of bloom,
Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves."

To these temporary colours are added the more lasting ones of ripened berries, a variety of which now enrich the hedges. The most conspicuous are the red hips of the wild rose; the dark purple bunches of the luxuriant blackberry; the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the nightshade; the fruit of the hawthorn; the blue sloes, covered with their soft tempting-looking bloom; the dull bunches of the woodbine; and the sparkling holly-berries. These are a providential supply for the birds during the winter season; and it is said that they are most plentiful when the ensuing winter is to be most severe. The shedding and scattering abroad of the seeds of wild plants takes place chiefly in October: some have wings, others are carried away by currents, others planted by birds; many acorns are sown by squirrels, and cucumbers set by bees.

On the first of this month pheasant-shooting begins, and fox and hare-hunting towards its close. The temperature of the weather is peculiarly favourable to the latter sport; and, as the fruits of the earth are all got in, little damage is done by the horsemen in pursuing

their chase across the fields. October is chosen for the brewing of such malt liquor as is designed for keeping. It is also the chief month for the vintage. Bee-hives are now usually robbed of their honey. The farmer ploughs, and sows wheat, beans, and acorns, and plants and fells timber trees. The gardener gathers carrots, beetroot, potatoes, and Swedish turnips; plants bulbs and fruit trees, removes decayed leaves and plants, and takes in others in pots for shelter.

October 4, in the current year, is the first Sunday in October, on which, by an Act of Convocation, A. D. 1536, the Wake (so called because the evening before it was originally spent in prayer and *watching*) or Feast of the Dedication of every Church was ordered to be held. This Feast was held at first by the inhabitants of each parish on the day of the saint under whose invocation their church was dedicated, in joyful remembrance of its completion and solemn consecration to Almighty God.

The Feasts of Dedication were not put down at the Reformation; and they continued to be religiously observed till the Great Rebellion. When at the Restoration the Dedication Feasts came again to be celebrated, they too generally lost their ecclesiastical character. "Many villages," remarks Mr. Hope, "in the more northern parts of our land, perhaps also in the south, still celebrate their annual wake or feast, as it is termed; that is, the anniversary of the consecration of their beloved and antique church: once one of the gladdest, holiest days in the year's long course, now too often degenerated into a season of mere irreligious debauchery, but yet containing within itself the seeds of better things; the dim memorials of old feelings, which if tenderly nursed, may yet spring up into an abundant harvest of holy thoughts." Even in its present degraded state—shorn of its beams of sanctity, unhallowed by sacred rite and sanction of Holy Church,—the village wake furnishes a certain point in every year, in every individual parish, to which the rural people can look forward as a season of rest and mutual rejoicing, of pleasant exchange of hospitalities and renewals of simple friendships. It is a time which leads them to clean up their houses, to look forward and prepare for a replenishing of their wardrobe; and which cheers the spirit of many an otherwise solitary and labouring person with the prospect of a short period of relaxation, a short pause in the otherwise ever-going machinery of servitude.

The time arrives. The church bells are ringing merrily; and, to borrow the language of a popular writer, "simple and glad creatures, young maidens, and youths, and comely pairs surrounded with a troop of children, hear them, as they come over hill and dale, approaching from all quarters the place of their nativity, and the place of their ancestors: the one place, however small, and however obscure, tinged all over with the memories of childhood, and filled with the stories and legends that were interwoven with the very grain of their minds by their parents' recitals in early life. The one place, therefore, which seems the most important in the universe. Over hill and dale they are coming, all in their holiday array; and in many a bright little cottage, basking in the sunshine of morning, are eager hearts looking out for them; wondering how Grace and Thomas will look; whether they are much altered; and whether the children of the married ones will be grown. Out of doors there are stalls of toys and sweetmeats, and whirligigs for the children; within, there are, for once, plum-pudding and roast beef, and an infinity of such talk as best pleases the tastes of the merry-makers. Old notes of by-gone years are compared. Many are recalled to remembrance who have not been thought of for a long time. The hearts of the old are warmed by retracing their early days, early exploits, and early acquaintances, with all the pleasant exaggerations of memory; and the young listen, and think with wonder on those good old times.

(1) Crown of the head. (2) Dizzy. (3) Seat.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE PAST.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A. CANTAB.

"Der Augenblick ist Ewigkeit."—GOETHE.

The [present] moment is eternity.

SAY not, "It is gone by!"

The past alone is present: joy and grief,
Each in its being brief,

Live, like the soul they fill, immortal when they die.

Emotions of the child,
Loves, joys, illusions, yearnings, from the well
Of faithful memory swell,
In ceaseless freshening flow thro' manhood's burning wild.

Words, e'en in utterance past,
Live through all life, to torture or balm,—
Breathe o'er our woes in balm,
Or scorch our scarce-born joys with desolating blast.

Small deeds of patient love,
And momentary, wrought by hands long cold
And mingled with the mould,
Live thro' dark deadening years and softening influence prove.

Grim forms of Wrong and Pain
Are no mere shadows; in their rigid grasp
Our struggling spirits gasp,
And battle to be free; but strive and gasp in vain.

Say not, "Twill soon go by!"
No present cloud can pass: but thou hast power
To light each clouded hour
From founts exhaustless still when stars and suns shall die.

For vigil, alms, and prayer,
Vice and inaction,—thoughts of inmost breast,
Or holy, or unblest,—
Are past but to Heaven's page, and must confront thee there.

Seas of repentant tears
Obliterate no accusing syllable;
All power in earth and hell
Vainly would cloud one gem the crown that waits thee bears.

One only living flood,
Paschal and Pentecostal, can outblot
Transgression's dragon spot;
The Spirit, and the water, and the blood.

Then plead baptismal grace;
Seek Eucharistic strength; and in the dust
(Laying thy hand and trust
On the great sacrifice) thy secret self abase.

Haste! hold the present fast,
Ere it become immortal! write it thine
In love and deeds divine!
So bind thy future bliss firm in the changeless past.

*Rectory, Wrington,
New Year's Eve, 1845.*

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

It is truly a most Christian exercise to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and appearances of Nature. Our Saviour expatiates on a flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of confidence in God. He gives us to see that taste may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplations of religion, and be, at the same time, alive to the charms and loveliness of Nature.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

THE philosophy of Sadi, the Persian poet, enabled him to support all the ills of life with patience and fortitude; and one of his remarks, arising from the destitute condition in which he once found himself, is deserving preservation: "I never complained of my condition but once, *when my feet were bare, and I had not money to buy shoes*; but I met a man *without feet*, and became contented with my lot."—When a boy, he confesses to have been religious over-much; and mentions a judicious reproof of his father, on his ridiculing some friends who fell asleep while the Koran was being read:—"You had better," said he, "have been asleep yourself, than occupied in discovering faults in your neighbours."—*Rose Garden of Persia.*

THERE is a something in the pleasures of the country that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye—a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections; and it will generally be found, that our happiest schemes, and wisest resolutions, are formed under the mild influence of a country scene, and the soft obscurities of rural retirement.—*Wm. Roberts.*

! Among the manifold creatures of God, that have all, in all ages, diversely entertained many excellent wits, and drawn them to the contemplation of the Divine wisdom, none have provoked men's studies more, or satisfied their desires so much, as plants have done, and that upon just and worthy causes; for what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with orient pearles, and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels. But the principal delight is in the minde, singularly enriched with the knowledge of these visible things, setting forth to us the invisible wisdom and admirable workmanship of Almighty God!—*Gerard. 1597.*

THERE are studies which have a tendency to deaden the feelings; but by fixing the mind on living objects, in which wisdom and goodness are strikingly exhibited, and by raising it through them to the Creator, in whom centre all perfection and happiness, the study of natural objects excites a continual train of ideas most friendly to whatever is pure, benevolent, and grateful. And next to the devout exercises of religion, perhaps nothing will more completely remove sadness and disquietude than the silent eloquence of flowers, and the vocal music of birds.—*The Naturalist's Poetical Companion.*

FROM partial consideration of things, we are very apt to criticise what we ought to admire; to look upon as useless, what perhaps we should own to be of infinite advantage to us, did we see a little farther; to be pcevious where we ought to give thanks; and at the same time to ridicule those who employ their time and thoughts in examining what we were (that is, some of us, most assuredly were,) created and appointed to study.—*Stillington.*

An injury unanswered, in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse. In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear, it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.—*Sterne.*

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; covers for binding, with table of contents may be ordered of any Book-sellers.

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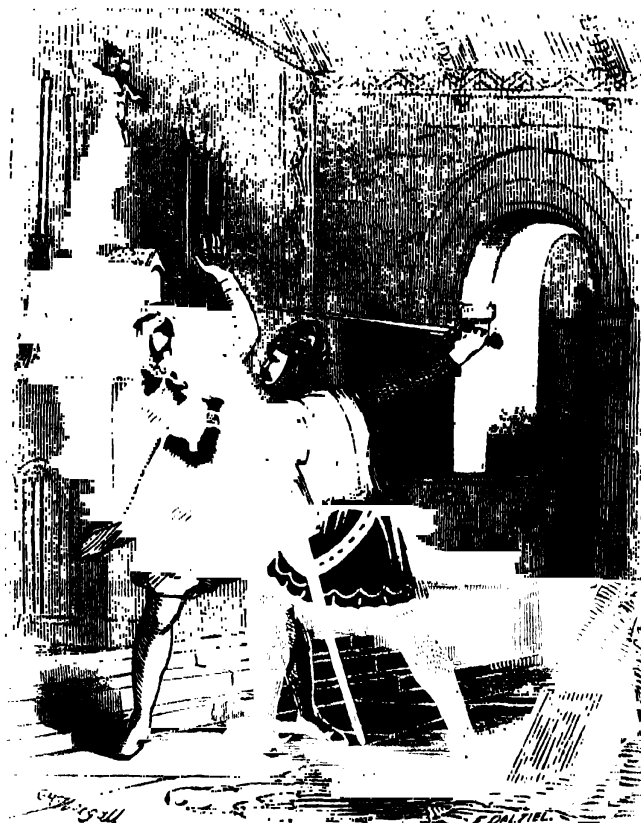
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The Death of Comyn.

See page 381.

THE CINQUE PORTS.

No. III.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ISLE OF THANET.—PART II.

"How beautiful his presence, how benign,
Servant of God!—

—happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand."

WORDSWORTH.

THE crowds of visitors who migrate annually to the agreeable and heretofore fashionable watering places in, or adjoining, the Isle of Thanet,—Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Dover, &c. have, generally speaking, little idea of the classic and sacred ground on which they tread; or those who are aware of the circumstance find, naturally, little leisure, amid

the gay attractions of these favourite spots, to ponder on the occurrences of eighteen hundred years ago. Yet were those events momentous in their consequences to ourselves. We are even now reaping the results of political changes, and national convulsions, of which this coast was the arena.

For here were the wild and warlike Britons subjugated by the Romans, from whom they imbibed principles which have influenced the entire country, but especially this part of it; and, when from tyrants the assailants became protectors, and finally withdrew their forces from the island, here was their parting fleet drawn up in sight of the now civilized and sorrowing natives; and from hence were wafted those "groans of the Britons," which pleaded so earnestly, yet ineffectually, with their

late masters, for help against the ravages of the Picts and Scots. Here landed Hengist and Horsa, easily subjugating their credulous neighbours, and they were the precursors of those hordes of Saxons who subverted the destiny of the country. Here, not less than elsewhere, came also the ruthless Danes, who turned our crystal streams to blood.

Here, perhaps, did one of the holy Apostles bring his "Gospel of peace:"—here were the first words of Christianity spoken—here her peaceful voice was first heard—here her hallowing blessing first breathed—here her sacred spirit first infused—here her holy inspiration first felt—here her gentle dictates first obeyed—here her pure precepts first practised. Surely, the very soil may be still deemed holy that is fraught with such memories.

It is, and perhaps ever must remain, a matter of uncertainty, by whom the glad tidings of salvation were first brought hither; but it has been supposed, and apparently on good grounds, that the Christian faith was preached here about the middle of the first century, and it has been surmised that St. Paul himself was the preacher. As this opinion has been supported by men of Christian principles and profound learning, there can at least be no presumption in dwelling a little on the supposition.

Of the fact itself, of Christianity being introduced about that period, there can hardly be a doubt; the intercourse then between Rome and Britain, was constant and quick; the Romans were fast spreading over our island, and Britons were, both on civil and military matters, perpetually passing to the Seven-hilled city. Many too of high rank were taken thither as prisoners, and often speedily released. St. Paul was now in Rome. Is it probable that the eloquence which was, even then, shaking the foundations of the Eternal City, should not be noted, or afterwards named, by the intelligent British who, from various causes, were sojourning there? St. Paul himself, in his Epistles, mentions two persons, Lucius and Claudia, both supposed to be British converts. Moreover, there was residing in Britain at least one Roman Christian of high note and great influence. This was Pomponia Græcina, the wife of Aulus Plautius, Roman Governor of Britain.

This lady was accused of "foreign superstition," and her life was endangered therefrom. She was, however, acquitted, and lived for many years, but in "perpetual sadness;" and, remarks a learned commentator, "If Tacitus were to describe the *primitive Christians*, he would have done it just after this manner, charging their religion with superstition, and the severity of their lives (abstaining from all the feasts and jollities of the Romans), as a continual solitude."

The same writer, and others who support the opinion of St. Paul's visit to Britain, observe that the Apostle was released from his confinement at Rome, A. D. 58, and that he was martyred in the year 67. Where then did he pass the intervening years? for he had long ago told his disciples at Ephesus, they should "see his face no more," and he had spoken of going to the "islands in the far west."

On these grounds, supported by long tradition, (which, as correlative testimony, has surely some weight,) it is assumed that St. Paul visited these shores; and it is conceived not improbable, that the noble Pomponia might have implored his presence, and ministered to his wants.

Let us, for a short space, suppose it to have been so. The universal landing-place then from Gaul was at the Roman station, Richborough, or a little northward, at Ebbsflete, which, though now an inland farm, was at that time a little creek on the edge of the bay or estuary which stretched from Ramsgate to Walmer, a great proportion of which is now pasture and inhabited land.

Here, as less exposed to observation than at the ever-bustling port at Richborough, St. Paul would land, and bring hope to the desponding, and peace to the repentant. But foes are on the watch: Pagans, both Roman and British, are eager to extirpate the "new superstition," and hardly is the good seed sown in a few hearts, ere the inspired husbandman is compelled to flee.

It is scarcely dawn: stars are yet glimmering in the grey sky; thick mist clothes the hills, and heavy dew weighs down the blades of grass, and the as yet unopening flowers; the drowsy birds are not yet twittering; no sound is heard from the pastures; and the heaving waters are scarcely distinguishable beneath the first lonely gleam that throws a quivering ray athwart them, when several persons advance with hasty, yet timid, steps to the shore, where there is barely light sufficient to betray a rude skiff moored by the creek. Frequently the party turn, as if apprehensive of pursuit; and ever and anon one of them advances a few paces, and peers cautiously around, ere his companions join him. Shortly the strand is reached, and then a lady of lofty mien and foreign attire kneels meekly on the ground; others in various costume, some Roman, some British, follow her example; and one there is with the shaggy hair, wild aspect, and rude dress of the inland Briton, having no garment but the rough skin of a wolf across his loins, who kneels reverently with the rest, while he with the lofty mien and flashing eye stretches forth his arms in benediction over them. In Roman accent, and scholar-like phrase, was the blessing bestowed, yet, ere it concluded, the noble tones were faltering, and the eagle glance was dimmed.

Slowly he entered the boat, attended by his faithful companions; but that noble lady, and that rude serf still knelt, side by side, on the wet sands, straining their eager glance after the boat till it appeared but a speck upon the waves; and then they turned away towards Richborough, conversing sadly as they went, "and sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

And after some centuries had passed away, and the once Christian land had relapsed into the grossest idolatry and barbarism, under the rule of the Saxons (as referred to in the preceding sketch), it was in the Isle of Thanet, within a very few miles of our fashionable watering places, that he who has been called "her second Apostle" landed.

It was in the year A.D. 596 or 597, that Augustine, attended by forty monks, landed in the Isle of Thanet, and sent messengers to Ethelbert, king of Kent, then resident at Canterbury, to explain the object of his mission. The king desired the strangers to remain in the island till he could come to converse with them; and we are told that Augustine retired further inland, to an elevated spot, where he pitched his tent. The king, however, paid all regard to the summons, and gave audience to the missionary under an oak tree, not daring, as

the Venerable Bede tells us, to meet him in an house for fear of enchantment.

The mission was crowned with success; for, though the king himself was not an immediate convert, he placed every facility in the way of Augustine and his companions, inviting them at once to Canterbury, appointing them a suitable residence, and permitting them freely to converse with his subjects.

The sacred company immediately departed thitherward, in solemn procession, a lofty silver cross being borne before Augustine, and also a picture of our Saviour; the attendant priests and deacons following reverently two and two, chaunting as they passed along, "We beseech Thee, O Lord! of thy mercy let Thy wrath and anger be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy place; for we have sinned." Hallelujah."

Thus, 1200 years ago, did the uncouth inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet witness a solemn spectacle, familiar, perhaps, to the eyes of their ancestors, but unaccustomed to them; thus, after an interval of darkness and idolatry, did the boom of the waves chime to the sacred song of praise,—the lone valley echo the voice of thanksgiving. For, through the rich and fertile vale of Minster, which now is bright with pastures and foliage, rich in flocks and herds, but which for ages lay buried beneath a rolling sea, and was, even then the bed of a wide river,—along the edge of this valley did St. Augustine and his companions wend their gladsome way to that ancient city, which thence became the "nursing mother" of religion throughout the land. And so they entered pagan Canterbury,

The Metanies singing in Jesus hys name.

The churches, with which the Isle of Thanet was once so thickly covered, and of many of which not even a vestige now remains, were the result, at various intervals, of this mission of St. Augustine. The glory of the island formerly, and its great ornament now, is the church at Minster, the romantic origin of which we may, on some future occasion, find space to record. But, as we intimated at the commencement of this sketch, the general attractions to the Isle of Thanet are its watering-places, once fashionable, and still fully frequented.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.¹

THE walls of the Lapidarian Gallery at Rome, (as noticed in a former article,) being covered with inscriptions belonging to professors of the rival religions, "we may trace a contrast between the Pagan, and that of Christian society, in the ancient metropolis. The funeral lamentation expressed in neatly engraved hexameters, the tersely worded sentiments of stoicism, and the proud titles of Roman citizenship, attest the security and resources of the old religion. Further on, the whole heaven of Paganism is glorified by innumerable altars, where the epithets, Unconquered, Greatest, and Best, are lavished upon the worthless shadows that peopled Olympus. Here and there are traces of complicated political orders; tablets containing the names of individuals composing a legion or cohort; legal documents relating to property, and whatever belongs to a

State, such as the Roman empire in its best times is known to have been. The first glance at the opposite wall is enough to show that, as St. Paul himself expressed it, 'not many mighty, not many noble,' were numbered among those whose epitaphs are there displayed: some few indeed are scarcely to be distinguished from those of the Pagans opposite, but the greater part betray by their execution haste and ignorance. An incoherent sentence, or a straggling misspelt scrawl, inscribed upon a rough slab destined to close a niche in caverns where daylight could never penetrate, tells of a persecuted, or at least, oppressed community. There is also a simplicity in many of these slight records not without its charm; as in the annexed:—

BIRGINIVS PARVM STETIT AP.N.

'Virginus remained but a short time with us.'

"The slabs of stone used for closing Christian graves average from one to three feet in length. In this they differ remarkably from the sepulchral tablets of the Pagans, who, being accustomed to burn their dead, required a much smaller covering for the cinerary urn. The letters on Christian monuments are from half an inch to four inches in height, and coloured in the incision with a pigment resembling Venetian red: Whether this pigment originally belonged to all the letters, is uncertain: many are now found without it. * * * The orthography of these epitaphs is generally faulty, the letters irregular, and the sense not always obvious.

* * * Another difference between the inscriptions belonging to the Pagans and Christians of the early centuries is too remarkable to be passed by unnoticed. While the heathen name consisted of several essential parts, all of which were necessary to distinguish its owner, the Christians in general confined themselves to that which they had received in baptism. Thus the names of Felix, Sevas, Philemon, and Agape, are found on tombs, unaccompanied by any of the other designations which belonged to those individuals as members of a Roman family. Occasionally we meet with two, and perhaps even three, names on their monuments, as Aurelia Agapetilla Largia Agape; but these are not common. The first believers, when not forced by the multiplicity of persons christened alike, to add a further distinction, appear to have regarded their Christian name as the only one worthy of preservation on their sepulchres."

The merely classical student will not find much to repay his perusal of these simple records; but they serve a higher purpose than he has in view, inasmuch as they express the feelings of a body of Christians, whose leaders alone are known to us in history. "The Fathers of the Church live in their voluminous works; the lower orders are only represented by these simple records, from which, with scarcely an exception, sorrow and complaint are banished; the boast of suffering, or an appeal to the revengeful passions, is nowhere to be found. One expresses faith, another hope, a third charity. The genius of primitive Christianity, 'to believe, to love, and to suffer,' has never been better illustrated. These 'sermons in stones,' are addressed to the heart, and not to the head—to the feelings rather than to the taste; and possess additional value from being the work of the purest and most influential portion of the 'Catholic and Apostolic Church' then in existence.

"The student of Christian archæology must never lose sight of the distinction between the actual relics of a persecuted church, and the subsequent labours of a superstitious age. When Christianity, on the cessation of its troubles, emerged from these recesses, and walked boldly on the soil beneath which it had been glad to seek concealment, the humble cradle of its infancy became a principal object of veneration, almost of worship. To decorate the chapels, adorn by monuments the labyrinth of sepulchres, and pay an excessive regard to all that belonged to martyrs and martyrdom, was the

(1) Concluded from p. 358.

constant labour of succeeding centuries. Hence arises a chronological confusion, which calls for caution in deciding upon the value of any inference that may be drawn from these sources, respecting points of doctrine. Yet it may not be amiss to premise generally, that, in the inscriptions contained in the Lapidarian Gallery, selected and managed under Papal superintendence, there are no prayers for the dead, (unless the forms, 'may you live,' 'may God refresh you,' be so construed,) no addresses to the Virgin Mary, nor to the Apostles or earlier Saints; and, with the exception of 'eternal sleep,' 'eternal home,' &c. no expressions contrary to the plain sense of Scripture. And, if the bones of the martyrs were more honoured, and the privilege of being interred near them more valued, than the simplicity of our religion would warrant; there is in this outbreak of enthusiastic feeling towards the heroic defenders of the faith, no precedent for the adoration paid to them by a corrupt age.

"Perhaps it may safely be asserted, that the ancient Church appears in the Lapidarian Gallery, in a somewhat more favourable light, than in the writings of the Fathers and historians. It may be that the sepulchral tablet is more congenial to the display of pious feeling than the controversial epistle, or even the much-needed episcopal rebuke. Besides the gentle and amiable spirit every where breathed, the distinctive character of these remains is essentially *Christian*; the name of Christ is repeated in an endless variety of forms, and the actions of His life are figured in every degree of rudeness of execution. The second Person of the Trinity is neither viewed in the Jewish light of a temporal Messiah, nor degraded to the Socinian estimate of a mere example, but is invested with all the honours of a Redeemer. On this subject there is no reserve, no heathenish suppression of the distinguishing feature of our religion. On stones innumerable appears the Good Shepherd, bearing on his shoulders the recovered sheep, by which many an illiterate believer expressed his sense of personal salvation. One, according to his epitaph, 'Sleeps in Christ;' another is buried with a prayer that 'She may live in the Lord Jesus.' But, most of all, the cross, in its simplest form, is employed to testify the faith of the deceased: and, whatever ignorance may have prevailed regarding the letter of Holy Writ, or the more mysterious doctrines contained in it, there seems to have been no want of apprehension of that sacrifice whereby alone we obtain remission of our sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of heaven."

We have already alluded to the "hope beyond the grave," expressed in many of the inscriptions by the use of the word *cemetery*, or *sleeping-place*, or some of its derivations. In one, we read the simple epitaph,

VICTORINA DORMIT,
"VICTORINA SLEEPS."

In another—

"ZOTICUS, LAID HERE TO SLEEP;"

and, in a third—

"GEMELLA SLEEPS IN PEACE;"

but there is one peculiarly affecting, for many reasons which will suggest themselves to the reader. It is as follows:—

"PEACE."

"THIS GRIEF WILL ALWAYS WEIGH UPON ME: MAY IT BE GRANTED ME TO BEHOLD IN SLEEP YOUR REVERED COUNTEenance. MY WIFE ALBANA, ALWAYS CHASTE AND MODEST, I GRIEVE, DEPRIVED OF YOUR SUPPORT, FOR OUR DIVINE AUTHOR GAVE YOU TO ME AS A SACRED (BOON). YOU, WELL-DESERVING ONE, HAVING LEFT YOUR (RELATIONS), LIE IN PEACE—IN SLEEP—YOU WILL ARISE—A TEMPORARY REST IS GRANTED YOU. SHE LIVED FORTY-FIVE YEARS, FIVE MONTHS, AND THIRTEEN DAYS: BURIED IN PEACE. PLACUS, HER HUSBAND, MADE THIS."

"Nor was the hope of the Christians confined to their

own bosoms. They published it abroad to all the world, in a manner which, while it provoked the scorn and malice of many, proved also a powerful inducement to others to join their community. The dismal annihilation of the soul taught by the Pagans, or the uncertain Elysium which, though received by the uneducated, was looked upon as mere matter of superstition by the learned, had in it something so utterly unsuited to the wants and longings of mankind, that the spectacle of a Christian, thoroughly assured of a future state, so blessed and so certain as to have power to draw him irresistibly towards it through the extremest tortures, must have awakened in the heart of many a wishing, doubting Pagan, a feeling in favour of Christianity not easily suppressed."

It is singularly remarkable how few are the epitaphs actually inscribed on the grave of a martyr, specifying him to be such. Those who suffered were doubtless sustained by the purest motives; they were noted for their modesty and humility, and, whatever of earthly renown attaches to them, arose from the mistaken zeal of the Church in the *fifth* century, when the necessity for having some relic of a martyr as a palladium to a Church was generally felt. It is to be lamented that the strong reproof of Cyprian was not received with better effect, when he exclaimed, "It is not martyrs that make the Gospel, but the Gospel that makes martyrs." Bearing in mind, then, how contrary to the principles and practice of the early Christians is the martyr-worship of the modern Church of Rome, the following inscriptions will be read with interest:—

"PRIMITIUS IN PEACE: A MOST VALIANT MARTYR AFTER MANY TORMENTS. AGED 38. HIS WIFE RAISED THIS TO HER DEAREST WELL-DESERVING HUSBAND."

"IN CHRIST. IN THE TIME OF THE EMPEROR ADRIAN, MARIUS, A YOUNG MILITARY OFFICER, WHO HAD LIVED LONG ENOUGH, WHEN WITH HIS BLOOD HE GAVE UP HIS LIFE FOR CHRIST. AT LENGTH HE RESTED IN PEACE. THE WELL-DESERVING SET UP THIS WITH TEARS, AND IN FEAR. ON THE 6TH IDES OF DECEMBER."

The concluding sentence shows this monument to have been erected during a time of actual persecution.

By the following inscription, it will be seen that the practice of the early Christian priests, with respect to marriage, did not agree with the discipline of the modern Church of Rome:—

"PETRONIA, A PRIEST'S WIFE, THE TYPE OF MODESTY.—IN THIS PLACE I LAY MY BONES; SPARE YOUR TEARS, DEAR HUSBAND AND DAUGHTERS, AND BELIEVE THAT IT IS FORBIDDEN TO WEEP FOR ONE WHO LIVES IN GOD. BURIED IN PEACE ON THE 3D NONES OF OCTOBER, IN THE CONSULATE OF FESTUS. (i.e. in 472.)

It may also be stated, that those dangerous innovations of the Church of Rome, the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope, and the worship of the Virgin, meet with no sanction from the Church in the Catacombs. The doctrine of the primitive Church respecting the departed souls of believers may also be gathered from the inscriptions; they are not said to be in heaven, nor in purgatory, but in a state of refreshing by means of God's presence. The expression, "May God refresh thee," occurs several times, thus:—

"BOLOSA, MAY GOD REFRESH THEE. SHE LIVED THIRTY-ONE YEARS. SHE DEPARTED ON THE THIRTEENTH KALENDS OF OCTOBER."

"AMERINUS TO RUFINA, MY DEAREST WIFE, THE WELL-DESERVING. MAY GOD REFRESH THY SPIRIT."

"NICEPHORUS, A SWEET SOUL, IN THE PLACE OF REFRESHMENT."

The expression in the next example, "borne away by angels," applied by our Lord to Lazarus, can scarcely be supposed to imply a conveyance to expiatory flames:

"LAURENTIUS TO HIS SWEETEST SON SEVERUS,
BORNE AWAY BY ANGELS ON THE SEVENTH IDES OF
JANUARY," &c.

There are many symbols employed in the Catacombs, some of which are supposed to represent instruments of torture, indicating that the deceased had died a martyr; but the greater number of these symbols refer to the profession of Christianity, its doctrines, and its graces. Another class, of a purely secular description, only indicate the trade of the deceased, and the remainder represent proper names. The cross, as an emblem of our faith, is constantly used; "How soon it began to be used as a symbol of Christianity, it is difficult to say; the gradual change to a crucifix, is much more easily traced; but, in undergoing this change, the original intention of the symbol is entirely lost; from being a token of joy, an object worthy of being crowned with flowers, a sign in which to conquer,—it became a thing of tears and agony,—a stock subject with the artist, anxious to display his power of representing anguish."

We cannot follow our author further in his interesting and valuable researches, but must refer the reader to the volume itself. We must, however, pause to select a few inscriptions, which appeal touchingly to the sympathies of humanity, and belong to all places and all time. Let not the reader smile if in the following inscriptions he recognises the superlatives of the modern tombstone. The strongest language is weak and poor for the utterance of affection.

TO ADSURTOR, OUR SON, DEAR, SWEET, MOST INNOCENT, AND INCOMPARABLE, WHO LIVED SEVENTEEN YEARS, SIX MONTHS, AND EIGHT DAYS. HIS FATHER AND MOTHER SET UP THIS.

TO THE HOLY SOUL, INNOCENS, WHO LIVED THREE YEARS, MORE OR LESS. (*Plus Minus.*)

TO CLAUDIUS, THE WELL-DESERVING AND AFFECTIONATE, WHO LOVED ME. HE LIVED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, MORE OR LESS. IN PEACE.

CECILIUS, THE HUSBAND, TO CECILIA PLACIDINA, MY WIFE, OF EXCELLENT MEMORY, WITH WHOM I LIVED WELL TEN YEARS, WITHOUT ANY QUARREL. IN CHRIST.

SWEET FAUSTINA, MAY YOU LIVE IN GOD.

"The principal events which affected the Church of the third and fourth centuries are, as might be expected, scarcely noticed in the Christian cemeteries. If the persecutions have been left unmentioned by the survivors of martyrs, so also has the most striking incident of secular history, the sudden and universal establishment of Christianity over the Roman world. No record of this circumstance can be found in the Catacombs, where the church appears as little elated by triumph, as before depressed by adversity. The increased number of epitaphs, after the conversion of Constantine, indicates a sudden spread of Christianity in the metropolis, although the worship of the gods lingered in the *pagt*, or smaller villages; hence is generally derived the term Paganism. Every means, short of actual persecution, was adopted to erase the ancient superstition; and, as the character of the augurs had sunk extremely low, they were summarily abolished by law. Divination was made a capital crime; and the use of lights, frankincense, and garlands in worship, was forbidden. The civil privileges of heathen priests was abolished, and corresponding immunities conferred upon the regular clergy. But the religion of the Cross, in its first plenitude of worldly power, did not forget its heavenly character: the manu-

mission of slaves, as an act of mercy, was the only business permitted on Sundays; and the crime of cursing the Emperor was treated with magnanimous indifference. 'If the curse be uttered in levity,' decreed Theodosius, 'it is to be despised; if in madness, to be pitied; if in malice, to be forgiven.'

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.—No. VII.

THE GOATSUCKERS; OR CAPRIMULGIDÆ.

"THE goatsucker!" exclaims the reader, "where do such birds live? and what kind of goats allow themselves to be robbed of their milk by birds?" These are questions to the point; but thou must know, O reader, that, as names do not always answer to the real nature of human things, so neither do they at all times suit the properties of animals. An epithet once attached, whether to a man or an empire, clings for ages, and is applied long after the discovery of its inappropriateness; so it is in Natural History.

Men deem old names consecrated things, and are jealous of interference with the venerable word, which they have read in "the ancient books," and heard from the lips of fathers and grandfathers.

This reverence for olden things is right, for it is a just respect for the thinkers by whose thoughts we nourish our intellectual life; let it not, however, lead us to consecrate error. Antiquity has a venerable form, but truth is more holy than age, and brighter than the brightest lights in the hands of erring sages. Therefore we must pronounce the name of goatsucker, and its Latin equivalent, *caprimulgus*, a gross blunder. There are no known birds which suck the teats of goats, nor is it likely that such will ever be discovered. But, it may be said, the term goatsucker has long been applied to a certain bird: here is an *effect*,—surely there must have been a *cause*. Most certainly there was a cause, but of what nature?

It was formerly *supposed* that goats, when left on lonely heaths in summer, were sucked by a certain migratory bird; the supposition grew, and such suppositions have a wondrous power of growth, into a *fixed belief*, and from this belief arose the bird's unfortunate name. But whence this notion itself? During the dry months of summer, it often happened that the goats yielded little milk; this result was natural enough; but a bird was then frequently seen, in the faint twilight, flitting with a singular motion over the lonely moors, and even amongst the browsing goats themselves. What could that bird want, thought the suspicious goatherd, in such a place? Ignorance and suspicion, two potent marvel-workers, soon found a reply, and "goatsucker" became for ages the name of a most harmless bird. Learning sanctioned the delusion, and wrote, with demure face, '*caprimulgus*,' in her authoritative records.

This ancient judgment has been reversed; the bird is no longer indictable for milk-stealing; but the old name still stands, and the ridiculous term *caprimulgus* peers out insolently from the pages of scientific works. But why have we employed this title at the head of our article? With the same object for which the pillory was used of old—to expose, not to exalt wrong. Another reason may have influenced us; we mean the long prevalence of the absurd appellation, which it was necessary to retain in an article intended for general use, that none might be puzzled by a new or unknown name.

The bird of which we speak has a variety of names; none so bad as that of goatsucker, but all partly incorrect. Some call it the *night-hawk*; but this is wrong, for the bird has no hawk-like propensities, and has never

been known to kill another bird for prey. Some eminent naturalists apply the name of *fern-owl*, which is a decided misnomer, the bird bearing no relation to the owl family. It certainly makes its home among patches of fern, and might therefore be called the *fern-bird*, but why add the epithet owl? Is this because the bird flies abroad in the grey-twilight? then, for the same reason, the bat might be called an owl.

Jenyns and the enthusiastic Gould¹ think *night-jar* a more appropriate designation for so singular a bird, and they are right, as this name does really express the peculiar habits of the bird. It comes abroad after sunset, and utters a singular *jarring* or *buzzing* sound, which may be said to *jar* or grate upon the ear, in the evening stillness.

Thus the name of night-jar is not altogether inappropriate, though "jar" is not the word which truly expresses the musical hum uttered by this bird.

Whilst flying, a sound resembling the hum of a spinning-wheel is given out, from which circumstance come the names, night-jar, night-churn, churn-owl, and wheel-bird, all of which appellatives refer to the beetle-like hum uttered by the bird. The sound does not arise, as some suppose, from the resistance of the air against the wide open mouth of the bird as it flies, for this peculiar note is most frequently heard when the night-jar is sitting quietly on a branch. It is most probably produced by some peculiar organization of the mouth, and may be called the bird's song. The usual sound during flight is a sharp squeak, the deep musical hum being reserved for its solace, when, shrouded in a mass of foliage, the night-jar sees the quiet approach of eve. The bird appears to wait for the dip of the sun below the horizon, as attentively as the flag-keeper of a royal castle, who watches the moment for lowering the standard of his prince.

White says, "This bird is most punctual in beginning its song exactly at the close of day; so exactly, that I have known it strike up more than once or twice just at the report of the Portsmouth evening gun." This song sounds pleasantly in the stillness of a summer's night, when it is often heard rising from a copse, and arresting the traveller's attention by its strange vibratory notes.

But to what family of birds does the night-jar, or, if you will so name it, the fern-owl belong? It is, strictly speaking, a *swallow*, differing from the rest of the Hirundinidæ, by coming abroad at night instead of the day, and is the only nocturnal bird of this large family. It might therefore be properly called the *night-swallow*. Like the swallows it is an insect feeder, like them visits us during summer, comes from the same region, Africa, and returns thither on the approach of winter.

The middle of May witnesses the arrival of this interesting bird; and, before the end of August, it has left the woods and moors of England, for the valleys of Egypt and the rocky wilds of Abyssinia. It is the only nocturnal bird amongst all our summer feathered visitors, which usually love the brightness and cheerfulness of daylight. Thus, whilst the day-swallows check the too rapid increase of those insects which appear by day, this night-swallow diminishes the number of those which fly abroad at night. Therefore the night-jar holds the same relation to the swallow tribes that the owls do to the Falconidæ. For, as the owl begins to prey when the hawk and eagle retire to their homes, so this bird continues the work of the martin, swift, and swallows, during the time when such feathered hunters are inactive. Hence no class of insects is without a check, and man may be thankful that it is so ordered, as there are myriads of insects which only fly during the faint glimmer of twilight. These would increase until every heath and copse swarmed with hosts of stinging and fierce little tormentors. The night-jar prevents this; and is the only bird, save the bat, which contributes to this end. The chafers and beetles, with

many insects injurious to man's works, form the food of the night-jar; which is thus not only a harmless, but an actively useful visitant.

This bird measures about ten inches in length, and is therefore easily seen in the twilight, as it flits to and fro round some old tree.

The flight is generally low, as the insects it pursues are usually found at a low elevation; the motion is soft and gentle, resembling that of the owls; and the sight is acute, enabling the bird to detect the smallest insect in the faintest light, whilst their rapid flight, and sudden evolutions, render the capture of the most swift-winged flies and moths easy. But the most remarkable peculiarities of the bird are its mouth and feet. The upper part of the beak is furnished with nine or ten stiff bristles along its edge, which increase its power of capturing insects, as these bristles hang like a net over the open mouth, preventing the escape of the prey. Their power is further increased by a glutinous substance attached to these bristles, which trammels the captured insects in their attempts to escape. The mouth is thus a kind of living trap, fit both for seizing and holding the prey.

The owl, though a nocturnal bird, is not provided with such a capturing apparatus; for the owl does not, like the night-jar, prey on insects, but on larger animals, which such a network of bristles would be of little use in taking. A nocturnal insect-hunter can, however, make most effective use of such a mouth-net. The day-swallows do not need this addition to their powers, as the full light during which they fly enables them to strike the insect with the greatest certainty.

Another peculiarity of the night-jar is the toothed claw on the centre of each foot, the use of which is, to this day, a mystery among naturalists. Wilson thinks it is given as a means of clearing the bird's feathers from vermin, thus regarding it as a *comb*; other eminent ornithologists take the same view, and contend that the whole structure of the leg and claw are specially adapted for cleansing the plumage. But others suppose this toothed claw designed to assist the bird in seizing its prey.

White makes the following statement in reference to the night-jar:—"I saw it distinctly, more than once, put out its short leg while on the wing, and by a bend of its head, deliver somewhat into its mouth. If it takes any part of its prey with its foot, as I have now the greatest reason to suppose it does these chafers, I no longer wonder at the use of its middle toe, which is curiously furnished with a serrated claw."

Amidst such conflicting testimonies, most will be ready to praise the philosophical hesitation of Audubon, who says, "I wish I could have discovered the peculiar use of the pectinated claw which this bird has on each foot, but, reader, this remains one of the many desiderata in ornithology, and I fear, with me at least, it will continue so."

The young of the night-jar are often mistaken for cuckoos, and a similarity has been detected in the structure of the two birds by anatomists; in both, the crop, instead of being in front of the breast bone, lies behind, which produces a peculiar fulness in the lower part of the bird's body. This circumstance has been used to disprove some assertions respecting the cuckoo, which has been supposed incapable of sitting on its eggs, in consequence of the fulness of the crop over the intestines. But, as the night-jar is formed in the same manner, and is proved to hatch its own eggs, the above argument respecting the incubation of the cuckoo fails in conclusiveness.

Some writers have made the night-jar resemble the cuckoo in the habit of not hatching its own eggs, and we find this asserted by a gentleman of considerable standing as a naturalist, who actually gives a case of a night-jar reared in the nest of a hedge-sparrow; all the facts are minutely detailed, the visits of a large bird to the sparrow's nest, the size, colour, and appearance of

(1) Those who are acquainted with this persevering ornithologist, will understand the application of the term enthusiastic.

the strange egg, the habits of the intruding young bird, and its growth, are noted: whilst, in the end, we are told that it was placed in a cage as a cuckoo, but turned out a night-jar. Certainly, if this were the case, the circumstances would demand the consideration of naturalists; but there cannot be much doubt that the above account refers to a young cuckoo, which has been repeatedly mistaken for the night-jar by experienced ornithologists. We must remember that the cuckoo does not attain its proper colours till the third year; having, previously, many of the markings peculiar to the night-jar.

Hence it is not surprising to find this bird mistaken for the cuckoo; but we cannot admit that the fern-owl deposits eggs in the nests of other birds. It does not, certainly, take much pains with its nest, being content with a hole in the ground amongst fern roots; or at the foot of some dwarf shrub. The eggs are often found, in July, in such places, though a person must look closely to detect them, in consequence of their markings giving them the appearance of the oblong rounded stones found on commons.

The night-jar is rarely seen perching in the daytime, as the deep foliage in which it rests conceals the bird from observation. When seen, it is generally sitting on the bough with its body in a line with the branch, the head towards the trunk, and tail pointing to the extremity of the branch, of which it almost appears a part. All the habits of the night-jar are useful to the agriculturist, the food consisting wholly of insects; but it has been charged by some with inflicting a disease called "puckeridge," on cattle. This is a swelling along the backs of animals, which becomes infested with maggots, and sometimes destroys calves and cows. The night-jar is supposed to produce this malady by piercing the skin of beasts with its beak; but the real author of the evil is an insect which lays its eggs in the skin of animals, where the worms breed and eat into the flesh. With this offence the night-jar is no more chargeable than the Lord Chancellor of England with the tricks of Joseph Ady. It was formerly supposed that only one species of this bird existed in Europe, but a distinct species is said to have been discovered in Spain, in 1817, which the people call the lamala, but Remminck has named it the *Caprimulgus ruficollis*, or red-necked goat-sucker. If this be really a distinct species, it is exceedingly rare, as specimens are not found in any of the European museums, except that of Vienna. If Europe present but one or two species of the night-jar, the other parts of the globe exhibit nineteen or twenty, of which fifteen are American, two limited to India, one to Africa, and one to Australia. Of the American species, only three are found in the United States, two of which are known by the odd names of "Whip-poor-will," and "Chuck-will's-widow." These syllables are said to resemble the notes uttered by the birds; and if so, the appellations are as appropriate as singular. A brief description of the three species existing in the United States will close the present article.

The *Whip-poor-Will*—(*Caprimulgus vociferus*.) Both Wilson and Audubon describe this bird, which assembles in flocks of hundreds, making the woods resound with their prolonged booming song, which, when uttered by hundreds at once, sounds gloomily in the stillness of night, and requires long usage ere the woodman can compose himself to sleep, with such melancholy notes ringing around his solitary hut. The bird is regarded with much dread by the superstitious Indians, probably on account of its voice, which may seem to the wandering red man like the cries of his forefathers' ghosts, lamenting over the lost glory of their ancient hunting grounds.

The same peculiarity of the mouth and claw which distinguishes the European night-jar, belongs to this American species, in which the bristles of the upper mandible are half an inch in length.

Chuck-Will's-Widow—(*Caprimulgus Carolinensis*).

The name is derived, as we have said, from the resemblance between the bird's notes and the above syllables; but the Latin appellation refers to its locality, the bird being chiefly found in Carolina, and is, therefore, properly designated the Carolina night-jar. Each syllable of the singular name is distinctly heard proceeding from the bird; the sound resembling the distinct slow utterance of the words, "chuck Will," with the part "widow," more emphatically pronounced. These notes may often be heard at the distance of a mile, when the evening is still, and the forest silence undisturbed by any of the thousand cries and screams of nocturnal animals, which come with such startling effect from the depths of solemn woods.

The third species is the *American Night Hawk*—(*Caprimulgus Americanus*)—which differs from the proper night-jars in wanting the network of bristles along the bill, but resembles them in its habits of feeding and mode of flight. The sound uttered by this bird is compared to that produced by blowing into the bung-hole of an empty cask; and, as this cannot be represented by any diagram, or by the most ingenious collocation of syllables, the curious reader had better try with the first empty cask he sees what kind of sound such a feat will produce.

A more prolonged notice of the *Caprimulgidae* is not required; and we can but recommend our country readers to watch for these birds, during those beautiful walks which they are able to enjoy in the calm evenings of summer. Such as reside near heaths, woodlands, or parks, cannot fail to find the night-jar in their neighbourhood; and, frequently, when the swallow has retired to his nest, and the owl sails silently over the fields, will this night-swallow be seen sweeping, with powerful flight, round bushes or trees where insect colonies dwell.

No bird will better repay our attention than this singular member of the feathered kingdom, and its nocturnal habits bring it distinctly before us, when other birds have retired from sight.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

"Where Bothwell's towers in ruin piled
O'erlook the verdant glade."—SCOTT.

THE stately ruins of this ancient fortress are beautifully situated on the banks of the river Clyde, near Hamilton.

Surrounded on all sides by waving trees, its massive towers, as if sensible of their own strength and importance, seem to frown with an air of majestic contempt on the beautiful softness of the surrounding scenery.

It is built of red sandstone, and consists of a large oblong quadrangle, flanked towards the south by two circular towers, while to the north there seem to have been many exterior fortifications, now crumbled into ruins by the lapse of ages. Its origin, like that of many places of the same kind, sleeps undisturbed in the dark oblivion of time beyond the memory of man. The first mention made of it in history is during the memorable period when Sir William Wallace was attempting to shake off the yoke so unjustly imposed upon his countrymen by Edward I. At this time it belonged to Sir Andrew Moray, the brother of the Steward of Scotland, both of whom, along with other noblemen, had joined the Scottish hero in the assertion of the independence of their country. The consequence of this patriotic measure on the part of Sir Andrew Moray and his associates was the forfeiture of their estates. That of Bothwell was granted by King Edward to Aylmer de Valence, (Earl of Pembroke,) who at that time commanded the



Bothwell Castle.

English forces. It remained in the hands of the English until after the battle of Bannockburn, when it was restored to Sir Andrew Moray, who had married Bruce's sister. After the demise of this brave hero, who cannot be sufficiently commended for his staunch adherence to the cause of liberty during a life of trials and vicissitudes, unhappily the consequence of his disaffection to a powerful usurper, his estate of Bothwell came into the possession of Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas, who had married Moray's granddaughter. In this noble family it remained until the year 1451, when Douglas, whose immense estates in Scotland, and foreign wealth and influence as Duke of Touraine, had rendered him by far the most powerful baron in the country, was foolish enough to display a spirit of haughtiness to his sovereign, whose commands he had even dared to defy. James II. in order to curb the arrogance of the potent chief, gradually withdrew from him his countenance and employment, so that Douglas, finding his consequence decreasing, and his power on the wane, retired for a while from Scotland. On his return, Douglas, who was naturally rash and fearless, consented, under a safe conduct bearing the royal signature, to visit James in the Castle of Stirling. After the royal feast, the king remonstrated with his guest; disclosed to him the proofs he possessed of his combinations against the government; reproached him for the frequent murders of his subjects committed by his order; and condescended to entreat him to forsake such dangerous courses, assuring him of his pardon and favour. Douglas, instead of embracing the offer, replied to it with insolence; and James, thus braved to his face, losing all command of himself, drew his dagger and stabbed him to the heart. This atrocious murder was followed by a struggle between the royal party and the friends and vassals of the unfortunate baron, whose brother, Sir James Douglas, having succeeded in the earldom, renounced the allegiance of his monarch, and threw himself into the arms of England. But at length, in a fruitless effort to regain his lost power by invading the Merse along with the Earl of Northumberland, he was totally routed by the Earl of Angus, and driven a landless fugitive into England. After this sudden fall of the house of Douglas, Bothwell Castle was possessed successively by the Crichtons, John

Ramsay, a favourite of James III., and the Hepburns, styled the earls of Bothwell. But the infamous baron of that name having forfeited the estate by his wicked and profligate conduct, it passed through several hands, until at length it reverted to the rightful proprietors of the noble family of Douglas, in whose possession it now is. When it fell into its present ruinous state has not been exactly ascertained; although we may say, with some degree of certainty, that it was not till the time of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., as we know that the Marquis of Montrose dated from it a manifesto, prohibiting his officers and soldiers from molesting the tenantry on the lands of the accomplished Drummond of Hawthornden.

Such is the brief history of this noble castle, whose magnificent ruins still remain to testify to its former grandeur.

It now remains for us to give a short description of the beautiful scenery which surrounds it, and which is dear to every Scotsman from the poetical associations it calls forth. As we have already mentioned, the castle is situated on a beautiful bank, which has been rendered the subject of the following old plaintive ditty, entitled, "Bothwell Bank," the chanting of which is said to have beguiled and softened the mind of Mungo Park, while travelling through the deserts of Africa.

" On the blythe Beltane, as I went
By mysell attour the green bent,
Whereby the glancin' waves of Clyde
Through sauchs and hangin' hazels glide;
'There, sadly sittin' on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae:—

" Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,
But, oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair!
For a' beneth thy holts sae grene
My luve and I wad sit at e'en;
While primroses and daisies, mixt
Wi' blue bells, in my locks be fixt.

" But he left me ae drearie day,
And haply now lies in the clay;
Without ae sich his death to roun,
Without ae flowir his grave to croun!
Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,
But, oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair."

In proof of the antiquity of at least the air to which this song is sung, and of its beautiful overword or bur-

den, Chambers, in his edition of *Scottish Songs*, relates the following anecdote, quoted from a work entitled "*Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*," printed at Amsterdam in the year 1605 :—

"In journeying through Palestine, at some period even then remote, a Scotsman saw a female at the door of a house lulling her child to the air of Bothwell Bank.

"Surprise and rapture took simultaneous possession of his breast, and he immediately accosted the fair singer. She turned out to be a native of Scotland, who, having wandered thither, was married to a Turk of rank, and who still, though far removed from her native land, frequently reverted to it in thought, and occasionally called up its image, by chanting the ditties in which its banks and braes, its woods and streams, were so freshly and so endearingly delineated. She introduced the traveller to her husband, whose influence in the country was eventually of much service to him; an advantage which he could never have enjoyed, had not Bothwell Bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than fortunate.

"The bank itself," he continues, "which has thus attracted so much honourable notice, is a beautifully wooded piece of ground, descending in a steep semi-circular sweep from the foundations of the castle to the brink of the Clyde, which is there a river of noble breadth."

The present Lord Douglas has a handsome modern edifice, built of reddish sandstone, close by the ruin; and immediately opposite, on the other side of the river, are the ruins of Blantyre Priory, supposed to have been founded before the end of the thirteenth century, and to have been tenanted by a colony from the monastery of Jedburgh.

Having thus given the reader a short history and description of Bothwell Castle and the surrounding scenery, we now hurry down the valley of the Clyde in silence until we reach the Falls of the Clyde;

A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of minstrel trod!
Where he who winds, 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave.
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray
O'er every rock that bars her way,

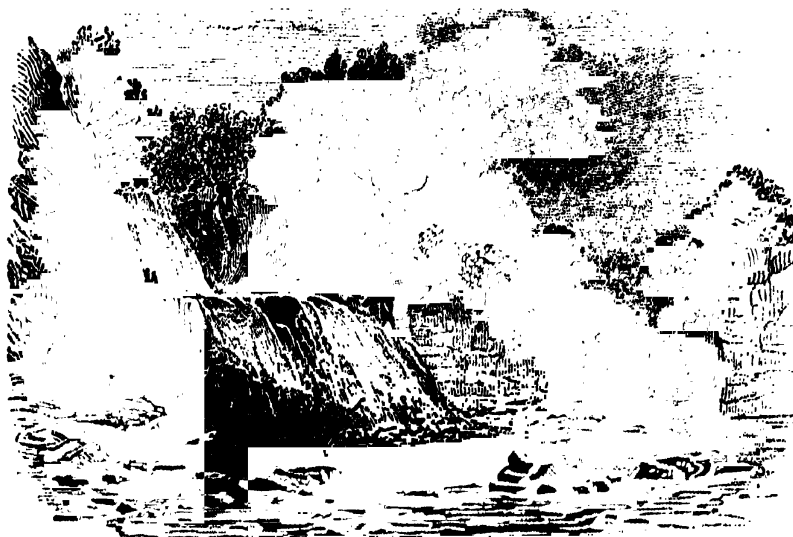
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, in his "*Scott and Scotland*," has given so excellent a description of the Falls of the Clyde, that, with the reader's permission, we shall here transcribe it.

"The smallest of the three celebrated falls is that of Bonnyton. The Clyde above it rolls along, in a magnificent and unbroken volume, through groves of forest trees, till all on a sudden it plunges roaring into the abyss.

"Its agitation does not diminish; it seems to be aware that its terrors have only commenced: and on it goes rushing and groaning over rock and precipice towards the fall of *Corra Linn*. The banks now assume the character of immense walls, except where they overhang the river; and their summits are clothed with large trees which bend their branches over to the flood. The river, when it reaches the fall, plunges first in a comparatively narrow strait, which, shelving downwards, opens at the same time, and the torrent rushes headlong, in a broad and magnificent sheet, to the bottom of the gulph. Sometimes, however, when the river is full, the division in the stream is not perceptible, and the grand and awful spectacle is beheld of a single torrent plunging down a precipice of eighty-four feet. At a considerable distance above the second division of the fall stands the ancient castle of Corra, formerly belonging to a branch of the Sommerville family. A more frightful, and at the same time grotesque, situation for a human dwelling can hardly be conceived. It is said that the building trembles, or rather shudders, so strongly at the shock of the fall, as to spill water from a glass! The Fall of Stonebyres is considerably broader, although not so lofty as that of Corra Linn.

"Pennant remarks that it has more of the horrible in it than any of the other two. Like that of Corra Linn, it consists of three divisions in ordinary weather, which unite into one when the river is full, and thunder down a height of fifty-eight feet. The torrent is here considerably broader than elsewhere; and the vapour rising from it in a thick cloud, gives a very peculiar character to the scene viewed through its medium."



Corra Linn.

ROADSIDE SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.

No. III.

TRAVELLING on the Rhine is a very different thing to travelling in any other part of Germany, or, so far as I know, of Europe. You find yourself so continually in the same steamers, in the same hotels, and visiting the same lions, with exactly the same people, that the journey is not like a mere tour, with a party of one or two, as the case may be, but rather resembles some vast pilgrimage, or crusade of a large body with the same common object; and no doubt, in one sense, it is a sort of crusade they are all engaged in, except that, instead of visiting holy shrines and sepulchres, the pilgrims pay their adorations to ruined towers and renowned views, and do fierce battle with innkeepers and douaniers, instead of Turks and Saracens. Then, again, so much the greater part of your fellow-travellers are English, that you cannot help thinking yourself in some strangely transmogrified part of Britain, rather than in a foreign land. Of course, there are also many of the natives of other countries,—French, and Russian, and German,—but the vast majority are English. Take, for instance, the common scene on board a Rhine steamer during the season. The captain is certainly English, and one-half of the crew most likely English also: the passengers form a somewhat motley group, but the majority are English.

First in honour as in place is Sir Theodosius Limkins: that is he, the tall, stoutish gentleman, with large white whiskers, and an incipient double chin. The father of Sir Theodosius made a large fortune on 'Change, and, at his death, left his son a landed estate and a baronetcy. The large rawboned lady beside him is Lady Henrietta Limkins, the daughter of an Irish peer, and a descendant of Brian Boroo. She, as well as the two harsh-featured young ladies with amazingly thick ancles, her daughters, are dressed as if going to a royal drawing-room, or a drive in Hyde Park, at least, instead of a pleasure voyage in a steamer. None of this party, of course, can condescend to take any notice of the vulgar crowd around. Sir Theodosius occasionally takes a short walk up and down the deck, throwing out his faultlessly white shirt-frill, and pointing the toes of his patent-leather boots, as if still under the eye of his dancing-master, but the three ladies remain standing or sitting together, now and then taking a sniff at their smelling-bottles, or glancing at the handsome, though dissipated-looking young man, who is leaning against the side of the vessel, and appears to be the only object worthy of their attention. He is Lord Eustace Fitzgudgeon, the same whom we saw the other night at Aix-la-Chapelle, laying down his five and ten Napoleons at every turn of the roulette-table. He has been obliged to leave London for a short time, and is now going, half rook, half pigeon, to try his fortune at the gaming tables of Baden. He does not pay the slightest attention to the fascinations of the Misses Limkins, but is doing his best to enter into a flirtation with their pretty French lady's-maid, who is sitting in the carriage with the valet and courier, and would give the world to reply to the advances of the young nobleman, but, not daring to do so for fear of her mistress, she puts on an air of supernatural demureness, which is most edifying to behold.

Close beside the Limkins, with his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and his countenance expressing the most intense scorn and indignation, stands our old friend Waddilove. He knew the Baronet's father well, and even himself during the old gentleman's lifetime, and is brimful of wrath at the airs of superiority displayed by his quondam acquaintance. He contents

himself, however, with cursing the rascal's impudence, and determining to show that he can spend as much as any baronet in the kingdom. With this laudable view, he makes up by bluster what the other takes out in arrogance, lives as expensively, and throws about at least as much money as the Limkinses: and the necessary consequence of this sensible contest is, that every one who is not a fool is abused as if he were a pickpocket, and the ludicrous charges on the English are rendered, for the time, still more insanely exorbitant.

These are the principal figures, but there are plenty of others. There is an equity barrister, in large practice, who, having just married, is taking a week's tour with his wife—his first holiday for many a year;—but so novel is his position in having something to look after besides briefs, that he has no eyes or ears for any one object but his pretty little lady. The two young men in green spectacles, gazing on him with respectful admiration, are Chancery pupils, released for a few weeks from their exhilarating studies. Then there are several more families of the Waddiloves and Gumbs, but of a lower stamp. There are half a dozen collections of dashing, but a little *passée*, young ladies, with their still showy mamas, going to try if the air of the German watering-places is more favourable to matrimony than that of the English ones. There is a fat man, in a huge shooting-coat of indescribable make and colour, cursing himself that he ever left home, and came on board a filthy steamer, where there is not even good brandy to be had, to look at scenery which he could see much better in his sisters' Annuals; and a lean one, in a French cut-away of light cloth, in which he looks something between Don Quixote and a rustic dancing-master. Lastly, there are five or six young men with knapsacks, who are on a pedestrian tour up the Rhine and through Switzerland. There is a little Frenchman skipping about as if he were being horsewhipped, in his ecstasies of delight at the scenery, but who, in his heart, thinks the view of the Palais Royal far superior to any rocks and trees out of Paris; and there are also two or three Russians, hugging themselves in secret, at being able to speak, for once in their lives, without considering whether their first sentence may not be a passport to Siberia. In the fore part of the vessel is a miscellaneous assemblage of curious valets and ladies' maids, unshaven students, with long hair and romantic coats, peasants in blouses and broad-brimmed hats, and country girls, with uncommonly ugly features, and uncommonly beautiful hair, prettily plaited and stuck through with a thing like a large silver meat-skewer. The most interesting of these passengers, however, are some boys going home for their holidays from a neighbouring military academy, under charge of a patient mild-looking usher; they are nice little fellows, with all the intelligence and gaiety of English boys, and, added thereto, an expression of docility and quiet good nature somewhat uncommon among us; clever enough, too, if you take the trouble to speak to them, two or three having a very fair knowledge of English, which they have not learned by means of grammar and dictionary carefully flogged into them, but have casually picked up for themselves, from some English boys who happened to be at school with them.

Such is a fair description of the average company on board any one of the Rhine steamers, and in every one of them, as I have said, the English element greatly preponderates. The natural consequence of this preponderance is, of course, that every thing is made to suit their convenience, and their peculiarities, as much as possible. The hotels are laid out with a view to their accommodation; the beds are made as roomy as a German imagination can stretch with regard to a bed; smoking is prohibited in the common room; many of the floors are carpeted; the commissioners and waiters almost all speak some English, or at any rate villanously bad French; and, above all, the charges are made high enough to suit the dignity of a free-born Briton.

When you get off the Rhine, however, everything undergoes an immediate change; you no longer feel yourself under the influence of English gold and English punctiliousness; you are in another land, amongst other people; you are really in Germany, and no longer monarch of all you survey. It is from this very circumstance, that the rest of Germany is not sufficiently Anglicised, that so many of our countrymen, (I mean, of course, those who have not some distinct object in view,) when they have traversed the Rhine, turn homewards again without venturing further. One might suppose that the fact, that the country on which they were about to enter was less contaminated by foreign manners, would be the very thing which would induce them to traverse it; and so this is an inducement; but, the truth is, they are afraid; they dare not enter on the dangers of a perfectly foreign region, after all they have undergone in their journey up the partially civilized Rhine. It is, no doubt, to every mind, however strongly constituted, a startling thought, that one is in a land where bottled stout is unknown, where such a thing as a glass of sherry is not to be had for love or money, where you are obliged to sleep under instead of on feather-beds, and to eat your fish after instead of before your meat. Nevertheless the strong-minded man will be able, by a powerful effort, to shake off and subdue the terror caused by these considerations, but to those of less moral courage it is quite invincible; they are appalled by the prospect before them, and return home affrighted and disgusted. Seriously, there are many who can cheerfully undergo considerable hardships and inconvenience at home, while abroad every little *contre-temps* puts them out of humour, because it is out of their way; they have not been accustomed to that sort of thing; and there are people who, I verily believe, would make less noise about being run over in the Strand, than the not having a carpet to their bed-room at Baden-Baden.

My friend Miffler is an excellent specimen of this class. Miffler was brought up from his boyhood with true old English sentiments; he firmly believed that the French lived on nothing but frogs and *soupe-maigre*, and that any one Briton could singly annihilate any three individuals of any other nation. By degrees, however, these ideas wore off; he declared that he could recognise merit in any country, and proclaimed himself a citizen of the world. Now I do not know a more pleasant companion than Miffler within the four seas, nor one who more thoroughly enjoys himself over a beefsteak, or a leg of mutton, with a glass of port; but I was, I own, a little daunted, when he came to me one morning, and proposed to be my companion on the Continent. I trembled for his sake, foreseeing that he was utterly unfitted for travelling out of his own country. However, he declared that he anticipated such enjoyment from the proposed tour, and that he could so perfectly adapt himself to circumstances, that it was impossible to make any objection. He started then a few days before me, and I joined him at Aix, when he had been about a week abroad.

I found him looking somewhat pale and haggard, and by no means so sprightly as usual, though he declared he had been greatly pleased with his tour, and with all he had seen; still there was something in his air and manner which belied the assertion. Our hotel happened to be a very good one, and having looked over the bill of fare, I ordered what I liked best for supper, and then handed the card to Miffler. He hummed and hawed over it for some time with a lugubrious air, and then with an expression of extreme disgust ordered a veal cutlet.

"Dear me," said I, innocently, "you don't seem pleased with your entertainment!"

He assured me that he was so, but, on my asking his opinion of the wine, professed himself unable to

give me any advice as to which we should order. I was perplexed at this, and still more at the moody silence in which he devoured his supper, and the increasing gloom with which he swallowed glass after glass of the bottle brought us,—a very fair flask of Rhine wine, by the way. My difficulties, however, were soon cleared up; for the waiter, on lighting us to our beds, ejected his saliva into one corner of the room, with a skill and precision which would have done credit to a Yankee. Miffler, quite unable to contain himself, now broke out into a storm of anathemas in English and French, and the waiter, who only spoke German, aware that they were directed against him, though unable to divine the cause of them, speedily retired, whilst my friend threw himself into a chair, declaring, that if things went on in this way, his continental tour would be the death of him.

"Why," said I, "I thought you had enjoyed yourself so much while abroad!"

"So I have," replied he, "but the fact is, one would require a total change in one's whole ideas not to be put out by some things one meets with. Now, for instance, I declare I have not eaten a single comfortable meal since I left England!"

"That is, indeed, extraordinary," returned I, "for the eating in Brussels, where you have been for three or four days, is said to be as good as at Paris."

"Is it?" said he; "then I can only reply that I don't envy the epicures of France. For my part, I can't manage those abominable dinners of a dozen little kickshaw dishes, the half of which one is afraid to taste lest they should contain some abomination. And, what's worse, they call their confounded mixtures by such names, that the appellation does not give one the least idea of what the article is. Why, what do you think happened to me at Brussels?—I had dined for a couple of days at the table d'hôte, without being able to get anything eatable, and so at last I determined to take my meals by myself, and order my own dinner. So I got the bill of fare, and read over a long string of names, which didn't convey any meaning to me, till at last I came to 'Haricots.'—'Come,' thinks I to myself, 'I know what haricot mutton is, at all events; I'll have that for dinner.' So I ordered 'Haricots,' giving particular directions to make it very plain, and when I came in with a monstrous appetite, what do you think they set before me?—not haricot mutton—but beans, sir—little white beans, swimming in an odious mixture of oil and pepper. Of course I could not taste it, and was obliged to order it away at once; the rascal of a waiter assuring me all the time that they were excellent 'Haricots.' Faugh! the very thought of them makes me sick."

"Why," said I, laughing, "I thought you knew enough of the language to be aware that Haricots is the French for beans."

"And so I did," replied he, "but who could have ever imagined that such a dish as that could be set down to a Christian man?—I thought only of haricot mutton. Then again, the people in these places have no idea of what breakfast should be; either they give you a cup of coffee and a crust of bread, or else a dish of meat with a bottle of wine."

"Well," interrupted I, "at any rate you cannot complain of the wine; you get the best hock and French claret as cheap as sherry at home."

"Indeed," returned Miffler, "I wouldn't give a bottle of good port for all the wine I have had since I left London. I don't see the difference between their wine and white or red vinegar. Upon my word the first time I took a bottle of it, I thought I had got an attack of Asiatic cholera, and that my bones, instead of being decently interred in the family sepulchre, would whiten under a foreign sun. I protest if I had not one day got a beefsteak and a glass of Schiedam at Antwerp, I should never have made out at all."

I could not help laughing at this terrible list of

grievances, but my mirth only made Miffler more angry.

"You may laugh as you like," said he, "and no doubt these are all matters of no great importance, but they destroy one's comfort, and in truth these people seem to have no idea of comfort whatsoever."

In this latter observation I assured him I quite agreed, but added that, in travelling, we must make up our minds to undergo some hardships. He gave a dolorous assent to my proposition, and, after a good deal of argumentation, we retired to rest, and next day proceeded on our journey. But it was in vain that Miffler attempted to keep up his spirits. It was not his fault, he had no wish to grumble—on the contrary, he did his best to be pleased, but he could not succeed; all those little inconveniences, which to some would have been mere laughing matters, and which he himself admitted to be such, yet worked upon him, and kept him in a perpetual worry. The continual smoking disgusted him, the commissioners harassed him; he was bothered to death by the police regulations, and could not bear to meet at every corner a fierce-looking man with mustachios and musket, who looked as if he longed for a reasonable pretext to plant a bayonet in his viscera: finally, he was eternally losing his passport, and got into a phrenzy whenever it was demanded.

We travelled on pretty well as far as Bonn, but the hotel there being very much crowded, Miffler was, by mistake, put into a distant chamber, arranged for a German and not an English occupant. The consequence was, that after being about an hour asleep, I was awoken by the entrance of my friend in high dudgeon. He had been unable, he said, to get any one to attend to him, or at least to make any of the servants understand his necessities; he had been put into a room, the bed of which was not made, and which had neither blankets nor sheets; finding it hopeless to get this remedied, he had attempted sleeping on the feather-bed in his clothes; but as this was impossible, he had come to me for assistance. I accompanied him to his room, and soon found that he had mistaken the cushion usually placed on the bed, for the feather-bed itself, and on pushing this aside, and showing him the blankets and sheets beneath, his surprise and disgust were unbounded. However, he got over this adventure pretty well, but the whole of the rest of our journey was one series of similar mishaps, till at length, on reaching Frankfort, and glancing with his mind's eye at the gloomy vista beyond, his courage began to give way. My friend, however, was not fated to encounter these perils, for an adventure occurred here which put a stop to his continental tour.

We were out one evening strolling through the town, and, feeling desirous of some supper, entered a café and demanded the carte. Miffler looked over the contents in gloomy despondency, as I explained the various items to him, and the waiter stood by, extolling the merits of each succeeding dish. At length we came to the item *Pfannkuchen*, which means in fact, pancakes or omelettes. This the waiter affirmed to be a most exquisite composition, and "thoroughly English." The last words struck my friend's ears; he immediately decided for it, and sat during the preparation, pleasing himself with the idea that he should at length make an English meal. It came; the pancake was solemnly uncovered, and in the plate beside it, lay three or four round suspicious-looking articles of a dark greenish hue. The waiter seeing Miffler's dubious look, reiterated that it was a "thoroughly English" dish. Thus reassured, the traveller mashed the two together, and proceeded to take a mouthful. A spasmodic contraction of his whole face ensued—

"What is it?" cried I, affrighted—

"What is it?" replied he, sputtering with indignation, as he attempted to swallow the abomination—"why, it's a pancake with pickled plums, that's what it is; and they call that an English dish. I like their impudence—if that isn't adding insult to injury, I don't

know what is. Here, Kellner, waiter, or whatever they call you, what is to pay for this beastly mess?" And, in spite of all my remonstrances, he left the place, went off to our hotel, packed up, and started for England the next morning at six o'clock. I saw him off, and his last words were—"An English dish, indeed!" He wrote me subsequently that his first act on reaching London was, to eat a beefsteak with a pint of porter, at the Cock, at Temple-bar, after which meal he offered up a fervent thanksgiving, that he had at length got back to a Christian country, where they did not eat pickled plums with their pancakes.

Such was the termination of my friend Miffler's continental tour, and some such feelings and occurrences have been the cause of many a thorough-bred Englishman bringing his projected journey to an untimely close. My account may be considered an extravagant burlesque, but it is not so—it is quite impossible for those who have not seen our countrymen abroad, to imagine how completely a man, who has been brought up surrounded by "all the comforts of the Sautmarket," is put about by a change in a variety of little matters, which, at home, he could never conceive to be essential to his happiness.

Miffler's departure reduced our party to two, and on the same morning that he left, my friend Glance and myself started in the diligence, or, as they call it here, the "*Eilwagen*," for Hiedelberg, which is a ride of about eight hours.

GAUTIER DE LA SALLE.¹

It was reported amongst the neighbours of La Petite Ville, that the bailiff had lately, in a very unaccountable manner, had various sums of money stolen from him; that at different times he had missed trifling things from his premises, but that, of late, the depredations were become serious. The domestics were examined, but no discoveries were made tending to throw any light upon the disappearance of the missing articles. At length, one day after a feast at the bailiff's house, where he had entertained the nobles of the island, a large silver bowl, and two goblets of the same metal, were missed. Now, indeed, it was his duty to make a closer and stricter search, and, if possible, discover the thief; no one had been seen on the premises of the bailiff that day, except Hugh de Massey, who, it had been remarked, had himself been two or three times to the well for water.

The missing articles had been placed upon a sort of low stone-bench or wall, which surrounded the well, and where they had been cleaned; the person whose duty it was to do this had been suddenly called away for some other purpose, before the operation in which she was engaged was completed, and afterwards, upon collecting the various articles to deposit in the house, the above were missing.

This was a most outrageous proceeding, and certainly demanded a most searching inquiry, which the bailiff was resolved at once to institute. The domestics were all closely examined, but they easily exculpated themselves; and neither could they remember any stranger being seen on the premises that day; indeed, none but the servants and Hugh had any right to come on that part of the premises where the well was. But neither servants nor neighbours, for a single moment, suspected De Massey as being the depredator. The bailiff, however, was of a different opinion. He did not know what temptation might have induced even Hugh de Massey to have done. He consulted many of his friends, expressing his unwillingness to prosecute his kinsman, and even to believe him guilty of such an act; but he was peculiarly situ-

(1) Concluded from page 366.

ated, and, as chief magistrate, it would be expected from him that he should perform his duty with impartiality; he considered he was compelled to sacrifice private feeling for the public good; and, dreadful as was the alternative, he must, he considered, for the sake of justice, bring the affair before the Court. He should be the happiest person in the island, if his kinsman could clear himself, but at present the finger of suspicion pointed so strongly at him as the purloiner of the plate, that, for his part, he repeated, he thought it his duty to prosecute him for the theft. Nevertheless, if he had, in a moment of weakness, taken the missing articles, and would acknowledge his crime, and restore them, he, the bailiff, would in that case, and upon condition of his immediately and for ever leaving the island, save him from certain exposure, and the last dreadful penalty of the law, as death must inevitably be his doom, if found guilty of the crime. All applauded the merciful sentiments uttered by their worthy chief magistrate, and unanimously agreed, that, if Hugh refused the terms proposed by the bailiff, it was the duty of the latter, no less as bailiff than as the loser of the articles in question, to prosecute one against whom there certainly was a very strong presumption of guilt.

Hugh, upon being interrogated, indignantly denied the charge, and sternly refused the proposal of the bailiff to leave the island; on the contrary, he demanded to be brought face to face with his accusers, and that the strictest investigation into his conduct and character should be made. In consequence, he was committed to the custody of the warder of Castle Cornet, in those days used as the common prison, on the charge of stealing the property of Gautier de la Salle.

At first De Massey could scarcely credit the fact, that he was actually a prisoner, and that his kinsman had any serious intention of prosecuting him for a crime of which he knew he was incapable; a little reflection, however, convinced him that it was the determination of De la Salle to destroy him; he had now got him completely in his power, and felt certain that he would exert it and his authority to the utmost to accomplish his purpose. To Jean de St. George, the superior of the monastery of Benedictines, in the parish of Our Ladye of the C  tel, he opened his whole heart, and asserted his conviction of the malicious intentions of his rival. The good father, who had never for an instant doubted Hugh's innocence, and had come to visit him as soon as he heard of his being sent to the Castle, listened to all he had to say, but could not agree with Hugh, that jealousy could drive such a man as Gautier de la Salle to devise such a devilish plot against his kinsman's life and honour. He promised to see Collette, and console her under this cruel stroke of fortune, and also to be present at Hugh's trial, which he was entitled to be from his situation in the island as delegate of the Bishop of Coutances, and where he promised to afford the unhappy prisoner all the assistance in his power.

The day appointed for the trial at length arrived; and Hugh de Massey was arraigned at the bar of the Royal Court for the crime of theft. No one who knew him previously—no unprejudiced person who looked upon him as he entered the Court and took possession of the place appointed for a prisoner, and beheld his noble bearing, his modest, but firm behaviour—could believe him guilty. Walter de Blondel, lieutenant-bailiff, occupied the chair; the prosecutor being bailiff, having of course ceded his place upon this occasion.

De la Salle told a plain unvarnished tale, merely stating his loss, and that nothing but a sense of public duty could have induced him to appear there as the prosecutor of his kinsman, of whose honesty, till the moment when suspicion fell so strongly upon him, he had always had the highest opinion; that it was, perhaps, from the relationship which existed between them, that he felt more compelled than he otherwise might have done to come forward against De Massey, as he, De la Salle, wished to prove to his countrymen, that

his sense of justice was very superior to any other feeling by which he might be supposed to be actuated. That the character of those domestics immediately about him was impugned by this transaction; and, though most reluctant, still from a feeling of justice to all, he felt bound to appear as the prosecutor of De Massey. It was proved most clearly, that none but De Massey, with the exception of the servants, had been seen on the bailiff's premises that day; that he could with the greatest ease have taken the plate and conveyed it to his own house, which had been searched as well as all the other premises, but no traces of the lost articles discovered; that no doubt, on many previous occasions, he had opportunities of taking the utensils now lost, if he had been inclined to do so. The whole of the evidence against the prisoner was entirely circumstantial, but it was strong, and skilfully woven together. Jean de St. George, superior of the Benedictines, that brave and noble soldier, Drouet la Marchant, Captain of the Castle of Beauregard, Nicholas de Beauvoir, Jean de la Land, Walter de Blondel, Jurats of the Royal Court, spoke highly in his favour, and expressed their conviction of his innocence; but in vain! The majority of the Court were of opinion that the crime had been proved, and Hugh de Massey was declared guilty, and sentenced to suffer death, and his property confiscated to the Crown.

It was the duty of the bailiff himself to pass sentence upon the unhappy prisoner, and, although he in vain endeavoured to conceal his satisfaction, it was evident he was pleased with the result of the trial. The prisoner upon being asked by the *Greffier d'Etats*, why sentence of death should not be passed on him, replied:—

“When I say that I am innocent, and have been unjustly condemned, God knows I speak the truth; and to His dispensation I commit myself, trusting to His mercy, in His own good time, to clear my name from the foul blot, which, through the malice of the Evil One, has been attached to it. My judges I forgive, but they have this day condemned an innocent man. Gautier de la Salle! speak forth the sentence to which your jealousy and malice have doomed me; but remember there is One above all, to whom the secrets of all hearts are open, and before whose tribunal kings and judges will one day have to give an account of their works!”

De la Salle was observed to quail under the stern glance of De Massey, but, making an effort, he simply passed the sentence of the law upon the prisoner without further observation. The sentence was to be carried into execution on the third day from the present one.

We will draw a veil over the sufferings of Collette, as well as of her parents, who accused themselves as being in a great measure the cause of their daughter's misery. The good prior assured Hugh that her love for him was far too sincere to allow her to doubt his innocence for a moment; that, as it was fated they were not to be wedded on earth, she had resolved to enter the convent of the White Penitents, in the small island of Lihou; and St. George had promised to use his influence with the prioress to receive her. He added, that, though she was not allowed, by orders of the Court and bailiff, to visit him, she had resolved to see and take her final leave of him on the fatal morning he was to die; and, finally, she conjured him to be of good courage, and put his trust in God and our Ladye.

The rock upon which Castle Cornet is built, which was formerly the jail of the island, as well as the place where the States, or Local Parliament, were accustomed to assemble, and where all the important business was conducted, is accessible from the mainland of Guernsey at low water; but, when the tide is up, it is entirely surrounded by the sea, and only to be approached by a boat. It was formerly the custom—and, indeed, till within these very few years—to remove any prisoner, left for execution, from the dungeons of the castle to the mainland, the night previous to the morning fixed for his doom on earth, lest any impediment should arise

the following day from the effect of sudden storms, (for it is a wild and breaker-beaten coast,) which might prevent the removal of the captive, and thus prove the cause of some embarrassment to the Court. In accordance with this custom, Hugh was removed, the night preceding his intended execution, to a place called *La Plaiderie*, which was a small building in the town of St. Peter Port, containing the office of the *Greffier d'Etat*, and a room where the ordinary Court assembled for the daily despatch of public business, together with some cells for the confinement of prisoners. Here, after a conference with the good prior de St. George, and an earnest prayer for mercy and support in his approaching hour of trial, he threw himself upon a heap of straw provided for his bed, and, conscious of his innocence, soon in balmy sleep forgot all his persecutions, and that yet but a few short hours, and he would "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

Collette, as we observed, had been refused admission to her lover during his confinement in Castle Cornet, but had been informed that she might see him at an early hour on the morning of his execution. How slowly did the hours of that miserable night pass to the wretched girl! and yet, when the first dawn of morning broke upon her aching eyes—when she remembered it was the last sun her beloved De Massey, her affianced husband, would ever behold—she chid them for having too quickly sped, and brought to light the day which was to separate them for ever. And, as her eye wandered to the spot where she had last sat and talked with Hugh upon their approaching union, and when she called to mind all the plans they had formed, all the schemes they had proposed for their future guidance—and now, with the certainty that this cup of happiness, which they had pictured to themselves might be theirs, was dashed from her lips for ever—all these delightful visions of the future destroyed, and every hope in this world for ever blighted—oh! what a groan of agony burst from her almost breaking heart! Throwing herself on her bed, she lay for a time unconscious of her wretched fate. Remembering at length, however, that the hours of him she adored on earth were numbered, she shook off this weakness, and hastened to dress herself, and prepare for her departure from her home, to which she never intended to return; and for this purpose selected a robe of white, which, in happier days, was intended for her bridal dress. But this was to be her bridal day; for from it she meant to dedicate herself as the bride of heaven, the prioress of the convent at Lihou having consented to receive her.

Accompanied by her father and mother, who were also overwhelmed with grief, they took their sad route by way of the *Vauquedor* to the town, arriving at the *Plaiderie* some time before the hour for admitting strangers to the prisoner had struck. They were kindly permitted by the clerk to repose themselves in the *Greffier's* office.

Hugh de Massey had been the object of universal commiseration. No one would believe him guilty of the crime for which he was about to suffer, for all were well aware of the cause of Gautier's hatred to him; and the appearance of Collette, who was known to be his affianced bride, added to the feeling which seemed to pervade the crowd; and their indignation against the bailiff, and the majority of the Court by whom he had been condemned, and who were looked upon as the tools of their more subtle leader, soon manifested itself in curses both loud and deep. The arrival of *Drouet le Marchant* with the Sheriff's guard soon awed the tumult of the crowd; and, shortly after, the excellent Jean de St. George came to conduct Collette to her unhappy lover. What pen can describe their meeting? "This is indeed the bitterness of death," exclaimed De Massey, as Collette threw herself into his arms, her whole frame convulsed with the sobs which issued from her bursting heart. But why attempt to describe what is beyond description?—let us leave the sad pair with the good

father, and turn our looks to Gautier de la Salle. He had not left his house at *La Petite Ville* since the trial, but was now preparing, in accordance with his duty, to attend the execution of the prisoner, or, we should rather say, the sacrifice of his victim.

"And so none of you mean to go to *Hogue à la Perse* this morning?" he asked in a tone of surprise, from his servant, Peter Robin, who was waiting with his horse.

"No, *Messire le Baillie*," said the honest fellow, "I have no stomach to go and see my friend and your cousin, *Messire le Baillie*, hanged for a crime I don't think him guilty of."

"Then leave it alone," said his master, sulkily, riding out of the yard; "and mind, I expect to find the whole of that rick," pointing to one of two wheat-ricks which stood in the yard, "removed into the barn by the evening—you have been idle of late, my masters."

Shortly after the arrival of the bailiff at the *Plaiderie*, where the whole Court were assembled, orders were given to form the procession, to proceed to the place of execution at *Hogue à la Perse*, to which the prisoner was to walk barefooted. It was the law, however, that, previous to their setting forth upon this melancholy expedition, the prisoner should be placed at the bar, and the crime and sentence read to him by the *Greffier d'Etat*; and for this purpose an officer came to conduct Hugh to the room where the Court were assembled.

"And now, beloved Collette! all I hold dear on earth—one last embrace, and then——"

"Oh, no! I leave you not here, Hugh; I will be calm, father, quite calm; but it is my duty not to leave him till the last." And she clung to him with such force, that she could not be removed without violence, which the heart of the officer would not allow him to employ; and Hugh entered the room, with the unhappy Collette hanging on him, her white dress, and face paler than monumental marble, giving her more the appearance of a walking statue than a living being; indeed her whole soul was so completely engrossed with her lover, that she scarcely appeared conscious of the presence she was in.

"Why is this woman permitted here?" said the bailiff; "remove her." She heard the order, and essayed to speak; but only the words "*duty!*" "*my husband, sir!*" were intelligible.

"Allow her to remain, *Messire le Baillie*," said *Walter de Blondell*; "I will be surety for her conduct; and let us proceed quickly, for this is too painful a business for any of us to endure much longer."

It was afterwards remarked that, at this stage of the proceedings, the eyes and countenance of the miserable Collette exhibited a most unwonted expression of rage and fierceness, resembling the ferocity of the tigress when expecting to be deprived of her offspring. At the slightest movement of the officers who stood behind Hugh, she darted a savage glance at them, as if she defied their power, at the same time clinging closer to her lover with one arm, whilst with the other she appeared to menace any one who would dare to separate her from him; the dreadful situation in which she was placed seemed to have overwhelmed her reason. Amongst that assembled audience there was but one heart that did not bleed for the wretched pair, or anticipate with horror the scene which must in a few minutes ensue, as it was evident nothing but force could separate the unhappy girl from the side of De Massey. In the mean time, the *Greffier d'Etats* proceeded, with a faltering voice, and tearful eye, to read over the crime of which the prisoner had been convicted, as well as the sentence about to be carried into execution; but Hugh's whole attention was fixed upon Collette, who clung to him in an agony of despair, and he heeded not these forms.

The bailiff, upon the *Greffier's* concluding with the usual "*God save the King*," made an intimation to the Court that now all the forms of the law had been complied with, and was on the point of rising from his seat,

when a slight movement among the assembled multitude without caused a momentary hesitation within the Court, and at that instant Peter Robin, the bailiff's servant, bursting into the apartment, exclaimed, "We have found the plate! and Hugh de Massey is—"

"Then you have removed the wrong rick," cried the bailiff, starting from his chair; "*I put it—*" But instantly perceiving he had committed himself—"May the curse of—" Before, however, he could finish his execration, he fell back in his seat in a fit, the blood gushing in torrents from his mouth!

There was now as much noise and consternation in the Court, as a few minutes before there had been grief and silence. Collette had swooned almost ere Robin had completed the tale of his discovery, and was carried out by her parents. The bailiff was lying lifeless in the arms of some of the officers of the Court, a most ghastly spectacle; whilst the friends and neighbours of De Massey were pressing round and congratulating him on this timely discovery, and happy termination of his troubles; at the same time expressing, in loud tones, their indignation at the villanous and malicious conduct of his persecutor, and which was inwardly responded to by every bosom in the Court. After the confusion had in some measure subsided, the leech declared the bailiff was not dead, but would not speak with confidence that he would survive the shock; and, as it was impossible to convey him to his own house, he was placed in a boat, and carried over to Castle Cornet.

It was proposed that Hugh de Massey should be set at liberty, upon his giving sureties that he would not leave the island for one month, which were instantly forthcoming, every Jurat in the court offering his bail; and it was ordered that a full account of this affair should be drawn up by the Greffier, and immediately transmitted to the governor, then in London, to be by him laid before the King.

The shock which Collette had undergone, and the sudden transition from death to life, from the depth of misery to a prospect of that happiness which, a few minutes before, she had thought was fled for ever, was too much for her, already weakened and exhausted in mind and body, and she was for a long time confined to her bed by a severe illness, which threatened not so much her life as the destruction of her reason. By the blessing of God, however, she was restored to health almost from the very threshold of existence, and soon after united to her beloved Hugh; but, before this happy event, Gautier de la Salle had passed to his long account. To the everlasting honour and credit of the justice of the island be it said, he was, as soon as his health was sufficiently restored, tried, and found guilty of conspiring against the life of Hugh de Massey, and deservedly sentenced to the same kind of death he had intended for an innocent man. The orders of the King to the Court were, that he should be taken from the place of confinement to his own house, and executed upon the spot where the rick stood in which he had concealed the plate. Accordingly, upon the appointed morning, he was taken from the Plaiderie to a place a short distance from his own house, called the Vauquedor, where an altar had been erected, and where he received the sacrament, and the last consolations of religion, from the Prior St. George, and where he again confessed his crime, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence, earnestly beseeching the pardon of Hugh de Massey, and the prayers of all. From thence he was conducted, bare-footed, to his own farm yard, and there hanged,—and his house and estate, which became forfeited to the crown, has, from thenceforth, been called *La Ville au Roi*. Whether his body was buried at the Vauquedor is uncertain, though tradition asserts that it was; but to this day a stone is pointed out in which a rude cross is deeply cut, and in memory of this event, the spot bears the name of "*The Bailiff's Cross*."

Φ.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

October 5.

On this day, 1635, died Thomas Parr, or Old Parr, a remarkable Englishman, who lived in the reigns of ten kings and queens, viz. Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. He was born in 1483, at Winnington, eight miles from Shrewsbury, in Shropshire. Though he attained the vast age of 152 years and nine months, yet the tenor of his life admitted but of little variety. He was a husbandman, laboured hard, partook of coarse fare, and enjoyed good health, till he was sent for to London by the Earl of Arandel. His journey thither proved fatal to him; for, owing, probably, to the alteration in his diet, the change of air, and his new mode of life, he lived but a short time after his arrival and presentation to Charles I. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. The simple inscription of "Old Parr" is on his grave.

October 10.—At Sherborne, Dorsetshire, a fair called "Pack Monday Fair," is annually held on this day, on a spacious parade, in a street not far from the church. It is a mart for the sale of horses, cows, fat and lean oxen, sheep, lambs, and pigs; cloth, earthenware, apples, toys, gingerbread, sweetmeats, drapery, hats, bonnets, caps, ribands, &c. &c. Tradition relates that this fair originated at the termination of the building of the church in the sixth century, when the people who had been employed about it packed up their tools, and held a wake in the churchyard, blowing cows' horns in their rejoicing, which at that time was perhaps the most common music in use. To the present time, Pack Monday Fair is always announced three or four weeks previously by all the little urchins who can procure and blow a cow's horn, and who parade the streets in the evening and send forth the different tones of their horny bugles, sometimes beating an old saucopan for a drum, and playing on a whistle or fife. The clock's striking twelve on the Sunday night preceding, is the summons for ushering in the fair, when the boys assemble with their "rough music," and parade the town with a noisy shout, and prepare to forage for fuel to light a bonfire. In this way the youths enjoy themselves in boisterous merriment, to the annoyance of the drowsy part of the inhabitants, till four o'clock, when the great bell is rung for a quarter of an hour. From this time the bustle commences by the preparations for the coming scene: stalls are erected, windows cleaned and decorated, shepherds and drovers go forth for their flocks and herds, which are depastured for the night in the neighbouring fields, and every individual seems on the alert. The business of the sheep and cattle fair is generally concluded by twelve o'clock, when what is called the in-fair begins to wear the appearance of great activity, and, from this hour till three or four o'clock, more business is transacted in the shop, counting-house, parlour, hall, and kitchen, than at any other part of the day, it being customary with the tradespeople to have their yearly accounts settled about this time; and scarcely a draper, grocer, hatter, ironmonger, bookseller, or other respectable tradesman, but is provided with an ample store of beef and home-brewed October for the welcome of their numerous customers, few of whom depart without replenishing themselves with the old English fare placed before them. The shows and stalls are crowded from four till dusk: by which time the country people begin to separate. Vehicles and horses of every description are shortly after on the move, and the bustle is nearly over, with the exception of what is to be met with at the inns, where the lads and lasses so disposed finish on the "light fantastic toe," assisted by the fiddler's merry scraping, the fun, frolic, and pastime of "Pack Monday Fair."

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE DEATH OF BRUCE.¹

THERE is darkness in the chamber,
There is silence by the hearth,
For pale, and cold, and dying,
Lies a great one of the earth;
That eye's dim ray is faint and grey,
Those lips have lost their red,
And powerless is a people's love
To lift that languid head.

A tearful group was gathered
Around that bed of death:
There stood undaunted Randolph,
Knight of the Perfect Wreath;
And Campbell, strong and steadfast
Through danger and despair;
And valiant Grey, and stern La Haye,
And loyal Lennox there;
There, last in name, but first in fame,
And faithful to the end,
All weeping stood Lord James the Good,
True knight and constant friend;
And there, with eyes of grave surprise,
Fast rooted to the place,
The monarch's son, scarce four years old,
Gazed in his father's face!
But the stillness of that solemn room
Was stirred by scarce a breath—
Silent were all, and silently
THE BRUCE encountered Death.

To the face of the dying monarch
Came a sudden glow, and proud,
But brief as the tinge of sunset
Plung on a wandering cloud;
But see—his lips are parting,
Though scarce a sound he heard,—
Down stoops the noble Douglas
To catch each feeble word;
And all the knights and warriors,
Holding their tightened breath,
Close in a narrower circle
Around the couch of death.

"O Douglas, O my brother!
My heart is ill at ease;
Unceasingly mine aching eye
One haunting vision sees;
It sees the lengthened arches,
The solemn aisles of prayer,
And the death of the traitor Comyn²
Upon the altar-stair.
Woe's me! that deed unholy
Lies like a heavy weight,
Crushing my wearied conscience
Before heaven's open gate.
Fain would I wend a pilgrim
Forth over land and sea,

Where God's dear Son for sinners died—
Alas, it must not be!
But if thy love be steadfast
As it was proved of yore,—
When these few struggling pulses
Are stilled, and all is o'er,
Unclose this lifeless bosom,
Take thence this heart of mine,
And bear it safely for my sake
To holy Palestine:
Well pleased my heart shall tarry
In thy fair company;
For it was wont, while yet in life,
Ever to dwell with thee."

The dying king was silent;
And down the Douglas kneeled—
A kiss upon his sovereign's hand
His ready promise sealed;
Never a word he answered,
In sorrow strong and deep,
But he wept, that iron soldier,
Tears such as women weep.
The Bruce hath prest him to his breast
With faint but eager grasp,
And the strong man's arm was tremulous
As that weak dying clasp!

That last embrace unloosing,
The monarch feebly cried,
"Oh, lift me up, my comrades dear,
And let me look on Clyde!"
Widely they flung the casement,
And there in beauty lay
That broad and rolling river
All sparkling to the day.
The Bruce beheld its waters
With fixed and wistful eye,
Where calm regret was blending
With bright expectancy;
And then, with sudden effort,
Somewhat his arms he raised,
As one that would have fain embraced
The things on which he gazed.
And then on those who held him
There fell a strange deep thrill—
For the lifted arms dropped heavily,
The mighty heart was still!

Hushed was the voice of weeping—
Mutely did Douglas close
The eyes of the illustrious dead
For their last, long repose;
And backwards from the couch they drew
Softly and reverently;
For solemn is the face of death,
Though full of hope it be!

N.B.—The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; covers for binding, with table of contents, may be ordered of any Book-sellers.

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(1) From *Lays and Ballads of English History*. By S. M.
(2) See Illustration, p. 369.

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A Summer's Eve.

See page 399.

A RAMBLE UPON RAILWAYS.

"Thus form'd for speed, he challenges the wind,
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind."

Dryden's Virgil.

THERE are few turnings in the "wheels of vicissitude" more remarkable than the rapidity with which men become familiar with the marvels of their own times. The Railway, for example, the most stupendous invention of our scientific age, has already almost ceased to be a wonder; and persons are whirled along at the rate of

thirty or forty miles an hour, without caring to know anything of the mighty means by which such a result is obtained. We have sometimes thought that the ubiquity of invention has led to this low estimate of one of its greatest triumphs. The Railway, it is true, is but one of a host of gigantic strides of civilization; it is but a single line in the vast problem of modern science, which, Sir David Brewster has well observed, "may be regarded as one vast miracle, whether we view it in relation to the Almighty Being by whom its objects and its laws

were formed, or to the feeble intellect of man, by which its depths have been sounded, and its mysteries explored."

Although not a score of years have elapsed since the first great line of Railway communication was opened in England, the curiosity of the public as to the principles of its construction has in great measure subsided; or they have been left to form part of the technical education of engineering schools. Who that witnessed the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, can forget the wonder-struck spectators of that great national event, when

"You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes?"

Yet this feeling we hardly take to be the spirit in which the youth of the present day regard the Railway. They have been, as it were, born to the invention; whereas the man of mid-age has watched its germ, and gathered his knowledge of its importance with its growth, which has, perhaps, done more than the progress of any other discovery on record to disprove the common fallacy that great inventions are due to accident. It likewise shows, very strikingly, how completely each is connected with a number of other inventions which are necessary to make it useful. "It is probable," says an able contemporary writer, "that there has never been a period in the world's history, before the present, in which the locomotive engine could have been invented, or, being invented, could have been generally used. It is only of late years that the properties of steam have been at all thoroughly understood, or that the method of raising a large quantity in a small space has been devised. Fifty years ago, there were but very few manufacturers able to bore a cylinder perfectly true and smooth; and it is only very recently indeed, that the application of the turning-lathe and the planing-machine to the working of iron has rendered it an easy matter to construct a well put together and cheap engine. But even had the engine been invented and executed, it could not have been advantageously used unless placed upon a railway. Railways, however, can scarcely be constructed without the employment of iron in large quantities. Iron was not manufactured to any great extent in any part of the world until half a century ago. To manufacture or reduce iron from its ore a large quantity of fuel is necessary: until 1840, the fuel employed was charcoal; and the proceeds of all the timber in England could not have smelted iron enough to supply half-a-dozen great railways. It was then discovered that coal might be used instead of charcoal; and, owing to this discovery, iron has come into very general use."¹

We perfectly agree with the same writer that a work of mechanical art, such as is the Railway, represents the united efforts of many generations, each working from the step gained by those who went before. "Those glistening lines of iron that now traverse England in every direction, are, with the white cloud that hovers over them, the representatives of much patient labour, much steady perseverance, of frequent disappointments suffered, of heavy losses incurred, before they became the well known symbol of commercial activity and wealth."

The Railway itself is by no means a recent invention. It is believed to have been first introduced into this country at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was employed in some of the Newcastle collieries. The rails at that time were of wood; and a description of them, as constructed in the year 1676, is thus given in the Life of Lord Keeper North: "The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made, with four rollers, fitting those rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse

will draw four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants."

These railways appear to have been confined to the use of collieries, and to have been employed for the conveyance of heavy loads from a higher to a lower level. They were, as we have stated, made of wood; next they were faced with thin plates of malleable iron; but it was long before this contrivance suggested a further improvement, and that iron was substituted for wood. Mr. Stephen, son, who has been called the father of modern railroads, tells us, on the authority of the books of the Colebrook-dale Iron Company, that, in November 1761, between five and six tons of cast-iron rails were made at those works, but only as "an experiment on the suggestion of one of the partners." Mr. Carr, who published a volume in 1797, called "The Coal Viewer and Engine Builder," claims the making and use of cast-iron railroads as amongst his inventions, and states that they were first introduced at the colliery of the Duke of Norfolk, near Sheffield, in 1776.

Thus we see that Railways have been employed in this country for nearly two centuries; but their use has been confined, until recently, to the transfer of coal from the pit-mouth to the water-side, and the method of their construction has been extremely rude. Nor were Railways, for nearly two centuries after their first adoption, employed otherwise than as a means for economizing animal labour. The trains of carriages were drawn upon them by horses; and the locomotive engine—"the blatant beast"—remained to be invented.

Nevertheless, so early as 1759, the idea of employing steam-power for propelling carriages was thrown out by Dr. Robinson, then a student in Glasgow. Watt began his important experiments on the production and employment of steam in 1763; and in 1764, stated, in the specification of one of his numerous patents, that it was intended to use his steam-engine for the same purpose; but neither of these philosophers made any effort for reducing their suggestions to practice. Oliver Evans, an American mechanic, is stated to have originated, and, by his own powers, accomplished, the application of elemental power to the facilities of locomotion. His idea was, however, laughed at, and the legislature of Pennsylvania voted him insane for the suggestion; but, in 1787, he obtained a patent for his invention from the state of Maryland. In the same year, Mr. Symington exhibited the model of a steam-carriage in Edinburgh; but it was not until 1804, that Trevethick invented and brought to use a machine of this kind, on a railroad of Merthyr Tydvil, in South Wales. He had previously tried his carriage on a rough road, now the site of Euston Square, and the most magnificent railway edifice in the kingdom—the terminus of the London and Birmingham line.

Another difficulty, though an imaginary one, now arose to impede the use of locomotive carriages on railways. They assumed that, the adhesion of the smooth wheels of the carriage, upon the equally smooth iron rail, must necessarily be so slight, that, if it should be attempted to drag any considerable weight, the wheels might, indeed, be driven round, but that the carriage would fail to advance, because of the continued slipping of the wheels; or that, at best, a considerable part of the impelling power would be lost through their partial slipping. As a remedy for this supposed evil, Trevethick provided, for the rims or tyres of his wheels, projections similar to the heads of nails, or otherwise made their surfaces uneven, by cutting in them transverse grooves. Following up this provision, he further proposed, that wherever, as in ascending elevations, any greater amount of the evil was to be apprehended, additional claws or nails should be projected from the rims of the wheels, in order more effectually to take hold of the road.

In 1811, a more elaborate invention was patented by Mr. Blenkinsop. This consisted of a rack placed on the outer side of the rail, into which a toothed wheel

(1) History and Description of the Great Western Railway.

worked, and thus secured the progressive motion of the carriage. Another contrivance for this purpose was a chain placed along the road between the two rails, and passed over a wheel under the centre of the carriage, provided with upright forks to catch the links. The friction of the chain caused a great waste of power, and this contrivance was soon abandoned.

The more ingenious idea of machinery which by its motions should imitate the hind-legs of the horse, and thus secure the progress caused by the engine, was taken up by several clever men, and for some years was the object of their inventive powers. One gentleman, of considerable engineering talent, who had succeeded, to his own satisfaction, in providing substitutes for the hind-legs of a horse, carried his design of imitating nature so far, that he tasked himself to the production of a pair of fore-legs also; and he had already made great progress in the composition of his factitious horse, when the discovery was made that all these contrivances were needless, and that nature in this case required not any imitation, having herself provided, by an immutable law, that the adhesion of the wheels with the surface of the rails upon which they are moved, is amply sufficient to secure the advance, not only of a heavy engine, but of an enormous load dragged after it. The honour of having discovered this law is due to Mr. Blckett, of Wylaw Colliery, who, as early as 1813, put to use upon his railway a locomotive engine, which worked by the adhesion of the wheels upon the rails. This example was partially followed by Mr. Stephenson, in 1815, at the Killingworth Colliery; but the idea of the want of adhesion had taken such firm hold of the public mind, that no further improvement was effected until 1829, when the attention of scientific men was forcibly drawn to the subject by an advertisement of the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, offering a premium of 500*l.* to the inventor of the best locomotive steam-engine, to run upon their line of road.

In the meantime, it may be interesting to revert to the Surrey horse-railway, the Act of Parliament for constructing which was obtained in 1801. Among the workmen employed in its formation was the late Sir Edward Banks, who subsequently built three of the noblest bridges in the world—Waterloo, Southwark, and London—besides many other public works. While working on the railway line, Banks, to use a common phrase, "took a fancy" to the retired and picturesque churchyard of Chipstead, chose it for the depository of his ashes, and was buried there in the year 1835.

The Surrey iron main-road, or railway, was projected to open a direct communication between Merstham and the Thames at Wandsworth. The undertaking was completed in 1805: large quantities of chalk and lime from the Surrey hills were thereby conveyed to the vicinity of the metropolis; and proportionate quantities of manure returned to the country. Horses were the only power employed. It failed as a speculation, and only small detached portions of the line remain. We remember a portion of it to have crossed the Brighton road; while whirling along which, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, in the best appointed coaches in the kingdom, we little dreamed that their glory was so soon to be eclipsed by the locomotive on the iron railway! Of five-and-thirty coaches which, a few years since, journeyed between Brighton and the metropolis daily, only one remains—a sort of spectre of four-horse locomotion!

It is true, then, the Surrey iron tramway, and its train of horse-drawn waggons, crossing the coach-road, suggested the further and more complete application of the railway; but the perfecting link of the *magnum opus* of invention was wanting, though it was delayed but for a score of years. A striking suggestion for the extension of the railway into a system, as connecting lines are now called, will be found in a work published in 1813. Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, speaking of the Surrey Iron Railway

at Wandsworth, records: "I found renewed delight on witnessing at this place the economy of horse-labour on the iron railway. Yet a heavy sigh escaped me as I thought of the inconceivable millions which have been spent about Malta, four or five of which might have been the means of extending *double lines of iron railways* from London to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Holyhead, Milford, Falmouth, Yarmouth, Dover, and Portsmouth! A reward of a single thousand would have supplied coaches and other vehicles of various degrees of speed, with the best tackle for readily turning out; and we might, ere this, have witnessed our mail-coaches running at the rate of ten miles an hour, drawn by a single horse, or impelled fifteen miles by Blenkinsop's steam-engine! Such would have been a legitimate motive for overstepping the income of a nation, and the completion of so great and useful a work would have afforded rational ground for public triumph in general jubilees!"¹

About a dozen years from the date of this passage, the ingenious author's suggestions, or we may almost call them predictions, were brought into realization. In 1825 was opened the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first constructed public line in England upon which locomotive steam-engines were used as the motive power. The greater importance, in a commercial point of view, presented by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, had the effect of calling away, in a great degree, the public attention from the earlier projected Stockton and Darlington line: still, one of its effects gave powerful presage of the great results of the railway system. Thus, Middlesburgh, where the extension line terminates at the Tees' mouth, which, six years before the railway reached it, was an obscure fishing village, within that period became a considerable sea-port town, and the merchants were building an Exchange. On this line, too, in 1828, a one-horse stage-coach plied regularly at the rate of ten miles and a quarter an hour, carrying twenty-two passengers.

It is worthy of remark, that the railway, as a speculation, seems to have been almost unthought of in 1825, that day of showy anticipations. That delusion was reserved for twenty years later, 1845, the effects of which, together with the subsequent healthier state of railway speculation, was emphatically foreshadowed by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* in 1837: "It is true, that the railway itself has been made the subject of speculations, nine-tenths of which must be productive of ruin. But the invention will last—the results will be permanent;—and England and mankind will yet acknowledge it as the great discovery of the century of mechanism."

Reverting to the year 1825, we find the speed and power of the railway to have been scarcely dreamt of. The earliest historian of the invention, Mr. Nicholas Wood, in his account of the line at Killingworth, while he contended for its vast importance, never contemplated its maximum speed; but, if we remember rightly, deemed it altogether an impossibility. Five years more elapsed before the power of the railway was first developed: then it outstripped every speed that had before been heard of, and *this it did at once*. "The day before the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, (in 1830,) no one had ever travelled between those towns at a speed exceeding from ten to fourteen miles in the hour; but, upon the day of the opening, the train that conveyed a surgeon to Mr. Huskisson travelled at a rate of thirty-five miles in the hour. Five years ago, no man had ever travelled from London to Bristol, even by the mail, in much less than twelve hours: upon the opening of the Great Western Railway, the distance was performed in four hours; and, more recently, parts of the road have been travelled over at a speed of fifty and sixty miles in the hour."

(1) The writer of these penetrative remarks lived until 1840, so that he had the gratification of witnessing a triumph akin to his long-cherished hope.

The success of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in 1825, was "confirmation strong" of the success of the invention; and men became instantly struck alike with the physical and moral grandeur of the triumph of human intellect, which it at once presented almost to the unreflective mind; whilst there was a vastness in the creative skill of this wonder of our age, in contemplating which other minds became almost as giddy.

That time is the true criterion of distance is well proved in the relative position of Liverpool and Manchester since their junction by railway: for these towns are, considering the time occupied in journeying from one to the other, but as the east and west end of London by olden conveyance, so that the railway may be said to have made Manchester a port, as well as the seat of the great manufacturing greatness and glory of England; and it would be impossible to point to any two towns on the map of the kingdom, whose relative position is so fitted to develop the importance of the railway system to our commercial prosperity as Manchester and Liverpool.

We can only glance at the immediate results of this success. During the last ten sessions of Parliament, no fewer than 147 original or amended railway bills, involving an expenditure of upwards of seventy millions of capital, and the construction of some thousand miles of railway, have received the sanction of the legislature; and have been, with very few exceptions, carried into execution throughout the country. And they have connected the principalities of the empire with each other, and the metropolis, at an expense so great, and within a time so brief, as to be without example in the history of commerce.

"The construction of the principal canals in Great Britain occupied about half a century, and cost about forty-five millions, a large portion of which was the return from capital previously expended. The principal railways were constructed within a period short of ten years; and, from first to last, at a cost of nearly ninety millions, of which almost the whole was expended before any considerable return had been received. The result of this unusual enterprise has shown, in a very striking manner, the extent to which an increased facility of traffic will increase the traffic itself, although the limits of that extent have not yet been ascertained. Meanwhile there exists an excellent indication of the general industry of the country, since a knowledge of the value of time is the sure attendant upon a state of commercial activity. Hitherto, indeed, this indication has been confined to England and America. The railways of the Continent, with a few exceptions, are not indications of the enterprise of the people, but only of the will of the sovereign or his government. English railways, like English charities and hospitals, are supported by the continued untiring energies of the people, and are perpetual evidences, the one of that resiliency in our commerce, and the other of that living spring of our moral affections, proclaimed in a manner not to be mistaken, and far beyond the authority of a mere government enactment."

The more closely we examine the circumstances of the success of the railway, the more complete will be our conviction that it was only arrived at by constant exertions and unwearied diligence. It was no phantom of genius bursting into bright existence at one effort; it was not the happy thought of a moment, but the accumulated experience of years, few, it is true, in comparison with the greatness of the result, but still sufficiently numerous to divest the railway of the character of an accidental discovery. Two centuries have not elapsed since steam was first applied as a moving power to machinery, and it is only within the last sixty years that its properties have been sufficiently understood, or skill in mechanical construction sufficiently advanced, to admit of its successful application to the purposes of conveyance or locomotion. Among machines of this

description, the marine engine was first brought into actual use. Steam-boats were launched upon the waters, both of the Old and New World, and a great traffic had sprung up along the coasts, and up the rivers of either hemisphere, before any successful attempt was made to extend similar facilities of motion over the interior country.

The attempts, however, if not successful, were numerous, and by no means without their end. Various persons, possessed of great mechanical ingenuity and sufficient funds, had for years spent both time and money in the endeavour to apply steam and its machinery to locomotion by land. Engines without number, some pushed along by oars and feet, others running with toothed wheels upon a rack, were brought forward, and either totally failed, or proved, by their extremely imperfect success, how great a difficulty remained to be overcome. At this conjuncture, the merchants of Liverpool and Manchester projected their great railway, at what was then considered to be an enormous cost. Upon this road they contemplated the employment of either horse or stationary power, at a speed of about ten miles an hour. The result surprised everybody, and no description of persons more than the proprietors of the railway. The greatness of the occasion brought more successful ability into the field, and the locomotive engine suddenly appeared on the day of trial, nearly in its present form, and moving at a speed not before contemplated. The truth seems to have been that what were called the Planet engines, then produced, were made with extreme care, and placed upon a better railway than had hitherto been constructed. To these causes, or almost wholly to the latter, may be attributed the unexpected performance of the engine.

The practicability of the railway system being thus established, certainly no system ever became so popular, and so suddenly and so widely popular. France is fast flinging these gigantic arms of communication over her noble country. Belgium exults in her web of railways, in which it expects to catch all the stray dollars and centimes of the Continent. The transit from Ostend to the Rhine is a very trifling affair. Germany has shaken off her sleep; her blacksmiths have lighted their Hercynian forges; and from the mountains of the Hartz to the Tyrol, huge men, with antediluvian visages and Cyclopean arms, are hammering at iron wedges, rails, and gear for "fire-horses." Prussia has laid down railways from her capital to France, to Poland, and to Austria. Russia is striving to concentrate her vast and scattered empire by a gigantic network of railways; and old Italy has admitted the innovation, even to the doors of the Vatican; one of the first acts of the new Pope (Pius IX.) having been to sanction the construction of railways in his dominions, which had been obstinately opposed by his predecessor.

Sydney Smyth has well observed,—"There are always a set of worthy and moderately-gifted men, who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires." The politicians, who are puzzled to know whether the different countries invite invasion or purpose defence by their railway system, are of this class of alarmists. We regard the railway as the grand defensive against war. A clever writer, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, sagaciously observes: "The more mechanical dexterity, personal ingenuity, and natural expense that is required to make war, the more will success be out of the power of brute force, and the more in the power of intellectual superiority. Let the war come to a conflict of steam-engines, and all the barbarian rabble of the world, Turks and Tartars, Arabs and Indians, Africans and Chinese, must obviously be out of the question at once. They may massacre each other; but they must fly from the master of mechanics. Thus England, instead of feeling alarmed at the passion of foreigners for mechanism, should rejoice to see the passion spreading,—should encourage them to throw all

their powers into mechanical rivalry, and exult in every railway that shoots its serpent line along the hills and valleys of the Continent; and hail the smoke of every steam-engine that trails its murky line along its sky, as not merely an emblem, but an instrument of their own superiority. Mechanism, the great power of art, is as exhaustless as any of the great powers of Nature; for it is only the exhaustless vigour of intellect combining with and commanding the secrets of Nature. Ten thousand years might roll on, and every year see a new advance of every kingdom of Europe in invention; and England keeping ahead of them all, and, like one of her own engines, showing her speed by the sparks that lighten her road behind."

A claimant to the invention of the railway system has lately risen from the obscurity to which his want of success seems, unfortunately, to have doomed him. It appears that so early as 1816, a project then in contemplation for making a canal from Charleroi to the mining districts of Belgium, first suggested to one Mr. Thomas Gray the superior alternative of a railway, a proposal which, it is curious to observe, has lately received the sanction of the Belgian government, as "the Entre Sambre and Meuse Railway." From this period (1816), the idea of general railway communication took entire possession of Gray's mind; and he shortly afterwards published a volume of "Observations on a General Iron Railway, or Land Steam Conveyance, to supersede the necessity of Horses in all Public Vehicles." This publication was followed by several petitions from the author to the various ministers of state, from 1820 to 1823; yet, although the book went through five editions, the petitions were disregarded both by the government and the commercial and mercantile interests to which they were addressed. Gray's first recommendation was, to make the railway experiment between Liverpool and Manchester; which shows how well he appreciated, both the merits of his scheme, and the want of rapid communication between manufacturing and export towns. In his work, he minutely details the advantages derivable from railway transit for cheap supplies of fish, and other perishable produce, to the interior of the country—the regulation and acceleration of post-office carriage, by morning and evening mail-trains, so as to insure two deliveries and despatches in each day. Yet, poor Gray's book was ridiculed by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the author pronounced to be a madman, who ought to be shut up in Bedlam! The book, however, penetrated into Germany; and, not long since, a well-known German writer remarked of it as follows: "There was Mr. Gray, who wrote upon iron railways—how exact his prognostications of the immense advantages and the sure progress of his railway system! Twenty years ago, I read his book; and I often turn to it to see how truly his predictions have been verified, not only with regard to England, but to the whole of the civilized world." Gray's idea was a grand trunk system between all the large towns, and branches to the smaller places, which the best railway authorities have since asserted would have constituted by far the best system, had it been originally adopted: his plan shows locomotives, as now used, with six wheels, the central ones being toothed to work into racks, to ascend steep inclines; but this portion of the project has been perfected by Mr. George Stephenson, the great practical improver of the locomotive engine. Poor Gray is, however, left without any reward for his ingenuity; Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Haarlem, to whom he communicated his "Grand Trunk System" as early as 1816, has, however, lately placed Gray's claims before the public in such a light as, we trust, will insure the inventor's requital.

BORAX, AND THE BORACIC ACID LAGOONS OF TUSCANY.

Borax is a native saline compound of boracic acid and soda, found abundantly in Thibet, South America, and Italy. The crude product from Thibet was for a long time imported into Europe under the name of *tincal*, and was purified from some adhering fatty matters by a process which the Dutch and Venetians long kept secret. It appears, however, that this process consisted of little more than boiling the crude material in a weak solution of lime.

The chief demand for borax was for the formation of artificial imitations of the precious stones, and to facilitate the fusion of the precious metals. The word borax first occurs in the writings of Geber, an Arabian chemist of the tenth century. In 1702, Homberg, by distilling a mixture of borax and sulphate of iron, obtained a peculiar substance in small white shining plates, which he called *sedative* or *narcotic salt*; this was regarded as a remedy in continued fevers. It was afterwards found that this substance could be separated from borax by the mineral acids; that it gave a green colour to the flame of alcohol, and that borax contained the same alkaline substance that constitutes the basis of common salt. In 1752 it was shown that borax is composed of sedative salt and soda; the former substance having been found to possess acid properties was therefore called *boracic acid*. In 1807 Sir Humphry Davy exposed boracic acid to the action of the galvanic battery, and observed that a black substance was deposited on the negative wire, which he considered as the basis of this acid. In 1808, Guy Lussac and Thenard, by heating boracic acid in a copper tube along with potassium, decomposed it, and obtained the basis of boracic acid, to which the name of *boron* has been given.

Borax has a somewhat sweetish taste, and acts on vegetable colours like an alkali; it dissolves in twelve parts of cold and two of boiling water. It effervesces and becomes opaque in dry air, and appears luminous when rubbed in the dark. It melts at a heat a little above that of boiling water, parts with its water of crystallization, and forms into a porous mass called *calcined borax*. Dry borax acts upon metallic oxides at a high temperature in a remarkable manner, melting and uniting with them to form various coloured glasses. Oxide of chrome gives it an emerald green colour; oxide of cobalt, an intense blue; oxide of copper, a pale green; oxide of tin, opal; oxide of iron, bottle green and yellow; oxide of manganese, violet; oxide of nickel, pale emerald green. The white oxides impart no colour to it. In fusing metals, borax protects their surfaces from oxydation, and even dissolves and removes such oxides as are formed; so that it becomes an excellent flux indispensable to the goldsmith in soldering the precious metals, and to the brazier in soldering copper and iron. When mixed with shellac in the proportion of one part to five, borax renders that resinous substance soluble in water, and forms with it a species of varnish.

The limited supply of borax, and the high price consequent thereon, have caused the valuable properties of this useful substance to be less known and appreciated than they otherwise would have been. The attention which has lately been bestowed on the borax lagoons of Tuscany has, however, made the produce of these remarkable regions an article of equal importance to Great Britain as an import, and to Tuscany as an export. These lagoons extend over a surface of about thirty miles, and exhibit from a distance columns of vapour, rising from among the recesses of the mountains, more or less dense, according to the season of the year and the state of the weather.

"As you approach the lagoons," says Dr. Bowring, "the earth seems to pour out boiling water, as if from

volcanoes of various sizes, in a variety of soil, but principally of chalk and sand. The heat in the immediate adjacency is intolerable, and you are drenched by the vapour which impregnates the atmosphere with a strong and somewhat sulphurous smell. The whole scene is one of terrible violence and confusion—the noisy outbreak of the boiling element—the rugged and agitated surface—the volumes of vapour—the impregnated atmosphere—the rush of waters among bleak and solitary mountains.”—“The ground, which burns and shakes beneath your feet, is covered with beautiful crystallizations of sulphur and other minerals. Its character beneath the surface at Monte Cerbole is that of a black marl streaked with chalk, giving it at a short distance the appearance of variegated marble.”—“Formerly, the place was regarded by the peasants as the entrance to the lower regions, a superstition derived no doubt from very ancient times, for the principal of the lagoons and the neighbouring volcano still bear the name of Monte Cerboli (*Mons Cerberi*.) The peasantry never passed by the spot without terror, counting their beads, and praying for the protection of the Virgin.”

The borax lagoons, scattered over an extensive district, have become the property of M. Larderel,¹ through whose intelligent activity they have been brought to their present profitable action within a very few years. The process of manufacture is simple; the soffioni, or vapours, which burst forth from different parts of the mountain recesses, are found to produce boracic acid only when the vapours issue with fierce explosions. In these spots artificial lagoons are formed by the introduction of mountain streams. The hot vapour keeps the water boiling, and after impregnating it for about twenty-four hours, the contents of the most elevated lagoon are allowed to flow into a second lagoon, where a second impregnation takes place, and then to the third, and so on, till it reaches the lowest receptacle; and having thus passed through six or eight lagoons, it contains about one-half per cent of boracic acid. It is then transferred to the reservoirs, whence, after standing a few hours, it is conveyed to the evaporating pans, where the hot vapour concentrates the strength of the acid by passing under shallow leaden vessels from the boiling fountains above. There are from 10 to 20 pans, in each of which the concentration becomes greater at every descent till it passes to the crystallizing vessels, whence it is carried to the drying rooms, and in two or three hours it becomes ready to be packed for exportation.

Before the time of M. Larderel the lagoons had often been worked, but without success: charcoal had been employed as fuel to evaporate the liquor, but the expense of this fuel, and other charges incident thereon, left but little profit to the proprietors; so much so, that the most productive district was offered, so lately as the year 1818, at an annual ground-rent of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* But the immense increase in the value of the property arose from the simplest of all improvements, *viz.* the abandonment of the use of charcoal, and the application of the heat of the lagoons to the evaporation of their own waters. The process of subjecting the waters to a succession of impregnations before evaporating, is a valuable improvement, due to Signor Ciaschi, who worked the lagoons about the year 1816, and perished miserably in consequence of falling into one of the lagoons which he himself had excavated.

The importance to Tuscany of the manufacture of boracic acid had long been recognised, but the expense of procuring the acid had limited the supply, and still kept it at a high price. The improved processes, however, increased the production, and reduced the price, when its extensive applicability to manufacturing purposes soon increased the demand also. In about four years the quantity has been quadrupled, by superior modes of extraction, and by greater care employed in

the collection of the boracic vapour. In 1833, about 650,000 Tuscan pounds were obtained; in 1836, 2,500,000.

“But it appears to me,” says Dr. Bowring, “that the powers and riches of these extraordinary districts remain yet fully to be developed. They exhibit a great number of mighty steam-engines, furnished by nature at no cost, and applicable to the production of an infinite variety of objects. In the progress of time this vast machinery of heat and force will probably become the moving central-point of extensive manufacturing establishments. The steam, which has been so ingeniously applied to the concentration and evaporation of the boracic acid, will probably hereafter, instead of wasting itself in the air, be employed to move huge engines, which will be directed to the infinite variety of production, which engages the attention of labouring and intelligent artizans; and thus, in the course of time, there can be little doubt that these lagoons, which were fled from as objects of danger and terror, by uninstructed man, will gather round them a large and intelligent population, and become sources of prosperity to innumerable individuals, through countless generations.”

There are nine establishments for the manufacture of boracic acid, and the whole amount produced daily varies from 7,000 to 8,000 pounds troy. The produce does not appear susceptible of much extension, as the whole of the water is turned to account; but the state of the atmosphere has some effect on the result. In bright clear weather the vapours are less dense, but the depositions of boracic acid in the lagoons are greater. Increased vapours predict unfavourable weather, and the peasants regard the changes in these vapours as they would the fluctuations of a barometer, and regulate their agricultural labours accordingly.

The boracic acid was long supposed not to exist in the vapours; indeed, its quantity is so minute that we need not be surprised at its remaining so long undetected. In the lowest of the lagoons, after five, six, or more impregnations, the quantity of acid given out does not exceed one-half per cent.; thus, as Dr. Bowring shows, if the produce be estimated at 7,500 pounds per day, the quantity of saturated water daily discharged is 1,500,000 Tuscan pounds, or 500 tons English.

The lagoons are commonly excavated by the mountaineers of Lombardy, who emigrate into Tuscany during the winter season, when their native Apennines are covered with snow: they earn about one Tuscan lira per day. But the works are conducted, when in operation, by natives, who with their families dwell in houses near the evaporating pans. They wear a common uniform, and their health is generally good.

The manufacture of boracic acid has also greatly improved the district in general. The soil is better cultivated than ever, and new tracts have been brought under the labours of the husbandman. A rise of wages has accompanied this new demand for labour. “Before the boracic lakes were turned to profitable account, their fetid smell—their frightful appearance, agitating the earth around them by the ceaseless explosions of boiling water, and not less the terrors with which superstition invested them, made the lagoons themselves to be regarded as public nuisances, and gave to the surrounding country a character which alienated all attempts at improvement.

“Nor were the lagoons without real and positive dangers, for the loss of life was certain where man or beast had the misfortune to fall into any of those boiling baths. Cases frequently occurred in which cattle perished; and one chemist, of considerable eminence, met with a horrible death by being precipitated into one of the lagoons. Legs were not unfrequently lost by a false step into the smaller pits, where, before the foot could be withdrawn, the flesh would be separated from the bone.

“That these lagoons, now a source of immense revenue, should have remained for ages unproductive; that they should have been so frequently visited by scientific

(1) The Grand Duke of Tuscany has lately conferred on M. Larderel the title of Count de Pomerance.

men, to none of whom (for ages at least) did the thought occur, that they contained in them mines of wealth, is a curious phenomenon; nor is it less remarkable, that it was left for a man, whose name and occupation are wholly disassociable from science, to convert these fugitive vapours into substantial wealth."¹

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA.²

THE time has happily gone by when it would have been held dangerous or disloyal to express sympathy for the fallen fortunes of the royal house of Stuart. The ungenerous spirit in which the historians of the last century, with very few exceptions, found it, perhaps, necessary to write the annals of the most interesting period of our history, is now rapidly disappearing. We have no longer occasion to feel that a reverential regard for the sacred claims of misfortune may be in any respect inconsistent with an earnest zeal for the preservation of our constitutional liberties. We may follow with respectful commiseration a disrowned king into his exile, without being chargeable with any desire to restore arbitrary power; and we may accord the due measure of respect to the conscientious adherence to a proscribed faith which lost him his crown, without incurring the suspicion that our affection for our own Church has suffered any diminution. The flame of party zeal, in connexion with this subject, is dying out for want of sustenance. There exist now no persons in the world, whose rights or interests are liable to be affected by the judgment which may be formed of the revolution of 1688; and juster and more moderate views of the subject have therefore come to prevail.

There can be no stronger proof of the blinding influence of political partizanship, than that the conduct of the daughters of James the Second to their father has been hitherto regarded with so much indulgence. While we have been weeping over the imaginary sorrows of Lear, and execrating the crimes of his unnatural offspring, we have been almost insensible to the real afflictions of James, and to the scarcely less unnatural ingratitude of his children. If Mary and Anne had not the energy and unscrupulous audacity, with which Shakspeare invests the characters of Regan and Goneril, it is not the less true, that their whole conduct shows them to have been equally devoid not only of the principle of filial duty, but even of the instinct of natural affection. After every possible allowance which can be made for the circumstances into the stream of which they had been cast, and which they probably had little power to control, there remains enough to make the place which they must occupy in history, a very unenviable one. If they could not have saved their father, they need not, at any rate, have lent themselves to his overthrow. The selfish inanity of their characters has long since made them the objects of something as near to contempt, as it is easy to feel towards princes—a feeling which the more impartial estimate of their career now generally formed, is rapidly converting into a more active one of strong moral repugnance.

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea monster."

It is right that it should be so. It cannot be but that the general indulgence, even commendation, with which

the conduct of those women to their father has been mentioned in history, must have had an unwholesome effect upon the moral sensibilities of the nation. We have little faith in the reality of that public virtue which pursues a political end, however desirable, by the sacrifice of the most graceful and indispensable of the natural affections. And still more, when we find that the object actually arrived at is personal aggrandizement,—while the affections sacrificed are the most sacred, and the most closely linked with whatever is good in our natures, which can hold a place in the human breast,—the evidence of purity of intention must be strong indeed, to overcome the shrinking of heart with which we contemplate such a moral anomaly. Even the stern justice of the elder Brutus is sufficiently revolting to our natural feelings; but the cold-blooded ambition of James's daughters fills us with disgust, unmitigated by anything lofty or imposing—anything greatly daring—in the means by which its end was attained. Can we say that their guilt was less than that which brought down the patriarch's prophetic curse upon his son, and consigned one whole family of the earth to servile debasement? When history shall, in after times, re-echo the dying words of Madame Roland, "O liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" we fear that our own "glorious" revolution, in some of its incidents, will not be absent from its thoughts; that it will think of the daughters who, to gain a crown for themselves, "tied sharp tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture," to a father's heart, consigning him in sorrow and exile to that bitterest of all feelings that can afflict the heart of a man—the feeling

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

Our interest in the misfortunes of James becomes still warmer at discovering the influence which they seem to have exercised upon his character. Without entering into minute particulars, it is sufficiently clear, that, with some attractive points in his disposition, he was, in the days of his prosperity, too largely imbued with the prevailing vices of his rank and age. It was a time of general laxity and moral debasement, especially in the higher walks of life; and James shared more than enough in the taint with which the atmosphere he lived in was infected. His adversity seems, in truth, to have brought a healing balm with it. Though, like the toad, ugly and venomous, it wore "a precious jewel in its head," which, with a talismanic virtue, cleansed away the moral leprosy that clove to him. He became, no doubt a sadder, (who can wonder at that!)—certainly a wiser and a better man. The loss of his earthly crown seems to have set him, in right earnest, upon the search after what no man yet searched for in earnest without finding,—a heavenly one. His piety seems to have been fervent and sincere,—not a mere splanetic disgust with a world whose pomps and vanities had forsaken him,—but an enduring principle implanted within him, and bearing its appropriate fruits. The message of forgiveness which, with his dying breath, he sent to his undutiful daughter, and the injunction which, at the same time, he gave to his son, that if ever he came to his throne, he should not take vengeance upon his enemies, attest more strongly than any thing else can the reality of the change which his sufferings had wrought upon him.

It is not of James, however, that we are now to speak, but of his wife—of her who, though innocent of any share in his political misdoings, bore the full burden of his punishment; who having, with the not unnatural reluctance of an unsophisticated girl of fifteen, united herself to a middle-aged man—a reluctance little qualified by the knowledge that he was the heir-presumptive to a throne—so schooled her young affections, that, long before their union came to a close, her heart had become his as devotedly as if he had been from the first the object of her most passionate love; who, in the time of

(1) From Dr. Bowring's Report on the Statistics of Tuscany.

(2) *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland. Vol. ix. containing the first part of the life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen Consort of James II. London: Colburn, 1846.

his sorrow and suffering, became his comforter, his counsellor, his support; who, with a constancy of affection never surpassed in any sphere of life, upheld his feeble steps, as, under the weight of premature old age, he tottered to the grave, and with the soft hand of womanly tenderness smoothed his dying pillow, clinging to her desolate husband until she was forced away lest the poignancy of her grief should disturb his last moments. This pattern of a wife, of whom, though a British queen, so deep and envenomed has been the prejudice with which the character of every one connected with the unhappy Stuarts has been regarded, we have hitherto known little or nothing, save the vile and coarse calumny of which she has been the object, is the subject of this volume of Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*.

There is something very peculiar in the view which we obtain of history in tracing the lives of Royal Consorts. The great outside world is never entirely shut out. The chariot of state is always to be seen,—the sound of its wheels is ever in our ears,—we feel that the events we are dealing with are at no time entirely disconnected from it, though sometimes joined by a thread so fine as to be nearly invisible,—that they often influence its course,—more frequently are borne irresistibly along with it; at the same time we are not *in* the busy whirl; we look down upon it, as it were, from some private casement, and its sound is softened and subdued, ere it reaches us, by the thick folds of domestic drapery which shut us in. We leave the beaten highway of history, with all its roughness and dust, and follow the same course along a smooth grassy path, thickly shaded by overhanging boughs from the glare of the noon-day sun, but opening up, every now and then, bright peeps into the world around, and never removing us altogether from the sight and sound of it.

The present biography, if not the most intrinsically interesting, is in one point of view the most valuable accession to our stores of historical information of those which Miss Strickland has yet given to the world. The subject of it, as she tells us, is one whose life has never before been written with any attempt at truthful delineation. Had she done no more than so sifted and arranged the materials already possessed by the world, as to bring out the truth from under the load of interested misrepresentation under which it lay concealed, she would have done much to deserve our thanks; but, in addition to that, her industry and research have brought before us a large amount of information which had been concealed from the investigations of all former historians. The materials of which she has made use, and the means by which she obtained access to them, are thus described by her: "The materials for the biography of the Consort of James II. are chiefly derived from the unpublished letters, journals, and documents, of the period. Many of these, and indeed the most important, are locked up in the secret archives of France; papers that are guarded with such extreme jealousy from the curiosity of foreigners, that nothing less than the powerful influence of M. Guizot himself could have procured access to those collections. Through the kindness and liberality of that accomplished statesman-historian, every facility for research and transcription was granted during my residence in Paris in the spring and summer of 1844. The result was fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations, in the discovery of inedited letters, records, and documents, connected with the personal history of the beautiful and unfortunate princess whose memoir occupies the present volume of the '*Lives of the Queens of England*.' Not the least curious of these records is part of a MS. diary, kept, apparently, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, of the sayings and doings of the exiled queen, during her occasional retreats to that convent after the death of James II., full of characteristic traits and anecdotes. It is quaintly, but pleasantly written, though sometimes wearisome at times, from the frequent allusions to the devotional exercises, the fasts, and other observ-

ances practised by the sisters of Chaillot and their royal guest. It admits us, however, most fully within the grate, and puts us in possession of things that were never intended to be whispered beyond the walls of that little world. Much additional light is thrown on the personal history of the exiled royal family, by the incidents that have been there chronicled from the queen's own lips. The fidelity of the statements is verified by their strict agreement, in many instances, with other inedited documents, of the existence of which the sister of Chaillot could not have been aware. Besides these treasures, I was permitted to take transcripts of upwards of two hundred original autograph letters of this queen, being her confidential correspondence for the last thirty years of her life, with her friend Françoise Angellique Priolo, and others of the nuns of Chaillot. To this correspondence I am indebted for many touching pictures of the domestic life of the fallen queen and her children, during their residence in the chateau of St. Germain. It is impossible to read her unaffected descriptions of her feelings without emotion. Some of the letters have been literally steeped in the tears of the royal writer, especially those which she wrote after the battle of la Hogue, during the absence of King James, when she was in hourly expectation of the birth of her youngest child, and finally, in her last utter desolation."

We shall now give a few particulars of the life of Mary Beatrice, from Miss Strickland's narrative, which, we may observe, carries it down only to the death of James II., in September 1701.

She was a daughter of the illustrious house of Esté, immortalized by Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante. This family had long ruled over the united duchies of Ferrara and Modena; but, about a hundred years before the birth of Mary, the duchy of Ferrara had been seized by the pope, and annexed to the papal dominions, under the pretence that it was a fief of the papal empire; and the representative of the family was after that only known as Duke of Modena. The father of Mary Beatrice was Alphonso d'Esté, duke of Modena, son of Francisco the Great and Maria Farnese. Her mother, Laura Martinuzzi, was the daughter of Count Hieronimo Martinuzzi da Fano, a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and Margaret, sister of Cardinal Mazarine. She was the eldest child of her parents, and was born on the 5th of October, 1658. Her father, an able and accomplished prince, died while she was almost an infant, leaving her and a younger brother to the guardianship of their mother, and their uncle, prince Rinaldo d'Esté, afterwards Cardinal d'Esté. She was educated at home, under the care of a governess, until she was nine years old, after which she was sent to finish her education in a convent, where she imbibed a taste for a life of religious seclusion, which contributed greatly to her reluctance to unite herself to James, and was not without its influence upon the whole of her after life.

James's first wife, Ann Hyde, died in 1672, leaving two daughters. He seemed disposed a second time to seek for a wife among his brother's subjects, having actually given a written promise of marriage to Lady Bellasis, widow of Sir Henry Bellasis, a lady of invincible zeal for protestantism, and of unimpeachable character; but, the matter having come to the king his brother's ears, he interposed his authority to have it broken off, compelled Lady Bellasis to give up the promise, and engaged his brother in negotiations for marriage with a foreign princess.

The person employed to arrange matters for James's marriage was his friend the Earl of Peterborough, who has left an amusing account, from which Miss Strickland quotes pretty fully, of his adventures in the course of several negotiations, which, one after the other, proved abortive, until that with the subject of this notice was, after many difficulties, at last brought to a successful issue. It was not without much difficulty that, after every other obstacle was removed, the unwillingness of Mary Beatrice to renounce her long-cherished desire of

spending her days in a convent, for the sake of a union, however splendid, with a man whom she had never seen, and of whom she knew nothing but that he was twenty-five years older than herself, was overcome. She wept bitterly, and yielded at last only in obedience to the commands of her mother, whom she had never ventured to disobey. The marriage was solemnized on the 30th September, 1673, the Earl of Peterborough officiating as proxy for the royal bridegroom. Mary arrived in England on the 21st of November, and met her husband at Dover, whither he had gone to welcome her to her future home.

James was delighted with his young bride. Her first impressions of him were different. Miss Strickland says: "Mary Beatrice in after years acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first. What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior?" James had enough good sense to take no notice of the childish aversion which she could not conceal, and treated her with the utmost kindness and affection. Her aversion, it will be seen, was not very long-lived. They were married over again in person that night by the Bishop of Oxford.

Mary Beatrice was received with great favour by the king her brother-in-law, who continued to treat her with much kindness to the end of his life. She said of him in after years: "He was always kind to me, and was so truly amiable and good-natured that I loved him very much, even before I became attached to my lord the Duke of York." But she was, on her arrival, the object of a very different feeling on the part of the nation generally. We shall here have recourse to Miss Strickland's own words: "The reception of the youthful duchess, on her first appearance at Whitehall, was truly flattering, as she was treated with every mark of affection and distinction by their Majesties, and with much respect by the great ladies of the court and all the royal party; yet, observes Lord Peterborough, 'clouds hung heavy upon the brows of many others, who had a mind to punish what they could not prevent.' It was impossible for any thing to be more unpopular than the marriage of the heir presumptive to the crown with a Catholic princess. The disapprobation of parliament had been loudly, but fruitlessly, expressed. The ribald political rhymesters, who had already assailed James with a variety of disgusting lampoons on the subject of his Italian alliance, were preparing to aim their coarse shafts at his bride; but, when she appeared, her youth, her innocence, and surpassing loveliness, disarmed even their malignity; they found no point for attack. From others the young duchess received the most unbounded homage. King Charles ordered a silver medal to be struck in honour of his brother's marriage, in which half-length portraits of James and his bride appear, face to face, 'like Philip and Mary on a shilling.' The disparity in their age is strikingly apparent, for, though the royal admiral was still in the meridian pride of manhood, and reckoned at that time one of the finest men in his brother's court, his handsome but sternly-marked lineaments are in such strong contrast to the softness of contour, delicate features, and almost infantine expression of his youthful consort, that no one would take them for husband and wife. The dress of the young duchess is arranged with classical simplicity, and her hair negligently bound up with a fillet, over which the rich profusion of ringlets fall negligently, as if with the weight of their own luxuriance, on either side her face, and shade her graceful throat and bosom. As this princess was of that order of beauty to which the royal taste awarded the palm, and her natural charms were unmarred by vanity or affectation, she excited boundless admiration in the court of Charles II., where it was hoped that the purity of her manners and morals would have a restraining and beneficial effect."

Mary Beatrice had been accompanied to England by her mother, the Duchess of Modena, who left her in something more than a month. She felt the separa-

tion bitterly; but she was now beginning to become reconciled to the society of her husband, for whom she was gradually imbibing an affection which, as she herself said after she was a widow, "increased with every year that they lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life." Her fondness for him became such, she said, "as to amount to an engrossing passion which interfered with her spiritual duties, for she thought more of pleasing him than of serving her God; and that it was sinful for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband, but that her fault brought its own punishment in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard." This last allusion Miss Strickland thus explains:—"James had unhappily formed habits and connexions disgraceful to himself, and inimical to the peace of his youthful consort. His conduct with several of the married ladies of the court, and even with those in her own household, afforded great cause for scandal; and of course there were busy tongues, eager to whisper every story of the kind to his bride. If Mary Beatrice had been a few years older at the time of her marriage, she would have understood the value of her own charms, and, instead of assailing her faithless lord with tears and passionate reproaches, she would have endeavoured to win him from her rivals by the graceful arts of captivation, for which she was well qualified. James was proud of her beauty, and flattered by her jealousy; he treated her with unbounded indulgence, as she herself acknowledged; but there was so little difference in age between her and his eldest daughter, that he appears only to have regarded her as a full-grown child, or a plaything, till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, and he learned to look up to her with that admiration and respect which her virtues were calculated to excite. This triumph was not easily or quickly won; many a heart-ache and many a trial had Mary Beatrice to endure before that day arrived."

Mary's first child, a daughter, was born on the 10th Jan. 1675. She had the child privately baptized a few hours after its birth, according to the rites of the Church of Rome; but Charles, when he was informed of it, disregarding her tears and expostulations, (for she was terrified at the thought of having been the means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament,) ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the Chapel-royal, and had her christened there by a Protestant bishop, according to the rites of the Church of England. She was called Catharina Laura, out of compliment to the Queen and the Duchess of Modena. Her first baptism was kept a profound secret, and was only divulged by Mary Beatrice herself, many years after, to the Nuns of Chaillot. This child died at the age of ten months.

A second daughter was born on the 18th August, 1676, which only lived to be five years old.

Mary Beatrice was on the eve of her third confinement, when her husband's eldest daughter, Mary, was married to the Prince of Orange. She was present in the princess's bed-chamber, when this event—so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her children—was solemnized. A jest of King Charles on the occasion is worth repeating. It would have been more pleasing, had it been less literally true—less suggestive of the existence even then of feelings and hopes, which were afterwards so signally displayed. He bade the Bishop of London "make haste with the ceremony, lest his sister should be delivered of a son in the meantime, and so spoil the marriage." Three days afterwards the boy whom his majesty had thus merrily anticipated was born. But he died of small pox when little more than a month old, to the great disappointment of the nation, and to the inexpressible grief of his parents, to whom his loss proved in every aspect of it an irreparable calamity.

Mary Beatrice continued always on very friendly

terms with James's daughters by his first wife. Before the Princess of Orange had been long married, reports reached England which suggested doubts of her happiness in her married state, and Mary Beatrice determined, with the permission of the king and her husband, to pay her a visit incognito, accompanied by the Princess Anne. The feelings which led to this visit are thus pleasingly described by Miss Strickland: "The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her step-daughter, the Princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society, unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonials which royal etiquette would have imposed upon all parties, if she had appeared in her own character. Considering the extreme youth of the three ladies, the affectionate terms on which they had always lived together, and the conjugal infelicity of the lately wedded Princess of Orange at that time, her sickness and dejection, it is more than probable that Mary Beatrice undertook this expedition with the Princess Anne, in consequence of some private communication from the pining invalid, expressive of her anxious desire to see them, and confide to them some of the trials which weighed so heavily on her heart in that uncongenial land of strangers."

The visit was a short, though apparently an agreeable one, and Mary Beatrice returned, after a few days' stay at the Hague, to find her lord vainly attempting to grapple with the fierce storm which had suddenly arisen in England, and which was got up for his destruction, known by the name of the Popish Plot.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

October 17.—St. Ethelreda, who is commemorated on this day in the Kalendar of the Church of England, was the daughter of Anna and Heriswitha, King and Queen of East Anglia, and born at Exning, then the capital of that kingdom—now a little village in a detached part of Suffolk, that lies like an island in the eastern portion of Cambridgeshire. She early embraced a resolution of perpetual virginity. She was twice wedded; first to Tonbert, Prince of the Givvii, and some years after his decease, to Egfrid, King of Northumberland: but both her marriages were merely nominal. In process of time Egfrid became convinced that his union with Ethelreda was not for the happiness of either; and, in compliance with her earnest prayers and tears, he gave his reluctant consent to her taking the veil under his aunt, St. Ebbe, at Coldingham. She had not, however, long taken up her abode in that convent, when she received intelligence that the king was about to bring her back by force to his palace. The venerable Ebbe advised immediate flight; and, with two female companions, the Virgin Queen set forth on her pilgrimage. Crossing the Humber, she came to Wintringham, and remained for some time in a neighbouring village, which the historian calls Alfta. Hence, says the legend, she proceeded southward through Lincolnshire, till, weary with her journey, she sat down in a pleasant nook, and fell asleep. She had placed her pilgrim's staff at her head, and, on waking, found it had grown into a shady tree, and had protected her, during her repose, from the rays of the sun. At length she arrived in the Isle of Ely, which had been settled on her by her first husband; and here, gathering around her a band of devoted maidens, she laid the foundation of that Abbey which became afterwards so illustrious. She built a church for their devotions; the fame of the establishment spread far and wide; and, finally, in the year 673, she commenced the building of a monastery, upon which she spent all that she possessed. St. Wilfrid, on hearing of the progress that the new Abbey was making, hastened to Ely, and gave Abbatial con-

secration to St. Ethelreda. Henceforth her life was peace. She delighted in becoming the servant of all; preceding them in nothing but in the painful march, by which they sought to enter the heavenly kingdom. At length she was seized with the complaint that was to terminate her earthly existence. It was a painful swelling of the neck, and, she acknowledged, a just punishment for the pride she had formerly taken in wearing necklaces. On the twenty-third of June, 679, after having called the whole congregation about her, and received the Holy Eucharist, she went, says her biographer, "from the desert of this world, with angels for her companions, into the joys of that which is to come." On the seventeenth of October, in the same year, her remains were translated in the presence of St. Wilfrid and many others, from their temporary resting-place, to their more durable shrine in the church of St. Mary, which St. Ethelreda had herself built: and there, according to the Monkish historiana, they became illustrious by a long series of miracles.

St. Ethelreda's name by abbreviation became corrupted to Auldry, or Audry, by which latter she is still denominated in the Isle of Ely. As at the fair held at this place, much ordinary but showy lace was usually sold, St. Audry's lace soon was proverbial, and from that cause *taudry*, a corruption of St. Audry, has become a common expression to denote not only lace, but any other part of female apparel, which is more gaudy in appearance than remarkable for its real quality and value.

October 18.—Feast of St. Luke.

This apostle is supposed to have put off mortality about A.D. 70, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His festival was first instituted A.D. 1130. It is celebrated by the Church of England.

OLD CUSTOMS.

Drake says in his "Eboracum" that St. Luke's day is known in York by the name of *whip-dog-day*, from a strange usage that school-boys have there of whipping all the dogs that are seen in the streets on that festival. This cruel practice is said with some probability to be in memory of the following circumstance. A priest who was celebrating Mass in one of the churches of York, unfortunately dropped the consecrated wafer, which was suddenly snatched up and swallowed by a dog. The animal was instantly killed, and a persecution inflicted upon the canine race throughout the city. The same writer remarks, "A fair is always kept in Micklegate, York, on St. Luke's day, for all sorts of small wares. It is commonly called *Dish-Fair*, from the great quantity of wooden dishes, ladles, &c. brought to it. There is an old custom used at this fair of bearing a wooden ladle in a sling on two stangs about it, carried by four sturdy labourers, and each labourer was formerly supported by another. This, without doubt, is a ridicule on the meanness of the wares brought to this fair, small benefit accruing to the labourers at it."

October 21, is the anniversary of the BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, which was fought on this day, 1805, between the English and the combined fleets of France and Spain. In this dreadful engagement, which lasted four hours, twenty sail of the enemy were sunk or destroyed, and Admiral Villeneuve, the French commander-in-chief, and two Spanish admirals were made prisoners. The British force consisted of twenty-seven, and that of the enemy of thirty-three, sail of the line—eighteen of which were French and fifteen Spanish. The gallant Nelson was wounded about the middle of the action, and died nearly at its close.

October 25.—St. Crispin's Day.

The name of this saint has a place in the Church of England Kalendar. The Latins commemorate him in conjunction with St. Crispinian. These holy persons were brothers of noble family, and born at Rome, whence

(A.D. 808) they travelled to Soissons in France, to propagate the Christian faith; and because, like St. Paul, they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they "worked with their hands in the night, making shoes." Success attended their missionary endeavours, but it was unhappily of but short duration. No sooner did the governor of the town ("the most implacable enemy to the Christian name,") hear of it than he summoned the saintly brethren to his tribunal. Butler relates that "they were victorious over this most inhuman judge, by the patience and constancy with which they bore the most cruel torments, and finished their course by the sword." "It is difficult," says Brady, "to account for the origin of the Kentish tradition, that they were buried near Lydd, which is, however, the popular belief of that neighbourhood; and a heap of stones on the beach, near a spot called STONE'S END, is to this day shown as the place of their interment." These saints, on account of the trade they had recourse to at Soissons, have been selected as the patrons of shoemaking.

In an old romance, a prince of the name of Crispin is represented as having exercised the above "art and mystery," and thence is supposed to be derived the expression of the *Gentle Craft*, as applied to it.

In the sixth century a great church was built, under the invocation of SS. Crispin and Crispinian, and their shrine was richly adorned. So popular, indeed, were they in mediæval times, that in France, as well as in this country, they were not only considered as the patrons of the shoemakers, but that two societies were established, bearing the titles of *Freres Cordonniers*—Brother Shoemakers—the one under the protection of St. Crispin, the other of his martyred brother; the produce of whose labours was paid into a common stock, to furnish necessaries for the support of the monks of each society, and the surplus appropriated to the benefit of the poor.

Hone remarks that, from the highest to the lowest, St. Crispin's is a day of "feasting and jollity" among the present race of shoemakers.

On this festival, A.D. 1415, the celebrated battle of Agincourt was fought between the English, under King Henry V., and the French, under the constable d'Albret. The French had a force which, if prudently conducted, was sufficient to trample down the English in the open field. Henry had not, if we may believe some writers, more than the tenth of the French king's numbers; and, besides this, his men were worn out with sickness, and in want of many necessaries. The French were led on by able generals, and plentifully supplied with provisions. The English archers, as at Cressy, let fly a shower of arrows, which did great execution. A quantity of rain had fallen; and the clayey nature of the soil greatly hindered and perplexed the French troops. The field was too small to allow them room; the English archers taking their battle-axes, and, assisted by the men-at-arms, fell in among them, and the rout was soon general. It was the greatest victory that the English ever gained in France. There were ten thousand slain, and fourteen thousand prisoners; among both of these were several noblemen, and others of great reputation. The English only lost few men, and the Duke of York. Henry returned to England by way of Dover, the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him, and the conqueror was carried in their arms from his vessel to the beach. The road to London exhibited one triumphal procession. The lords, commons, and clergy, the mayor, aldermen, and citizens, conducted him into the capital; tapestry, representing the deeds of his ancestors, lined the walls of the houses; pageants were erected in the streets; sweet wines ran in the conduits; bands of children, tastefully arranged, sang his praise; and the whole population seemed intoxicated with joy. Shakespeare has given a speech to Henry V., before this memorable engagement, that will mark the Festival of St. Crispin to the end of time.

"This day is called the Feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes home safe,
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly, on the vigil, feast his friends,
And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian.
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day."

ISABELLA MORGAN; OR, RICH AND POOR.

It so happened, that Isabella Morgan, a girl of fourteen, although one of three daughters, was at this time her father's sole companion; and, delighted at all seasons to be with him, her pleasure in his society was still enhanced by a little feeling of pride that she was now really useful; and that on her punctuality and skill depended the comfort of his tea and breakfast, and that papa would be quite lonely without her all the evening. So impressed was she with her own responsibility for his amusement, or so eager to share all her thoughts and fancies with this kind and cheerful father, that he had seldom laid aside his pen or book for half a minute, before she would begin the recital of some morning's adventure, or open upon some astonishing subject with "Papa, I wonder whether . . . !" or, "Papa, don't you wonder why . . . !" But her doubts and embarrassments were seldom very important or perplexing: the wonderment was spoken the moment it arose in her mind, and, if capable of any rational solution at all, was soon quieted by her father's sagacious replies. Not so on this present evening: daylight had faded away, though candles and tea-time had not arrived. Mr. Morgan laid aside his pen, and drew near the small summer-fire by which his daughter was seated on a low footstool, expecting from her some merry remark or grave surmise, as an introduction to their usual chat; but she seemed really considering some great matter, as a full minute passed, and yet she spoke not.

Mr. Morgan therefore roused her by begging, when her reverie was over, that he might be favoured with knowing what opinion she had formed of men and manners.

"I was thinking of men, papa," she replied; "that is, of women, which is all the same, I suppose; and of their manners, too, or something more than manners. It has puzzled me very often lately; and I have tried not to think about it: but I went to Susan Parker's to-day, and talked to her and her sister, and it came to me again stronger than ever—I must tell you, and hear what you say about it;—but it is something so strange, it seems almost wicked:—Do you know, papa, I can't help thinking that the rich people are better than the poor?"

Mr. Morgan had had a harassing day of business; he had just finished all the unpleasant letters which he was to send by to-morrow's post, and he knew he must devote two or three hours before bed-time to sermon-

writing. He would therefore have been better pleased if his daughter's meditations had turned on her garden, or her pony, or her chickens; or even if she had desired to talk to him about her new straw bonnet, or on any other immaterial subject; for he had hoped to rest his mind as well as his eyes in this dim hour of twilight; and a little frivolous chat with those they love is the best refreshment to sensible hard-working men of busy habits. It is only those who lead idle lives, or whose daily employments bring with them no wear of intellect, who like, if they have any minds at all, to exercise them in serious discussion around their own fire-sides.

But Mr. Morgan saw that his daughter was deeply interested in the subject she had started; and he knew that often, when the young are eagerly seeking counsel or sympathy in their mental troubles, a cold rejoinder, or an ill-timed jest, will close up the open heart, which, half in pride, and half in shame, resolves to make no more unvalued confidences. He therefore kindly prepared to follow his daughter's lead: but, not knowing how far she meant to push her researches this evening, he merely said, "My dear Isabella, they *are*, and they *are not*: the rich are seldom hung or transported for their crimes, but you must be aware of the difference of their temptations. Among the rich, I suppose, you would include such as ourselves, who inhabit two parlours and a study, and keep a pony carriage;—you mean, in fact, all who are above want, and who hold a place in society?"

Yes; Isabella meant to pass amongst the rich,—her case otherwise would fall to the ground,—so she agreed to be numbered amongst the wealthy, and thus proceeded:—

"I know, papa, that the poor have great temptations which we never feel; particularly as to dishonesty, and poaching, and drunkenness, and all those sort of things; and they have not such good examples and instructions as we have from their childhood; so our principles ought, of course, to be much better than theirs; and I am sure much more must be expected from us in many ways. But that is not what I mean; it seems to me they have not the same feelings and affections that we have; and that is what puzzles me:—natural affection, surely, ought to be the same in all,—that cannot depend on education. Yet, since I have seen more of the poor lately, now I am the only one at home, it does seem to me that they don't love their parents, and brothers, and sisters, as we do: that they are always thinking first of themselves, and are not at all ashamed of it; and it comes into my head very often, that they cannot be born with the same feelings that we have, for our love comes so naturally; but then, again, it seems wicked to think we are really superior to the rest of our fellow-creatures because we are so fortunate as to be better off in the world. I wish I knew the truth!"

The tears that came into her eyes showed how seriously her mind was perplexed, and her father applied himself to satisfy her as well as he could:—

"There is nothing wicked in your feelings, my dear. The condition of the world, of ourselves, and our fellow-creatures, is a subject full of perplexities, daily and hourly increasing to a thoughtful disposition, which can only be solved in a spirit of faith and patience. The inequalities of our stations, when they first strike a young mind, appear an overwhelming difficulty. It is natural to feel, What am I, and what are my family and friends, that we should enjoy plenty and comfort, and leisure all day long to do what we please,—amusement when we are well, and attendance when we are sick,—while a much larger proportion of our fellow-creatures, by some of whom we are always surrounded, have none of these blessings in their full extent, and many are daily suffering from the want of all? But this view of the case is not exactly what you mean to bring before me now; though I dare say it is a thought that has often floated through your mind."

Isabella confessed that it had.

"You see," said her father kindly, "your difficulties

are not so very strange and shocking, since I can guess at some without your telling me. But now let me hear what you met with particularly to-day at Susan Parker's to distress you more. She is a good, respectable young woman, and a favourable sample of her own class. She seems recovering now, and is getting over the loss of her baby, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," said Isabella, rather angrily, "she gets over *that* very well! You know, papa, her baby and Eliza's were born just at the same time, five weeks ago; and the day after Maria went away to stay with her, I walked up to Susan Parker's about the gruel and the baby-clothes, and she was very well, she said; and I saw her and her baby; and her sister from Cobden was come to nurse her. I thought how comfortable they must be together, for Maria was so delighted to go to Eliza, and I know the last time they wanted it very much, if you would have consented; and they were so glad when you said Eliza might have her now. And Susan Parker has two other little children nearly the age of Eliza's; and, altogether, I thought it must be just as they were at Coldwell, only, of course, everything smaller and poorer: so I said to Susan Parker, 'How glad you must be that your father and mother can spare your sister to come to you now; I hope she will be able to stay a good while.' Mrs. Parker did not seem to think much of the pleasure of it, but she did say,—'Yes, 'tis a very good thing as I can have her; I could not get along without somebody; and she's very handy, and it comes cheaper than a regular woman; but I hope by next week I shall be able to do without her.' I thought she was quite ungracious; but her sister did not appear at all hurt, and said she hoped so too, for she seemed getting on quite nicely: and so, I thought again, it must be only their way of wishing each other well. Now you know, papa, a few days afterwards poor Susan caught cold, and was dangerously ill, and in the middle of it her baby died, and I did not see them again till this morning, when you sent me about the broth. She was very weak and poorly, and was sitting by the fire, with a blanket wrapped round her; and her sister was there too. I did not mean to say anything about the baby, but she inquired after Eliza's; and when I told her it was very well, she said, 'I'm glad of it; 'twould be a sad job, I dare say, for Mrs. Dawson to have lost it;' and then I said, I was very sorry for her, but I hoped she would not grieve much about it,—without quite thinking what I was saying; and it struck me directly I was very unfeeling to talk in that way, when the poor child had not been buried a week. But she said directly, 'No, miss, I don't grieve for it now—it seemed hard to part with it at first,—but the poor little baby is out of all its troubles, and, as my husband says, 'tis a folly to take on now,—for God will provide for it better than we could. 'Taint the same with us as 'tis with gentlefolks.' To be sure, she seemed ready to cry; so perhaps she did feel more than she acknowledged:—but, as to her sister Sally, she said, downright, that 'twas a blessed thing when the poor baby was taken, for it was so terrifying the last two nights, nobody could get a wink of sleep. Well, after this, I scarcely knew how to talk to them; they took everything so differently from what I expected; but I thought I must be right at last, when I said to Sally, 'How very fortunate it was that you were not gone before Susan was taken so much worse,—how sorry you would have been if you had left her too soon!' So Sally said directly, 'Yes, 'twas a very lucky thing for she, as the carrier could not take me the day before;—I don't know what she would have done, poor soul! I sat up with her three nights, and nobody to help me; but a neighbour, now and then, came in for an hour or so,—and then she was always wanting something or another! I've had no rest day nor night!—so many fancies to be sure! As soon as she'd got one thing, 'twern't right,—she must have something else! And one day she was not quite in her mind, and she kept calling out every minute to send for her hus-

'band;—she wanted *him*!' 'Lord bless you,' says I, 'Susan, do hold your tongue, and don't keep on so!—There's your poor husband's been up with you half the night, and now he's gone to his work, and who's to pay his wages if you sends for him home every minute!—I'm sure Farmer Curtis won't! And how are you to do without the money now, I should like to know—such an expense as 'tis with your illness day and night?' So I heartened her up, what with one thing and another, and she's much better now, you see, miss, and only wants good living to come round again; and I hopes I shall get home next week, for I'm a most worn out.' Well, just then, papa, she said she must go and see after the children in the lane, little troublesome things, or they'd be getting into mischief. So she ran out; and I felt glad she was gone, for I was quite disgusted with her; and I could not help observing to Susan that her sister seemed to want to get back very much; and Susan said she hoped, in another week, she would be able to do without her,—'twas a great expense to have anybody for five weeks; and when people sat up, and worked so hard, they must have something more than common. I do assure you, papa, she seemed to think of the tea and sugar her sister drank more than any thing else; and then she said that Sally wanted to get back, for she could not afford to pay her much besides her keep; and then I exclaimed, 'To be sure, you don't pay your own sister for nursing you!' And she looked as much surprised at me as I was at her; and said: 'Oh, yes! she could not expect Sally to come for nothing; but 'twasn't much;' and then Sally came in again, thumping one of the children, which was roaring with all its might; and I felt so shocked with them both for their selfishness and hardheartedness that I came away directly. Now, papa, how could I help comparing them with my own two sisters, who are just in the same situation? Maria would think nothing a hardship, I am sure, if Eliza were ill like Susan Parker; and they are so delighted to be together, I am afraid Maria will scarcely like to come home again. I never used to think there was any goodness in being fond of one's own family: I supposed it was all natural,—but it does not seem so with the poor people!—What can make the great difference, papa, which you must plainly see there is between us? Now only read, once more, part of Maria's last letter."

It began with the interesting details of Mrs. Dawson's convalescence, and thus went on:—"I am so delighted to be with dear Eliza, who says I am most useful to her, that I can never thank you enough for letting me come; and we both hope you will consent to my staying a fortnight longer. We spend our time so happily!—I am a great deal in her room, reading to her; and I nurse the baby very often; and when I am down stairs I have the two elder children, for their own nurse is gone home ill, and Eliza does not like them trusted entirely to Lucy, though she is very steady; and they are so good, they are no trouble. And I go to her school once or twice a-week; and I have been very busy in the green-house with the gardener; and I order the dinner, and keep the accounts. But, with all this, I have found time for riding; and I have been out most days with Mr. Dawson, on the nicest pony: and he shows me a beautiful country, and I have made some sketches near home; and now Eliza and I both go out in the open carriage, which we enjoy very much. We have not had any company, of course, only some of Mr. Dawson's family for a day or two; and when his sisters were here we had a great deal of music together. Eliza desires me to tell you she has had the toothache these last few days, and so she thinks she is entitled to keep me till it is gone: as you promised not to recall me till she was quite well again."

Mr. Morgan laid down the letter, and Isabella exclaimed—

"There, papa! don't you see the difference that I mean between my sisters and those two women in the lane?"

"I do see a great difference between them," replied her father, "greater, I think, than you yourself perceive; but, as you have been all day in an investigating mood, how has it escaped your penetration, that the difference of their situations is so entire as scarcely to afford any room for comparison between them? Both are staying from home, I grant you, with a married sister, but all the other circumstances of the case are so totally opposite, that I cannot imagine them to have one feeling in common."

"It seems they have not," replied Isabella; "but really, papa, I don't think the two cases can be so very different. I know Susan Parker and her sister have not the same luxuries that my sisters are enjoying, and they cannot spend their time in the same way; they have no carriage and no green-house, and they can't read such interesting books as we do; but then, their own occupations, I suppose, are the same interest to them as ours are to ourselves; and I don't understand why the pleasure of being together again ought not to be as great in every rank of life. Then, I was always told, that what we have never been accustomed to, we don't miss; and I have never pitied the poor for not having a carriage, and servants, and other comfortable things, any more than I have thought of pitying ourselves because we have not a lady's-maid and a housekeeper, as many people have."

"Nor would I wish you," rejoined her father, "to expend your pity on either case. Those who have never enjoyed luxuries cannot, certainly, feel the want of them as much as others who lose them. The same may be said with respect to what we call common comforts, of which the cottagers have, at all times, a very scanty allowance; but there are privations and hardships which must be felt alike by all who are made of flesh and blood: and, under these trials, I grant you that the patience and temper of the poor generally give way; and their good offices, in a lingering illness, lose much of their value, in our eyes, by the ungracious manner in which they are often tendered: but these trials never fall with their full weight on the rich, as we have agreed to call ourselves; and we can claim no merit for carrying our small burdens more gracefully than they drag along their heavy load. Sally told me nearly every thing that you heard with so much displeasure; and allowing for a *brusquerie* of manner, I thought it all very reasonable, and was pleased with her as a sensible active young woman; but, at your age, perhaps, I should have felt as you do. Her mother takes in washing, and the two women support themselves and the father entirely by it. Now Sally is the main-stay, for the mother has bad health; and, whilst she is away, they must hire a woman twice a-week to help. Mrs. Mills works very hard to get on with that; and both the daughters agreed she could not stand it long. Susan Parker only pays her sister as much as they are obliged to give the washerwoman, that they may not lose every way. I am sure you will be glad to hear that she makes no profit from her nursing. Now what was Sally doing when you were there?"

"She was hard at work washing; and I have always seen her busy about something."

"Just consider, my dear Isabella, what sort of a visit hers has been. She has sat up, night after night; and, at the best, has slept with her sister, and had her rest constantly broken by the sick woman, or the poor baby. Who do you think has dressed and looked after the other children,—mended their clothes and their father's,—got through their washing, cooked their victuals, and attended besides to the whims and fancies of a poor half-delirious creature! She seems to have soothed her in a rough way, to be sure; but what time had she for the gentle humouring and management with which one lady might wait upon another? Besides all this, think of the constant attention to economy that is necessary—not to waste a spoonful of tea or a handful of coals—"

feeling, most likely, feverish and poorly herself, wanting better food than common, and knowing that her brother-in-law could hardly afford to keep her at all. Surely it is no disgrace to the poor girl, that she is quite tired out, and anxious to get away! Now, as you insist on comparing them, let us consider what Maria has been doing at the same time."

"You will say, I know," interrupted Isabella, "that Eliza has not required the same nursing as Susan Parker, and so the case is different; but indeed, papa, I am sure Maria would have nursed her day and night if she had been very ill, and she would never have named her own fatigue, especially before Eliza; but she would not even have thought of it herself."

"I trust and believe she would not," replied Mr. Morgan; "but our school of good manners is much stricter than theirs; such an outbreak of impatience as Sally Mills's, from one lady to another, would be contrary to the habits and modes of proceeding which we have been trained to observe, and would therefore be felt by the invalid as an intentional cruelty. But it is not so with them: they are given to plain speaking, and accustomed to get and to take hard blows from each other; you did not think yourself that Susan seemed to feel her sister was unkind?"

"No; I can't say that I did; and that provoked me again,—I thought she should have felt it."

Mr. Morgan smiled, and warned his daughter not to go to the cottage any more, or she would certainly set the sisters quarrelling in good earnest, whilst trying to teach them high notions of benevolence and fine feeling.

"But I cannot let you off," he continued, "about Maria. What have been her fatigues and privations? Perhaps she has sometimes been sitting in Eliza's room, when she would have preferred a walk, whilst the day was fine; but I am quite at a loss what greater inconvenience to surmise for her. Can you help me to think of any?"

Isabella was silent.

"Even if dear Eliza had been seriously ill, and had required her constant care, the trial would have fallen very far short of Sally Mills's. There would have been nurses to assist, servants to wait on the children, medical advice at all hours, and no thought of economy in anything. But, as it is, what has Maria's visit been but one of uninterrupted pleasure—as I hoped it would be when she went? She has had leisure for reading, drawing, and music; and, when away from Eliza, a most agreeable companion in your brother-in-law, who always spoils you both. She is the sister, and the guest, and so made more of than she can be at home. Besides, Mr. Dawson's establishment commands luxuries and elegancies which we cannot afford; and there is something in all that."

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Isabella, almost in tears, "you don't think we care more about Eliza because she is richer? It is not for their horses, and carriages, and green-house, that we like to go there! We should love them just as much if they were a great deal poorer than ourselves;—indeed, papa, you don't think very well of your own daughters!"

"My dear," said her father, "you mistake me. I think I have three very good girls, and I am truly thankful for the blessing. It is you who do not keep close to your own subject: we are comparing the two sisters, on your suggestion: I tell you I should never have thought of it,—but since you bring them before me for judgment, I must declare that it is most unjust to condemn Sally because she does not act and speak like Maria. If your sister were to stay at Coldwell on the same terms for a twelvemonth, what would she have done that would equal Sally's exertions in her sister's cottage for one fortnight?"

Isabella had no reply ready for this searching question. She felt driven from the high ground whence she had been so anxious gracefully to descend, and the sensation was different. She was not sorry, though, to have

the feelings of her poorer friends thus vindicated, and placed more on an equality with her own; and she was most vexed with herself for having thought a whole morning on the subject without having struck out what appeared now the plain truths of the case; but she still answered evasively, and in rather a mournful tone:—

"Then I suppose, papa, you think, that, if ever we were really tried with great fatigue, and anxiety, and poverty, as I know ladies sometimes come to be, we should lose our tempers, and get as snappish and impatient as Sally Mills?"

"No," said her father; "I should still hope better things of you. You are very young, my dear; but I see no reason to suppose that your character will be inferior to your sisters'; and of them I can say that their duties have not invariably been pleasant ones, for I have known their patience and temper tried at different times fully as much as is common at their age, and in their station of life; and I have had the happiness of seeing that, on the whole, they stood the trials well."

"I believe that those who show a conscientious regard to their duties in smaller matters, whatever they may be,—for they cannot always be pleasant,—will not be found wanting if the time of strong temptation or trouble should arrive. I have generally seen this to be the case; and most painful would it be to me to imagine my own daughters would prove an exception. But I wish to impress on you that we cannot be sure of ourselves; we cannot even be sure of those we love best, under circumstances of trial which have never yet been experienced. How Maria would act, if she and Eliza were suddenly reduced to a state at all resembling Susan Parker and her sister, we cannot therefore tell; and I hope we shall never know. But those who have been differently brought up from their birth have, by nature I would say, if it were not a contradiction, but have at least acquired from second nature, a courteousness of manner and a self-restraint quite unknown to the lower ranks. Part of what displeased you in these two women was, I grant, human selfishness undisguised by civility; but the greatest part was only a bluntness of speech, neither intended nor taken as offence."

"Has my explanation satisfied you, my dear Isabella, that we are not on all points so much better than our poorer fellow-creatures?"

Isabella declared that it had:—and so, relieved from the feeling of great moral superiority, which had been distressing her for some hours, she cheerfully began making tea, and the discourse wandered, as usual, into different channels.

M. C.

ACCOUNT OF A JEWISH WEDDING.

WITH pleasure I acquiesced in the proposal of an American lady, to accompany her on a wedding visit to the family of a fair "Jessica," the daughter of a Bagdat merchant in the fort. Leaving our residence for this purpose together, we threaded the crowded and narrow ways of a portion of the populous bazaars, until then unknown to me; and, as the palkees neared each other, and I caught occasional glimpses of my veiled companion, her gorgeous tiara, and flashing jewels, the strange locality, and the novelty of the expedition, brought the inimitable tales of the Arabian Nights strongly to remembrance; and I almost imagined myself attending the splendid wife of Haroun al Raschid, through her ancient city of Tabriz. Arrived at our destination, we were introduced into a large upper apartment, where several turbaned infants lay sleeping on Arab mats, attended by Jewish women, having small chowries to protect their repose.

After a short detention, a distant door opened, and the bride, with her mother and sisters, gave us a most courteous welcome. As the appearance and attire of the

younger women nearly resembled each other, I shall content myself with attempting to describe the person of the lady, for whom our visit was most particularly intended.

The bride was certainly not more than fourteen years of age; yet, notwithstanding her extreme youth, there was no lack of feminine expression, in her fair and placid countenance. Her eyes were hazel, and her soft features differed from the common Jewish physiognomy, which, however handsome in youth, frequently acquires harsh distinctiveness at a maturer age. It is customary for the Jewish women to marry at an early period; and the elder sister of the bride, a girl about sixteen, was, I found, the mother of two of the sleeping infants, who had first attracted my attention.

The costume of the fair Jewess brought to my remembrance, yet, "with a difference," Mr. Lane's admirable sketch of that adopted by the dancing girls of Cairo.¹ It consisted of a fine white muslin under-dress, plaited in exquisitely small folds from the throat to the waist, and falling to the embroidered yellow slippers, shrouding her pretty feet. A satin tunic of Tyrian purple, sloped away on the bosom, was clasped at the waist by a single stud, the sleeves falling loose and open from the middle of the arm, fringed with a double row of gold buttons. A shawl, of the finest loom of Cashmere, encircled the waist; and costly ornaments, worn after the usual manner, encumbered, where they could not adorn. To complete the costume, a small red velvet cap fitted closely to the head, bound round the brows with a scarf of most vivid hues, and a handkerchief depending from it at the back, passed loosely under the chin; a very *trying* arrangement, even to the most lovely face. With due exception to this single portion of the attire, all was tasteful and well arranged, flowing and antique; fashion in the East is not a mutable goddess; consequently, its form was probably the same with that in which the fair Esther, the advocate of her people's rights, appeared before Hegai, in the regal palace of Shushan.

According to an eminently disfiguring custom among the Jewish ladies, the hair of all is parted in long crisped locks upon the forehead, and stained an orange tawny colour by the use of henna. At the back, its raven and glossy tint remains, where it is plaited in long ends, each suspending a golden coin. Observing the curiosity with which I noticed the several articles of their dress, the young Jewesses proposed that I should proceed to the dressing room, to amuse myself with an inspection of their wardrobe.

The apartment was surrounded with japanned and curiously inlaid cabinets, filled with rich tunics, and various "raiment of needlework," with "vestures of gold, wrought about with divers colours." The chud-ders,² or envelopes, destined to be worn in public, were all of fine white cotton, ingeniously embroidered, to allow the wearer full liberty of observation through the interstices of the delicately wrought flowers which composed it. With the exception of the Malà, or talisman, the necklaces, head-ornaments, bracelets, and bangles, were chiefly composed of small coins, suspended by ornamental chains. The largest adopted for this purpose was the zechin, but many were extremely minute, with a superscription differing from any I had before seen.

Three eastern languages appeared equally familiar to all the members of this family. Some jocose traveller in a continental diligence, has recorded his surprise at hearing the children of the villages speak such admirable French. A Haileybury student, groaning over the roots of the most difficult and copious language in the world, would have been similarly struck to find grammatical Arabic lisped from the mouths of babes; and Persian, soft harmonious Persian, flowing sweetly from

a girlish voice, and sounding as if it should be "writ on satin." With myself they chatted in the harsher Hindostanee, a language fit only to be spoken to a slave, being full of authority and command, brief and uncourteous. I am now, however, speaking somewhat ungratefully of the means by which I acquired a great deal of interesting information from my amiable companions, on the manners of their people. The bride, more particularly, gave me a distinct account of the ceremonies observed at her late marriage, which to me were quite novel. It appears that a youth desiring to form a union with one of the fair daughters of his tribe, consults his mother on the occasion, who, deciding on the maiden she prefers among her acquaintance, refers to the parents for their consent. This obtained, she formally invites her female friends to accompany her to the nomination of her son's betrothed. The intended bride, being duly acquainted with the time of the expected visit, is found seated on a rich cushion, closely veiled, her hands and feet dyed with henna, and surrounded by a group of Jewish maidens. The mother of her suitor, after a fitting conversation, presents her with a costly ring, as the act of betrothment; the women then join in singing the praises of the bride, and engage in mirth and festivity until the morrow. When the period arrives for the celebration of the marriage, a curtain is drawn across the principal apartment in the house of the bride's father, on one side of which the lady is seated, with her female relations and friends, and, on the other, the bridegroom, with the priest of the synagogue, and the male relatives of both families. A rabbi then fills a cup with wine, and drops into it metals of three kinds, copper, silver, and gold. The bridegroom, after drinking a portion of it, returns the cup to the priest; it is then carried to the bride, who, after draining the contents, throws the vessel upon the ground. When the bride, at the conclusion of this ceremony, is about to quit the apartment, a goat is slain at the threshold, and the nuptial party step over it in rotation; as the bride herself passes, a cake of unleavened bread is broken over her head, and the fragments divided among the relatives. Nuptial festivities are continued for seven days; and on the eighth a feast is given, to which the priest, relatives, and friends are generally invited. At its conclusion, every guest offers a trifling gift of money or jewels to the rabbi, who, as he accepts each, repeats aloud the name of the donor, which is received with a general cheer. An epithalamium is then sung, and the marriage is complete.—*Mrs. Postans.*

Portry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.¹

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way;
And eve along the western skies
Sheds her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain;
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft with his accustomed call
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thrasher puts his jacket on;
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penned the sheepcote fast;

(1) See a spirited drawing in this author's intelligent and interesting work on the "Modern Egyptians."

(2) Chudder, literally a sheet.

(1) See Engraving, p. 385.

For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor.
His empty wallet Rover carries,
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet;
And Bess has slinked away to talk
With Roger, in the Holly-walk.
Now on the settle all but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat on various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings;
Or else tell all the village news—
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high.
And from the ale-house drunken Ned
Has reeled—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate,
The happing-coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear.
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

II. K. White.

CHILDHOOD'S SORROW.¹

On! childhood's woe is bitter;
It ever makes me grieve
To mark the pale lip quiver,
The little bosom heave;
But cruel is the chiding,
When tears unbidden rush,
The tyranny that sealeth
The fountain in its gush.

It is a sight for pity,
That tearless, choking grief,
When sobs are inly struggling,
That may not find relief.
Alas! when age forgetteth
The pangs of early years,
And striveth to debar them
The privilege of tears.

Ye may forbid the murmur,
Nor yet for crying spare;
But chide ye not their weeping,
Whose lot it is to bear.
Those tears that flow so quickly
Shall prove an April shower,
That passeth soon, and leaveth
No stain upon the flower.
Woe worth the worldly wisdom,
That, in its iron mood,
Would teach the young heart hardness,
And deem such hardness good!
The stoic's stern enduring
Is no lesson of our God;
He would not have His children
Despise the chastening rod.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE austere lectures which he (Lord Ellenborough) sometimes read flippant pedantry or hopeless imbecility, are often remembered and quoted with malicious glee, for they possess a character of quaint and grave sarcasm peculiar to the man. An eminent conveyancer, who prided himself on having answered thirty thousand cases, came express from the Court of Chancery to the King's Bench to argue a question of real property. Taking for granted, rather too rashly, that common lawyers are little more acquainted with the Digest of Cruise than with the laws of China, he commenced his erudite harangue by observing "that an estate in fee-simple was the highest estate known to the law of England." "Stay, stay!" interrupted the Chief Justice, with consummate gravity, "let me write that down." He wrote, and read slowly and deliberately the note which he had taken of this A. B. C. axiom—"An estate in fee-simple is the highest estate known to the law of England.—The Court, sir, is indebted to you for the information." There was only one person present who did not perceive the irony, and that was the learned counsel who incurred it. But though impervious to irony, it was impossible even for his self-love to avoid understanding the home-thrust lunged by the judge at the conclusion of his harangue. He had exhausted the year-books and all the mysteries of real property law, in a sleepy oration which effectually cleared the court. Insensible alike to the grim repose of the Bench and the yawning impatience of the ushers, when, at the close of some parenthetical and apparently interminable sentences, the clock struck four, and the judges started to their feet, he appealed to know when it would be their *pleasure* to hear the remainder of his argument. "Mr. P." rejoined the chief, "we are bound to hear you, and shall do so on Friday, but *pleasure* has been long out of the question."—*Townsend's Lives of Eminent Judges*.

It is a fearful mistake to believe, that, because our wishes are not accomplished, they can do no harm.—*Gertrude*.

A MAN finds in the productions of Nature an inexhaustible stock of material upon which he can employ himself, without any temptations to envy or malevolence; and has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the Sovereign Author of the universe.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Young minds cannot be too strongly impressed with the simple wonders of creation by which they are surrounded. In the race of life they may be passed by, the occupation of existence may not admit attention to them, or the unceasing cares of the world may smother early attainments, but they can never be injurious: they will give a bias to a reasoning mind, and tend, in some after thoughtful sobered hour, to comfort and to soothe.—*Knapp*.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; covers for binding, with table of contents, may be ordered of any Book-sellers.

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(1) From Scenes of Childhood. Nottingham: Dearden, 1843.

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The Bruce's Heart.

It was Lord James of Douglas
Set sail across the brine,
With a warrior band, to seek the land
Of holy Palestine.
Stately and gay was his bold array,
With plume and pennon streaming,
With the sounding horn at break of day,
With clustered lances gleaming.

Beneath his vest a silver case,
At a string of silk and gold,
For ever lay, by night and day,
Upon his bosom bold.
That casket none must hope to win
By force or fraudulent art,
For priceless was the wealth within—
It held THE BRUCE'S heart!

Lord James hath landed in fair Castile,—
Where, waiting by the sea,
Alphonso of Spain, with a glittering train,
Hath welcomed him royally :
But woe was in that lovely land;
For, from Granada's towers,
Dark Osmyn's fierce and ruthless hand
Ravaged its myrtle bowers.

The Douglas gazed on the leafy shore,
He gazed on the ocean blue,
And the swarthy light in his eye grew bright,
And his gleaming sword he drew :
"Wert thou at my side, my king," he cried,
"Thy voice's well-known sounds
Would bid me aid these Christian knights
To chase these Paynim hounds!"

Lord Douglas looked on the crescent proud,
 And his Christian heart beat high :
 " Charge, countrymen ! " he shouted loud ;
 " For God and Scotland, I ! "
 Oh, never did eagle on its prey
 Dart with a feller swoop,
 Than bounded the angry Scots that day
 On the Saracen's startled troop !

Like hunted tigers o'er the plain
 The Moors are flying fast—
 Like huntsmen true the Scots pursue,
 With shout and clarion blast :
 But track the tiger to his lair,
 And the tiger turns to spring—
 Brave hearts, beware ; for still despair
 Is a fierce and fearful thing !

The Moors have wheeled on that fatal field,
 They gather and they stand,
 And the wild long yell of " Allah hu ! "
 Is heard on every hand ;
 They are circling about their daring foes
 In a grim and narrowing bound,
 As the walls of a burning jungle close
 The awe-struck traveller round.

The foremost there fell brave St. Clair.—
 That saw the Douglas bold,
 And did unloose the heart of Bruce
 From its string of silk and gold ;
 He hurled it through the serried spears,
 And his lifted voice rang high—
 " Pass to the front, as thou wert wont !
 I follow thee or die ! "

The day hath closed on fair Castile,
 The sinking sun gleams red
 On shattered plumes and broken steel,
 And piles of gallant dead ;
 In the centre of that bloody field
 Lord Douglas lay in death,—
 Above him was his own good shield,
 And the Bruce's heart beneath !

No tears for him ! In Honour's light,
 As he had lived, he fell.
 Good night, thou dauntless soul, good night,
 For sure thou sleepest well !
 Full hearts and reverent hands had those
 Who bare thee on thy bier
 Back to the place of thy repose—
 Thy Scotland, famed and dear !

A valiant knight the casket bore :
 And, for that honoured part,
 His scutcheon wore for evermore
 A padlock and a heart.
 They buried the Douglas in St. Bride ;
 And the heart of Bruce they laid
 In Melrose' stately aisles, beside
 The altar's sacred shade.

Not mine, with hand profane, to trace
 Grey Melrose towers around,—
 There is a presence in the place,
 Making it holy ground.
 Strewing their snows on that fair spot,
 May countless years succeed,
 But they sever not the name of Scott
 From Melrose and from Tweed ! ¹

(1) From *Lays and Ballads of English History*, &c. Burns. 1846.

THE KITCHEN OF THE REFORM CLUB-HOUSE, PALL-MALL.

MANY of our readers will, doubtless, remember the superb palace-like mansion which occupies nearly a central position on " the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall." This patrician pile is " the proper house and home " of the Reform Club ; and most magnificently are they here lodged ; the architect of the edifice (Mr. Barry,) having worked out his design in the true spirit of the Association itself. " It is," says a competent critic, " the most palace-like structure in our metropolis ; not so much on account of its size, or its pretension with respect to decoration, as for the grandeur and gusto with which it is treated throughout, and for the diversified simplicity which stamps it, and which is utterly free from any of that littleness, poverty, meanness, and coldness, which, by those who do not understand what simplicity is, are generally mistaken for it. Nor is our admiration likely to be decreased by the information, that the cost of this spacious, complicated, and solidly-built edifice was but 50,000*l.*, or two-thirds of the sum expended on the

little and unfinished-looking marble arch in front of Buckingham Palace ! "

The interior is as palatial in character as the exterior. We do not, however, propose to detail its decorative perfection ; and must even be content with a single reference to its sumptuous Italian hall, with its Ionic and Corinthian colonnades, its marbled floors and walls, and its roof richly dight with cut glass, through which the sun streams upon the gorgeous beauty within. All this highly-wrought splendour, we say, we must leave with a word of commendation, and descend into the *souterrain*, or kitchen-floor, there to inspect a truly wonderful specimen of " concentration," which, according to Dr. Johnson, " produces much convenience ; " and such we may witness in the arrangement and working of the Kitchen of the Reform Club, invented by M. Soyer.

And, first, let us say a few words as to the kitchens of our ancestors. They were vast and gloomy apart-

ments; in some cases they had fire-places without chimneys, with a stone conical roof, with a turret at top to let out the steam and smoke: some, however, had vents below the eaves, to let out the steam, the improvement of some Soyer of other days. Such was the kitchen of the monastery. The hospitality of the age, too, demanded that the kitchen of the castle should be of corresponding vastness. At Raby, near Durham the oven has been converted into a wine-cellar, and there is a gallery round the whole apartment. We may form some idea of the economy of these kitchens by the precept, "Waste not, want not," being commonly written upon their walls, to exhort the cooks to care and economy. Before the invention of jacks, poor boys were hired to turn the spits; and an old writer says, "they licked the dripping-pan, and grew to be huge, lusty knaves." Bellows-blowers were also officers in the king's kitchen, whose duty it was to see that soup, when on the fire, was neither burnt nor smoked.

We have no wish to detract from the fame of the old English kitchen, or the characteristic luxuries that smoked before their huge fires, or upon their massive tables: that they were in accordance with the domestic convenience of their age, we readily allow; but, with our various improved systems of the interior arrangement of dwellings, it was not likely that such improvements would long be confined to the upper apartments. Still this advance upon "the wisdom of our ancestors" has never been so completely accomplished as in the Club kitchen we are about to describe, from our own inspection, and by the aid of the recently published *System of Cookery* by M. Soyer, the *chef de cuisine* at the Reform Club.

The Kitchen Department, we should premise, comprises two kitchens, pantries, sculleries, larders, &c.; in fact, every accommodation requisite for the culinary department of so extensive an establishment, exclusive of two stories of wine cellars beneath the hall.

The first apartment we enter is the *Boucherie*, in which all joints are trimmed for cooking: here are the requisite blocks, tables, hooks, and scales; and the walls are faced with thick slates, six feet high, which are much recommended for coolness and cleanliness.

In a line with this apartment is the *Principal Larder for Meat and Game*. In the centre is a table for provisions which are ready for dressing; on each side is a slate-topped dresser, with ice-drawers beneath, running on castors; they are lined with lead, and in them are kept jellies, ice-creams, &c.; and chops, steaks, *aspics*, *entrées*, &c. upon zinc plates; and beneath are deeper drawers for pickling. At the end of one of the dressers is a slate well for soaking hams, and a slab for opening oysters. Here, also, is a large nest of slate boxes, for vegetables and herbs, each having a sliding front of wood, to facilitate cleaning; and from the ceiling is suspended, by fixed iron rods, an oblong frame, on which is hung meat, game, &c.

To the right is the *Cold Meat and Game Larder*, in which is a meat safe, constructed on a new principle, for keeping cold meat, and by which flies are always excluded. The doors, by a simple contrivance, open and shut as it were by themselves, by means of a cord and weight, which draws them, like a sash upon pulleys, in a groove of iron plates, through which are fixed two pins, six inches apart; on pushing open the door, the pin is raised underneath to stop it, and, by a retrograde motion of the elbow when taking out a dish, the said pin drops, and the door shuts of itself; and this is so quickly done that there is hardly time for a fly to get in; besides which, the wires are very close, though there is always a good current of air through them. The meat safe is four feet high, six feet wide, and three feet deep, with two shelves inside; under it, between

the bottom and the floor, is a shelf for jars, basins, &c. On the opposite side of the larder is a slate dresser, with a skirting throughout, seven inches high; above are two shelves for preserves, bottles, and jars.

To the left is the *Pantry and Confectionary Room*, fitted with a marble slab (two feet nine inches long, by three feet wide) on a level with the window; beneath the slab are ice-drawers, for butter and eggs, forcemeat, salad, sauces, &c. On the right is a marble mortar, with a long-handled pestle passing through a ring fixed in the wall; and on the left is a flour-bin covered. Here, too, are dressers for dishing up the second course, and depositing pastry and confectionery, under which are hot and cold drawers, lined with tin, and having a steam-pipe passing behind, which slightly warms them; these drawers are for keeping either moist or dry whatever may require to be so kept. Above each dresser are closets. In this, as well as in the other three rooms, a proper coolness is preserved, absolutely necessary for the making of pastry, and keeping it when made.

Parallel with the above room in the plan, is *M. Soyer's Room*, fitted with a closet for superior preserves, and all kinds of new light kitchen utensils, and opening into the *Passage* opposite the principal kitchen door. In this passage is a white marble slab, inclined, and bordered with slate, for keeping fresh and cool all the fish brought in for use; and at the upper extremity of the sloping slab is a horizontal shower-pipe, supplied with iced water from a cistern above. On the opposite side is a shelf divided by numbers, indicating the hour when dishes are to be cooked. Upon the same line is a dresser, on which are set to cool sauces and stock before they are put into the second larder. At the end of the passage, and above the kitchen door, is a square *ventilating screen*; this is a simple frame, with two cross-pieces covered with canvas, and fixed horizontally above the doorway, with hinges, and it is worked up and down by cords and pulleys fixed in the ceiling; this simple contrivance drawing away the heat from the kitchen into the passage, and introducing cold air in its place. In the *Passage*, at a right angle with the above, is a lift, worked by steam, to hoist coals to the sleeping-rooms; and a gas-meter, for the supply of the gas-stoves in the principal kitchen.

The *Roasting Kitchen* is thus reached; and on entering it you see, in a direct line, the vegetable kitchen and the scullery. We can only detail the principal fittings, the entire arrangement being only intelligible by aid of a ground-plan. Among the fittings is a low cast-iron French stove, for boiling large joints, and making stock which has been previously boiled on a quick fire, and removed there to simmer gently. In the centre is a grate, one foot square, for charcoal. Contiguous to it is another cast-iron stove, or hot-plate, the waste fire of which heats the small oven for *gratin*, *saufles*, &c. At the end, on a line with the fireplace, is the steam-closet, six feet high, four feet and a half wide, and two feet deep, forming three shelves, with the bottom, to keep the dishes very hot, as well as the roasts; near it is the large roasting fire-place. The grate is five feet wide and three feet high, and very shallow, giving a great heat at a comparatively small expense; a boiler is at the back, which holds one hundred gallons of water, always hot, and amply sufficient for all kitchen purposes. The salamander is also easily and quickly heated at the same fire, without interfering with the roasts, having a place formed in the front of the grate purposely for its reception. In front of the roasting fire-place is a closet-screen, to keep all oints very warm.

Lower down is a large cast-iron oven for pastry, with grated shelves. Joining the oven is a French stove, with one grating, to boil delicate vegetables. Above, in the thickness of the wall, is a cistern, to keep the large boiler behind the roasting fire-grate constantly supplied with water. Opposite is a sash window, by which roasts and vegetables for the coffee-room are

handed to the waiters; beneath the window is a closet for plates and dishes, the top of which is of cast-iron and warmed by steam; thus dishes are removed from one hot place to another until they reach their destination.

The *Vegetable Kitchen* is approached from the roasting kitchen by an arch. On the left, upon a wide shelf, are three steam-boilers, two of them square, to cook potatoes, and the other for steaming puddings, &c.; the square ones might be taken as models—they are one foot five inches square, and one foot high, divided into four parts, forming four distinct compartments in one. The round boiler is fifteen inches in diameter. The front of the shelf has a groove under the top of the steamers, to let out the water produced by the steam, which runs into the sink; a draining-board is next to the steamers, where vegetables are deposited after they are washed. Next is the vegetable sink, with two taps for hot and cold water. There are also other two sinks, on the right of which is a delivery-window, with a closet beneath, serving as a dresser, from which clean plates and dishes are sent to the coffee-room. Beyond this kitchen is

The *Scouring Scullery*, in which is the steam-boiler, eight feet three inches long, six feet wide, and five feet high, in brickwork. By this are heated large closets, *bains maries*, plates for delivery-windows and tables; large coppers are also thus supplied with steam for cooking, as well as for dressing-rooms, baths, and closets in various parts of the house.

These three rooms, each for a different purpose, are *en suite*; they are well lighted and very cool.

We pass the *Butler's Pantry and Office*, the fire-proof iron *Plate-closet*, and the *Passage*, where is a *lift*, by which dinners are conveyed to the coffee-rooms either by steam or by hand.

The *Principal Kitchen* occupies the centre of the plan, and is entered by three doors, two from the passage, and one from the *Roasting Kitchen*. In the middle of the principal kitchen is a twelve-sided elm table, so that several persons may work at once without interfering with each other. Underneath the edge are boards for straining sauces, *purées*, &c., drawers, and moveable copper buckets, with water and sponge for cleaning the tables after the cutting of poultry, game, or fish. Passing through the table, and supporting the ceiling, are two columns, round which, at a convenient height, are copper cases, lined with tin, in ten compartments, each of which contains every ingredient, and chopped herbs of the seasons, for flavouring dishes, such as salt, pepper, spices, sweet herbs, crumbs and rasping of bread, eggs, chopped onions, &c.; the other contains various sauces for fish dressed in the English style. These cases turn at will on castors fixed underneath the round column, so that, without moving from your place, you can get every ingredient you may require; the diameters of the columns are one foot; and the cases for ingredients project over three inches and a half. As columns are not always wanted to support the ceiling of a kitchen, the cases might easily be introduced on the table, supported by a stand, turning in the same way as, and similar in shape to, a lamp.

In the middle of the table is a cast-iron steam closet, with two sliding doors on each side, and a shelf inside for keeping delicate *entrées* perfectly good for several hours, by means of two different degrees of heat. Above, five inches distant from the top, is a grated iron shelf, all round upon which are placed middle-sized and small stewpans, supported at each corner by little balusters. The whole contrivance of this table is very convenient. M. Soyer sensibly observes, that "too large a table is as bad as too large a kitchen, in which much time is lost in the cleaning, and more in running about for articles required for use."

To the right hand of the table is a roasting fire-place, principally for game and poultry, on a plan entirely new: the size is seven feet wide and five feet six inches

high, the bars are perpendicular and vertical, opening at one end, and supported upon castors, which allows the cleaning of it with ease, and affords access for repairing the boiler without pulling down any of the works around it; at the back of the stove in front of the boiler are thick Welsh lumps, by which hot water can be obtained twenty-four hours after the fire is put out.

On the left, in the thickness of the wall, is a small cistern, to supply the boiler with water as it is drawn out hot on the right hand side. A screen closet is placed before this fire.

Within an elliptic recess is fixed a dresser, used for silver dishes, &c, previous to a large dinner: underneath are four drawers for small kitchen utensils, and above the dresser three shelves for tinned iron saucepans; in the front of the shelves are suspended covers of various sizes, and large preserve-pans.

In another recess is fixed a low cast-iron charcoal-stove for boiling large fish; when not in use for that purpose it is covered with a thick board, elevated one foot above, being supported upon four strong feet in wood, thus forming a dresser upon which to deposit any article previous to its being dressed at the broiling or fish stoves; on each side are tin drainers for kitchen spoons, &c. Facing the fire-place is a large cast-iron stove, heated with coals, twelve feet five inches long, and two feet ten inches wide, divided into five parts, two of them are used for broiling steaks, *cotelettes*, &c, and the others to broil and fry fish. On a compass brass rod, and moveable, is fixed a fire-screen obliquely at the end, to prevent the heat injuring the eyes; and at the same time acting as a reflector in the interior of saucepans on the stove, if required. At the extremity of the stove is a *bain marie*, principally for keeping fish-sauces hot.

Next is a cast-iron steam-closet, wherein are deposited all the fish, dressed, and waiting to be taken up. Near it is another closet, warmed also by steam, with sliding doors for china dishes and covers; the top, which is on a level with the delivery window, is of cast iron, and heated by the same means. Thus, every dish, from the moment it is dressed to the time of serving, is removed from one hot place to another.

In the corner next to the delivery window is the desk and seat for the clerk of the kitchen. All the orders are sent from the dining-room by a wooden pipe of communication, and after each dinner is served, the bill is sent up in the same way. Every dish is called for by the clerk at the hour ordered. On his left are three voice conductors, with bells communicating to all parts of the club where culinary services are required. Turning to the left is the large and principal French stove, beginning with a *bain-marie*, warmed by steam, with two taps for hot and cold water. This *bain-marie* is for soups and sauces especially prepared for the coffee-room. Further on are the stoves where *entrées*, soups, &c. are prepared; there is a grate for a charcoal fire in the centre, with one of M. Soyer's new gas stoves upon each side; each stove is divided into five compartments, each having a separate pipe and brass cock, with a separate main pipe to each stove, thus supplying sufficient gas to burn the whole five compartments at once, or only one, by not turning the gas into any of the other compartments; or, if all burning at once, the flame may be regulated to any height, by means of the brass cocks. By this means you obtain the same heat as from charcoal the moment it is lit: it is a fire that never requires making up; is free from carbonic acid, which is so pernicious; and creates neither dust nor smell, (except the gas should neglectfully be not properly turned off;) and is quite free from smoke. With the aid of his new octagonal trivet, M. Soyer can place nine stewpans over the gas, without the fear of upsetting either; some only simmering and others boiling at the same time. The gas stoves also tend to greater economy, as they are not lit till the moment wanted, then only the quantity required

and may be put out the moment they are done with. The maker is Mr. Ricketts.

Further on, at the end of the stoves, and parallel with the *bain-marie*, is another stove, with two taps for hot and cold water, used for keeping sauces hot. There are in all three different *bain-maries*, one for fish sauce, one for the coffee-room, and one for the private dinner-room. Next is a slate sink, with two taps for hot and cold water, used for washing various kitchen utensils used at the charcoal stoves. Above the sink, hot plate, and *bain-marie*, is an iron rack, with hooks to hang large *sauté-pans*. Near it is a hot plate, heated by steam, upon which are placed dishes prepared for dinners; from thence they are removed to the house-dinner-lift, which is drawn up either by steam or hand machine.

Lastly, to each of the sinks, throughout the kitchen, is attached a trap-ball, made of copper, six inches long and ten in circumference: it screws to the sink, and is pierced with holes, for the passage of water, and to prevent anything else passing down. The plug is attached to a rod and chain; by pulling the latter the plug is removed. By this simple contrivance all offensive effluvia from drains are kept out; and it has been so successful, as to be now frequent in noblemen's and club-house kitchens.

We have thus described the principal peculiarities of M. Soyer's kitchen arrangement, which has now been worked, and very successfully, for six years. We have more than once inspected the plan, and can attest "the saving of time, comfort, regularity, and cleanliness," which these improvements secure. Their publication will, we are persuaded, lead to great "reform" in kitchen economy of time, money, and space; and where the whole plan be not adopted, certain implements and apparatus may be copied with great advantage. Although they are invariably constructed upon scientific principles, they are so far from complicated as to be intelligible for working by any kitchen-maid. Perhaps, of all the contrivances, the gas-stove is the most simple, yet most ingenious: gas, we know, has long been recommended by the stove makers for roasting; but M. Soyer uses it for a different and far more advantageous purpose—the application of heat with the nicest modifications; in this case making flame entirely subservient.

With such improvements, the kitchen need no longer be a scene of turmoil and waste, heat and confusion; but may now be a picture of almost unerring precision, of self-regulating supply and consumption. All this is the result of years applied to the study of what may be termed "domestic science," and of real skill; to borrow the motto of the Royal Institution,

"ILLUSTRANS COMMODA VITÆ."

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA.¹

THE popular ferment excited by that wretched imposture, the Popish Plot, directed such a flood of suspicion and odium against James, that soon after his wife's return from her visit to the Princess of Orange at the Hague, the king, though very reluctant, found it necessary to require his removal from the country for a time. He accordingly took his departure, with his duchess, for Brussels on the 4th of March, 1679, where he remained, with the exception of a flying visit to England, occasioned by a rumour of the king's serious illness, until he was recalled by the king in October following, and directed to repair to Scotland.

The arrival of the duke and duchess of York in the ancient kingdom of his ancestors was hailed with much satisfaction by all ranks of people. "Scotland," Miss Strickland remarks, "having suffered for upwards of seventy years from the evils of absenteeism, naturally

looked with hope to the increase of national prosperity which the establishment of a vice-regal court was likely to cause. James came, however, in a strictly private capacity on this his first visit to the land of his fathers, and he wisely resolved to avoid exciting the jealousy of his watchful foes in his brother's Privy Council, by any assumption of state beyond that to which his birth entitled him.—The presence of the heir of the crown, and the prudent and conciliating conduct of himself and his consort, had a most beneficial effect in Scotland, and did more towards calming the effervescence of the conflicting parties there than if an army had been sent over the border by king Charles. The duke of York came, however, strictly in a private capacity, and in reality as a banished man."

In the beginning of the next year, the king intimated to his Council, that, thinking it but fair that his brother, whose rights were threatened to be assailed at the meeting of parliament, should be present to defend himself, it was his intention immediately to recall him. He did so accordingly, and James and Mary Beatrice returned to London by the end of February.

In noticing a remarkable instance of attention on the part of James towards his wife at this time, Miss Strickland remarks: "The virtues and conjugal devotion of this princess were gradually winning a greater empire over the heart of James than had been gained by her beauty in its early bloom, when she came to England as his bride. It was not till she had been his wife six years that James appears to have been fully sensible of the value of the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial lottery, and that she was possessed of qualifications more worthy of admiration than those external graces which had been celebrated by the most distinguished poets of the age. Mary Beatrice endeavoured to keep up an interest for her husband with the gay world, by giving brilliant balls and entertainments, and appearing often in public. The irreproachable purity of her life, and her amiable conduct as a step-mother, entitled her to universal respect; and, notwithstanding her religion, she stood too high in public opinion for any one to mix her name up with the Popish Plot accusations, although Colman, one of its earliest victims, had been her secretary."

The restless hostility of James's enemies made it necessary for his royal brother to order his removal a second time from his court. He softened the harshness of the step in this instance, however, as far as possible, by appointing him his representative in Scotland, where his reception and that of his duchess was warmly enthusiastic. While attempts were making in England to exclude him from the throne, "he and his fair and faithful consort endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to conciliate the regards of those with whom their present lot was cast. A brilliant court was kept at Holyrood, to which resorted the principal nobility and gentry of the land; and Mary Beatrice soon succeeded, by her gracious and prudent deportment, in winning the hearts of the generous aristocracy of Scotland. If her religion were unpopular, the purity of her mind and manners was unimpeachable. Young, beautiful, innocent, and desirous of pleasing, cold indeed must have been the hearts that could have hardened themselves against her gentle influence; and it is certain that the interest she excited at that period in Scotland operated long in favour both of her husband and her son, and was even felt to the third generation."

Of James's administration of affairs in Scotland, Miss Strickland speaks in terms of high commendation. She says—"James and his duchess arrived in Edinburgh in perilous times, and in the midst of the sanguinary executions that followed an insurrection, in which great outrages had been committed on the lives and properties of the episcopalian party. The duke did his utmost to calm the jarring elements which were ready to break out with fresh tumult. The Council, breathing blood, were for going to the rigour of the law.

(1) Concluded from page 394.

James offered pardon to the condemned on the easy terms of crying, 'God save the king.' The Council talked of death and tortures; his royal highness recommended mad-houses and hard labour or banishment; and his suggestions proved more efficacious than the barbarous proceedings of Lauderdale and his colleagues. He succeeded in a great measure in tranquillising Scotland. He gained the esteem and respect of the gentry, and he won the affections of the people by his gracious acknowledgment of the marks of respect they paid him. If he had governed England half as wisely for himself as he did Scotland for his brother, or observed the same moderation in regard to his religion, after he became king, which he did when duke of York, history would have told a different tale of the close of his career."

While in Scotland Mary Beatrice narrowly escaped being killed by a fall from her horse. Fortunately the accident took place on a sandy plain. Had it been otherwise she would have been killed, for her riding-dress became entangled with some part of the saddle, and she was dragged a considerable distance with her face on the sand, and received several kicks from the frightened horse before she could be extricated. James wrote so alarming an account of this accident to her mother, the duchess of Modena, that she exacted from her a promise, very much to his satisfaction, never to mount a horse again. Mary Beatrice was passionately fond of riding; but James disliked it as a dangerous and improper exercise for women.

Of the manner in which James gained the regard of the people of Scotland, and the feelings of which he became the object (not universally, for there was a considerable party of more hostile sentiments, but very generally,) Miss Strickland thus speaks: "While in Scotland James applied himself zealously to business; and, with his usual regard for economy, detected and put a stop to many of the peculations and abuses of the duke of Lauderdale's creatures, whereby he incurred the ill-will of that corrupt statesman and his duchess, and many of their connexions. He bestowed his attention on the maritime and commercial interests of Scotland, all of which were materially improved during his residence in that nation. He made several progresses to visit the principal towns and all the ancient palaces of Scotland. The greatest marks of respect were paid to him at Glasgow, Linlithgow, and Stirling, and, whatever county he entered, he was met on the boundary by the principal nobility and gentry of the shire, and was attended by them as if he had been the Sovereign; but the irrefragable proof of the affection with which James was then regarded in Scotland, is the Act of Parliament which declared his rights, as the heir of the crown nearest in blood, to be immutable; and that neither difference in religion nor any future Act of Parliament could alter or divert the said rights of succession and lineal descent of the crown from the nearest heir."—A proof of affection, by the way, probably as sincere at the time as such things generally are, but not very faithfully acted up to when the time of trial came, since we do not find that William III. had any very serious difficulties to contend with in getting himself declared king of Scotland as well as of England.

In the beginning of the year 1682 Mary Beatrice gave promise of again becoming a mother. Her only child who had survived the period of infancy, the princess Isabella, had died during the previous year. The news of her pregnancy were received with great joy by the Scots, who were desirous that the royal babe should be born among them, fondly anticipating that it would be a boy and their future sovereign. But king Charles had determined that she should lie in in London, and accordingly her husband and she left Scotland on the 12th of May; and, on their arrival in England, they took up their abode again in St. James's palace.

Her last child having been a boy, the feelings of her

husband fondly anticipated that this would be a boy also. It is especially worthy of remark that the absurd story of a fictitious pregnancy and a spurious child was held in readiness to be set abroad by the enemies of the duke of York's succession, to meet the contingency of the child being a boy. Rumours of a plot to deprive the protestant heiress of her right of succession by such an imposition were industriously circulated; and the very natural circumstance of Mary Beatrice desiring the presence of her mother during her hour of danger, was represented as a plan to facilitate the introducing a popish boy to supplant the true heir to the crown, the duchess of Modena having, it was intended to be said, brought a boy with her from Holland for the purpose. The intended calumny proved unnecessary in this instance, for the child was a girl, and the charge was therefore suffered to die away; but the circumstance is important, as showing the value which is to be attached to the charge which was afterwards brought against Mary Beatrice and her husband, and as entirely destroying whatever presumption in support of the truth of that charge might have been drawn from the fact of its being made. This child only lived eight weeks.

No important event in the personal history of Mary Beatrice occurred between the death of this princess, and the accession of her husband to the throne. "It is certain," says Miss Strickland, "that she never interfered in political intrigues when duchess of York, and for that reason her name is a blank in public history, during the first twelve years of her residence in England."

Charles II. died on the 6th of February, 1685, and James and his queen were crowned with great splendour in Easter week following. In the days of her exile and sorrowful widowhood, Mary Beatrice declared that she had never taken any pleasure in the envied name of a queen, yet she sometimes spoke of the glories of her coronation, and descanted with true feminine delight on the magnificence of the regalia that had been prepared for her. "My dress and royal mantle," said she, "were covered with precious stones, and it took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths of London could procure to decorate my crown; of all these nothing was lost except one small diamond, worth about forty shillings." She told the nuns of Chaillot "that no coronation of any preceding king of England had been so well conducted, and that all the arrangements had been made under the especial superintendence of king James, who ordered a book to be made of it."

We cannot here follow the course of public events, nor detail the particulars of that unhappy policy which ultimately cost James his crown. We must confine our notices to those particulars which relate especially to the queen. The birth of her son took place in June 1688. The atrocious calumny which was raised against the king and queen on this subject, with all its offensive details, makes it necessary, in justice to the queen's character, for her biographer to enter more fully than can be very pleasing to general readers, into the particulars of the evidence by which the fact of her having really given birth to a son is established. But it is unnecessary to notice them here. No person now believes a story so absurd—so improbable—that nothing but the utmost blindness of faction could have given it currency for a day. Sir James Mackintosh, no friend to the memory of James, says, "The charge respecting a spurious heir was one of the most flagrant wrongs ever done to a sovereign or a father. The son of James II. was perhaps the only prince in Europe of whose blood there could be no rational doubt, considering the verification of his birth, and the unimpeachable life of his mother."

The circumstances connected with the invasion of the Prince of Orange and the flight of James can only be hinted at here. William's success on landing was by no means such as need have discouraged James from boldly encountering him. "A little of the energy and

promptitude," says Miss Strickland, "that had distinguished the early days of James duke of York, would probably have enabled king James to maintain his throne; but the season of knightly enterprise was over with him. He had begun life too early, and, like most persons who have been compelled by circumstances to exert the courage and self-possession of men in the tender years of childhood, James appears to have suffered a premature decay of those faculties that were precociously forced into action. At seventeen, James Stuart would have met the crisis triumphantly; at fifty-seven it overpowered him."

There can be little doubt that the extraordinary prostration of all his energies, under which James seems to have suffered at this momentous crisis, was in a great measure attributable to the utter desolation of feeling occasioned by finding his children ranged against him. Miss Strickland says, "Lady Ogleshorpe, who held an office in the royal household, told Sir John Kerosby in confidence, that the king was so deeply affected when the princess Anne went away, that it disordered his understanding, a melancholy elucidation of his subsequent conduct, which cannot be explained on any rational principle." He was tortured by anxiety for the safety of his son, whose life he believed to be especially aimed at; and he gave immediate orders of the most pressing kind for his being secretly conveyed to France. Next he was filled with terror for the safety of his queen, and he determined that she should go also. She at first refused, assuring him that she could bear to be separated from her children with patience, but not from himself, and that she was determined to share his fortunes, whatever they might be. But, on being assured by him that it was his intention to follow her, she made no further opposition.

We shall tell the interesting story of the queen's flight with her son in Miss Strickland's own words:—"The interest excited in France by the progress of this strange historic drama inspired the celebrated Count de Lauzun, and his friend St. Victor, with the romantic determination of crossing the channel to offer their services to the distressed king and queen of England, at this dark epoch of their fortunes, when they appeared abandoned by all the world. Lauzun was the husband of James's maternal cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and had paid the penalty of ten years' imprisonment in the Bastille, for marrying a princess of the blood royal without the consent of Louis XIV. St. Victor was a gentleman of Avignon, perhaps the son of the brave lieutenant St. Victor, whose life King James had saved, when Duke of York, by his personal valour, at the battle of Dunkirk, thirty years before, an idea calculated to add no slight interest to the following pages.

"The services of these knights errant were accepted by James as frankly as they were offered. He determined to confide to them the perilous office of conveying his queen and infant son to France; and they engaged in the enterprise in a spirit worthy of the age of chivalry. A contemporary narrative in the *Archives du Royaume de France*, evidently written by St. Victor, supplies many additional particulars connected with that eventful page of the personal history of Mary Beatrice and her son.

"On the 2d of December," says this gentleman, "a valet de chambre of the king, named Labadie, husband to the queen's nurse, called me, by his majesty's order, and made me a sign that the king was in the cabinet of the queen's chamber. On entering I found him alone, and he did me the honour to say that he had a secret to communicate to me. I asked if any other persons had knowledge of it? He replied, Yes; but I should be satisfied when I knew who they were. He then named the queen and M. the Count of Lauzun. I bowed my head in token of my entire submission to his orders. Then he said to me, 'I design to make the queen pass the sea next Tuesday; that day Turinie (the husband of the queen's lady, Pellegrina Turinie,) will be on

guard. The Prince of Wales will pass with her from Portsmouth. You must come here this evening, with Count de Lauzun, to arrange the plan.' I obeyed implicitly; and at eleven o'clock returned with Count Lauzun. I found the king alone. He proposed several expedients, and different modes of executing his design; but the plan I suggested alone coincided with the ideas of his majesty.' This plan was pretty nearly the same that was ultimately adopted.——December 9th was appointed for the departure of the queen and prince. It was a Sunday, but no Sabbath stillness hallowed it in the turbulent metropolis. The morning was ushered in with tumults, and burning of Catholic chapels and houses. Tidings of evil import arrived from all parts of the kingdom. When the evening approached, the queen implored her husband to permit her to remain and share his perils; he replied that it was his intention to follow her in four-and-twenty hours; and that it was necessary, for the sake of their child, that she should precede him. To avoid suspicion, their majesties retired to bed, as usual, at ten o'clock. About an hour after they rose, and the queen commenced her preparations for her sorrowful journey. About midnight, St. Victor, dressed in the coarse habit of a seaman, and armed, ascended by a secret staircase to the apartment of the king, bringing with him some part of the disguise which he had caused to be prepared for the queen, and told the king all was ready for their majesties' departure. 'I then,' pursues he, 'retired into another room, where the Count de Lauzun and I waited till the queen was ready. Her majesty had, meantime, confided her secret to Lady Strickland, the lady of the bed-chamber who was in waiting that night. As soon as the queen was attired we entered the chamber. The Count de Lauzun and I had secured some of the jewels on our persons in case of accidents, although their majesties were at first opposed to it; but their generous hearts were only occupied in cares for the safety and comfort of their royal infant. At two o'clock we descended by another stair, answering to that from the king's cabinet, leading to the apartment of Madame Labadie, where the prince had been carried secretly some time before. There all the persons assembled who were to attend on the queen and the prince, namely, the Count de Lauzun, the two nurses, and myself.'

"The King, turning to Lauzun, said with deep emotion, 'I confide my queen and son to your care; all must be hazarded to convey them with the utmost speed to France.' Lauzun, after expressing his high sense of the honour that was conferred on him, presented his hand to the queen to lead her away. She turned a parting look on the king—an eloquent but mute farewell; and followed by the two nurses, with her sleeping infant, crossed the great gallery in silence, stole down the back-stairs, preceded by St. Victor, who had the keys, and passing through a postern door into the Privy-gardens, quitted Whitehall for ever."

After narrating how they passed the sentinels, and arrived at the place where a boat was waiting to carry them from Westminster to Lambeth, Miss Strickland proceeds, "the night was wet and stormy," and "so dark," continues St. Victor, "that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small." Thus, with literally, "only one frail plank between her and eternity," did the queen of Great Britain cross the swollen waters of the Thames, with her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no better attendance than his nurses, no other escort than the Count de Lauzun, and the writer of this narrative.

"Our passage," says the conductor of the enterprise, "was rendered very difficult and dangerous by the violence of the wind, and the heavy and incessant rain." On reaching the opposite bank of the Thames it was found that the coach which had been engaged was still at the inn. While it was being sent for, her majesty withdrew herself and her little company under the

walls of the old church at Lambeth, without any other shelter from the wind and bitter cold, or any other consolation than that the rain had ceased." "On this spot," Miss Strickland continues, "which has been rendered a site of historic interest by this affecting incident, the beautiful and unfortunate consort of the last of our Stuart kings remained standing, with her infant son fondly clasped to her bosom, during the agonizing interval of suspense, caused by the delay of the coach, dreading every moment he would awake and betray them by his cries. Her apprehension was unfounded. He had slept sweetly, while they had carried him in the dead of night from his palace nursery to the water side; neither wind nor rain had disturbed him; he had felt none of the perils or difficulties of the stormy passage, and he continued wrapt in the same profound repose during this anxious pause, alike unconscious of his own reverse of fortune and his mother's woe."¹

Mary Beatrice is said to have looked back with streaming eyes towards the royal home where her beloved consort remained, lonely and surrounded with perils; and that she vainly endeavoured to trace out the lights of Whitehall among those that were reflected from the opposite shore, along the "dark-rolling river." What her thoughts must have been during this period of anxious and comfortless delay, may be imagined without difficulty.

From this place the queen was brought in safety to Gravesend, where she embarked on board a yacht which had been provided for her, and the accommodation in which was of the most miserable description. She arrived at Calais on the 11th December, and was received with the most cordial sympathy and consideration by the King of France.

James's proceedings in England, in the meantime, are matter of history, on which we cannot at present dwell. He very speedily joined his queen in France, where a residence was assigned to them at the palace of St. Germain. The court of the exiled king and queen was arranged by Louis on the model of his own; they found all proper officers of state, gentlemen ushers, and guards ready to receive them. But the French state officers were quickly superseded by the noble English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants who followed the fortunes of their king. "The fidelity of the queen's household," says Miss Strickland, "was remarkable. It is an interesting fact, that almost all her attendants applied to the Prince of Orange for passports to follow her into France. William granted the passes, but outlawed all who used them, and confiscated their property." The King of France allowed James and his queen 50,000 francs per month, for the support of their household. They objected at first to the largeness of the sum; but found it, in the end, insufficient to enable them to extend adequate relief to the necessities of their impoverished followers.

When James left her for his unsuccessful Irish campaign, Mary Beatrice devoted herself to constant prayers on his behalf. She spent much time at the convent of Chaillot, which had been founded by her husband's mother, Henrietta Maria, where she formed a spiritual friendship with the Superior and several of the nuns. "Very precious to the wounded spirit of the fallen queen of England were the sympathy and reverence which they received from the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her adversity, and the friendship that was commenced between her and some of the ladies of that community was only dissolved by death. She found it necessary, however, for the sake of her husband's interest, to gratify the King of France by appearing at some of the splendid fetes and entertainments which he devised for her amusement. His attentions to her were so marked as to excite some jealousy

in the breast of Madame de Maintenon; but there was no ground for such a feeling. Louis's regard for Mary Beatrice was a sentiment, not a passion; a sentiment which, in its refinement and generosity, forms one of the redeeming traits of his character. He treated her, it is true, with the homage which is always paid to a beautiful and intellectual woman in France; but it was her conjugal tenderness that excited his respect. "She was always a queen in her prosperity," said he, "but in her adversity she is an angel."

The successive disappointments occasioned by the failure of James's Irish expedition, and the defeat of his fleet at La Hogue, were met by both king and queen with the most patient resignation, arising, in the case of James, probably from broken and blunted energies, which were alike incapable of being stimulated either to vigorous action or to keen emotion, and perhaps from a despairing persuasion that he was a doomed man, with whom nothing would prosper; but, in the case of Mary Beatrice, beyond all doubt, from her having learned, like her scriptural namesake, to choose that better part which could not be taken from her. Her confidential letters to her friends at Chaillot, now first brought to light by Miss Strickland, express in every line the struggle of a mind of earnest and simple character to discipline its feelings into entire submission to the will of Heaven. The mind of James also, for a considerable time before his death, had, there can be little doubt, been brought to a like Christian temper.

The sufferings of the exiled king had brought upon him a premature old age, and a constitutional tendency to apoplexy had repeatedly placed his life in danger on the occurrence of any agitating event. During the last year of his life, he was reduced to a state of extreme feebleness, and it is scarcely possible to conceive a picture of more affecting interest, than that of his queen at this period, watching over and tending him with so much affectionate solicitude. His death was accompanied by many circumstances of most affecting interest, rarely to be found collected around the dying beds of monarchs, when surrendering their breath surrounded by all the circumstances of pomp and royalty. We have already alluded to his message to his daughter Anne, and to his dying injunction to his son. The former was delivered by Mary Beatrice in a letter which, in its "stern sincerity," as Miss Strickland calls it, would have cut to the heart a woman of less apathetic feelings than Anne.

With the death of James, Miss Strickland's interesting narrative closes, to be taken up in another volume, for which the public will, no doubt, be very impatient. No one can have read this volume attentively and candidly, whatever his political prepossessions may have been, and whatever his feelings may still be, regarding the events which led to the removal of the direct line of the Stuarts from the throne, without having imbibed the highest respect for the character of Mary Beatrice, as displayed in very trying circumstances, or, however he may differ in form of religious belief, without feeling a sincere veneration for her fervent piety, and her habitual resignation to the will of Heaven.

HALLOWEEN OBSERVANCES.

THE night of this holiday is, perhaps, more remarkable than any other, both on account of the extraordinary opinions popularly entertained concerning it, and the peculiar observances by which it has been, and is, so widely and uniformly distinguished. These notions and customs are obviously of Pagan origin, for there is nothing in the next day's festival to have given rise to them. The leading idea respecting Allhallow Even, or Halloween, says an illustrator of old English festivals, is, that it is the time, of all others, when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night

(1) The classical reader will not fail to remark the close resemblance between Miss Strickland's language in this passage, and the beautiful fragment of Simonides's Ode on the exposure of Danae with her sleeping infant to the dangers of a stormy sea.

set apart for a universal walking abroad and bustling about of spirits, and all sorts of beings not of this world; the night of sure divination; a time when the ideal takes the upper hand of the real everywhere. "This general character of the night," he adds, "escapes the notice of writers on our popular antiquities; but we know it to be that which rests in the rustic mind of Scotland." Burns says, it "is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands." Perhaps the opinion of the activity of the "Prince of the power of the air" and his agents at this time, may have been suggested by the frequency of storms about Allhallow Even. Historians have remarked how often this season has been distinguished by its tempests. In the 18th year of Henry I. Allhallow Day was attended with a fearful storm, "at which," we are told, "the people were marvellously amazed." On Allsouls Day, in the year in which Richard I. was taken prisoner in Germany, "the north-west side of the element appeared on fire," a little before sunrise. It was on Allhallow night, about midnight, that Cavendish was called up at Assher, to let in Sir John Russel and a troop of horse-men, who were come with comfortable tidings to Cardinal Wolsey of the king's returning favour, when he tells us it rained all that night most vehemently; so that, after Sir John had delivered his message from the king, and given the ring, he remarked, in conclusion, "And, Sir, I have had the sorest journey, for so little a way, that ever I had to my remembrance."

An author in 1728 observes, "This is the last day of October, and the birth of this packet is partly owing to the affair of *this night*. I am alone; but the servants having demanded apples, ale, and nuts, I took the opportunity of running back my own annals of Allhallows Eve; for you are to know, my lord, that I have been a mere adept, a most famous artist, both in the college and country, on occasion of this anile chimerical solemnity." Apples and nuts have been immemorially connected with the vigil of All Saints, and are everywhere in requisition upon it. There is a general custom, on this eve, of catching at the former of these fruits. A stick is suspended horizontally from the ceiling, an apple is fixed to one end of it, and a lighted candle to the other. This being made to twirl rapidly, the merry-makers (their hands being tied behind their backs,) successively leap up and snatch at the apple with their mouths, "when the probability is, that the candle comes round before they are aware," and searces or greases their faces. This amusement, says Brand, may be called playing at something like the ancient English game of quintain, which is now almost totally forgotten, but of which there is the following description in Stow's Survey of London:—"I have seen a quintain set up on Cornhill, by the Leaden-hall, where the attendants on the lords of merrydisports have run, and made great pastime, for he that hit not the end of the quintain was of all men laughed to scorn; and he that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his neck with a bag full of sand hanging on the other end." Another common merry usage peculiar to this festival, is that of diving for apples, set afloat in a tub of water placed on the floor: Boys and girls take their turn of attempting to catch one of these with their teeth, a feat which cannot be accomplished without many previous failures and beduckings. "In North Wales," says Owen, "they sup on this even upon parsnips, nuts, and apples, and catch at an apple suspended by a string with the mouth alone, and the same by an apple in a tub of water." Apples also are employed in one of the spells appertaining to this mysterious eve. "Take a candle," directs an authority in such matters, "and go alone to a looking-glass, eat an apple before it; and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time: the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass as if peeping over your shoulder."

In the north of England the night of this vigil is

called NUT-CRACK NIGHT. Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," relates of a farmer's family that they "religiously cracked nuts on Allhallow Eve." Nuts, at this season, are made the means of divination in matrimonial affairs. We learn from Burns that in Scotland "burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be." Brand relates that "it is a custom in Ireland, when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts upon the bars of the grates, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begin to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married." A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1784, says he has often met with lamb's wool in Ireland, where it is a constant ingredient at a merry-making on Holy Eve, or the evening before All Saints' Day; and it is made there by bruising roasted apples and mixing them with ale, or sometimes with milk. Formerly, when the superior ranks were not too refined for these periodical meetings of jollity, white wine was frequently substituted for ale. To lamb's-wool, apples and nuts are added as a necessary part of the entertainment, and the young folks amuse themselves with *burning nuts in pairs* on the bar of the grate, or among the warm embers, to which they give their name and that of their lovers, or those of their friends who are supposed to have such attachments; and from the manner of their burning and duration of the flames, &c. draw such inferences respecting the constancy or strength of their passions as usually promote mirth and good humour. This "sacrifice of nuts" on Allhallows Eve is also practised in England, and is thus prettily described by the poet Gay.

"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed;
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow!"

In the rural districts of Scotland the first ceremony of Halloween is the pulling of plants of kail, or cabbage stalks in the garden. The youths and maidens go out hand in hand, with their eyes shut, and pull the first stalk they meet with. They then return to the fireside to examine their prizes. According as the stalk is found big or little, straight or crooked, so is the future husband or wife of the person who pulled it to be. The quantity of *yird*, or earth, clinging to the root is supposed to denote the amount of fortune or dowry; and the taste of the *castoc*, or pith, the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed one after another over the door, and the christian names of the individuals who chance thereafter to enter, "are held in the same succession to indicate those of the persons whom the parties are to marry." The latter part of this observance nearly resembles an English one with peascods, described by Gay.

"As peascods once I plucked, I chanced to see
One that was closely filled with three times three;
Which, when I cropped, I safely home conveyed,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin!"

Another popular species of vaticination practised in the North on this Eve, is that of the Three Dishes. Two of these are respectively filled with pure and foul water, and one is empty. They are ranged on the hearth, when the parties, blindfolded, approach in succession, and dip their left hands into one. If they dip into the

clean water, they are to marry a virgin; if into the dirty water, a widow; if in the empty dish, they are not to marry at all. This is repeated thrice; and the arrangement of the dishes is altered each time. A charm sometimes tried in Scotland on Halloween, is called the *blue clew*. "Whoever would, with success," says Burns, "try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, 'wha hauds? i. e. who holds?' and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse." Young Scotchwomen, on this night, also seek to pry into futurity by pulling stalks of corn. "They go to the barn yard, and pull, each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid."

In an Appendix to Pennant's Tour, several other Scottish customs of divination attendant on the Vigil of All Saints are enumerated. The first is, sowing hempseed, which is by no means peculiar to Scotland. A second is, "to win three wechts o' naething." The wecht is the instrument used in winnowing corn. "This charm must be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible: for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors and do you some mischief. Then take a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time the apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station of life." A third is, "to fathom the stack three times," that is, "take an opportunity of going unnoticed to a barley stack, and fathom it thrice round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow." A fourth, "to dip your left shirt sleeve in a burn where three lairds' lands meet." "You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-runingspring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the future spouse, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it."

"Among the many superstitious rites of Halloween," says the author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "*knotting the garter* holds a distinguished place. It is performed by young females, as a divination to discover their future partners in life. The left leg garter is taken, and three knots are tied on it. During the time of knotting, the person must not speak to any one, otherwise the charm will prove abortive. She repeats the following rhyme upon tying each knot:—

This knot, this knot, this knot I knit,
To see the thing I ne'er saw yet—
To see my love in his array,
And what he walks in every day;
And what his occupation be,
This night I in my sleep may see.
And if my love be clad in green,
His love for me is well seen;
And if my love is clad in gray,
His love for me is far away;
And if my love be clad in blue,
His love for me is very true.

After all the knots are tied, she puts the garter below her pillow, and sleeps on it; and it is believed that her future husband will appear to her in a dream, in his usual dress and appearance. The colour of his clothes will denote whether the marriage is to prove fortunate or not."

Such of the above ceremonies as have nothing *terrific*

about them, everywhere enter into the Halloween merry-makings in Scotland. Even amongst the middle classes in the larger cities of that kingdom, young persons, we are informed, meet on this even to duck for apples, burn nuts, and dip into the Three Dishes. The charms to which a supernatural appearance is supposed to belong, are now perhaps scarcely anywhere practised, on account of their disinal character.

In Ireland, some of these spells are had recourse to, together with others of a like nature, on Allhallow Eve. "Every house," says one of Brand's authorities, "abounds in the best viands they can afford; apples and nuts are devoured in abundance; the nutshells are burnt, and from the ashes many strange things are foretold: cabbages are torn up by the roots; hemp-seed is sown by the maidens, and they believe that if they look back they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future spouse: they hang a smock before the fire on the close of the feast, and sit up all night concealed in a corner of the room, convinced that his apparition will come down the chimney and turn the smock: they throw a ball of yarn out of the window, and wind it on a reel within, convinced that if they repeat the *Pater Noster* backwards, and look at the ball of yarn without, they will then also see his *sith* or apparition. These, and many other superstitious ceremonies, the remains of Druidism, are observed on this holiday."

There are other observances peculiar to the 31st of October, of a more local nature than most of those which we have mentioned, and possibly of remoter antiquity. For example, in Lower Perthshire, on the border of the Highlands, the people "set up bonfires in every village on All Saints' Eve. When the bonfire is consumed, the ashes are carefully collected into the form of a circle. There is a stone put in near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire; and whatever stone is moved out of its place, or injured before next morning, the person represented by that stone is devoted or *jei*, and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day." In the same district, on the evening of the last day of October, O. S., heath, broom, and dressings of flax are tied upon a pole. This faggot is then kindled. One takes it upon his shoulders, and, running, bears it round the village. A crowd attend. When the first faggot is burnt out, a second is bound to the pole, and kindled in the same manner as before. Numbers of these blazing faggots are often carried about together; and when the night happens to be dark, they form a splendid illumination. At Buchan, we are told, various magic ceremonies were formerly celebrated on All Saints' Eve, to counteract the influence of witches and demons, and to prognosticate to the young their success or disappointment in the matrimonial lottery. These being devoutly finished, the Hallow-fire was lighted, and guarded by the male part of the family. Societies were formed, either by pique or humour, to scatter certain fires, and the attack and defence were often conducted with art and fury.

Pennant records that in North Wales there is a custom upon the above Vigil, "of making a great fire called *Coel Coeth*, when every family about an hour in the night makes a great bonfire in the most conspicuous place near the house, and when the fire is almost extinguished, every one throws a white stone into the ashes, having first marked it; then having said their prayers turning round the fire, they go to bed. In the morning, as soon as they are up, they come to search out the stones, and, if any one of them is found wanting, they have a notion that the person who threw it in will die before he sees another All Saints' Eve." The resemblance between this usage and one of the customs in Perthshire, above related, is surprising. Another author remarks: "The autumnal fire is still kindled in North Wales, being on the eve of the first day of November, and is attended by many ceremonies, such as running through the fire and smoke, each casting a stone into

the fire, and all running off at the conclusion to escape from the black short-tailed sow."

At Ripon, Yorkshire, on this even, "the good women make a cake for every one of the family." A similar custom is practised in Warwickshire.

In Ireland, the peasants assemble with sticks and clubs, and go from house to house "collecting money, cheese, &c., repeating verses in honour of the solemnity, demanding preparations for the festival of St. Columb Kill, desiring them to lay aside *the fatted calf*, and to bring forth *the black sheep*. The women are employed in making the griddle cake and caudles; these last are sent from house to house in the vicinity, and are lighted up on the next day, before which they pray, or are supposed to pray for the departed soul of the donor."

Martin, in his description of the Western Islands, written at the end of the seventeenth century, speaking of the Isle of Lewis, says: "The inhabitants of this island had an ancient custom to sacrifice to a sea-god, called Shony, at Hallow-tide, in the manner following: the inhabitants round the island came to the church of St. Mulvay, having each man his provision along with him: every family furnished a peck of malt, and this was brewed into ale: one of their number was picked out to wade into the sea up to the middle, and carrying a cup of ale in his hand, standing still in that posture, cried out with a loud voice, saying, 'Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping that you'll be so kind as to send us plenty of sea-ware for enriching our ground the ensuing year:' and so threw the cup of ale into the sea. This was performed in the night time. At his return to land they all went to church, where there was a candle burning upon the altar; and then, standing silent for a little time, one of them gave a signal, at which the candle was put out, and immediately all of them went to the fields, and spent the remainder of the night in dancing and singing." Brand, in his account of Orkney, says of the inhabitants, "When the beasts, as oxen, sheep, horses, &c. are sick, they sprinkle them with a water made up by them, which they call *forespoken water*, wherewith likewise they sprinkle their boats when they succeed and prosper not in their fishing. And especially on Hallow Eves they used to sain [bless] or sign their boats, and put a cross of tar upon them, which my informer hath often seen."

ROADSIDE SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.

No. IV.

THE only town of any consequence on the road is Darmstadt, the capital of Hesse Darmstadt, one of those pleasing little German principalities, which a foxhunter would ride across in a day, without thinking he had enjoyed a particularly long run. These pasteboard kingdoms are much more numerous in the north, than in the south of Germany, and were far more startling from their numbers, the smallness of their size, and the magnitude of their pretensions, before the year 1815, when Metternich, who is a terrible swallower-up of independencies, caused the greater number of them to be mashed up into larger states, on the obverse principle to that on which moons are cut up into stars. I cannot help thinking, however, that it was a pity not to let one or two of the minutest of these monarchies remain—those, for instance, regarding which the stories are told of the Grand army, consisting of four men, all of whom held the rank at least of colonels, and who acted either as footmen or officers, as occasion required. There is a tradition, too, of a representation made to one of the sovereigns by his steward, that it was necessary to burn tallow candles in the palace, as the royal tradespeople would not give credit any longer

for wax. One or two of these funny little states really should have been left, just to give one an idea of the way in which grown-up people play at being kings and queens.—One privilege, however, the dethroned princes retained, by special treaty—that of being still considered of royal blood—or that they might marry the queen of any country, who should be found green enough to accept one of them as a husband. It was on the strength of this privilege, I understand, that a great many of these gentlemen, who had scarcely enough to pay their passage-money, came over to England, when our gracious mistress was understood to be on the look-out for a consort. One can quite imagine the enormous size of the flea which they would carry back in their ears, when they returned home to their small beer and sour-kraut, on her decision being made public. Hesse Darmstadt, however, is one of the best of the minute principalities still remaining, and its capital would be a respectable enough town, were it not that it is a great deal too large for its importance, and the number of its inhabitants; so that it always reminds one of the story of the snail, which was so proud of its magnificent abode in a lobster-shell, but was unfortunately frozen to death, in consequence of the enormous size of its residence. The great lion here, is the preserve of wild boars for the duke's hunting—but the wild boars are unfortunately all so tame as to come to be fed, and, on particular occasions, when the duke wishes to be extremely bold, and to slay the boar himself, the tusks are carefully sawed off beforehand. At these times the royalty of the principal huntsman must of course give an uncommon interest to the scene, though, but for the ludicrousness of it, I should think the whole of the hunting must be as tame, and as great a bore, as any one of the animals chased.

The route from Darmstadt lies along the Bergstrasse, or mountain road, a district of country deservedly celebrated throughout Germany for picturesque beauty. I do not mean to say that it deserves all the commendations which you will hear lavished upon it by the Germans themselves; for, in this instance, as in many others, their ideas of excellence are considerably exaggerated; and this need not be any great wonder to us, since, while our own little island overflows with every variety of natural beauty, the mid basin of Europe, as I suppose the geologists would call it, being a pretty undeviating plain, necessarily presents but few spots boasting the attractions of hill and dale, into which our poor little Britain has at some time or other been swelled and scratched; and without hill and dale, it is, I apprehend, well nigh impossible to have any great amount of picturesque beauty. In regard to the Bergstrasse, however, the Germans, whether they overpraise its charms or not, have good reason for their commendations. I am not sure that I do not prefer it to the Rhine itself, and it is in fact a portion of the Rhineland that you pass through, only, as the valley here widens out to an immense extent, and the road runs along the foot of the hills, instead of by the side of the river, it is but now and then that one catches a glimpse of the course of the stream. But the mountains here are, or seem to be, much more lofty than those lower down the river—they rise at once from the highway, now in sharp precipitous acclivities, and now in gently swelling downs. The lower heights are covered with vineyards, or with the richest, and most beautiful verdure, while the loftier summits are crowned by dark groves of fir, which run down the more sterile portions of the hills, their sombre colour contrasting exquisitely with the bright green around. Then, when you turn to the right, peering through the trees which border the roadside, before you lies stretched the broad fertile valley, rich in corn and grain of every kind and every hue; whilst far in the distance rise the blue hills of France. It is a glorious scene, especially if you view it on one of those bright sunny days, when all nature seems basking in the balmy warmth, and the only unpleasant

accompaniment to one's enjoyment is the dust, which flies about in all directions, filling one's eyes, and getting up one's nostrils, so that one feels as if continually taking huge pinches of digh-dried Lundyfoot, without however experiencing the agreeably titillating affection which that precious mixture produces. It struck me as somewhat curious, to see the immense quantities of fruit with which the apple-trees, which border the whole road, were laden, and all, apparently, in no danger. Recalling some reminiscences of more youthful days, I could not help thinking what a catch they would have been for some friends I could have named; and undoubtedly, if these apples are untouched, and if the robbing of orchards by school-boys be a crime, (which I have always considered, to say the least, very doubtful,) the youth of Germany must be imbued with a far higher tone of morality than their compeers of England, or cannot be endowed with that bump of acquisitiveness which makes surreptitious appropriation so dear to the British boy; or finally, which I suspect is the real reason after all, the apples must be uncommonly bad eating.

But if the spirit and principle of Rob Roy—

"That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can,"

exists no longer here, even so far as apples are concerned, it flourished to a splendid extent in former times, as is evidenced by the innumerable snug cosy-looking castles, now unhappily in ruins, which are perched on every convenient crag along the whole Bergstrasse; these were all the residences of those fine old hard-fisted, rough-riding, deep drinking, savage, and yet jovial cut-throats, the robber-knights of Germany. And a glorious life they must have had of it in such a region. With such a rich expanse of country around them, France and Germany lying equally exposed to their attack, and the valley, which they looked down upon, the general highway for traffic, they must have had opportunity for extensive practice in the way of their profession; and then at home after a successful foray, how many a jovial rouse must they have had in their little robber-nests, as the Germans call them; in perfect security too, surrounded by precipices and defiles, where a handful of men could foil thousands! No need, either, to trouble themselves with long carriage for their wine, when every hill-side for miles was covered with vineyards. Gentle thieves they were, and chivalrous robbers, and, upon my soul, considering the character of the age in which they flourished, I do not wonder that their mode of life should have had such charms for them, that they should have required the exertions of the whole empire to reduce them. I could not help thinking of old Amergot Marcell's address to his former companions (who, though he was but a Frenchman, had all the spirit of a German robber-knight) as given by Froissart—"To pillage and to rob," he said, "was, all things considered, a good life—Ah, sirs, there is no sport or glory in this world among men of war, but to use such life as we have done in time past. What a joy it was to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sometimes found by the way a rich prior or merchant, or a route of mules laden with Brussels cloth, or with furs coming from the fairs, or with spicery ware from Bruges, from Damascus, from Alexandria. Whatever we met, all was ours, or else ransomed at our pleasure. Then for living, the peasants daily brought to our castle, wheat, flour, ready-baked bread, forage for our horses, good wines, beeves and fat sheep, pullets and wild fowl. We were furnished as though we had been kings. When we rode forth, the whole country trembled for fear—all was ours going and coming. By my faith, this was a fair and good life!" There spoke the good old spirit; in those days it was worth while being a robber and even being robbed; but now, one has one's handkerchief stolen by a rascally pickpocket coming out of the theatre; the rescue is made, not by mounted men-at-arms, but by a policeman in a blue coat with white

letters; and the accused, instead of defying his accuser to single combat in the name of his lady and his patron saint, appears in the dock at the Old Bailey, and is packed off to Botany Bay, with as little consideration as if he were an ox being sent to Smithfield, instead of a lineal descendant of Robin Hood and Goetz von Berlichingen.

Lovely as the Bergstrasse is, the finest part of it undoubtedly is the termination, when you come in view of Heidelberg, one of the most beautifully situated towns in Germany. Running down at right angles to the basin of the Rhine is the valley of the Neckar, and, as you emerge from the Bergstrasse, Heidelberg stands facing you on the opposite side of the river, with its magnificent, though ruined, castle, and its wood-crowned hills rising behind.

Heidelberg, so far as I know, is celebrated for three things: its university, its castle, and its gigantic tun. Its college is the oldest in Germany, with the exception of that of Prague, and is generally considered the most thoroughly German in all its customs and habits. Here in their greatest purity are to be found all those usages of Burschenschaft, the duelling, the drinking, the wearing of antique costumes, the renouncing and burning of Foxes, about which so much has been written of late. It has always been a matter of astonishment to me, that the reading public of England should have been able to stomach the vast quantity of trash which has issued from the press with regard to the usages and laws of the German students. Grave and ponderous volumes have appeared on the subject, giving as serious and minute an account of them as if the constitution of a country had been under consideration, instead of the follies of some idle young fellows, who prefer drinking and playing the fool to study. What is the object of all this? Are the Burschen customs held up for our imitation? I can hardly suppose so; and yet these usages must be either good and worthy of imitation, or else a system of egregious silliness. Take, for instance, the highly honoured custom of duelling. Can any thing be conceived more absurd than the code of honour laid down by the students, as regulating their combats. What more preposterous idea can be presented to the rational mind than that of a couple of young lads just come from school, first assailing each other with epithets of contempt, gradually rising in the scale of contumely, like Touchstone's rules for giving the lie, and then determining to fight the matter out, not with their fists, as might be predicated of reasoning beings at their age and in their station, but with pointless broadswords. Well, they are padded all over for the combat, so that no serious injury may be sustained—the face being the only real object of attack. To it they go, and after half-an-hour's flourishing, one of them gets a slash across the cheek, which does him no real harm, but leaves an unpleasant looking scar ever afterwards. Then all is made up again; the two combatants consider themselves heroes, whilst all the time they have not encountered as much danger as if they had been engaged in a bout of single stick, and the wounded man is as proud of his flowing blood, as if it were the proof of his warlike daring, instead of being, as it is, a proof that he has acted like a donkey. If I were rector of the University, I would soon put a stop to all this folly, on the same principle that Gustavus Adolphus adopted, when he suppressed duelling in his army, by ordering that the combatants should always fight till one was slain, and that the other should then suffer on the scaffold. I would give the two young heroes a stout cudgel each, and make them belabour each other, till the one was fairly done for, and the victor should then receive a good birching—that would soon put an end to the romance of the thing, I suspect.

In fact, the students themselves are now beginning to be ashamed of all this humbug, and the more sensible among them are trying to put a stop to it. Societies are in several places formed, composed of those who

declare themselves adverse to the principle of duelling, and who object to the drinking of more than a stated allowance of beer at a sitting. Ridicule has also been drawn in as an auxiliary, and I should think a most potent one; for, as the greater part of the excesses of the German students are the offspring of vanity, there can be no better means of assailing them than by showing their folly. Various squibs have been published on the subject, one of the best and most celebrated of which is the "Jobsiad," an heroic poem, in three parts; and, as it is a pretty good specimen of German humour, which is a very different and much more ponderous article than English humour, I shall hereafter attempt to give some account of this book.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.—No. VIII.

NESTS OF BIRDS.

WE conclude, for the present, our series of papers on the Natural History of Birds by a few observations on Nests; purposing, however, to resume the subject at a future period, and to introduce to our readers' acquaintance some of the other families of the feathered world.

A consideration of the dwellings which the different animals located on the earth form for themselves is by no means one of the least interesting departments of Natural History; and the dwellings of birds in particular offer to our notice examples both beautiful and diversified of that faculty we call instinct, which will always, we fear, be to us an incomprehensible problem. "A nest," says the learned lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, is "the bed formed by the bird for incubation and feeding her young." He might have added that it is a piece of workmanship at once elegant, and peculiarly fitted for its intended purpose; symmetrical, and calculated for some degree of duration. Though begun, as we must suppose, under the command of a blind necessity, yet a subtle foresight seems to regulate its construction. The work is continued by an enthusiasm which never fails, by an industry which drives the mind to reflect on faculties, wonderful in their aim and operation, which seem quite inexplicable.

Each species of bird constructs an abode differing in form, adaptation, and situation, from that of any other. Birds of prey reside on the summit of high rocks, or on the pinnacle of an old tower. Their dwellings are fortified by enormous pieces of wood, which nature has given them the power of carrying through the air. Their muscular strength is so great that the transportation of weighty substances is attended with little difficulty. A habitation of this kind when once finished, it may be at the expense of much time and trouble, serves for a long line of descendants from the first builders, for it is seldom that these abodes are deserted until decay has altogether unfitted them for the required purpose; and they are so firmly constructed that many revolutions of the seasons must take place before they are utterly uninhabitable. Birds of prey are the only members of the feathered creation which take upon themselves to erect nests of this enduring kind; for the greater number of birds are content with dwellings of a less substantial nature: on the branch of a tree, against the side of a house, on the turf, or amongst the reeds. Some make use of bits of straw, small sticks, moss, down, cotton, or a hundred little things picked up here and there with great pains, and arranged in order in the selected locality. Their claws and beak are the only instruments used in combining and knitting together the matters which form the nest. Other species hang their nests from flexible branches which are put in motion by every wind. Others collect gravel and leaves which they cement by means of their saliva, and thus form a piece of masonry, impenetrable both by air and moisture. This nest, thus

marvellously fashioned, is usually placed in the angles of a chimney or a rock. Within, it is just as curiously constructed; a partition is devised by which the male is separated from the young ones. Here he nestles, looks abroad like a sentinel for enemies, and then sleeps in his own little apartment when the time for rest comes. Surely in works like these there is food for admiration! To complete a work of this kind, think of the pains required: what persevering industry—what exhaustless patience!

Some birds establish themselves on the ground between hillocks of earth which protect them from the wind, and from an overflow of water. These nests are, perhaps, not so carefully wrought as other kinds; yet here ingenuity is displayed in weaving twigs and down into a protecting entrenchment. Other species content themselves with digging a hole in the sand, and there depositing their eggs, which they leave the sun to hatch during the day, but to which they return at night.

We cannot be expected to give any regular description of nests in this place; but it may be amusing to mention some of the most interesting specimens of bird architecture; and we will begin with the nest of the Long-tailed Titmouse. This bird is not much larger than the wren; its head, neck, and breast are white; the rest of its body is chiefly black; its tail, from which it derives its distinctive appellation, is very long and wedge shaped. Pennant, after remarking that the young are in the habit of following their parents for the whole winter, says that, "from the slimmness of their bodies and great length of tail, they appear, while flying, like so many darts cutting the air." Its nest is closed over, both above and below; only one little circular opening at the side is left, serving for door and window. It is made completely round; and as the cold might enter by the orifice, the bird makes use of door curtains similar to those which some of our rooms possess; the entrance to its habitation being furnished with a hanging of flexible and transparent feathers. Thus it is protected from rain, and from the gaze of casual passers by. Through this it goes out and comes back just as it pleases, without causing the least disarrangement. This is not all; the titmouse is so small a bird that it has much to fear from foes of many kinds; and, therefore, to conceal the place of its abode it has recourse to a subterfuge. It fixes its nest to the trunk of a tree, and then covers it up with such parasitical plants as grow on the bark, so as not in the least to disturb the natural appearance. Sometimes the nest is placed in the centre of a thick bush, and so firmly is it seated that if we desire to procure it, no ordinary method of dislodgement will do, it must be cut out. The nest is made by the female, who is occupied two or three weeks in building it. There is another member of the tit tribe which takes still greater precautions. It is one that builds in watery places, and it stands in danger of being attacked by reptiles. Accordingly, it suspends its nest from a flexible branch over the water. The entrance to the nest is formed by a sort of pipe, through which it would be impossible for a snake to penetrate. Another kind of titmouse adds to its nest a little cell, in which the male and female rest after tending their young. The birds are very small, delicate, and weak; yet the nest they build is very large: indeed, wonderfully so, when the diminutive size of the architect is considered. The labour is begun in the middle of winter, and is not completed until spring. The hatching is a long process, twenty-two being the customary number of eggs; and the female takes all the trouble of sitting on them to herself.

The reed warbler, so named from the places it frequents, is also endowed with a wonderfully adaptive instinct. To escape the dangers of the element over which it hatches its young, it builds at once a house and a boat. The nest is slightly attached to the reeds, and is coated with a gummy substance, which effectually precludes the water from entering, in case the nest

should slip down, or the water should rise. We have seen a nest of the tailor bird so artfully constructed, that to view its interior it was necessary to unrip the stitches and cut off the tightly drawn knots. Several leaves had been brought together, and their edges connected by means of cotton or fibrous plants. There you had the thread; but can you guess the needle? It was no other than the beak, an instrument admirably adapted for the purpose by its strength and sharpness.

As examples of exquisite art we might adduce the nests of the thrush, the witwall, and, above all, of the grossbeaks, who erect an immense dwelling-place, to contain five or six hundred inhabitants, all living together on good terms. A great number of these birds form a building society, and unite their efforts to erect a little town of nests. Having selected a large tree proper for the purpose, they first construct a roof woven out of large plants, close enough to be rain proof. This labour ended they distribute the interior space amongst the members of this bird-partnership, and the nests are attached side by side to the roof, all being of the same size. Each bird has generally his private entrance; but sometimes it happens that one door gives access to two or three nests. Each nest is about three inches in diameter, and is made of plants, but of a less coarse kind than those used for the roof; they are equally securely fastened together, and within there is a lining of down.

As the population increases, new nests are placed upon the old ones; and some of these latter are left by their occupants, and converted into a public pathway, conducting to the new dwellings. The traveller Vaillant brought one of these little towns in an entire state to Europe, roof as well as nests. It contained three hundred and twenty cells; now, if one pair occupied each nest, the whole would comprise a population of six hundred and forty birds. It would form an interesting employment to trace the domestic life of any one pair of birds for a year. We cannot, however, see the labourers at their work, and we must remain in ignorance of what we would most like to know. It is probable that the nests are deserted when the young broods have taken wing, until the females return to deposit their eggs again. One is at a loss to guess how these associations are constituted at first, and how they are reformed when once dissolved.

The fauvelte of St. Domingo builds a nest that cannot but fix the attention of the most careless observer. Put together with an industry that passes description, we find it composed of dry herbs, leaf-fibres, and flexible roots, which are woven, with great art, into a substance shaped like a ball, compact, and not to be penetrated by the wet. It is hermetically closed at the top, and all round, except an opening at the bottom, so that the bird has to ascend in order to get into its nest. One particular part, divided from the rest by a partition, is reserved for the brood. It is ornamented with lichen, and made very comfortable with a lining of silky down. The adroitness with which the fauvelte defends its young from their many enemies, and conceals the cradle where they commence a life full of uncertainties to them as well to beings higher in the scale of creation, should not be without its meed of applause. A cane, short, and fluctuating between two trees above water, is taken possession of, and the prudent mother fastens her nest to it by a band, at the same time strong and pliant. The wind may shake this aerial habitation, and beat it to and fro, but it is completely protected against the invasion of rats and such like vermin. But, should a bird of prey, more formidably adapted for rapine, approach the little dwelling, its attention is diverted by the male or the female, hopping as if wounded, only a short distance in advance of the enemy, until the danger is removed from the neighbourhood.

We shall close this imperfect sketch of an interesting part of natural history with an account of a nest which is equally important in the annals of gastronomy as of

zoology. We allude to the nests of Tonquin, which form no trivial article of commerce in the Chinese and Indian seas. These nests rank as a delicate tit-bit in the Dutch *cuisine*. This strange article of diet is the work of a species of *Hirundo*; it is not composed, as some have stated, of fish and other animal matter, but of macerated seaweed. A plant of the Indian seas, containing a large quantity of sugar, has been recognised in the nest. When the bird has bruised it, it is placed in cup-like layers, and then receives the eggs. These nests are principally sought for in caverns along the coast of the islands which separate the Pacific and the Indian oceans, such as Flores, Timor, Amboyna, Tahiti and the Marquesas. To reach these caverns scooped by the sea it is often necessary to descend some hundreds of feet from the top, and to overhang a deep abyss for the space of an hour, whilst the adventurers step cautiously downwards, holding on as well as they can by the vegetation on the face of the rock. The entrance being attained, and flambeaus lighted, they proceed to search for nests. They are chiefly found in the clefts and crevices, where no little precaution is required. The darkness in these depths is never dissipated except by artificial light, and nothing is heard except the roar of the neighbouring ocean. A steady head and a sure foot are required to escalate the damp and slipping rocks—one false step would be followed by certain destruction. Accidents, however, do not happen very often. Sometimes, however, in the midst of the silence with which the gathering is conducted, a sudden cry is heard, a torch is extinguished, and a portion of rock rolls down the precipice with a noise like thunder, echoed and reechoed through all the chambers of the vast cavern. The affrighted labourers then know that they have lost a comrade. The nests most sought after are those picked up in the wettest places, and those which have been most recently constructed. They are whiter, cleaner, and more transparent than the others. The gathering takes place twice a year, and if care be taken not to injure the rocks at the first taking, the number on the second occasion is pretty nearly equal to that on the first. Before they are sold to the Chinese they are carefully dried, in which process the sun is not allowed to approach them, lest their colour and quality should be deteriorated. They are then sorted and packed up in wooden boxes. A considerable quantity of these nests is destined for the table of the court; the Chinese declare that nothing can be more nourishing or delicious than this article of diet. Perhaps, however, its only recommendation is the high price, which flatters the vanity of the rich, who can alone afford to be purchasers. A favourite dish with Chinese epicures is a soup made of these edible nests. They are reduced into very thin filaments; the mess is transparent as isinglass, and resembles vermicelli, having little or no taste. The annual quantity of nests imported into China is calculated to be about 242,000 pounds weight, and taking the average price per pound to be 2*l.* sterling, there is an expenditure by the growers of tea in the purchase of birds' nest of nearly half a million of money a year. The traffic is monopolised by the sovereigns of the respective islands where the nests are found, who derive a considerable revenue from it: and the possession of the fortunate localities has not unfrequently been furiously contested. We can easily conceive that so valuable a merchandise will excite the passion of cupidity amongst the uneducated natives of those parts. Indeed, buccancers and pirates often make a descent upon the caverns which are least difficult of access, and not only carry off the nests, but injure the rocks, so that the annual supply is afterwards seriously diminished. But in places where there is a pretty strong government, or where the caves are not easily got at, the revenue never varies very much. Thus the caverns of Goenong Gootoe, in Java, yield about 7000 lbs. of nests annually, which sell in the Batavian market for about 139,000 Spanish dollars. The expenses

of drying, packing, and exportation, do not amount to more than ten or eleven per cent.

We must now pause; and yet nothing has been said of the care lavished by the feathered creation on their tender offspring—of the instruction warbled in their own sweet language; their lessons in the art of flying; nor, when danger impends, of the tact and boldness, activity and devotion, they display. These matters touch upon the question of instinct, so incomprehensible, so inexplicable.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

October 28.—Feast of *St. Simon and Jude*.

THESE eminent apostles are justly commemorated by the Church on this day, as appears to have been the usage from the year 1091, when their festival was first instituted. There is every reason to conclude that they were brothers; and the Latins assert that they preached the apostolical mystery in Persia, where they suffered martyrdom by crucifixion, A.D. 74. "It has excited some surprise," remarks Brady, "that only one day should have been devoted by the Church to the commemoration of both these apostles; but it may naturally be accounted for, by the circumstances of their common origin from the same parents, their union in the ministry, and from their having both fallen victims to idolatrous persecution at the same period."

This feast was formerly considered as rainy as St. Swithin's. A character in the "Roaring Girl," one of Reed's old plays, says, "As well as I know 'twill rain upon Simon and Jude's Day;" and afterwards, "Now a continual Simon and Jude's rain beat all your feathers as flat as pancakes." Hollinshed relates, that, on the eve of this day, in 1536, when a battle was to have been fought between the troops of Henry VIII. and the insurgents in Yorkshire, there fell so great a rain, that it could not take place. In the Runie Kalendar, the festival of SS. Simon and Jude is marked by a ship, on account of their having been fishermen.

October 31.—Allhallow Ebrn.

This is the vigil of the Feast of All Saints. It is called in Scotland HALLOWEEN. In former times it closed the festivity of the harvest, and was the last joyful feast of the ecclesiastical year.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

CARAVAGGIO.

THIS remarkable painter's real name was Michael Angelo Amerigi, but he is more generally known by that of Caravaggio, a surname given to him from a village in the Milanese territory, where he was born in the year 1569. It is probable, also, that he was thus designated to distinguish him, in after times, from his renowned namesake, Michael Angelo Buonaroti, who died five years before the birth of Caravaggio, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years and eleven months, as stated in the life of that painter.

Caravaggio was originally a labourer, and, being employed in carrying the materials used by artists for works in fresco, he became ambitious to be a painter himself; and with this view he devoted his nights to the study of design.

He was gifted with considerable talent, but wanted taste. He sought to astonish rather than

to please, and was celebrated for the bold and extravagant opposition of his lights and shadows. At one period he studied the graceful style of Giorgione, whose works Titian so much admired, and so successfully imitated. Caravaggio's best productions are said to be those which he painted after Giorgione's manner; but he soon abandoned it, and established a style of his own, in which energy and truth are more conspicuous than variety and refinement. Nature was his model for every object which he introduced into his compositions, but he imitated indiscriminately the beauties and defects of his models, and does not appear to have had any fixed idea of grace or grandeur. It is said that he always painted in a room where the light descended from above.

Notwithstanding the undignified character which he gave to his productions, the mellowness of his pencil, the boldness of his design, and the excellence of his colouring, drew after him a number of imitators, among whom were his contemporaries, Domenichino and Guido. They soon perceived, however, that Caravaggio's manner wanted variety; the lights being the same in all sorts of subjects, and his design, though striking, deficient in point of taste. Yet many of his pictures are very fine, and admirably finished.

Caravaggio's first works consisted of fruit and flowers, but afterwards he painted historical pieces and portraits. In the latter, and in his night-pieces, the colouring is so good, and the lights so well distributed, that a surprising effect is produced.

In the church of St. Martin, at Naples, there is a picture by Caravaggio, representing the denial of St. Peter, with half-length figures as large as life. The head of the apostle is extremely fine, with a great deal of expression; and the whole composition is justly admired for the excellence of the colouring and the correctness of the design.

Subjects of a tragical nature seem to have been most suited to the genius of Caravaggio, and to this taste his irascible temper probably contributed.

His animosity towards Giuseppino and Guido is well known. Meeting the former one day in a street of Rome, Caravaggio insulted him in the grossest manner, drew his sword, and killed a young man who came to the assistance of Giuseppino. In consequence of this crime, Caravaggio was obliged to take refuge in a neighbouring state, until a pardon was obtained for him; but scarcely was he at liberty to return to Rome, than he challenged Giuseppino to fight a duel, which the latter declined, on the ground that, being a knight of the order of St. Michael, he could not put himself on a level with any one whose rank was not equal to his own.

This refusal exasperated Caravaggio, who hastened to Malta, and, having complied with the usual probationary rules, he was admitted into the order of Knights of Malta.

Having thus attained his object, he made preparations to quit the island, when again his quarrelsome disposition involved him in trouble. He insulted one of the chiefs of the order into which he had been just received, and was immediately seized and thrown into prison, whence he attempted to escape, but was pursued by the guard, fired at, wounded, and again imprisoned. He contrived, however, to perforate the walls of his dun-

geon, succeeded in making his escape, and embarking in a felucca reached the shores of Italy; but no sooner had he landed than he was surrounded by a guard, and arrested as a pirate.

The error was soon discovered; but, in the confusion occasioned by his resistance, he lost the little property he possessed.

This accumulation of misfortunes plunged the unhappy Caravaggio into a state of despondency. He wandered for some time about the country, in the greatest distress, and at length, being attacked by a violent fever, he with much difficulty reached Porto-Ercole, where he died in 1609, in his fortieth year.

Portry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

OUR MOTHER CHURCH.

BY S. M.

THOUGH thou art lowly now,
Pale and discrowned,
Laying thy holy brow
Faint, on the ground,—
Traitors deceiving thee,
Scorners surrounding,
False teachers grieving thee,
Feeble hearts leaving thee,
Cruel hands wounding ;—
Though the storm hover
Frowning and dark ;—
Though the wave cover
The walls of thine ark,
And Hope's sweet dove for thee
Bring not one leaf ;—
Mother, our love for thee
Grows with thy grief !
What if her word may be
Void of command !
What if the sword we see
Drop from her hand !
Shall we not fear her ?
Dare we forget her ?
Cling we the nearer !
Love we the better !
Let our thoughts only paint
What she has been ;
Meek as a lonely Saint,
Crowned as a Queen !
Where she lies dumbly,
Gather we humbly
Kneeling, and say,
" Powerless and lowly,
Speak—whisper only—
We will obey !"
No idle sigh for her !
Ye who would die for her,
Nerve ye to live for her ;
Suffer and strive for her ;
Pray for her tearfully ;
Hope for her fearfully ;
Let your tears rain on her,
Till each soul stain on her
Pass from the sight,
And there remain on her
Robes of pure white !
By the dews of thy morning,
Holy and soft,—

By words of sweet warning
Uttered so oft,—
By accents adoring,
Daily which rise,
Where spires, upsoaring,
Pierce the deep skies,—
By Him whose mission
Gave, not in vain,
The awful commission,
" Romit and retain !"—
By the life which thou livest,
Ev'n now in thy shame,—
By the Food which thou givest
We dare not to name,—
By the gifts that are in thee,
Power, Faith, and Purity,—
Seek we to win thee
From sloth and obscurity ;
Answer our loyalty,
Waiting and weeping !
Put on thy royalty !
Rise from thy sleeping !
Take thine old place again
Where stars are bright,
And from God's face again
Drink deathless light !
Rise, and subdue to thee
All, as of old,
Those that were true to thee,
Those that were cold ;
Children, who pained thee,
Rebels, who took thee,
Foes, who disdained thee,
Friends—who forsook thee !
Yes, all shall gaze on thee,
Showering their praise on thee,
As those pure rays on thee
Visibly shine ;
Earth, now no home for thee,
Then shall become for thee,
One mighty shrine,
One vast community,
Known by its Unity
Truly divine !
Call ye this vanity,
Work never done,
Which poor humanity
Mars, ere begun ?
Nay, no despair for us !
Think on Christ's prayer for us,
" LET THEM BE ONE !"
Ear to the thunder dull,
Sense-blinded eye—
—God still is wonderful,
Christ yet is nigh !

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready ; covers for binding, with table of contents, may be ordered of any Book-seller.

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